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LITTELL'S

(70)  
LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME XII.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CXXVII.

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER,

1875.

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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## THE CHILDREN'S BED-TIME.

THE clock strikes seven in the hall,  
 The curfew of the children's day,  
 That calls each little pattering foot  
 From dance and song and livelong play;  
 Their day that in our wider light  
 Floats like a silver day-moon white,  
 Nor in our darkness sinks to rest,  
 But sets within a golden west.

Ah, tender hour that sends a drift  
 Of children's kisses through the house,  
 And cuckoo-notes of sweet "Good night,"  
 That thoughts of heaven and home arouse;  
 And a soft stir to sense and heart,  
 As when the bee and blossom part;  
 And little feet that patter slower,  
 Like the last droppings of the shower.

And in the children's rooms aloft  
 What blossom shapes do gaily slip  
 Their dainty sheaths, and rosy run  
 From clasping hand and kissing lip,  
 A naked sweetness to the eye, —  
 Blossom and babe and butterfly  
 In witching one, so dear a sight!  
 An ecstasy of life and light.

And, ah, what lovely witcheries  
 Bestrew the floor! an empty sock,  
 By vanished dance and song left loose  
 As dead birds' throats; a tiny smock  
 That, sure, upon some meadow grew,  
 And drank the heaven-sweet rains; a shoe  
 Scarce bigger than an acorn cup;  
 Frocks that seem flowery meads cut up.

Then lily-drest in angel-white  
 To mother's knee they trooping come,  
 The soft palms fold like kissing shells,  
 And they and we go singing home, —  
 Their bright heads bowed and worshipping,  
 As though some glory of the spring,  
 Some daffodil that mocks the day,  
 Should fold his golden palms and pray.

The gates of Paradise swing wide  
 A moment's space in soft accord,  
 And those dread angels, Life and Death,  
 A moment vail the flaming sword,  
 As o'er this weary world forlorn  
 From Eden's secret heart is borne  
 That breath of Paradise most fair,  
 Which mothers call "the children's prayer."

Ah, deep pathetic mystery!  
 The world's great woe unconscious hung,  
 A rain-drop on a blossom's lip;  
 White innocence that woos our wrong,  
 And Love divine that looks again,  
 Unconscious of the cross and pain,  
 From sweet child-eyes, and in that child  
 Sad earth and heaven reconciled.

Then kissed, on beds we lay them down,  
 As fragrant-white as clover'd sod,  
 And all the upper floors grow hushed  
 With children's sleep, and dews of God.

And as our stars their beams do hide,  
 The stars of twilight, opening wide,  
 Take up the heavenly tale at even,  
 And light us on to God and heaven.

JANE ELLICE HOPKINS.

Macmillan's Magazine.

## A SONG OF SUMMER.

"Always in your darkest hours strive to remember  
 your brightest." — J. P. RICHTER.

SING me a song of Summer,  
 For my heart is wintry sad,  
 That glorious, bright new-comer,  
 Who makes all nature glad!  
 Sing me a song of Summer,  
 That the dark from the bright may borrow,  
 And the part in the radiant whole of things  
 May drown its little sorrow!

Sing me a song of Summer,  
 When God walks forth in light,  
 And spreads his glowing mantle  
 O'er the blank and the grey of the night;  
 And where he comes, his quickening touch  
 Revives the insensate dead,  
 And the numbed and frozen pulse of things  
 Beats music to his tread.

Sing me a song of Summer,  
 With his banners of golden bloom,  
 That glorious, bright new-comer,  
 Who bears bleak winter's doom!  
 With banners of gold and of silver,  
 And wings of rosy display,  
 And verdurous power in his path,  
 When he comes in the pride of the May.

When he comes with his genial sweep  
 O'er the barren and bare of the scene,  
 And makes the stiff earth to wave  
 With an ocean of undulant green;  
 With flourish of leafy expansion,  
 And boast of luxuriant bloom,  
 And the revel of life as it triumphs  
 O'er the dust and decay of the tomb.

Sing me a song of Summer;  
 O God! what a glorious thing  
 Is the march of this mighty new-comer  
 With splendour of joy on his wing!  
 When he quickens the pulse of creation,  
 And maketh all feebleness strong,  
 Till it spread into blossoms of beauty,  
 And burst into pæans of song!

Sing me a song of Summer!  
 Though my heart be wintry and sad,  
 The thought of this blessed new-comer  
 Shall foster the germ of the glad.  
 'Neath the veil of my grief let me cherish  
 The joy that shall rush into day,  
 When the bane of the winter shall perish  
 In the pride and the power of the May.  
 Good Words. JOHN STUART BLACKIE.



From The Contemporary Review.  
OCEAN-CIRCULATION.

RESEARCHES IN THE "CHALLENGER" AND  
"TUSCARORA."

ONE of the principal objects of the "Challenger" expedition was to bring to the test of more extended observation the doctrine of a general oceanic circulation, sustained by difference of temperature alone, which had been suggested by the temperature-observations made in the previous "Porcupine" expeditions along the border of the Atlantic basin and in the Mediterranean. Of these observations, and of the conclusions I drew from them, I gave an account in the pages of this review four years ago (vol. xvi. p. 581); and I now propose to sum up the additions to our knowledge of the subject, which have since been made by the researches of the "Challenger" in the North and South Atlantic, in the Southern Indian and Antarctic Oceans, and among the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, — supplementing this by the information obtained by the United States ship "Tuscarora" in the North Pacific, as to which more complete information will doubtless be furnished by the "Challenger," which has been at work there since leaving Japan in the spring of the present year.

It may be well for me to call to the recollection of my readers what was the state of scientific knowledge (or, as it now proves, of scientific ignorance) as regards the thermal condition of the deep sea, at the time when (in 1868) Professor Wyville Thomson and I explored the channel, of from five hundred to six hundred fathoms' depth, between the north of Scotland and the Faroe Islands.

The doctrine at that time current was, that whatever may be the temperature of the *surface* of the sea — this being dependent on the temperature of the air above it, except when the transporting action of a current brings a body either of warmer or of cooler water from a hotter or a cooler area — the temperature at any considerable depth is everywhere  $39^{\circ}$ ; the thermometer progressively *falling* to that point from a surface-temperature of  $75^{\circ}$  or  $80^{\circ}$  as it sinks in the Equatorial sea, whilst it progressively *rises* to that point when

sunk in either Polar ocean, after passing through the glacial surface-layer. And it was further believed that, between the Polar and the Equatorial seas, there is an isothermal band, in which the temperature of the ocean is  $39^{\circ}$  from the surface to the bottom. This doctrine appears to have originated with the French circumnavigator D'Urville; it was accepted by Sir James Ross, who supported it by the thermometric observations made during his Antarctic voyage; and, having received the stamp of Sir John Herschel's authority, it came to be generally adopted by physical geographers, not only in this country, but elsewhere — the lower temperatures occasionally recorded as having been obtained in deep soundings, being attributed to local "Polar currents."

The promulgators and advocates of this doctrine appear to have supposed that the action of Polar cold upon sea-water would be the same as that of an ordinary winter's frost upon the water of a pond or lake; first cooling down the whole of it to  $39^{\circ}$ , which is the temperature of greatest density of *fresh* water, and then cooling down the surface-layer alone until it freezes, this layer continuing to float upon the warmer water beneath, in virtue of the reduction of its specific gravity produced by its expansion as it cools from  $39^{\circ}$  to  $32^{\circ}$ . But it was long ago shown by Marcet, and afterwards more exactly by Despretz, that *sea-water* continues to contract, and therefore to become heavier (bulk for bulk) as its temperature is reduced from  $39^{\circ}$  to its freezing-point at  $27^{\circ}$  or lower. And it necessarily follows from this fact, that the water of a *closed* Polar sea, when acted on by atmospheric cold, will have its temperature reduced below  $30^{\circ}$  Fahr., from its surface to its bottom; each surface-film becoming heavier as it is cooled, and descending until it meets with water as cold as itself. If, however, the Polar sea, instead of being closed, communicate with the general oceanic basin, it may be predicated as a physical necessity, that as the weight or *downward* pressure of a column of Polar water exceeds that of a column of Temperate or of Equatorial water of equal height, and as its *lateral* pressure has a corresponding excess in proportion to its



depth, there must be a continual outflow of the deeper stratum of Polar water along the floor of any great ocean-basin accessible to it, towards the part where the elevation of temperature makes the column the lightest; whilst it might also be predicated that the reduction of level which this outflow will be always tending to produce, will occasion a surface indraught into the Polar area, which can only be fed by a general movement of the upper stratum from the Equatorial portion of the basin. The warm water thus drawn into each Polar area, when subjected to the influence of atmospheric cold, will descend in its turn, and flow towards the Equator; and the two Polar flows, meeting at or near the Line, will there tend to rise to the surface, to replace the upper stratum which has been draughted off from the Equatorial zone towards either Pole, and will be thus brought under the heating influence of the tropical sun.

Thus, I argued, a continual *vertical circulation* must be maintained in any great ocean-basin which ranges from the Equatorial zone to either Polar area; the constant opposition of temperature maintaining an as constant disturbance of equilibrium, so as to keep in continual though very slow movement (a "creeping flow" being the term I have applied to it) both the upper and the under strata of oceanic water. The *primum mobile* of this circulation I maintained to be the *surface-cold* of the Polar area, which occasions an increase of density in the whole column of water beneath, giving it a constant tendency to *descend*; its motor power being the exact parallel of that of the *bottom-heat* of the furnace which maintains a circulation of warm water through our large public buildings, conservatories, etc., by producing a reduction of density in the column of water above it, and thus giving it a continual tendency to *ascend*. The continuity of movement, in each case, is kept up by the subjection of the water which has been thus heated or cooled to the opposite influence elsewhere. Thus the water that rises from the top of the boiler through the pipes of a hot-water apparatus, gives up its excess of heat to the air of the building through which it circulates; and, in

virtue of the increase of density it acquires in cooling, flows down through the return pipes, which bring it back into the lower part of the boiler, there to be again heated and sent upwards. So, in the great ocean-basins, the glacial water which descends in the Arctic and Antarctic basins under the influence of Polar cold, tends to rise towards the surface wherever the weight of the superincumbent column is diminished by the elevation of its temperature; and so soon as it comes under the influence of solar heat, it forms part of the upper flow whose poleward movement brings it again under the influence of surface-cold. Such a vertical circulation may be experimentally kept up, as I formerly described (vol. xvi. p. 594), in a long trough, by the application of cold to the surface-water at one end, and of heat to the surface-water at the other; and the only objection that can be brought against the demonstrative value of this experiment, is based on the asserted inadequacy of the force thus generated to put in motion the vast mass of water that intervenes between the Polar areas and the Equatorial zone.\* This objection, however, assumes that a persistent disturbance of equilibrium can exist in the waters of an oceanic basin, without any movement to restore it,—an assertion which can be no more justified than the assertion that a persistent difference of level can be maintained without any movement to equalize it. No mathematical physicist that I have met with (and I have placed the question before several of the very highest authorities, both in this country and on the Continent) would take upon himself to affirm that the "viscosity" of water is sufficient to prevent such movements; all that it can do being to retard them. And as the astronomer royal, in his presidential address to the Royal Society in 1872, characterized the doctrine I had advocated as "certain in theory, and supported by observation," while Sir John Herschel (in a letter he was good enough to write to me within a few weeks of his

\* This argument has been persistently urged by Mr. Croll, who attributes every movement of ocean-water—whether deep or superficial—to the action of winds on its surface.



death) fully accepted it as "the common sense of the matter," and as Sir William Thomson, at successive meetings of the British Association, has expressed his entire concurrence in my views, their authority has enabled me to present them with a confidence which my own comparative ignorance of physical science would have otherwise made ridiculous.

Never having claimed for myself any merit as the original propounder of the doctrine of a general oceanic circulation sustained by difference of temperature—what I considered myself to have done for the strengthening and completion of that doctrine being to show that Polar cold, rather than Equatorial heat, is the *primum mobile*—it was with nothing but satisfaction that I learned about a year ago from Professor Prestwich (who has made a special study of the literature of this subject) that nearly thirty years ago Professor Lenz, of St. Petersburg, one of the most eminent physicists of his time, had advanced the very same doctrine, in terms almost identical with my own, as an *inevitable deduction* from the facts ascertained by the series of observations on the temperature and specific gravity of oceanic water at various depths, which he had himself made in the second circumnavigatory voyage of Kotzebue during the years 1823–6. It is a remarkable proof of his sagacity, that when preparing for this voyage, he made (in conjunction with Professor Parrot) a series of experiments on the influence of pressure on self-registering thermometers, of the same kind as those which were carried on nearly fifty years later under the direction of the late Professor W. A. Miller and myself; and that, having been thus led to a complete distrust of their indications, he devised a method of obtaining deep-sea temperatures, which, though laborious and complicated, proved in his hands so satisfactory, that I find his results in singular conformity with those obtained by the use of "protected" thermometers in the "Challenger" expedition. Although Lenz published these observations (with corrective computations) in an elaborate memoir in the Transactions of the St. Petersburg Academy soon after his return, he did not then base on them any

general doctrine; and the observations themselves appear to have excited but little interest. It was not until after the promulgation of D'Urville's doctrine of a uniform deep-sea temperature of 39°, that Lenz gave publicity to the conclusions to which he had himself been led by his previous observations, whose validity he justly maintained to be superior to that of the ordinary thermometric observations taken by D'Urville. These conclusions, contained in a short paper which appeared in the Bulletin of St. Petersburg Academy for 1847, are as follows:—

1. That the coldness of the bottom-water of the great ocean-basins indicates the existence of a general underflow of glacial water from the Polar areas towards the Equator.

2. That the existence, at and near the Equator, of a band of water beneath the surface, which is *colder* than the water at similar depths between the Tropics (as shown by the *rise* of the bathymetrical isotherms in passing from either Tropic towards the Equator), can only be accounted for by a *continual ascent of Polar water from the bottom*; such an ascent being further indicated by the moderation of the surface-temperature of the Equatorial oceans, and by the low salinity of Equatorial surface-water as compared with that of tropical surface-water.

3. That a movement of the upper stratum of oceanic water from the Equatorial region towards either Pole, is the necessary complement of the under-flow of Polar water.

4. That this double movement is maintained by the constantly renewed disturbance of equilibrium produced in the water of the great oceanic basins by Polar cold and Equatorial heat.

That a doctrine so distinctly propounded by a physicist of Lenz's eminence should have attracted so little notice at the time, and should afterwards have been so completely forgotten, is not a little curious; more especially as it seems to have fallen under the notice of Arago, who has been shown by Professor Prestwich to have rightly apprehended the reason of the marked contrast between the thermal condition of the Mediterranean and that of



the outside Atlantic, to which I drew attention in my former paper. The thermal phenomena of this great inland sea, indeed, afford such a valuable series of data for the interpretation of those of the great oceanic basins, and of portions of them which are partially secluded from the general circulation, that it will be advantageous to revert to them, before proceeding to discuss the additions which the "Challenger" has made to our knowledge of the latter.

The basin of the Mediterranean — except between Sicily and the coast of North Africa, where an elevation of from one thousand to one thousand five hundred feet would establish a continuity of land — may almost compare in depth with that of the Atlantic; ranging downwards to one thousand six hundred fathoms (nearly ten thousand feet) between Sardinia and the Balearic Islands, and to two thousand fathoms (twelve thousand feet) between Malta and Crete. Although it communicates with the Atlantic by the Strait of Gibraltar, yet the shallowness of the ridge or marine watershed (nowhere more than two hundred fathoms beneath the surface) which divides the two basins at the western embouchure of that strait, between Capes Trafalgar and Spartel, cuts off communication between all but their superficial strata, the temperature of which, as we shall presently see, depends upon seasonal influences common to both. And thus, as the thermal condition of the vast body of water which occupies the basin of the Mediterranean beneath that plane, must depend upon influences affecting itself alone, we have a definite basis for estimating the influence of the general oceanic circulation in modifying the temperature of the corresponding strata of the Atlantic under the same parallels of latitude.

The careful observations of M. Aimé on the temperature of the Mediterranean, which (published in 1845\*) seem to have attracted very little attention, showed that while *diurnal* variations of temperature are limited to a very thin stratum, *seasonal* variations have a deeper range; but that this likewise is limited to the upper plane, scarcely extending to more than one hundred fathoms, beneath which depth the temperature is not only *uniform all the year round*, but is *uniform from above downwards to the very bottom of the basin*. My own inquiries, carried on during the months of August, September, and

October, fully confirmed the latter fact; and, being made with "protected" thermometers, enabled me to obtain a more exact determination of the temperature at the greater depths than had been previously possible. I found that in the western basin, between the surface and a depth of about fifty fathoms, the temperature fell rapidly from  $77^{\circ}$  to  $57^{\circ}$  or less; that there was then a slow reduction down to  $55.5^{\circ}$  at one hundred fathoms; and that from that depth to the bottom at sixteen hundred fathoms there was not a difference of above half a degree, the bottom-temperature being about  $55^{\circ}$ . In the eastern basin, to which the inquiries of M. Aimé had not been extended, I found the influence of solar radiation extending deeper; the reduction being from  $79^{\circ}$  at the surface to  $59.5^{\circ}$  at one hundred fathoms, to  $58.5^{\circ}$  at two hundred fathoms, and to  $57^{\circ}$  at three hundred fathoms, below which the temperature was not reduced by even half a degree to the bottom at nearly two thousand fathoms. This difference between the eastern and the western basins seemed to be accounted for by the more powerful insolation which the former receives, in virtue of its nearer proximity to the Equator, the latitude of its axis being from  $3^{\circ}$  to  $4^{\circ}$  lower.

Thus, then, we are enabled by the thermal condition of the Mediterranean, to establish it as a fundamental fact, that depth *per se* has no influence in reducing oceanic temperature; the direct influence of the solar rays\* only extending to from one to two hundred fathoms; while complete exclusion from that influence is compatible with the maintenance of a constant temperature of from  $55^{\circ}$  to  $56.5^{\circ}$ . The condition which essentially determines that temperature † may be inferred from the fact, that in

\* I do not myself attribute the heating of the superficial stratum so much to the direct penetration of the solar rays, as to a *downward convection* arising from the increase of salinity which the surface-films undergo by evaporation, and their consequent descent until their excess of salt has been diffused through the subjacent stratum. How far down this convection may extend, will depend upon a good many conditions — most of all upon the *continuity* of the action of heat upon the surface. Where, as in the Mediterranean, it is interrupted by seasonal change of temperature, which makes the cooling of the surface-layer in winter undo all that the superheating in summer has accomplished, its downward range is probably far more limited than it is in the inter-tropical zone, in which the surface-temperature constantly approaches and often exceeds  $80^{\circ}$ . And with the example of the Red Sea before us, it can scarcely be doubted that if any of the partially enclosed seas of the Eastern Archipelago (p. 7) were to be completely shut in, its whole body of water would *in time* acquire by continuous downward convection the lowest mean of its surface.

† I was, in the first instance, inclined to regard the uniform temperature of the Mediterranean as determined by that of the subjacent crust of the earth, which



winter the uniform standard which prevails from the surface to the bottom, corresponds to the *isoeimal*, or mean winter isotherm, of the locality; and that a similar correspondence exists in the Red Sea, where the temperature in winter is as high as  $70^{\circ}$  or  $71^{\circ}$  from the surface to the bottom, and the temperature of the deeper water remains at that standard through the whole year, though that of the surface rises in August and September to  $96^{\circ}$ , or even occasionally to above  $100^{\circ}$ . And thus we seem justified in affirming, that if a portion of any great oceanic area could be in like manner so completely cut off from communication with the rest, that its temperature should entirely depend upon its own local conditions, while the temperature of its superficial stratum would be subject to seasonal variation between the highest summer mean and the lowest winter mean of the locality, that of the whole mass of water beneath this stratum would be uniform to the bottom, and would be that of the *isoeimal* of the latitude, — that is to say, of the coldest water that can find its way downwards from above.

It is important, on several grounds, to bear in mind the far greater potency of atmospheric cold than of solar heat, in their respective actions on the temperature of the great mass of salt water occupying a deep basin. Take, for instance, that of the southern portion of the Caspian, over which the winter temperature ranges from  $40^{\circ}$  to  $35^{\circ}$ , while the summer temperature ranges from  $75^{\circ}$  to  $80^{\circ}$ . For in winter the successive descent of films of water made heavier by surface-cold, exerts its full effect in bringing down the temperature, not only of the upper superheated stratum, but of the whole mass of water beneath, to the *isoeimal* standard; whilst in summer the heating effect of a very powerful insolation is mainly expended in producing surface-evaporation, scarcely raising the temperature of the sub-surface layer. And it is further to be remarked that the same effect would be produced if only a small

portion of the basin were exposed to continuous intense cold; for while the diffusion of the successively descending cold films through the entire mass of deeper water, would tend to produce a constant reduction of its temperature, that tendency would not be antagonized by the play of solar heat on the remaining surface of the basin, the influence of that heat being limited to a very shallow stratum. We shall find a very striking exemplification of this principle, when we come to consider (p. 16) the thermal condition of the North Pacific; its enormously deep basin being nearly filled with water of almost glacial temperature, whilst even in the latitude of the Bay of Biscay we find but a mere film of water having a temperature above  $35^{\circ}$ .

It seems to me, therefore, that in the interpretation of the phenomena of ocean-temperature, we may fairly assume that any water which is *colder* than the atmospheric *isoeimal* of the locality, must have come into it from a source nearer one of the Poles; whilst water which carries down to any considerable depth a temperature *warmer* than the *isoeimal*, must have brought that temperature from a source nearer the Equator. Thus when, in the neighbourhood of the Faroe Islands, whose atmospheric *isoeimal* is  $37^{\circ}$  Fahr., we found the bottom of the "cold area" to be covered by water of from  $32^{\circ}$  to  $29.5^{\circ}$ , we seem justified in concluding that this water must have come from the Arctic basin; whilst, when we found in the "warm area" the stratum between two and six hundred fathoms showing a temperature of from  $47^{\circ}$  to  $43^{\circ}$ , we seem equally justified in concluding that this excess of warmth could not be derived from local insolation, but must have been brought from a southern source by the movement of a stratum having at least this thickness.

This *importation* of a foreign temperature is made peculiarly obvious, by the occurrence of cases in which marine areas are separated from the general oceanic basin, not (like the Mediterranean and the Red Sea) in such a manner as to produce a complete thermal isolation, but at such depths as to seclude the deeper strata alone; which then show a constant temperature from the plane of seclusion down to the bottom, instead of the continuous reduction which presents itself outside. Of such cases the "Challenger" has now collected several in the Indian Archipelago, the bottom of whose area presents most extraordinary local depressions, often separated by intervening ridges; these irregularities having probably been caused

there is reason to regard as, in that locality, about  $54^{\circ}$ . But I am assured by Sir William Thomson that we may throw out the temperature of the earth's crust as a factor in modifying the temperature of the water which overlies it; the exchange of heat or of cold between the solid and the liquid being so excessively slow, as not to have any appreciable effect in countervailing other influences; such as either the horizontal flow of warmer or of colder water from a distance, or the vertical descent of water chilled by the action of cold on its surface. And it is obvious from the much higher elevation of the uniform temperature of the Red Sea, in accordance with its higher *isoeimal*, that the correspondence between the uniform temperature of the Mediterranean and that of the subjacent crust of the earth is a mere coincidence.



by the volcanic disturbances of which this area has been one of the chief modern theatres. Thus, while the bottom-temperature of the Indian Ocean on one side, and that of the Pacific on the other, go down to  $35^{\circ}$ , or lower, the bottom-temperature of the Celebez Sea, whose depth is twenty-six hundred fathoms, does not sink below  $38.5^{\circ}$ . But as this temperature is encountered at a depth of seven hundred fathoms, and no further reduction shows itself through the whole subjacent range of nineteen hundred fathoms, it is obvious that the water below  $38.5^{\circ}$  which occupies the deeper parts of the two oceanic basins just named, must be excluded from the Celebez sea by a ridge lying at about seven hundred fathoms' depth. So in the Banda Sea there is a uniform temperature of  $37.5^{\circ}$  from a depth of nine hundred fathoms to the bottom at twenty-eight hundred fathoms; showing the depth of the ridge which excludes any inflow of colder water from the outside to be about nine hundred fathoms. In the Sulu Sea (vol. xxii. p. 389), the seclusion is much more complete; for we here find a uniform temperature of  $50.5^{\circ}$  ranging from four hundred fathoms down to the bottom at twenty-five hundred and fifty fathoms; and as this temperature is met with in the adjoining China and Celebez Seas, at a depth of two hundred fathoms or less, and in the Pacific at about two hundred and thirty fathoms, we may pretty confidently affirm that no deeper opening can exist in the reefs and ridges, which are known to connect the islands that enclose this remarkable "pot-hole," whereby colder water could find admission to it. Now let us suppose that an elevatory movement were to bring these reefs and ridges to the sea-level, so as completely to cut off the Sulu enclosure from communication with the adjacent basins; it may be pretty certainly affirmed that its lowest surface-temperature (which is probably not much below  $80^{\circ}$ ) would, in time, extend itself uniformly downwards (p. 6, note), even to its greatest depths. But, on the other hand, a subsidence which should increase the depth of the barrier by three hundred fathoms, would let in water of  $40^{\circ}$  from the China Sea, and would thus reduce to that standard the temperature of the whole twenty-three hundred and fifty fathoms' column from five hundred fathoms to the bottom, which would then be deepened to twenty-eight hundred and fifty.

When, by the consideration of cases of this kind, we have once familiarized our-

selves with the notion that every deep-sea temperature which does not correspond with the isocheimal of the locality (except, of course in the Polar areas, where the isocheimal is far below the freezing point of salt water), must be an imported one, we can at once apply the rule to the results of the "Challenger" or other temperature-soundings, so as to trace out the source from which the warmer or the colder water has been derived; and in this manner we can bring to the sure test of observation the general doctrine already set forth, which, if true, must be confirmed, and, if false, must be set aside by it.

The first part of the "Challenger's" survey was prosecuted in the *Atlantic* basin, which was traversed in various directions, between about  $38^{\circ}$  N. lat. and  $38^{\circ}$  S. lat., so as to obtain, by a sufficient number of "serial temperature-soundings,"\* the materials for a set of "temperature-sections," which show the thermal stratification of the oceanic water, in the same manner as geological sections show the disposition of the rock-beds of which the earth's solid crust is made up. The division of differently coloured bands, in temperature-sections, is made by "bathymetrical isotherms"—that is, by lines of uniform temperature drawn at the depths at which those temperatures are respectively met with; these lines are drawn at intervals of  $5^{\circ}$  Fahr. down to  $40^{\circ}$ , below which the slowness of the further reduction of temperature makes it desirable to mark each single degree by a line. The bathymetrical isotherm of  $40^{\circ}$ , in fact, seems generally to mark a very distinct plane of division between the upper stratum, whose temperature is directly or indirectly affected by heat from above, and that of the vast mass of water occupying the deeper part of the great ocean-basins, whose temperature is reduced by the afflux of Polar water. And we shall find the position of this isotherm in different localities, and the relative number and thickness of the  $5^{\circ}$  bands that lie above it, to afford a very significant clue to those great movements of ocean-water, on which its thermal stratification depends.

The Atlantic area, which has been thus surveyed by the "Challenger," may be roughly estimated at *fifteen millions of*

\* By a "serial temperature-sounding" is meant the determination of the temperature, by thermometers sent down with the sounding-apparatus, at successive increments of depth from the surface to the bottom; the intervals being usually of 100 fathoms from 100 to 1,500 fathoms, and of 250 fathoms below that depth.



*square miles*, with an average depth of *fifteen thousand feet*; and it is not too much to affirm that the determination of the thermal stratification of this vast mass of oceanic water is the grandest single contribution yet made to terrestrial physics. The plan of the voyage did not permit the continuous extension of the Atlantic survey either southwards or northwards; but it was afterwards carried from the Southern Indian Ocean (whose thermal condition closely resembles that of the South Atlantic) into the Antarctic areas; and the "Valorous," which has accompanied the "Alert" and the "Discovery" to Disco Island, is even now (if all has gone well) prosecuting similar inquiries, as complementary to those of the "Challenger," on her return voyage down Baffin's Bay and across the northernmost extension of the Atlantic; while the return of the "Challenger" in the early part of next year, round Cape Horn, will enable her to run another line of section through the Atlantic, nearly north and south, during her homeward voyage.

The basin of the Atlantic is a vast area of depression, of an average depth of from two thousand to two thousand five hundred fathoms; showing few abrupt inequalities, save where local volcanic outbursts have thrown up islands, and raised the bottom in their neighbourhood, as has been the case with the Azores, Madeiras, Canaries, and Cape Verde Islands in the north, and with St. Helena, Tristan d'Acunha, and Fernando Noronha in the south. This basin is in perfectly free communication with the Antarctic area; and it is a point to be specially noticed, that there is a continual widening of the borders of the South Atlantic towards that area, by the recession of the opposite coasts of the South-African and South-American continents. With the Arctic area, on the other hand, its communication is far less free. The basin of the North Atlantic progressively narrows from the Equator to the Arctic circle; and of the channels which lie between its American and its European borders, there is reason to believe that the passage between Greenland and Iceland is the only one which can bring down any large body of glacial water from the Arctic basin.

These differences between the relations of the North and of the South Atlantic to their respective Polar areas, will be found, as I had anticipated, to be in remarkable correspondence with differences in their thermal conditions. For I had ventured

to predict that the Antarctic under-flow would be so much more voluminous than the Arctic, as to reduce the bottom-temperature of the South Atlantic below the  $35^{\circ}$ , which was the lowest that had been met with in the Temperate portion of the North Atlantic; while I had further anticipated, on the same grounds, that the effect of the Antarctic under-flow would show itself to the north of the Equator. The meeting of the two under-flows in the Equatorial region, beneath an upper stratum whose elevation of temperature would reduce its specific gravity, appeared to me (in ignorance of what Lenz had long previously urged), to necessitate the uprising of Polar water from the bottom towards the heating surface, just as in the trough experiment; so that, however anomalous it may seem, I had been led by the principle I had adopted to conclude that water of  $40^{\circ}$  would be found in the Equatorial zone at a depth considerably less than that at which it lies in the Temperate portion of the North Atlantic. As it is universally admitted in science that nothing affords stronger evidence of the truth of any doctrine which cannot be directly demonstrated, than the fulfilment of predictions based upon it, the complete verification of the foregoing conclusions by the "Challenger" observations can scarcely be regarded in any other light than as a valid confirmation of the principle on which they were based.

The first line of temperature-section taken by the "Challenger," extending obliquely across the North Atlantic, from Teneriffe (lat.  $28^{\circ} 5\text{m. N.}$ ) to St. Thomas's (lat.  $18^{\circ} 5' \text{N.}$ ), shows a thermal stratification which is, on the whole, very uniform; the whole of the deeper part of the basin, from one thousand fathoms to the bottom (which lies in some parts at a depth exceeding three thousand fathoms), being occupied by water whose temperature ranges downwards from  $40^{\circ}$  to  $35^{\circ} 5'$ ; while, between the surface and five hundred fathoms, the reduction of temperature is pretty uniform, becoming slower between five hundred and one thousand fathoms as the isotherm of  $40^{\circ}$  is approached. But a careful examination of the section reveals two remarkable phenomena—(1) that as the Equator was approached the bottom-temperature became *lower* by about a degree, the thermometer showing  $34^{\circ} 4'$  in the deepest part of the western basin, against  $35^{\circ} 5'$  in the deepest part of the eastern; and (2) that the isotherm of  $40^{\circ}$ , which lies at a depth of between nine hundred and one thousand



fathoms near Teneriffe, came *nearer the surface* by about two hundred fathoms towards St. Thomas's, although the temperature of the superincumbent strata showed a considerable elevation. The reduction of bottom-temperature was afterwards clearly proved to be consequent upon the extension of the colder Antarctic under-flow to the north of the Equator; while the approach of the  $40^{\circ}$  isotherm towards the surface, as the elevation of the temperature of the upper stratum reduced its downward pressure, was interesting as an anticipation of what subsequently showed itself in a far more marked degree.

The "Challenger" then proceeded from St. Thomas's to Bermuda, thence in the course of the Gulf Stream towards New York, thence to Halifax, and thence back to Bermuda. The following were the points of greatest interest in this part of the survey. Soon after leaving St. Thomas's, a local depression was encountered of the (then) unprecedented depth of 3,875 fathoms, or 23,250 feet, or nearly 4.2 miles. The sounding was a very satisfactory one; and a proof of its exceeding depth was furnished by the crushing of the "protected" thermometers, which had previously resisted the pressure of nearly four tons on the square inch encountered at 3,150 fathoms.

In contrast to this curious phenomenon, the "Challenger" soundings in the immediate proximity of the Bermuda group demonstrated the very small base from which the wonderful column arises, whose summit forms a platform of which the islands are the highest elevations. The shape of this column, which has a height of more than twenty-four hundred fathoms, may be compared to that of the Eddystone lighthouse. Its upper part is entirely composed of coral; but there are curious magnetic indications of its being based on a submarine mountain; and it seems to be the most remarkable case of which we have at present any knowledge, of that progressive upward growth of coral, keeping pace with progressive subsidence of the bottom, which Mr. Darwin was the first to suggest as the explanation of the existence of dead coral at depths far greater than those at which the reef-building corals can live.

As the "Challenger" proceeded northwards from St. Thomas's out of the reach of the Antarctic under-flow, the bottom-temperature rose to  $35^{\circ}$ , and afterwards, in proceeding towards New York, to  $35.3^{\circ}$ ; but as she neared Halifax, the bottom obviously came under the direct influence of

the Arctic under-flow; for its temperature there fell to  $34.3^{\circ}$ .

This bottom-temperature was encountered beneath the Gulf Stream itself, which, notwithstanding the attributes which have been somewhat poetically ascribed to it, looks, as prosaically pictured in the "Challenger" temperature-sections, a mere rivulet in comparison with the oceanic area over which it is reputed to exert its heating and propulsive influence. It is perfectly clear from these sections, that the *true* Gulf Stream, or Florida current, is a limited river of superheated water, of which the breadth is about sixty miles near Sandy Hook, whilst near Halifax it has separated into divergent streams forming a sort of delta. Its depth (as determined by the use of the current-drag) was nowhere found to be greater than one hundred fathoms; and it does not disturb the stratification of the subjacent layers, which show the ordinary progressive reduction, the isotherm of  $40^{\circ}$  here lying at the depth of about six hundred and forty fathoms. Clearly, therefore, it is utterly incapable of impelling the enormous mass of water which can be shown, in the North Atlantic, to be slowly moving in a north-easterly direction towards the Polar area. The course of the surface-isotherms laid down by Dr. Petermann, shows that this movement takes in the whole breadth of the North Atlantic, from Newfoundland to the British Isles, a distance of seventeen hundred miles; on the other hand, the course of the bathymetrical isotherms laid down from the "Porcupine" temperature-soundings between Lisbon and the Faroe Islands shows that it extends to a depth of at least five or six hundred fathoms. And thus we are required to believe that the Gulf Stream, which, according to the most trustworthy authorities, has lost every distinctive character as a current — warmth, movement, and colour — by the time it reaches the Mid-Atlantic in  $40^{\circ}$  N. lat. and  $30^{\circ}$  W. long., has still energy enough to drive polewards a mass of water seventeen hundred miles wide, and at least three thousand feet deep. This, as it seems to me, is a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the doctrine which attributes the amelioration of our climate, and the keeping open of the harbours of the coast of Norway, almost as far as the North Cape, through the whole winter, to the heating influence of the Florida current. For if the stream shown in the New York section subsequently spread itself out over the whole area that



is shown by the northerly bend of the surface-isotherms to have a poleward movement, it must thin away to a degree that will leave it utterly incapable of resisting the cooling influence of the air above it. If, on the other hand, it is re-collected in a sort of *cul de sac*, and so pressed downwards as to acquire five or six times the depth it has off New York, it cannot propel a band of seventeen hundred miles' breadth.

When, on the other hand, we look upon the poleward movement of the entire upper stratum of the Atlantic as the necessary complement of the glacial under-flow from the Arctic basin, the main difficulty vanishes; every fact is accounted for by an adequate *vera causa*; and we can estimate the share of the Gulf Stream in the amelioration of our climate by a judgment based on actual facts, instead of indulging in vague hypotheses or poetical exaggerations.

There can be no question that a large part of the heat which the Gulf Stream brings as far as the banks of Newfoundland, is there dissipated by its encounter with the Greenland and Labrador current, which, propelled by northerly winds, brings southwards a temperature as much below the normal as that of the Gulf Stream is above it. Further, in the spring and early summer, this current ordinarily brings down a vast quantity of icebergs, whilst occasionally (as in the season just passed) it is also loaded with field-ice. Partially dipping under the Gulf Stream, in virtue of its greater density, it drifts these icebergs into its course; and since the mass of each berg that is below the surface is eight or nine times as great as that which towers above it, the melting of a vast number of such masses will require an amount of heat, the abstraction of which must further seriously reduce the temperature of the Gulf Stream. What excess it still carries is communicated to the Mid-Atlantic water, with which it soon afterwards becomes indistinguishably mingled; and in so far as the temperature of the upper oceanic stratum is raised by such admixture, does the Gulf Stream contribute, by the poleward movement of this stratum, to produce the effect with the whole of which it is popularly credited.

Only a portion of the Arctic current, however, dips under the Gulf Stream. Its main body keeps close to the shore of Newfoundland, turns the corner of Nova Scotia, passes across to Cape Cod, and "hugs the shore" of the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, remaining still

perceptible as a current (at certain times; at least) as far south as New York. But this is not all. A continuation of this "cold band" is traceable southwards, intervening between the United States' coast and the Gulf Stream, as far south as the Florida Channel itself, of whose breadth it occupies nearly one-third; the plane of separation between this band and the Gulf Stream being so well defined, as to be termed by the United States' coast surveyors the "cold wall." Though they have traced its continuity with the cold stratum lying beneath the Gulf Stream, they have obviously been puzzled to account for its presence; since it shows little or no current-movement to the south of New York. The "Challenger" section taken off Halifax presents a yet more remarkable example of that continuity than any that had been previously met with; for we there see not only the bathymetrical isotherms of  $55^{\circ}$ ,  $50^{\circ}$ ,  $45^{\circ}$ , and  $40^{\circ}$ , sloping upwards towards the coast-line, so as to rise successively to the surface from depths of 400, 470, 550, and 620 fathoms respectively, the surface-water becoming colder and colder as the shore is approached; but even the isotherms of  $39^{\circ}$ ,  $38^{\circ}$ ,  $37^{\circ}$ ,  $36^{\circ}$ , and  $35^{\circ}$  rise from the depths beneath, so that water of an almost glacial temperature is found outside the harbour of Halifax (lat.  $44^{\circ}5'$  N.) at a depth of no more than eighty-three fathoms. The meaning of this very singular fact I shall now endeavour to explain.

Much ink has been wasted in the discussion of a question, which the common sense of any one who rightly apprehends the fundamental principles of physics should enable him to answer at once—viz., the influence of the earth's rotation upon the movement of the water which fills its ocean-basins. This influence, supposing that water to be otherwise stationary, will be simply *nil*; for the water lying under each parallel will have the same rate of rotation from west to east, as the solid earth in that parallel. But suppose that a large body of water has a movement of its own, either from a lower to a higher, or from a higher to a lower parallel; it will then, according to a well-known principle of physics, carry with it the easterly momentum of the parallel it has quitted, into a parallel which has a different rate of eastward movement; and thus, if flowing from a lower to a higher latitude, it will carry with it an excess of easterly momentum which will cause it to tend constantly towards the east; whilst, if flowing from a higher to a lower latitude,



it will arrive at the latter with a deficiency of easterly momentum, causing it to be (as it were) left behind, so as to tend constantly towards the west. Now, the excess of easterly momentum possessed by the Gulf Stream, in virtue of its northerly flow, was rightly assigned by Captain Maury, and accepted by Sir John Herschel, as a principal cause of its eastward change of direction where the parallels of latitude are rapidly shortening; and I apply the same principle to explain the very strong eastward tendency of the poleward upper-flow, which carries it not only to the shores of Norway, but past the North Cape towards Nova Zembla. But if this be true, the converse also will be true in regard to any southward movement of Arctic water; and thus we see not only why the continuation of the Greenland and Labrador current should have a westerly tendency which keeps it close to the shore of the United States, but also why the glacial under-flow should approach the surface along the coast-line. For if this under-flow has a constant movement, however slow, towards the Equator, it must carry with it a deficiency of easterly momentum, which will cause it to creep up the slope that forms the western border of the Atlantic basin; and thus the upward slant of the deep, cold strata in this situation becomes an evidentiary fact of singular cogency, in favour of the actual existence of that southward movement which has been shown to be probable on *a priori* grounds — no other way of accounting for that slant being discernible.

It is a fact of no little interest, that, as I learn from Dr. Meyer of Kiel, who has made a special study of the temperature of the North Sea, a similar peculiarity presents itself near our own shores. The greater part of that sea is so shallow, that an elevation of no more than three hundred feet would convert it into dry land, uniting the eastern coast of Great Britain to continental Europe. But outside the coast of Norway there is a much deeper channel, along which there flows southwards a cold stream which can be traced as far as the Skager Rack; and this, under the influence of its deficiency of easterly momentum, flows up the western slope of that channel, and spreads itself over the floor of the North Sea as far as the Dogger Bank, on the eastern slope of which Dr. Meyer has found a sudden reduction of no less than fifteen degrees of temperature, in a vertical descent of no more than five fathoms. This extension of the Norwegian cold under-

stratum affords the *rationale* of the remarkable fact previously ascertained by the dredgings of Mr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys — viz., the presence of Arctic mollusks on the Dogger Bank; and it further explains the low sea-temperature of our eastern coasts, which had been previously attributed (like the “cold band” along the Atlantic seaboard of the Southern States) to a surface-current from the north, of which in neither case is there any evidence.

Returning now to the “Challenger,” we trace her course back from Halifax to Bermuda, and thence again across the Atlantic to the Azores and Madeira. The principal features of interest in this temperature-section are the great thickness of the upper stratum above the isotherm of  $40^{\circ}$ , which lies at a depth of about nine hundred fathoms between the Azores and Madeira; and the special thickness, in the western half of this section, of the stratum between  $60^{\circ}$  and  $65^{\circ}$  Fahr. We shall be better prepared to understand the meaning of these peculiarities, when we compare the thermal stratification of the North with that of the South Atlantic.

From Madeira, the course of the “Challenger” was turned southwards, in a direction of general parallelism to the western coast of Africa, until she approached the Equator; and we now encounter a remarkable change in the thermal stratification. For, whilst the surface-temperature progressively rose from  $71^{\circ}$  to  $79^{\circ}$ , this augmentation affected the superficial stratum alone; the isotherm of  $60^{\circ}$  remained parallel to the surface; but all the subjacent isotherms were found to *slant upwards*, that of  $40^{\circ}$  rising from nine hundred and fifty fathoms half-way between Madeira and St. Vincent to six hundred and fifty fathoms off St. Vincent, and to four hundred and fifty fathoms in  $3^{\circ}$  N. lat., — thus confirming in a most remarkable manner the conclusion of Lenz, that the Polar under-flow rises towards the surface in the Equatorial zone.

The “Challenger” then crossed the Atlantic for the third time between  $3^{\circ}$  N. lat. and  $4^{\circ}$  S. lat., passing St. Paul’s Rock and Fernando Noronha, and thence proceeding to Pernambuco, lat.  $7^{\circ}5'$  S. The facts brought to light in this part of her survey may be considered as surpassing in interest all that had been previously ascertained; their confirmation of the doctrine she was directed to test being of crucial value. For in the temperature-section here obtained, these two features are specially noticeable — first, the further reduction of bottom-temperature, and, second,



the yet nearer approach of the isotherm of  $40^{\circ}$  to the surface. Almost precisely under the Line, a bottom-temperature of  $32.4^{\circ}$  was obtained at a depth of 2,475 fathoms; and as the isotherm of  $35^{\circ}$  (the lowest temperature that the Arctic underflow could here bear) lay at the depth of about eighteen hundred fathoms, it is obvious that the stratum of 675 fathoms (4,050 feet) in thickness beneath this, must entirely consist of water that has found its way thither from the Antarctic area. But this is overlaid by a stratum of fifteen hundred fathoms' thickness, whose temperature ranges between  $35^{\circ}$  and  $40^{\circ}$ ; thus actually carrying up the isotherm of  $40^{\circ}$  to within three hundred fathoms of the surface. From  $78^{\circ}$  at the surface, the thermometer was found to fall to  $55^{\circ}$  within one hundred fathoms, just as it does in the Mediterranean; but whilst in that inland sea the temperature remains constant from that point to the bottom, it goes on falling, beneath the Equatorial sun, to  $45^{\circ}$  at about two hundred and twenty fathoms, to  $40^{\circ}$  at less than three hundred, and thence progressively to the bottom-temperature of  $32.4^{\circ}$  through a stratum of more than two thousand fathoms' thickness. Now, as the lowest surface-temperature of the whole year cannot be here less than  $75^{\circ}$ , it is clear that the influence of what may be called "imported cold" ranges from the bottom, where it is most intense, up to the superficial stratum, gradually dying out as the water comes under the influence of the downward convection (p. 6, note) of the heat imparted by solar radiation. And it seems impossible to account for this fact in any other way, than by attributing it to a continual uprising of colder water from below, to replace the warm upper layer which is constantly being draughted off towards either Pole. If that uprising were slower than it is, the downward convection of the heat derived from solar radiation would prevent the effect of Polar cold from showing itself so near the surface; and there would be no such extraordinary thinning-away of the upper strata, as shows itself in this Equatorial section.

Another evidence of this uprising is afforded by the moderation of the surface-temperature of the Equatorial Atlantic, which does not seem to rise (at least in the open ocean) to a higher average, even when the sun is vertical, than I have myself seen it to maintain in the Mediterranean during August and September. In the Red Sea, where there is no such ascent of an under-stratum of cold water,

the mean temperature of the surface in August is  $86.5^{\circ}$ , and in September  $88^{\circ}$ ; and the maximum not unfrequently rises to  $100^{\circ}$ , occasionally to  $106^{\circ}$ . Now, as it is not the heat of the air that thus raises the surface-temperature, but direct solar radiation, I can see no other reason why the temperature of the Equatorial Atlantic does not rise as high as that of the Red Sea, than that the former is kept down by the continual ascent of cooler water. Where such an ascent is prevented by the comparative shallowness of the bottom (as happens along the Guinea coast), the surface-temperature rises.

Another strong indication of this ascent is afforded by the specific-gravity observations, very carefully and systematically made by the physicist of the "Challenger." It was long since observed by Humboldt, that whilst the salinity of oceanic surface-water increases as either Tropic is approached from its Temperate zone, it diminishes again on passing from either Tropic towards the Equator; and this fact was confirmed by the observations of Lenz, on whom it obviously made a great impression. The progressive increase between the Poles and the Tropics is obviously referrible to increased evaporation; but what is the cause of the Equatorial reduction? To attribute it to the admixture of the fresh water which descends in Equatorial rains seems absurd; because all this water, and more, has been pumped up by evaporation from the Equatorial area itself. And the quantity of fresh water discharged by the great rivers of Africa and South America is utterly inadequate to produce such a reduction, which is as distinct in mid-ocean as it is nearer either of these continents. The true explanation is afforded, as Lenz pointed out, and as, in ignorance of his work, I had myself suggested, by the ascent of the Polar underflow; which brings all the way to the Equator the low salinity it has derived in the Polar areas from the melting of ice and snow. This reduction of salinity not being sufficient to neutralize the increase of specific gravity produced by reduction of temperature, the Polar water continues to underlie the more saline water above it; but rising to the surface as the latter is draughted off, it continues to show its Polar source by its low specific gravity, even when its temperature has been raised to the Equatorial standard. A mean of eight observations between St. Thomas's and Bermuda gave 1.0272 as the specific gravity of (tropical) surface-water, and 1.0263 as



that of (Polar) bottom-water.\* But a mean of seventeen observations between Cape Verde and Bahia gave 1·0263 as the specific gravity of (Equatorial) surface-water, while a mean of eight observations gave 1·0261 as the specific gravity of (Polar) bottom-water,—an approximation so remarkable, that it can scarcely be considered as capable of any other explanation, than that the Equatorial surface-water is really Polar water which has risen up from beneath.

Proceeding southwards along the coast of South America as far as Abrolhos Island, lat. 20° S., the "Challenger" then crossed the South Atlantic to the Cape of Good Hope; first stretching obliquely to the island of Tristan d'Acunha in lat. 38°, and then keeping in nearly the same parallel to the Cape. Though the depth of this basin is less than that of the North Atlantic, the general temperature of its bottom was found to be about two degrees lower, averaging 33°, while the isotherm of 35° lay at about six hundred fathoms above the bottom; thus showing the existence of a stratum of water of one thousand eight hundred feet in thickness, colder than any that is found (save under exceptional circumstances) in the North Atlantic. The isotherm of 40°, again, which, in the North Atlantic at a like distance from the Equator, lay at eight hundred or nine hundred fathoms' depth, here lay at between three hundred and five hundred fathoms; thus showing that the whole mass of water filling the South-Atlantic basin beneath that depth has been subjected to the influence of Antarctic cold. Though the stratum above the isotherm of 40° is thicker than under the Equator, it is only about half as thick as the corresponding stratum in the North Atlantic, and contains much less heat; the surface-temperature in this section nowhere rising above 60°, and being generally much lower, though taken in the early summer of the southern hemisphere.

The thermal condition of the South Atlantic, then, differs from that of the North Atlantic—(1) in the greater coldness of the vast mass of water occupying the deeper part of its basin; and (2) in the inferior warmth of its upper stratum. The former is clearly attributable to the complete freedom of communication between the South Atlantic and the Antarc-

tic area; the latter is probably due to several influences in combination, as I shall now explain.

In the first place, as has long been known to physical geographers, the great predominance of land in the northern hemisphere raises its general temperature; the solar radiation raising the temperature of the land, whilst it expends itself, when falling on the surface of the sea, in increased evaporation. Hence the *thermal* Equator lies to the north of the *geographical* Equator; and the isotherm which corresponds to the parallel of (say) 30° south, lies in the Northern hemisphere nearer the parallel of 40°.

But, secondly, the peculiar direction of the American coast-line gives a northerly slant to by far the larger proportion of the great Equatorial drift-current of the Atlantic. Too much attention, as it seems to me, has been fixed on the part of it which is impelled into the Gulf of Mexico, and which issues forth from it as the Gulf Stream; and too little upon that very large part which strikes the chain of the Antilles and the peninsula of Florida and which must be thus turned back without entering the gulf. Although this drift-current is quite superficial, its depth being estimated by Captain Nares at no more than fifty fathoms, yet it seems to me quite conceivable that the vast body of water it conveys should make its way downwards, when its onward motion is checked, so as to raise the temperature of the sub-surface layer, and that this is the explanation of the marked thickness of the stratum of between 60° and 65° Fahr., which has been already noticed as a peculiar feature of the sections taken in the western portion of the North Atlantic (p. 12).

In the third place, the progressive narrowing of the North-Atlantic basin from the Equator to the Arctic circle, and the progressive widening of the basin of the South Atlantic from the Equator southwards, may be expected to exert precisely opposite influences upon the thickness of that upper stratum, which, *ex hypothesi*, is being drawn, in each hemisphere, from the Equator towards its Pole—tending, in the first case, to increase its thickness by lateral compression, and, in the second, to diminish its thickness by lateral expansion. In virtue of this excess of thickness, the north-moving stratum in the former will possess a far greater power of resisting the influence of atmospheric cold, than the south-moving stratum in the latter; and we thus find the isotherm of

\* In all these observations, the *temperatures* of the samples compared were brought to a common standard, so that their respective specific gravities truly indicated their relative *salinity*.



40° lying at the depth of eight hundred fathoms even off the Faroe Islands, in lat. 59.5° N., whilst near the island of Tristan d'Acunha, in lat 38° S., it lies at only about half that depth — the surface-temperature in both situations being about 52° Fahr.

We are enabled, by this comparison, to estimate pretty nearly the relative effects of the Gulf Stream and of the general oceanic circulation, in producing that amelioration of the climate of north-western Europe, which is a fact that cannot be called in question, whatever may be our mode of accounting for it. The correspondence of the surface-temperature of the Mediterranean, which is regulated by local influences alone, with that of the outside Atlantic under the same parallels, seems to show that no excess of surface-heat is communicated to the latter by the transport into it of Equatorial water. But, on the other hand, the great excess of heat contained in its sub-surface stratum, over that contained in the upper stratum of the South Atlantic at a like distance from the thermal Equator, seems partly attributable to the larger share of the Equatorial current which the former receives in the two modes just alluded to. This, however, would have no effect whatever upon our climate, if the entire upper stratum had not a continual northward movement; and for this movement, extending all across the Atlantic to a depth of at least six hundred fathoms, it is impossible to account by any residual *vis a tergo* of a limited current which has completely died out by superficial expansion. But if we admit that, alike in the North and in the South Atlantic, this upper stratum is being drawn polewards by a *vis a fronte* generated by the continual descent of the water that comes under the influence of Polar cold, we see how the excess of thickness it possesses in the northern hemisphere enables it to impart to the atmosphere above it a corresponding amount of warmth. For, as every surface-film that has given up its heat to the air above it, sinking until it meets with water as cold as itself, is replaced by the uprising of warmer water from beneath, so, the further down the excess of warmth extends, the longer will it be before the temperature of the surface is reduced to that of the air above — just as the surface of a deep lake remains uncongealed by a frost which forms a thick layer of ice on a shallow pond or mere.

It was urged, several years ago, by the late Mr. Findlay, that supposing the Gulf Stream proper to have a continuous onward movement to the western shores of

Great Britain, the thinness of its expansion, and the slowness of its rate, where it is last recognizable as a current, would subject it to the loss of all its surplus heat, long before it reaches our coast; and this argument is strongly confirmed by the fact, that the upper stratum of the Mediterranean, though heated by the summer sun to quite as high a temperature as that of the Gulf Stream in the mid-Atlantic, loses its excess of warmth with the seasonal reduction in the temperature of the atmosphere above it; whilst, as soon as its surface has been cooled down to the constant temperature of the deep subjacent bed, it resists any further reduction, whatever may be the temporary depression of the atmospheric temperature. And in this manner we find that the moderate, but permanent, elevation of the uniformly heated mass of Mediterranean water, has a far more potent influence in ameliorating the climate of its northern shores, than the transient superheating of its surface-layer.

But it does not hence follow that Mr. Findley was right in attributing the amelioration of the climate of north-western Europe, as Dr. Hayes has since done, solely to the heat transported by the south-westerly winds; for the very careful and systematic observations which have now been carried on for some years under the able direction of Professor Mohn, of Christiania, upon the relative temperatures of the air and the sea along the coast of Norway, have shown that the latter has an average excess of warmth during the four winter months, amounting to 14.5° Fahr. This excess he very naturally attributed, in the first instance, to the influence of the Gulf Stream; but he has latterly expressed his concurrence in my own view, that the poleward transport of this vast amount of heat requires a far larger and deeper movement, for which the general oceanic circulation alone can adequately account.

This view derives further confirmation from the extension of the "Challenger" inquiries into the Antarctic Ocean, by a southward deflection from her course between the Cape of Good Hope and Sydney. For it becomes plain, from an examination of the temperature-sections taken in this part of her voyage, that the comparative coldness of the southern oceans is essentially due, not so much to the want of a superheated surface-layer, as to the rapid reduction in the temperature of the whole comparatively thin upper warm stratum under the influence of atmospheric cold: the isotherm of 40°, which lies below four hundred fathoms in lat. 37°



S., rising to one hundred and fifty fathoms in lat.  $46^{\circ}$  S., and actually coming to the surface near Kerguelen's Land (lat.  $50^{\circ}$  S.), while it lies below eight hundred fathoms in the corresponding northern parallel. Thus it comes to pass that the summer climate of Kerguelen's Land, as Captain Nares remarks, is comparable to the winter climate of the British Isles; and that glaciers there descend from the mountains almost to the water's edge, reminding us of the ice-sheet which covered the surface of North Britain during the glacial epoch.

The "Challenger" approached the Antarctic ice-barrier in the height of the southern summer, when the influence of solar radiation was exerted in melting the icebergs and the edge of the field-ice, and thus in lowering rather than raising the temperature of the surface-water, which was found to be pretty constantly that of melting ice as far down as the thickness of the ice extended. This was exactly what had been anticipated; for the water thus chilled does not descend, but remains floating at the surface, in consequence of the lower proportion of salt which it contains; and yet it does not rise in temperature, because any further accession of heat it may receive from the sun is expended in melting more ice. But underneath this stratum of half-salt glacial water, there was found a stratum of ordinary sea-water having a temperature between  $32^{\circ}$  and  $37^{\circ}$ ; and this was obviously continuous with the proper surface-stratum at such a distance from the ice-barrier as to be out of the reach of melting ice; whilst there was every reason to believe that the whole subjacent mass down to the bottom had a temperature of  $31^{\circ}$  or less.\* Now, it is obvious that as this warmer stratum could not have derived its heat from local solar radiation, it must have brought it from elsewhere; and as there is no Gulf Stream in the southern ocean, there seems no other agency to account for its presence, than the Polar indraught which has been so frequently referred to.

Thus the observations upon ocean-

temperature hitherto collected by the "Challenger," in the North, Equatorial, and South Atlantic, in the Antarctic, and in the Eastern Archipelago, not only prove conformable in every particular to the doctrine they were designed to test, but do not seem capable of any other explanation.

The temperature-observations recently made in the North Pacific by the United States' ship "Tuscarora,"—which was commissioned to carry a line of soundings for a telegraph cable across this vast ocean-basin from the coast of California to Japan, making the Sandwich Islands a half-way station,—enable us to test this doctrine by a case which presents a marked dissimilarity of conditions. For, although the North Pacific has a communication with the Arctic basin through Behring's Strait, yet this is too shallow, as well as narrow, to admit of any outflow of glacial water from the latter into the former. Now, as the average depth of the North Pacific is considerably greater than that of the North Atlantic, and as there is reason to believe that this excess extends to the South Pacific also, we should expect, on the principle already stated (p. 7), that the influence of Antarctic cold will be strongly exerted throughout the whole of it; and this is fully borne out by the "Tuscarora" observations. For the bottom-temperature, at depths exceeding two thousand fathoms, is nearly everywhere but little above  $32^{\circ}$ ; while the slight elevation which was shown as the "Tuscarora" returned by a more northerly course, along the Aleutian Islands, suffices to show that this low temperature cannot depend upon the surface-cold of the local winter, but must be imported all the way from the Antarctic area. But, further, this glacial water was found to occupy the whole basin to at least as high a level as it does that of the South Atlantic; the upper stratum of above  $40^{\circ}$  Fahr. having nowhere a greater thickness than four hundred fathoms, and thinning away so rapidly towards the north, that, except in the line of the Kuro Siwo, or Japan current—which is the continuation of the Pacific Equatorial deflected to the N.E. by the continental and insular coast-line of Eastern Asia—the glacial stratum comes to within a closer proximity to the surface than it is anywhere known to do under corresponding parallels; water of  $35^{\circ}$  being met with at no more than fifteen fathoms' depth in the latitude of the Bay of Biscay.

\* As the thermometers supplied to the "Challenger" only registered *maxima* and *minima*, it is obvious that the reduction of the surface-temperature to  $29^{\circ}$  prevented an exact determination of the temperature of any subjacent stratum having a *higher* minimum. The Arctic Expedition is provided with the improved thermometers devised by Negretti and Zambra, for recording the temperature of any stratum, whether higher or lower than that of the water through which they pass in their descent and ascent; and in this way it is expected that the temperature stratification *beneath the ice* will be exactly determined.



Now, I do not hesitate to confess that the thermal condition of the North Pacific revealed by these observations, was altogether contrary to my anticipations. I had supposed that the virtual seclusion of its basin from the influence of Arctic cold, and the vast distance of its northern part from the Antarctic area, would have combined to give to its sea-bed a temperature *above* that of the other great ocean-bottoms. And no reason had occurred to me, why the surface-stratum should contain so small a measure of heat. And yet, on reasoning out the problem, I came to see that, anomalous as it may seem, the want of communication between the North Pacific and the Arctic basins, in the presence of a perfectly free communication with the Antarctic, is a reason why the upper stratum of the former should be rather colder than warmer. For we may consider the entire Pacific and Antarctic basin in the light of a long trough, at the south end of which Polar cold is applied to the surface; while Equatorial heat is applied to the surface at, say, one-third of the length of the trough from the north end. Now, in the southern division of the trough, the circulation will go on as in the former case (p. 4); the water chilled by Polar cold descending and flowing along the floor of the trough, and being replaced by the surface-inflow of warmer water from the Equatorial region. But as the Polar bottom-flow will not meet any similar flow from the opposite end of the trough, only a portion of it will rise to the surface under the Equator, the remainder continuing to flow to the northern end of the trough, thus keeping its temperature down nearly to the Antarctic standard. On the other hand, the South-Polar surface-indraught will not only extend to the Equator, but, in the absence of any corresponding indraught towards the North Pole, will act backwards (as it were) upon the upper stratum of the North Pacific, giving it a southward movement *towards* the Equator, instead of the northward movement *from* the Equator, which is so remarkable a feature of the North Atlantic. To replace this, the cold under-stratum of the North Pacific will be continually rising towards the surface; and thus the powerful action of the sun's summer heat between the parallels of  $30^{\circ}$  and  $50^{\circ}$ , will be constantly antagonized by that of the winter cold of the Antarctic area at a distance of eight thousand miles or more. But if a subsidence of the land bordering Behring's Strait were to take place to such

an extent as to open a broad and deep channel between the North Pacific and the Arctic basin, the outflow of Polar water that would then go on from the latter into the former, would produce a movement of the upper stratum in the contrary direction; thus drawing a surface-flow of Equatorial water towards the Aleutian Islands, and raising the temperature of the land-border on either side.

Thus we see the great importance of this general oceanic circulation in regulating the distribution of temperature, alike at the surface and over the bottom, of those vast marine areas, which, in the aggregate, cover little less than three-fourths of the whole superficies of our globe. And it is by this distribution of temperature, that the distribution of animal life is mainly dominated. But as I showed on a former occasion (vol. xxii. p. 391), its influence in providing the inhabitants of the abyssal waters with both food and oxygen is not one whit less important; the condition of a deep inland sea (such as the Mediterranean), which is virtually cut off from its influence, being one of such stagnation, as to be incompatible with the existence of animal life at any great distance beneath the surface. There is no reason to suppose that animal life could exist on the ocean-bottom at depths far exceeding that of the barren sea-bed of the Mediterranean, if it were not for the vertical movement produced by opposition of temperature; which, by bringing up every drop of ocean-water, in its turn, from the deepest abysses to the surface, purifies it from the carbonic acid and other products of animal decomposition with which it has come to be charged, imparts to it a vivifying dose of oxygen, and mingles with it those products of vegetable life, which serve, when carried down to the ocean-depths, for the nutrition of the animals that swarm upon their bottom, and contribute, by the accumulation of their calcareous *exuviae*, to form the components of future continents.

W. B. CARPENTER.

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THE DILEMMA.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE residency at Mustaphabad, which was now to become the scene of an eventful episode in the history of the Great Mutiny, stood, as has already been explained, in a park of about fifty acres, sur-



rounded by a strong brick wall, stuccoed white, and about five feet high. On the east side this boundary was distant about a hundred and fifty yards from the house; and immediately within the wall, and exactly east of the main building, was Captain Sparrow's house — or, as it was generally called, the Lodge, — the wall at this point being indented, and projecting into the outer road, so that the back wall of the house was without the general line of the boundary wall. The carriage entrance was about fifty yards to the north of Sparrow's house. There was no gate here, but only an opening in the wall about twenty feet wide, whence the road led by a slight sweep up to the portico on the north side of the house; a rough barricade of carts and carriages removed from their axles had been placed in this gap. Fifty yards more to the north came the end wall of the stables, which ran along the enclosure, their back wall corresponding with it, the open front of the stalls facing the park. In continuation of the stables was the range of servants' huts, also running along the wall and extending up to the north-east corner of it. The north wall was distant about two hundred and fifty yards from the house, and three hundred yards long. The west wall met the north wall at an obtuse angle, and ran obliquely to meet the west end of the south wall, which latter was more than a quarter of a mile long, and nearly three hundred yards from the south side of the buildings. Thus three sides of the park boundary were parallel to the house, and the fourth inclined to it, — the whole enclosure forming a trapezoid, the triangular portion of which was occupied by the vegetable and fruit garden. This garden was separated from the lawn, at the distance of some fifty yards from the house, by a thick hedge. Outside the park wall on the east side ran the road from cantonments to the city, about three quarters of a mile off, traversing a plain on which stood the court-house, surrounded by a grove of scattered trees. Opposite Sparrow's house, on the other side of this road, was a village surrounded by a mud wall. On the other three sides the park was surrounded by fields, at this season bare of crops. A line of well-grown trees ran along the wall on all sides; the park itself was dotted with timber, and laid out with grass, the turf being at this season of the year as hard as the roads and of a bright red colour. The garden, on the west side of the park, was thickly planted with bushes and fruit-trees.

The building itself has already been described in general terms. It was a very large rectangular block, substantially built of brick without regard to economy in the thickness of the walls, stuccoed red outside, flat-roofed, one storey high, with the floor raised about five feet from the ground. The portico was on the north side, and from underneath it a flight of broad steps gave access to the house, the centre rooms of which consisted of an anteroom, dining-room, drawing-room, and billiard-room, leading in order from one to the other, all very lofty and spacious, and communicating by two large folding-doors in each wall. On the left or east of the landing-place was a sort of pantry and storeroom, used to heat the dishes brought from the distant cook-house before dinner; and on the right a guard-room, communicating with the top of the steps, and in which also was the staircase to the roof. Next to these four public rooms on the west side was a suite of four large rooms, used in ordinary times as the commissioner's private office and dressing-room, his wife's bedroom, her boudoir, and her maid's room, communicating with each other and with the public rooms by folding-doors. A similar suite of four rooms, one of which was used as an office and occasional dining-room, the other three being usually reserved for guests, was on the east side. Outside these two suites of rooms were wide and lofty verandas, supported on substantial pillars, extending along the east and west sides, and terminated by bathing-rooms which projected into them at the four corners. There was a similar veranda on the south, outside the billiard-room. Part of the middle of the east veranda was also occupied by bath-rooms attached to the guest-chambers. The centre rooms were somewhat higher than the outer, and were lighted when the doors were closed by rectangular clerestory windows. The outer rooms, again, were higher than the veranda, and were lighted in the same way.

South of the house, and about thirty yards from it, was the bath-house — a rectangular building containing a swimming-bath about thirty feet long by twenty broad, enclosed on all sides by a wide platform, raised a few inches above the level of the water. The roof was supported partly on pillars which ran round the edge of the bath, and externally by a wall resting on brick arches which extended round the building on the outer edge of the platform; the spaces between the arches had been filled up with a brick wall seven feet high for the sake of priva-



cy, leaving the space above open for circulation of air. The bath was supplied with water from a well adjacent to it on the south, worked ordinarily by bullocks and a Persian wheel. The platform of the bath-house was four feet above the ground, and was approached by a flight of steps on its north side, opposite the billiard-room veranda.

Such was the building which was now to be defended. Large, airy, and massive, and standing in its own grounds at a distance from other houses, one better adapted for defence could not have been found in India; and although the additional works improvised in the emergency were of a very simple kind, consisting mainly of the sandbag wall, which, as already described, had been erected round the outer edge of the verandas, the building presented a formidable obstacle against the attack of any enemy unprovided with guns. This sandbag parapet had been made seven feet high, with loopholes at a height of six feet from the ground. The portico had been enclosed in the same way, and gave a partial flanking defence to the north side of the building, while on the south side a similar advantage was more effectually given by the detached bath-house. Here no sandbag parapet was needed, the building being surrounded externally by a bullet-proof wall to the height of seven feet, in which loopholes had now been driven, while a sandbag parapet, erected on the circular rim of the well attached to the bath, brought this all-important element of the supplies within the line of defence. A trench of communication had been dug between the two buildings, the earth from which had been thrown up as a parapet on either side, but progress had been slow in the hard soil, and the trench was but a shallow one, forming imperfect cover. An opening left in the rampart of the south veranda gave access to this trench, a lane of sandbags leading to it down the steps. The landing at the top of the north flight of steps was also protected by a parapet, so as to cover the entrance to the guard and store rooms, an opening being left to give access to the portico. This completed the defenders' works, save that such of the numerous massive folding-doors as were not needed for communication about the building, and which usually stood open (privacy being secured by light hanging screens and curtains), were closed for the occasion. The strength of the building as thus set out was evidenced by the cautious manner in

which the assailants had begun their attack.

The persons who had taken refuge in the building, and composed its garrison, were as follows:—

1°. Falkland, Sparrow, and two East-Indian clerks belonging to the residency office. To these must be added the American missionary, Mr. Jabez P. Hodder. This gentleman had been deaf to all the entreaties made him on the outbreak to leave the mission-house, which was in the heart of the city, and his wife had refused to leave her husband; and they had held their ground at the mission until the *émeute* in the city of the day before, when some of his native catechists had carried him and his wife away, almost by force, till they fell in with Falkland's party returning from their fruitless errand, and committed the steadfast pair to his charge.

2°. Brigadier Polwheedle, Captain Buxey, and Major Peart from the cantonment staff, and a Mr. Layton, who kept a general store in cantonments.

3°. Major Dumble and eight officers 76th N.I.

4°. Seven officers 80th N.I.

5°. Two officers 82d N.I., the survivors from the massacre of that regiment.

6°. Drs. Maxwell, residency surgeon, and Grumbull of the 76th N.I.

Total, thirty Europeans, of whom, however, the brigadier was not effective for work.

Of native combatants there were—the commissioner's jemadar, Ameer Khan, and four orderlies, and the seventeen faithful sepoys of the 76th, or twenty-two in all. Thus there were fifty-one effective combatants altogether.

Six of the commissioner's servants, including his old butler, were still present of those who had promised to stay, and one native groom had been retained in charge of the horses picketed under the portico.

The women were—Mrs. Falkland, Justine, Mrs. Polwheedle, Mrs. and Miss Peart, Mrs. Hodder, Mrs. O'Halloran, the newly-made widow of the unfortunate bazaar-sergeant, and Mrs. De Souza, the wife of one of Falkland's clerks. There were also Mrs. O'Halloran's two children. The only native female of the party was Olivia's ayah.

Altogether seventy souls were collected within the building.

Hitherto there had seemed to many of the European members of the community thus strangely collected together, a sort of



unreality in the situation. They had heard of bloodshed and massacre in other places, but so far they had gone through no experience of actual violence. Even when they escaped from the cantonments, the flight took place at night; and although firing could be heard, they had seen no enemy, and were not actually molested. Since that time, although they had been huddled together in this enforced companionship, everything without had seemed perfectly quiet, and, save for their own disordered appearance, there was no sign of outrage or rebellion. Only last evening when they were strolling round the house in the dusk, to get a breath of fresh air, the park presented a scene of perfect peace and quiet, even the ordinary traffic on the road outside being suspended. Possibly, then, to some of the party it may have seemed as if either what had taken place in other parts of the country was a horrid dream, or else that a special good-fortune attended them, and that the worst in store for themselves would be the burden of a day or two passed in this way, in discomfort and on their guard, until the expected relief should arrive. But now, as the sound of rapid firing suddenly broke out around, and the quick patter of the bullets could be heard against the walls, the truth dawned upon these poor women that no special providence would shield them from the same horrors as had overtaken so many of their friends and fellow-countrywomen. For them, too, awful moments had come, when they were called on to face battle and murder and sudden death; and some of them, as they stood trembling in the great dining-room, might well think that the enemy were upon them, and their last moment had come, as they heard the tramp of feet hurrying up the stone stairs and into the outer hall.

It was the body of the garrison returning from the outside, and who now passed by them swiftly to reinforce their respective posts, giving as they went by in their excitement a hurried word or two of encouragement.

Every man's place had been assigned to him beforehand, and within a few seconds after the re-entry of the picket, the garrison was distributed in the appointed order, awaiting the attack.

The distribution of that force had been arranged as follows:—

The main guard of six Europeans and six sepoy was established in the portico under command of Captain Braddon. Major Passey commanded the bath-house

picket, consisting of four Europeans and four natives. A party of four Europeans and three natives was posted in the east veranda, under Captain Underwood, the senior officer of the 80th; and another of the same strength, under Major Peart, in the west. Dumble, Buxey, and two other Europeans, with the two doctors and five sepoy, formed a reserve to reinforce whatever part might be necessary. This reserve was stationed in the anteroom or entrance-hall.

Yorke was attached to Falkland as his staff-officer, but his post when not required in that capacity was in the western veranda; and his heart beat high with excitement as he thought that his share in the struggle was, as it were, to guard Olivia's own room.

Falkland also kept his jemadar unattached, in personal attendance on himself.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

THE different parties were now at their posts watching through their loopholes the fire of the enemy, which as yet had not been returned, for all that could be seen was the head and shoulders of an occasional sepoy, rising up for a moment from behind the wall to deliver his fire, and then crouching down again.

Meanwhile the ladies remained in the dining-room, where also was the brigadier on a sofa, in a state of expectancy. None of them felt as if the state of tension could last, or as if it were worth while moving from their places for the present. Thus they waited for the sound of the assault, which every moment they thought must be made. And here, surrounded by outer walls and the blockaded veranda, the firing made but little noise.

Presently there was a crash of glass from a picture-frame hanging against the wall. A bullet, aimed too high, passing over the sandbag rampart in the veranda, had come through the outer room and lodged in the dining-room wall, piercing the head of one of Landseer's stags on the way.

The ladies started up, all but Olivia, who kept her seat, though pale, and some one gave a little scream.

Just then Falkland looked into the room. "Ha," said he, "we forgot the pictures; we must have them down, or the place will be covered with broken glass. You are not frightened, my love, are you?" he said, taking the hand of Olivia, who had gone to meet him, between his own, and stroking it fondly, while he looked



down on her with a gentle smile. "You see, as long as the bullets go up here, you are in no danger."

"Not afraid, except for *you*," she replied, laying her disengaged hand on his arm, while the large eyes looked up wistfully from the pale face. "Oh, Robert dear! pray be careful of yourself; Mr. Yorke has been telling me of the risk you ran just now. I don't want to be selfish, but think how much to all of us depends on you."

"Don't be alarmed, my child," said her husband, smiling again, and patting her on the shoulder; "it was necessary to show these scoundrels that we were not afraid of them; but now that we are all safe inside, I am going to set an example of caution to everybody."

"But cannot we women be of some use? It is dreadful being made to sit here doing nothing. Cannot we help to load your rifles, or something of that sort?"

"Better keep here awhile. I am in hopes the rogues will take themselves off in an hour or two, when they see there is nothing to be got by stopping."

"Hark! what is that?" cried Olivia, starting, as a sharp crack was heard outside.

"Our fellows opening fire," said her husband. "You will soon get accustomed to the noise. I have told them only to fire, sir," he continued, addressing the brigadier, "when they see a chance of doing execution; that is in accordance with your wishes, I believe:" and so saying, he hastened away.

Strict orders had been given to the garrison to be careful of their ammunition, which was limited, and not to fire unless with a chance of doing execution, and, so far, not a shot had been returned to the continued but harmless fusilade directed at the building. Some of the mutineers, emboldened at this, had jumped over the wall and taken shelter behind the trees, thus getting a few yards nearer to the building, from which position they could aim more leisurely.

"Here is a case within the colonel's orders," said Passey, who commanded the bath-house picket, as from a loophole in that building a sepoy could be seen distinctly reloading his musket, hidden by the trunk of the tree from the main building, but exposed to view from this projecting angle. "Now, M'Intyre, you are a dead hand at an antelope running, I know; see if you can't hit a pandy standing. Here's

one of old Cunningham's Westley Richards; you shall have the first shot."

The subaltern, who was standing on an empty beer-chest placed against the wall, took the rifle which Passey handed to him, and aimed through a loophole, the others watching the result through other loopholes.

M'Intyre fired; the sepoy staggered and fell.

"Well done!" cried Passey, getting on the box to look out; "you have drawn first blood. The beggars will be a little more cautious about showing themselves now, I expect."

"That rifle shoots the least thing too high," said M'Intyre, returning the weapon, and resuming his own. "I aimed at the fellow's stomach, but I think I hit him through the heart. I'll try my own, next time, major, if you please."

"Here they come on our side," said Egan to Yorke, as the two, also mounted on empty boxes, stood looking through the loopholes of the west veranda.

"I see the bushes moving, but I can't see any fellows."

"You can hear them, at any rate," said the other, as the bullets lodged in the sandbags with a thud, or, passing over their heads, rattled against the back wall of the veranda.

Indeed, the garden seemed to be now full of men, who kept up a continuous but ill-directed fire against the building.

"The fellows fight more like red Indians than respectable sepoy," observed Mr. Egan; "however, they are sure to give us a chance before long."

Presently he fired. "Look here, Yorke!" he cried; "come here if you want to see one of the noble enemy. Do you see a pair of legs just by that plantain-tree? That's all I could see; but I aimed where I thought the body must be, and the legs haven't moved since. See, they are dragging the body away. I must have another go at them," and he fired again, and the shot appeared to take effect, for the dragging operation ceased.

Thus the affair went on, a scrambling fusilade kept up by the assailants, the garrison only returning the fire when there was a fair chance of doing execution. A man climbing over the wall too deliberately, fell headlong from the top under M'Intyre's unerring aim; and the same marksman had sent a shot into a group of men standing in the direction of the court-house, a distance of nearly four hundred yards, laying one low and dispersing the



rest. Two or three of the party which now occupied Sparrow's house had been seen to fall; Braddon, from the main picket, had shot two. Yorke, also, had made his first hit: a man moving from one bush to another, musket in hand, stooping as he went, but still exposing himself, fell prone at Yorke's fire, and crawled away slowly, and the young man felt half savage and half sick at the result of his shot. His ideal of war had been associated with taking life in the abstract only, and the first actual taste of blood, albeit of a would-be murderer's, caused a sickening sensation, which, however, soon yielded to excitement, and the love of killing inherent in mankind. And now a couple of good shots sent up to the roof did some damage before the assailants in the garden, thus laid open to view, had time to withdraw more under cover. Altogether, when Falkland went the rounds, fifteen or sixteen of the enemy had been distinctly accounted for, but no one of the garrison had been touched.

These losses made the rebels more wary. The party which had occupied the garden retired to a safe distance, and the fire on all sides sensibly abated.

"I begin to feel like grub," said Mr. Egan to his comrades, after a time. "This is an exciting if not a very dangerous occupation, and makes one peckish, not to say thirsty. I feel as if I could dispose of any quantity of pegs if they were to be had. I wonder what time it is. By Jove!" he continued, pulling out his watch—"fancy, it's only eight o'clock!" And in truth, although the garrison seemed to have been undergoing an interminable siege, the day had scarcely begun.

Shortly after this, breakfast was served—tea, hot cakes of unleavened bread (the Indian *chupattees*), and stew with rice. The pantry by the portico served as the kitchen, and for occupation by the servants, while that opposite it was appropriated to the sepoys, who cooked for themselves. The flour and grain had been stored in the north-east spare room, while the commissioner's stock of sheep and poultry had been penned in a part of the platform of the bath-house. The ladies and the reserve took their meal in the dining-room; the different guards each furnished a detail of one of their number to receive their portion, except that stationed in the bath-house, which had been supplied with a day's provisions and a native servant to cook; for the trench leading to it afforded but imperfect cover, and

Falkland would allow no one, except to convey orders, to go to and fro.

Various weak points in the sand-bag parapet had been discovered, especially where it joined the round pillars of the veranda, at which points two or three bullets had found entrance. These were made good, with eager zeal, and then the garrison awaited patiently the next movement of the enemy, one member of each picket, mounted on a box, keeping a look-out through a loophole, while the others sat, arms in hand, below.

As the sun mounted into the sky, the heat became fiercer than ever. The rainy season was approaching, and the high winds of the Indian summer had ceased, but not much air could find its way through the barrier, although many of the doors were open. In ordinary times it would have been declared impossible for Europeans to support such heat without punkahs, but now it was unnoticed. The ladies fanned themselves, the gentlemen wiped their faces. All were composed, but no one discussed the future.

The heat had the good effect of quieting the enemy. Towards noon the firing ceased entirely, and the first excitement of the defenders having passed over, they began to think about rest. A fourth part of each picket were allowed to leave their post at a time, to wash and dress; of the rest, a part were allowed to sleep in turn, which they did on cots brought into the verandas, or on blankets stretched on the pavement, while the remainder kept a look-out. But none of the enemy could be seen stirring. At one o'clock dinner was supplied, flour-cakes, and stew and rice as before, with a bottle of beer between every two persons. The sepoys, going off duty by turns, cooked their single meal of coarse wheat cakes, which they devoured in silence, sitting gravely on their hams and stripped to their waist, taking afterwards a long draught of water from the separate store they had previously themselves drawn from the well, for to drink water obtained in any other way would have been pollution; and then passing round the "hubble-bubble" or simple hookah for each to take a whiff.

Then Colonel Falkland, who had hardly had a minute's rest since the outbreak, fell asleep on a couch in the drawing-room, and slept till evening, his wife sitting by him and keeping the flies off his face with a brush of peacock's feathers; while Miss Peart took the children into a side-room to prevent their disturbing him,



and made them some little rag dolls to play with—for poor Mrs. O'Halloran seemed bewildered with the situation, and sat, for the most part, fanning herself silently.

Towards evening the firing was suddenly resumed, waking Falkland and other sleepers. One of the bath-house guard had incautiously exposed himself in passing through the covered way, by standing on the edge of the trench to take a look at the situation, with the parapet scarcely covering his knees, and had drawn a fire which showed that the assailants were still in force; but it slackened after a few minutes, and then stopped.

At sunset another meal was served out.

"We have come out to see if we can get a little cool air," said Olivia, appearing with Miss Peart in the western veranda after the hasty meal was ended; for by this time the restrictions on the movements of the ladies had been tacitly abandoned, and they went about the building at pleasure: "these centre rooms are getting to be almost unbearable, and I think they are worse now than during the day, because one expects to be a little cooler in the evening."

"This veranda is hardly any better, I am afraid," said Yorke, rising from the empty beer-chest on which he had been sitting, and which did duty for a banquette, "for it has had all the afternoon sun upon it. Why not go on the top of the house for a bit, as soon as it is dark, and get some fresh air? You will be perfectly safe there, if you keep to the centre, and don't go near the edge."

"That would be nice, indeed; I will go and see if Colonel Falkland will allow it." And the ladies withdrew presently from Yorke's post, not to be seen again that evening, for the roof was found to be so cool by comparison, that Falkland had shawls and bedding taken up, and the ladies passed the night there, quite unnoticed by the enemy.

With many the coming darkness was looked forward to with dread, as the enemy might be expected to take advantage of it for a real attack; and the sense of security afforded by the strength of the position, and its easy defence during the day, was succeeded, as the shades of evening advanced, by a fear of danger from some unseen quarter. And Falkland, refreshed by sleep, went round the building at frequent intervals to see that the guards were all at their posts. When night came on, too, a supply of water had to be drawn for the next day, and carried

in jars to the main building. The platform-well having been surrounded with sandbags, and thus, in fact, included in the bath-house defences, the garrison of that post could draw water unseen by the enemy at pleasure, but it could not be taken along the covered way in the daytime. The task of conveying the jars devolved on the reserve, Falkland standing the while outside the covered way, to note if any sounds could be heard indicating a night attack. But although a movement of men could be heard about Sparrow's house, both then and throughout the night, the enemy did not fire a shot, or attempt to disturb them, and hopes began to arise in the breasts of many, that the rebels meant to take themselves away.

"The fellows will be off to-morrow even if they don't go to-night," said the brigadier from his couch to every one who came near him, still bathing his eyes with a wet rag dipped in the basin of water beside him; "Falkland says they are sure to do so; and in any case, he says that relief is sure to arrive by morning. The cowardly fellows will sheer off when they see the gallant Sikhs marching down on them, I'll be bound." And indeed, in all hearts the hope was strong that the attack had ended with the first discomfiture of the mutineers; and as night wore on, those who were at liberty to take rest lay down to sleep off their anxiety, while those who were on duty remained calm and silent at their posts. No lights were allowed in the verandas; some lamps threw a dim illumination during the night over the large centre rooms.

"We are so much indebted to you, Mr. Yorke, for your happy suggestion," said Olivia, as the party were drinking tea next morning in the dining-room—a recreation in which Yorke, being off duty, was able to join; "I can't tell you what a comfortable night we passed on the roof; it was quite cool, and has completely invigorated me; and then whenever one awoke there were the stars shining overhead, and everything so peaceful, it was difficult sometimes to realize where we were. But it seemed very selfish to be lying there so comfortably, while all of you gentlemen were on the watch in the dreadful heat below."

"I am sure I could hardly sleep a wink for the hardness of the roof," said Mrs. Polwheedle; "and we pay for having been cool up there, by coming down into this dreadful close room. You people who have been here all night have no



notion how awfully stuffy it feels after the fresh air."

As Mrs. Polwheedle had slept soundly during the greater part of the afternoon, it was not surprising that her night should have been wakeful; while it did also occur to Yorke that she of all the party should have had least cause to complain of the hardness of the pavement, in respect that nature had furnished her with an ample cushion; but he did not commit this repartee to words.

The party thus assembled, sitting in a circle at one end of the drawing-room round a small table on which the tea was placed, formed a curious contrast to the surroundings; for except that the room had not been dusted, that the picture-frames were piled on the piano, and various bundles lying about, it presented the ordinary aspect of a handsomely-furnished apartment; but the occupants were a strangely-assorted group. By general consent, coats and collars had been dispensed with by the men; and with several of the community a light under-waistcoat did duty for a shirt—the supply of the latter article of dress being very limited in the garrison—and with a pair of white or flannel trousers gave the wearer the appearance of a dirty racquet-player, while incipient beards added to the general seediness of aspect. All the men had their firearms beside them, or between their knees. The ladies generally did not look to much better advantage, although Olivia had somehow managed to make herself neat before descending; and her beautiful hair, coiled in neat folds round her stately head, was in contrast to the general slovenliness of the rest. Miss Peart, indeed, had washed her face before joining the party, and was clad in a clean muslin robe of her hostess; but as she sat in a low lounging-seat drinking her tea it was evident to the company that she had given up wearing stockings for the time; while Mrs. Polwheedle had apparently discarded stays and under-garments generally, as conducive to heat and supererogatory during siege-life, and sat fanning herself in a rocking-chair, clad in a crumpled wrapper which yielded to each impress of her ample figure.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

THE hope imparted to the garrison by the stillness of the night and early dawn, that their enemies might have abandoned the blockade, was dissipated with the return of daylight. The sepoy encampment was still standing pitched among the

trees behind the court-house; large bodies of men were drawn up near that building, detachments from which could be seen from the look-out place on the roof to march down with a semblance of discipline to relieve the advanced pickets which lined the park walls; and about sunrise a lively fire began again, especially from the east wall and Sparrow's house, the roof of which was now discerned to be protected by a parapet of sandbags piled up during the night, in imitation of the defenders' method, while the doorways and veranda facing the park had been blocked in the same way; sandbag loopholes had also been made at various points along the top of the adjacent wall, so that the assailants were now on an equality as regards cover, and having apparently unlimited ammunition, they fired briskly, although with more care than on the previous day, evidently aiming at the loopholes of the garrison. The covered way to the bath-house was now completely commanded from the roof of Sparrow's house; and as Falkland passed along it to visit the guard there, attended by Yorke and the jemadar, the party had to run the gauntlet of a sharp fire.

"It's precious lucky, sir, there were no rifle companies among our three gallant regiments," said M'Intyre to the colonel, as a bullet, coming through a loophole from which he had just withdrawn, whizzed through the bath-house, and lodged in the wall on the other side, "or we should have a few more of these gentry."

"You're an awful dab at field-engineering and that sort of thing, Arty, I know," said Spragge, who had just entered the smaller building, bringing a bag of flour for the day's rations to his friend; "but you haven't made allowance for a fellow of my inches. Just look at this," he continued, holding up his pith helmet, in the top of which were a couple of round holes; "precious lucky my poor old nut was a little lower down, wasn't it? I don't want to give Johnny Raugh a step just yet."

"Pandy is quick to take a hint," said Falkland to his aide, "and we could not prevent their making sandbags, as long as there is any cloth left in the country. But we must try if we can't manage to control their spirits a bit." And returning to the main building, he collected about a dozen of the best shots on the east side, with orders to select each a loophole in Sparrow's house, and to aim carefully as soon as it should be occupied, and then sent Yorke to creep along the covered way, on his knees, holding up his hat on a stick



just above cover. The *ruse* succeeded perfectly. In a few seconds the hat was observed; muskets protruded from every loophole on the other side, and a sharp fire was opened on the moving object. The riflemen fired in return, and as the fire of the enemy was immediately checked, some execution might be inferred; after this manœuvre the enemy became more cautious. Towards noon the dropping fire which followed this affair slackened, and was followed by a time of perfect quiet, as on the previous day.

The second day of the siege; and it seemed as if they had been shut up for a month. To the first excitement there now succeeded the monotonous discharge of the prescribed routine. The great event was to be off duty at meal-time, so as to be able to meet the delegates from other pickets, and compare notes. The ladies had now taken on themselves the office of bringing their meals to those on duty; and Yorke and the others in the west veranda had the happiness of receiving their plates of curry and damper from Olivia's hands, which the young man would fain have kissed with gratitude as he relieved them of their burden. Seen under the aspect of this crisis, she no longer seemed to be a wife. This must be a dream, thought the young man; she is more like an angel than a being of this world; no harm can come near her; and he felt quite happy at his post.

Most of the officers bathed in the bath, two at a time, and with orders not to splash or make a noise. The billiard-table also was frequented; and some cards had been hunted up, and a party sat down to whist. But the cards curled up with the heat, and got dirty and dusty, and the game soon dropped. Moreover, Olivia, remembering that her father had left some cheroots behind him—Falkland did not smoke—had unpacked and made over the precious windfall to Buxey, who had taken charge of the commissariat; and Buxey served out two cheroots a day to each person—a No. 2 after dinner, and a No. 1 in the evening. They were very good; and never were cigars more appreciated, or smoked more completely to the end.

By tacit consent the question was avoided, how long the blockade would last, or what would be the end of it; but Buxey said there was a capital stock of provisions. No one, however, but Falkland knew what was the state of the ammunition. This was stored in an underground

chamber, constructed by the architect of the residency as a retreat for the hot season, according to a mode of building not unfrequent in the early days of Anglo-Indians, but which had never been used for that purpose.

One thing especially which imparted spirit and confidence to the garrison was the bearing of the native portion of it. Falkland's determination to trust these men had been viewed by several with alarm in the beginning, lest the defence should be undermined by sudden treachery within. Captain Sparrow had been very free in his criticism to all who would listen to him on the foolhardy rashness of his chief; and Mrs. Polwheedle had tried in vain to persuade the brigadier to insist on the sepoy being kept together in the portico outside the building, instead of being distributed about it, and had spent a good deal of her time at first in watching their deportment. If a sepoy looked grave, he was meditating desertion; if he laughed—and most of them seemed now in capital spirits—he was chuckling over some plot in contemplation; a respectful bearing was set down to cringing, the crouching of the tiger before its spring; and if any one seemed more free in manner than usual, the villain was chuckling in his insolence over the prospect of having the sahibs in his power. But the most timid or suspicious could no longer withhold their confidence, on seeing how heartily their dark-coloured allies had thrown themselves into the spirit of the defence. Had the enemy been their bitterest natural foe instead of the comrades of a lifetime, they could not have shown a greater alacrity in the play of sharpshooting; the difficulty was to make them husband their ammunition. Two of the sepoys who proved to be good shots had been supplied with rifles, and Falkland's jemadar had come to be regarded as next to M'Intyre the marksman of the garrison. The six servants, too, did their duty with perfect *sang froid*; and the ayah was ready at all times to brush any lady's hair, as well as that of her mistress.

"Pandy seems to have had enough of it for the present," observed Braddon between the puffs of his cigar to the little party assembled that evening in the portico, which post he commanded; and as he spoke the silence was unbroken by any firing; nor, looking through the loopholes, was there an enemy to be seen in any direction.

"I calculate we have accounted for at least thirty of them," remarked Mr. Hodder, the missionary, who wore a black al-



paca coat and trousers, as the symbol of his calling, but had been doing active duty as a sharpshooter, and now sat on a cot, smoking, with a repeating rifle on his knees; "say thirty, besides speculating on the parties who have not been marked down; at least as many more, I'll bet. The remainder perhaps have taken the hint and gone to their own place too."

"That still leaves two thousand nine hundred and seventy pandies unaccounted for," said Sparrow, who from the first had maintained a consistently doleful appearance, "besides all the blackguards in the city, whom the commissioner so wisely provided with arms two days ago. They won't be so easily choked off, take my word for it. This silence means some new mischief, you may depend."

"Well, sir," replied Hodder, a little sallow man with a clear eye, and a face smooth save for a small light beard, "and if they do try any of their tricks, the sooner they do it the better; I guess we are ready for them; we know a thing or two; and we shall give them a warm welcome, I expect." And Mr. Hodder tapped his repeater cheerfully, and indeed his remarks only reflected the spirits of the garrison. The ease with which the enemy had been kept at bay, and their own immunity from any loss so far, had given general confidence. Relief must come soon, and it would be easy to hold out for a long time in such a fortress as this, and against assailants so unenterprising.

As soon as it was dark the ladies again ascended to the roof, and the night passed away in perfect quiet, save that about one o'clock, as Falkland, who had got some sleep during the day, and spent the night on the alert, was going the round of the sentries, the officer who was posted in the covered way—a sentry had been stationed there each night, and the post was a favourite one, the open air being much cooler than the inside of the buildings—reported that he heard an unusual noise in the direction of the entrance-gate.

Falkland stopped to listen. There was certainly a sound as of the movement of men. He went to fetch Yorke and the jemadar, who were asleep in the west veranda, and they came back with him to the trench.

Putting their ears to the ground, they could distinctly hear the sound.

"They are doing something to the barricade," said the jemadar to his master in an undertone, in Hindustani; "shall I go and see what it is?"

For a moment Falkland hesitated. Could the man be intending treachery?

Yorke seemed to divine the colonel's thoughts, for he whispered, "May I go with him, sir?"

But Falkland at once cast the unworthy suspicion from him. And after all, if any native wanted to desert, nothing was easier at any time of the night. The man being told he might go, jumped over the low parapet, and disappeared in the darkness. In about five minutes he returned. He had been down nearly to the gateway. The barricade which closed the entrance there had been made of some carts and carriages, including Falkland's own barouche, taken off their axles and fastened together. Ameer Khan could not tell for certain what the enemy were about, but they appeared to be employed in removing it.

Then Yorke obtained leave to go down and reconnoitre. The enemy had no sentries, and were so busily engaged on their work that he got within a few yards of them without being perceived. There was no moon, but the night was not dark, and lying down he watched their proceedings for some minutes. He could just make out some figures at work, and could hear the grinding noise of something being dragged along the gravel. They were evidently removing the different obstacles which composed the barricade.

Looking round to his right the outline of Sparrow's house stood out against the sky. From where he lay it was almost in his rear; he had been so intent on watching the barricade during his advance that he had not thought about the house and its occupants, and he shuddered for the moment to think how easily he might have been seen by them, and his retreat cut off. To be killed in open fight was a fate he was ready enough to meet; but to be murdered out there, without help, and without being able to sell his life, and no one knowing what had become of him,—what a horrid fate that would be! But the place seemed perfectly quiet, and dismissing his nervous fears, the young man walked stealthily towards the building. No one was stirring, and he advanced as far as the wall of sandbags which the enemy had built up along the front of the house. This he found to be about ten feet distant from the edge of the veranda, and standing by the end of this rampart so that his body would not be distinguishable from it, he took a leisurely view of the place. The veranda seemed to be full of men, all fast asleep; others lay on the gravel path



between it and the rampart, one of them, with a calico wrapper over his head and shoulders, so close that Yorke could have kicked him with his foot. After watching the scene for a few seconds, till even in the darkness the whole grew clear, he stole back to the covered way to tell Falkland, anxiously awaiting his return, what he had seen.

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#### THE PLANETS PUT IN LEVERRIER'S BALANCE.

LEVERRIER has recently completed the noblest work in pure astronomy which this age has seen. Five-and-thirty years ago he began to weigh the planets of the solar system in the balance of mathematical analysis. "To-day," said he, addressing the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on December 21 last, "I have the honour to present a paper completing the *ensemble* of work the first piece of which goes back to the 16th of September, 1839." At that time he had only seven leading planets to deal with; it affords some idea of the nature of his work that the discovery of the eighth planet, Neptune, was a mere incident in the progress of his labours. Perplexed by peculiarities in the motions of one particular planet of the set he had undertaken to weigh, Leverrier quietly undertook to calculate the cause of those peculiarities, and so found Neptune. It was a matter of small moment that another great mathematician almost simultaneously accomplished the same task. With Adams the discovery of the unknown planet was the ultimate object of inquiry; with Leverrier it was a mere step in a long series of investigations. To the outside world indeed it was the achievement of all others most deserving of notice in Leverrier's work, just as the discovery of Uranus by Sir W. Herschel attracted attention which labours altogether more important both in their nature and in their results had failed to secure. Leverrier himself can hardly have so regarded the discovery of Neptune. For him, its chief interest must have resided in the confirmation of his method of procedure afforded by the discovery of a planet through the careful study of perturbations due to that planet's attraction. Such confirmation was afforded at other steps of the work. In fact, the whole series of Leverrier's labours affords perhaps the noblest illustration of the value of deduction guided by and

suggesting observations since Newton's "*Principia*" first proved the superiority of that method over mere induction.\*

We propose to give such a sketch of Leverrier's method and results as would alone be suited to these pages. It need hardly be said, perhaps, that his work is essentially mathematical — nay, his methods, though not belonging to the very highest developments of modern mathematics, require (even to be understood) a higher degree of mathematical skill than would be implied by mere familiarity with more recent methods in mathematics. Yet it is possible to exhibit the general principles and the results of Leverrier's work in a manner which every one can understand.

In the solar system, we see first a mighty central ruler, whose mass so enormously exceeds that of all the planets taken together, that he is capable of swaying their motions without being himself disturbed. He is not indeed quite fixed. Whatever force he exerts on any planet, precisely that same force the planet exerts on him; but then he is so massive that the pull which compels the planet to circle around the sun scarcely displaces him at all. "If he pulls the planets," says Sir John Herschel, "they pull him and each other; but such family struggles affect him but little. *They amuse them,*" he proceeds quaintly, "*but don't disturb him.*" As all the gods in the ancient mythology hung dangling from and tugging at the golden chain which linked them to the throne of Jove, but without power to draw him from his seat, so, if all the planets were in one straight line and exerting their joint attractions, the sun — leaning a little back as it were

\* According to Bacon, science was to be advanced by making great collections of observations and classifying them — sorting and sifting until the grains of truth were winnowed out. No great discovery has ever been effected in this manner. The real use of observation and experiment has been found in their application to test the deductions from theories formed long before materials sufficient for Bacon's inductive method had been gathered. The question is one of fact. Theoretically, Bacon's method is perfect; it has hitherto failed in practice. Take any of the great discoveries of science, and it will be found that observations and experiments merely gathered together had no part in leading to the discovery; but that observations and experiments suggested by the deductions from theory were all-important. The moon might have been observed at Greenwich for all time without the observations leading to the discovery of gravitation. But Newton's deductions from the theory (when as yet the theory was but a guess) at once showed what observation might do; and it was by observation so made that the theory was established. In spectrum analysis a perfect heap of experiments had been collected without any useful results. Kirchhoff is led by a single observation to think of a theory, deduces certain consequences, tests these by three experiments, and the great discovery is to all intents and purposes effected.



to resist their force — would not be disturbed by a space equal to his own radius; and the fixed centre, or as an engineer would call it, the centre of gravity of our system, would still lie far within the sun's globe."

To give clearness to our conceptions, let the mass of the sun be compared with that of all the other planets taken together. If we take the earth's mass as one thousand, then the mass of the eight chief planets of the solar system is represented by about four hundred and twenty-two thousand, and the sun's mass by three hundred and fifteen millions. Thus the sun's mass exceeds that of the whole solar system nearly seven hundred and fifty times; for in such a computation the combined mass of all such bodies as the asteroids, moons, meteors, etc., counts for nothing.

We see, then, that the movements of the eight planets must necessarily be determined in the main by the sun's attractive energy. What can even Jupiter, the mightiest of all the planets, do to disturb his giant neighbour Saturn from the path on which the sun, a giant so far mightier than either, would, by his attractive energy, compel the ringed planet to travel? The sun is more than a thousand times more massive than Jupiter, and though Jupiter when between the sun and Saturn is at but one-half the sun's distance, yet this nearness only quadruples the relatively small power of Jupiter, and leaves the sun's force on Saturn still two hundred and fifty times greater. Besides, Jupiter is only from time to time placed in this favourable position. Half the time he is even farther from Saturn than the sun is, and thus exerts less than a thousandth part of the sun's influence. And it need hardly be said that, if Jupiter is thus ineffective in disturbing a neighbouring planet, every other planet is still weaker to disturb its neighbours. Our earth, for instance, with a mass barely equal to one three hundred and fifteen thousandth part of the sun's, has but small power to disturb her nearest neighbours, Mars and Venus, from that steady motion on their sun-ruled orbits which they would have if the earth did not exist. Venus is still weaker in disturbing the earth and Mercury, her neighbours; Mars weaker still; and Mercury weakest of all. Nor does the gradual diminution of the planetary distances as we draw nearer to the sun at all increase the relative disturbing power of the different planets. It might seem that the contrary should be the case. For instance,

the other day, when Venus was in transit she was but about twenty-four millions of miles from us, and it might seem that Venus must then have disturbed the earth, and the earth Venus, very much more effectively (in proportion to their mass) than Jupiter can disturb Saturn or Saturn Jupiter, seeing that these planets never approach within three hundred and fifty millions of miles from each other. But in reality, the effect of proximity in such cases is counterbalanced by the much greater velocity with which the nearer planets travel. It would be easy to make an exact comparison, but the calculation would be unsuited to these pages. Let it suffice to say that throughout the whole of the solar system there is no disturbance greater than that resulting from the mutual attraction of Jupiter and Saturn; and how small this attraction is, compared with the sun's influence on either planet, we have already seen.

The sun being thus placed as supreme ruler over the motions of the planets, their motions starting from any given moment as a beginning, are in the main those due to solar influences. If, instead of being in the main so ruled, they were ruled absolutely by the sun, Leverrier's great work would have had no existence, as it would have had no utility. If the planets did not act upon each other by their attractive energies, any planet might be doubled or halved in mass, and all would go on unchanged. Nay, we might substitute for the eight chief planets as many peppercorns, and still the motions of these eight bodies would remain precisely the same. Calculated for one epoch, they would have been calculated for all time. No deviations would take place from which any inferences could be drawn as to the relative mass of the eight planets; but one continuous series of orbital circlings would go on, without change, forever and ever.

But once recognize the fact that the planets disturb each other, and all this is changed. The more massive a planet is, the more potently will it disturb its neighbours. If we can tell exactly how much it does disturb its fellows, we can tell how large its mass is, compared with the earth's for example, which we may take as a convenient unit of reference. But it is clear that a planet's mass may be determined thus in many different ways. For instance, we may consider how much Venus disturbs the earth, and judge of Venus's mass in that way; or instead, we may consider how much Venus disturbs



Mercury, her next neighbour on the other side, and infer her mass in that way. We might also perhaps have an opportunity of seeing how Venus affected some unlucky comet which passed near to her, and thus obtain yet another determination of her mass. If these estimates did not agree, we should know there was something wrong either in our observations or in our calculations. We should be set on the track of some error. And it has been in this manner that science has almost invariably been set on the track of important truths. If we hunted down the error successfully, we should probably be led, not merely to correct that particular mistake, but also to discover some fact before unsuspected.

It is precisely in this way that Leverrier has dealt with the planetary motions. Taking first the seven chief planets known when his labours began, he set himself to inquire into their motions. He found before long that the tables hitherto in use did not accord rigorously with observation. Now, if every discrepancy had had a single cause, it would even then have been a work of no small labour to determine each such cause. But the great difficulty which the astronomer has to deal with in considering the planetary perturbations resides in the fact that multitudinous causes are in operation, the effects of which are intermingled. Watch the troubled surface of a storm-swept ocean, and notice how every wave differs from its fellows in one respect or another, usually in many. Suppose now that the task were assigned of analyzing the causes of these varieties of form. How difficult would the task be to distinguish one effect from another and therefore one cause from another, when so many were manifestly in operation. A sudden gust of wind blowing against the sloping side of a great wave may aid to heap up or to depress the mass of water which at the moment forms the wave, and thenceforth through many oscillations the effect of that accident will remain. A wave under observation may have been affected by many gusts, acting in various ways. Again, a wave may be increased or diminished by combining with a cross-wave belonging to another series than the first, and such causes of change may have operated over and over again. Peculiarities of the sea-bottom act to modify the shape and size of waves, and a wave observed in one place may have been affected by such peculiarities in regions many miles away from the observer's

station. It will be seen, then, that though the observer might find it an easy task to give a general explanation of the sea-waves before him, he would have a task of enormous difficulty—in fact, an altogether hopeless task—if he were asked to ascertain from the varieties of form presented by the waves, the peculiarities of all the modes of disturbance operative in giving to the waves their actual forms. Somewhat similar, though not altogether hopeless, as will soon appear, is the task of the astronomer called upon to assign to their several causes, *not* the observed perturbations—that would correspond only to explaining the general nature of the wave-motion—but the peculiarities recognized in these perturbations, the various ways in which these differ from what may be described as their normal character.

It need scarcely be said that the motions of the earth herself have to be considered in this inquiry. We do not mean merely the motion of the earth on her orbit around the sun, but the disturbances which affect that motion. The earth herself is riding on the waves of perturbation. Her movement on these waves must be as carefully considered as her motion in her course. For not merely will that movement indicate directly the nature of those waves which particularly affect herself, but also, unless that movement is taken into account, the earth-borne observer will form an incorrect estimate of the waves by which the other vessels in sight are perturbed.

To this work, then, of determining exactly the characteristics of the earth's motion around the sun, Leverrier from the very outset of his inquiry devoted close attention. It need hardly be said that the method of dealing with the question was to observe very carefully the sun's apparent motion from day to day, for this motion precisely corresponds with the real motion of the earth. It will give some idea of the extent of Leverrier's field of research, though but a faint idea of the nature of his work therein, to mention that, in dealing only with this one part of his subject, he reviewed and discussed nine thousand distinct observations of the sun, made since Bradley's time at Greenwich, Paris, and Königsberg. The first result which attracted his attention was rather an unsatisfactory one. It is commonly supposed that the observations of the sun at those three observatories, and especially at Greenwich, have been so exceedingly precise as to leave nothing to



be desired on that score. Bessel, of Königsberg, was led to remark, many years since, with some degree of surprise, that the theory of the sun (or, which is the same thing, the theory of the earth's motion) had not made the progress which might have been expected from so many and such accurate observations. Leverrier's opinion, which must be accepted as final, owing to the enormous number of observations he has examined and his unsurpassed skill as a mathematician, is very different. "Our conclusion is," he says, "that the observations of the sun leave much to be desired, on account of systematic errors affecting them; and there is no discordance between theory and observation which cannot be attributed to errors in observing."

Yet even with observations thus imperfect, Leverrier dealt so successfully that he deduced from them a noteworthy discovery. One class of disturbances affecting the earth's motion arises from the moon's disturbing influence. Its nature may be indicated by saying that in every lunar month the earth circuits around the common centre of gravity of her mass and the moon's. The diameter of this monthly orbit amounts to about six thousand miles, and as a result of this motion, she is about three thousand in advance of the centre of gravity just named when the moon is in her first quarter, and as far behind when the moon is in her third quarter. Now it is that centre of gravity which alone follows the true orbit around the sun which is attributed to the earth herself in the books. The earth no more follows that orbit than the moon does. These two bodies dance round and round each other (if we may follow Sir John Herschel in using a rather homely illustration), while the pair are swung round the mighty mass of the sun. Of course this peculiarity of the earth's real motion is reflected in the sun's apparent motion. He seems at the time of the moon's first quarter to be in advance, and at the time of her third quarter to be behind, his mean place; just as if *he* were waltzing around in a monthly orbit six thousand miles in diameter, while being also swung round in his mighty annual path with its diameter of a hundred and eighty millions of miles. But it is clear that, if we can tell how large this apparent monthly orbit looks as seen from the earth, we shall know how far off the sun is. For the real size of this orbit is a matter depending only on the earth and moon, and can be inferred independently of the sun's distance. We know, then,

how large the path really is; and if we know how much the sun seems displaced in traversing it, we have in fact learned how large a space of six thousand miles looks when removed to the sun's distance. This is equivalent to determining the sun's distance. Accordingly, Leverrier, having carefully estimated the sun's apparent monthly displacements, deduced thence an estimate of the distance of the sun, and confidently informed astronomers, sixteen years ago, that their accepted estimate of the sun's distance was too large by between three and four millions of miles.

This was not the first great result which rewarded Leverrier, though we have set it first because it followed from the inquiry which formed in a sense the basis of his whole system of researches. The first noteworthy result of his labours was that mentioned at the beginning of this paper, the discovery that the system of seven great planets was incomplete, another body, as yet unseen and unknown, travelling beyond the path of Uranus, and by its attraction disturbing the movements of that planet, for sixty years regarded as the remotest member of the sun's family.

And here, as in the case of the discovery of Uranus by Sir W. Herschel, good fortune as well as mathematical insight came into play. Herschel discovered Uranus by a lucky accident, when engaged in far other work than the search for new members of the solar family. Leverrier was not quite so lucky. He deliberately cast a line into space, hoping to capture the unknown disturber of Uranus. He satisfied himself by the most careful analysis of all available observations that Uranus really is disturbed by an unknown body (and, in passing, we may remark that in this respect Leverrier's work differed from that of Adams, who assumed this particular point). How then, it may be asked, was fortune concerned? We will illustrate the matter by the waves which we have already found convenient for such purposes. Suppose that an observer engaged in analyzing a series of wave-disturbances, travelling (say) along a canal, observed some new class of effects, as, for instance, that certain waves which had long been of a particular size began to grow larger. Suppose that, struck by this, he instituted a careful series of measurements of their size, and at last satisfied himself that they had increased. He might still be utterly at a loss to conjecture a cause. But if even he conjectured a cause, as, for instance, some disturbance taking place at a part of the canal out of



his sight, he might still find it impossible to conjecture how far off that part might be. If, however, while he had satisfied himself by his wave-measurements that the waves really had increased in size, he had also satisfied himself that even during his observations the increase had reached its full extent, and had even begun to give place to a slow decrease, tending to restore the original size of the waves, he would manifestly have here an indication which might serve to tell him of the very spot where the disturbance had taken place. For example, the rate at which the waves were travelling, combined with the time elapsed since the peculiarity had been noticed, might indicate exactly how many miles away was the scene of the disturbance.\* Now something of this kind had happened in the case of Neptune. When astronomers were thoroughly convinced that Uranus had been perturbed, or, in effect, when Leverrier had completed his analysis (surpassing all others in completeness) of the planet's observed motions, it had also become known that the displacement had reached its maximum, and was beginning slowly to decrease. This showed astronomers that the disturbing planet had made its nearest approach to Uranus, and was now slowly drawing away. Nor let the reader wonder that this was a process requiring years to produce perceptible effects. For Uranus himself moves so slowly that he only completes his circuit in eighty-four years, and Neptune (we now know) requires more than one hundred and sixty-four and a half years; so that they come sluggishly into conjunction and pass sluggishly out of conjunction.\* Only when Adams and Leverrier began to angle for the unknown planet had it become quite certain that that body had been lately in conjunction with Uranus. If these astronomers had not known when this happened within a few years either way, it would have been utterly useless for them to have sought for Neptune by mathematically analyzing the disturbance affecting the movements of Uranus. Their good fortune consisted in this, that the conjunction had opportunely occurred just when the motions of Uranus were sufficiently observed to satisfy astronomers that there was an external planet.†

\* That is, they pass slowly into and away from the position in which the sun, Uranus, and Neptune are nearly in a straight line.

† The general public, while underrating the mathematical difficulties which Adams and Leverrier had to encounter, altogether overrated the actual extent of the field over which Neptune had to be searched for. It was tolerably certain already that Uranus and Neptune

Setting, however, this piece of good fortune aside, which rendered their labours possible, the actual nature of the work of Adams and Leverrier was sufficiently arduous. And though their hypothetical Neptunes moved quite differently from each other, and departed still more widely from the path of the real Neptune, yet under the actual conditions both astronomers were led, as we know, to point to a place very near to that occupied by the real Neptune at that particular time. It was as though, in the illustrative case just imagined, the observer had made some error in estimating the rate at which the wave-disturbance had travelled down the canal to his place, but yet guessed very nearly the true spot where it arose, because the time it had taken was but short; for instance, if the calculated rate were too great by half a mile per hour, but the time occupied were only twenty minutes, then he would only be in error by the sixth part of a mile. But if the time were, say, ten or twelve hours, then the error would be five or six miles. So Leverrier and Adams had their hypothetical Neptunes travelling too slowly by a quite appreciable amount; but yet, owing to the shortness of the time which had elapsed since Neptune and Uranus were in conjunction, the resulting error was very small; and, as we know, the planet was found at the first cast of the telescopic line.

In passing to the next result of Leverrier's researches, we have to turn from the outermost planets of the solar system, to Mercury, the one that, so far as is as yet known, travels nearest to the sun. The motions of Mercury have been determined with a great degree of accuracy, because Mercury often passes across the face of the sun, and can at those times be observed very exactly. Now it was found that the observed movements of this planet did not accord with those calculated. "This result," says Leverrier, quaintly enough, "naturally filled us with inquietude. Had we not allowed some error in the theory to escape us? New researches, in which every circumstance was taken

had been in conjunction between 1820 and 1825. Between 1841 and 1846, then, (*i.e.* in 21 years), Uranus would have gone round a fourth of the ecliptic as viewed from the sun; and the unknown planet probably about half as far. Neptune, then, was to be looked for near the ecliptic, and about one-eighth of its circuit *behind* Uranus (both being supposed to be viewed from the sun, which, in the case of planets so distant, is much the same as viewing them from the earth). It was, in fact, tolerably certain before Adams and Leverrier began their calculations, that the unknown planet occupied a position somewhere on a known strip of the heavens not more than ten or twelve degrees long by about three degrees broad.



into account by different methods, ended only in the conclusion that the theory was correct, but that it did not agree with the observations. Long years passed, and it was only in 1859 that we succeeded in unravelling the cause of the peculiarities recognized. We found that they were all included under a simple law, and that "— a certain slight change only was needed to bring everything into order. The nature of this change was such as to indicate "the existence of cosmical matter, as yet unknown, circulating, like the planets, around the sun. The consequence," proceeds Leverrier, "is very clear. There exists in the neighbourhood of Mercury, doubtless between that planet and the sun, some matter as yet undiscovered. Does it consist of one or more small planets, or other more minute asteroids, or even of cosmical dust?"\* The theory tells us nothing on this point. On numerous occasions trustworthy observers have declared that they have witnessed the passage of a small planet over the sun; but nothing has been established in this matter. We cannot, however, doubt the exactness of this conclusion."

Such are Leverrier's latest utterances on this interesting question. He takes no notice, on the one hand, of the discoveries recently effected in meteoric astronomy, which demonstrate the existence of at least some matter in the sun's neighbourhood; nor, on the other, of the objections raised by Sir W. Thomson and others to the theory that large quantities of meteoric matter travel close by the sun. Nor does he speak of the singular statements made by the French doctor, Lescarbault, and once to some degree sanctioned by Leverrier himself, respecting the transit of a small black disc across the face of the sun on March 26, in the very year, 1859, when Leverrier first laid his results respecting Mercury before the scientific world. We venture to quote Leverrier's account of his visit to Lescarbault's small observatory, as abridged from the *North British Review* for August 1860, in Chambers's useful treatise, "Descriptive Astronomy." It is well worthy of examination, whether it be regarded as evidence for the new planet—so confidently believed in once, that astronomers assigned a

name to it, calling it, appropriately enough, *Vulcan*—or as showing the circumstantial way in which incorrect statements are sometimes advanced:—

"On calling at the residence of the modest and unobtrusive medical practitioner, Leverrier refused to say who he was, but in the most abrupt manner, and in the most authoritative tone, began, 'It is then you, sir, who pretend to have observed a new planet, and who have committed the grave offence of keeping your observation secret for nine months. I warn you that I have come here with the intention of doing justice to your pretensions, and of demonstrating either that you have been dishonest or deceived. Tell me then unequivocally what you have seen.' The doctor then explained what he had witnessed, and entered into all the particulars regarding his discovery. On speaking of the rough method adopted to ascertain the period of the first contact, the astronomer inquired what chronometer he had been guided by, and was naturally enough somewhat surprised when the physician pulled out a huge old watch with only minute hands. It had been his faithful companion in his professional journeys, he said; but that would hardly be considered a satisfactory qualification for performing so delicate an experiment. The consequence was that Leverrier, evidently now beginning to conclude that the whole affair was an imposition or a delusion, exclaimed, with some warmth, 'What, with that old watch, showing only minutes, dare you talk of estimating seconds? My suspicions are already too well founded.' To this Lescarbault replied that he had a pendulum by which he counted seconds. This was produced, and found to consist of an ivory ball attached to a silken thread, which, being hung on a nail in the wall is made to oscillate, and is shown by the watch to beat very nearly seconds. Leverrier is now puzzled to know how the number of seconds is ascertained, as there is nothing to mark them; but Lescarbault states that with him there is no difficulty whatever in this, as he is accustomed to 'feel pulses and count their pulsations,' and can with ease carry out the same principle with the pendulum. The telescope is next inspected, and pronounced satisfactory. The astronomer then asks for the original memorandum, which, after some searching, is found, 'covered with grease and laudanum.' There is a mistake of four minutes on it when compared with the doctor's letter, detecting which, the *savant* declares that the 'observation

\* We follow in general a translation of Leverrier's paper in the *Monthly Notices of the Astronomical Society*, not having by us the original; but verbal changes have been made, the translation being, to say the truth, in very singular language. Leverrier, for instance, is made to say that "a matter exists in the sun's neighbourhood," and to ask if it "consists in cosmic dust."



has been falsified.' An error in the watch regulated by sidereal time accounts for this. Leverrier now wishes to know how the doctor managed to regulate his watch by sidereal time, and is shown the small telescope by which it is accomplished. Other questions are asked and satisfactorily answered. The doctor's rough drafts of attempts to ascertain the distance of the planet from the sun, 'from the period of four hours which is required to describe an entire diameter of that luminary, are produced, chalked on a board. Lescarbault's method, he being short of paper, was to make his calculations on a plank, and make way for fresh ones by planing them off. Not being a mathematician, it may be remarked that he had not succeeded in ascertaining the distance of the planet from the sun. The end of it all was that Leverrier became perfectly satisfied that an intra-Mercurial planet had been really observed. He congratulated the medical practitioner upon his discovery, and left with the intention of making the facts thus obtained the subject of fresh calculations.'

This, however, was not the actual end of the matter; for news came from an astronomer in Brazil, M. Liais, that at the very time during which Lescarbault said he watched the black spot crossing the face of the sun, he (Liais) was observing the sun, and nothing of the kind could be seen, though he was employing a telescope much more powerful than the one used by the French physician. It has also been pointed out that any planet nearer to the sun than Mercury ought to be a conspicuous object during total eclipse of the sun, whereas no such object has ever been noticed. On the whole, it seems very doubtful how far the records of supposed transits can be trusted, and we seem almost compelled to adopt the opinion that the meteoric and cometic matter undoubtedly existing in the sun's neighbourhood in enormous quantities, produces the observed peculiarities in the motion of Mercury. In this case the united mass of all the meteoric matter within the orbit of Venus (not of Mercury, for Leverrier's result admits of explanation by matter lying anywhere within about twice Mercury's distance from the sun) amounts, according to Leverrier's original estimate, to about a tenth part of the mass of Venus, or exceeds considerably the mass of Mercury himself. This is not inconsistent with an exceeding tenuity of material. If the matter consists of small solid or liquid bodies, the sparseness of distribution

would be very great. Suppose, for example, these bodies were of the same density as water; then together they would make a globe having about half the volume of the earth. Now, if they were scattered over a flat region shaped like a grindstone, extending all round the sun to Venus's distance, and having a thickness equal to the earth's diameter, this region would exceed the total volume of the scattered meteors no less than four hundred and thirty-five millions of times. So that, on the average, each meteor would have (wherein to disport itself free from contact or collision) a space exceeding its own volume to this enormous degree. A meteor, for example, one cubic inch in volume, would have on the average a space equal in volume to a cube twenty-one yards in length and breadth and height. But the actual space occupied by meteors within the orbit of Venus is far greater, seeing that near the sun it has a thickness (so to speak of this disc-shaped region) of many millions of miles. Supposing the matter occupying this space to be a uniform gas, it would certainly be one hundred thousand million times rarer than water, or much more than a thousand million times rarer than air.

But it will presently appear that since Leverrier made that estimate of the mass of the disturbing matter, the estimate of our earth's mass, relatively to the sun, has been increased by at least one-tenth part; and this would leave a much smaller quantity of matter to be provided by meteoric systems. There remains, however, sufficient evidence to show that the total mass of matter within the orbit of Mercury amounts, in all probability, to thousands of millions of tons.

We may remark on an objection which has been urged (first, we believe, by Sir E. Beckett, then Mr. Denison, in his fine work "Astronomy without Mathematics") to the theory that vast quantities of meteoric matter in the sun's neighbourhood supply, as it were, the fuel, or part of the fuel, by which the sun's fires are maintained. He showed that the quantity of matter necessary to produce this effect would be such that the sun would grow annually by a quantity equal to more than a twelve-millionth part (he gives exacter numbers) of the sun's actual mass; and he proceeds to show that the effect of this would be to shorten the year by nearly one twenty-five-millionth part of its length—that is, by about four seconds in three years. This would make our year shorter by about forty-seven minutes than the year in the



time of Hipparchus, and we know quite certainly that there has not been a change even of half as many seconds. He proceeds then to touch on an objection to this reasoning, in the following words:—"If the meteors were all, before their absorption within the earth's orbit, forming a sort of spherical extension of the sun, it is true that their joint attraction on the earth would be the same as after they had fallen into the sun. But I have seen no suggestion that this is so, and many meteor systems, especially the two largest that we know of, have orbits extending far beyond the earth's."

This particular objection, or rather this reply to the original objection, had been advanced by the present writer some years ago. Sir E. Beckett's answer does not seem to meet the objection. For all the meteor systems we can possibly become acquainted with (as such) are those encountered by the earth, and these form so minute a proportion of the total number (on any reasonable assumption of the probabilities) that it would be unsafe to reason from them. In fact, if we could, we might at once dismiss the meteoric theory of the sun's heat, because the two meteor systems referred to by Sir E. Beckett do not pass within many millions of miles of the sun's surface. All the evidence we have, as the present writer has shown, indicates an increase in the density of meteoric distribution as we approach the sun, this increase becoming exceedingly rapid in the sun's immediate neighbourhood. Nor does it in the least matter that a certain proportion of the meteors thus crowded near the sun at any moment are in reality moving in paths carrying them far away from the sun. So long as the movements of the complete system are such that the gathering near the sun is permanent, though the members composing it may be continually changing, the consequences would be the same, or so nearly the same as to make no appreciable difference in the observed effects.

But there is in the very results on which the meteoric theory had been based—we mean Leverrier's recognition of the existence of intra-Mercurial matter—the strongest evidence that the sun's heat cannot possibly be due entirely or chiefly to meteoric impact. The quantity of down-falling matter necessary to maintain the sun's heat would be equal to about a fortieth part of the earth's mass annually. Now Leverrier's balance will not allow more than four times this amount for

the whole quantity of meteoric matter within the orbit of Venus,—granting, that is, to the region of greatest meteoric condensation the widest permissible extension. So that there is only sufficient matter to last for four years, if meteoric down-fall were the sole source of the sun's heat, and the meteors were to be continually used up for that purpose. Four times four years have passed since Leverrier first published his results, and neither has the sun grown cold, nor the supply of meteoric matter perceptibly diminished.

Let us next turn to the results obtained by Leverrier when he put the planet Venus in the delicate balance of analysis. Here we come again upon evidence respecting the sun's distance, the theory of Venus leading, like the theory of the sun, to the conclusion that the sun's distance had been over-estimated by three or four millions of miles. But an interesting confirmation of the accuracy of Leverrier's theory of Venus is the point to which we would chiefly invite the reader's attention. Of course, on the occasion of the late transit, much depended on the accurate calculation of the time when Venus would cross the edge of the sun. The results satisfactorily proved the accuracy of the calculations. For instance, Mr. Hind found that using the old tables of the sun and Venus, the calculated time of egress at Mokattam in Egypt differed by 13.5 minutes from the observed time; whereas when Leverrier's new tables were used the calculated time was only five seconds in error. This is very satisfactory evidence of the value of Leverrier's labours.

We come, finally, to Mars, for the planets Jupiter and Saturn follow exactly the motions which theory ascribes to them.

One of the most interesting points, as it seems to us, in Leverrier's discussion of the motions of Mars is the fact that it indicates the wonderful power of mathematical analysis in dealing with matter, apart from all direct evidence as to the existence of such matter. Suppose no telescopic search had been made for the planet which astronomers of old time supposed to be travelling between the paths of Mars and Jupiter. Leverrier's analysis of the motions of Mars would in that case afford evidence decisive of the question whether a large but as yet undetected planet is really travelling in that region or not. It shows that there can be no such planet, simply because Mars shows no traces of the disturbing influence of any considerable planet. But Mars does show the influence of disturbing matter,



not giving him a strong pull in this direction at one time and in that direction at another, as a single planet would, but exerting a more equally distributed action. This is the influence of the zone of asteroids, and in this action we have a means of weighing that zone.

But here, unfortunately, a difficulty arises. Leverrier long since pointed out that the peculiar form of disturbance thus affecting Mars might be explained either by ascribing to the whole family of asteroids, when taken together, a weight equal to one-eighth of the earth's, or else by adding so much to the estimate of the earth's weight. This last result corresponds almost exactly with the effect of increasing the estimate of the sun's distance to the degree indicated by Leverrier's other researches. Some of our text-books, with their usual happy freedom of manner, combine these two results (stated by Leverrier in 1861), and assign to the asteroids a total mass equal to one-eighth part of the earth's, while also asserting that Leverrier's researches on Mars, like those on Venus, proved that the earth's mass must be increased by an eighth. But we cannot assign the observed effects fully to both causes at once, though we may assign part of the observed effects to one cause and part to the other. Leverrier himself does not, indeed, mention this. His words are as follows:— "Only two hypotheses were possible, as we explained on June 3, 1861; either the hitherto neglected matter resided in the totality of the ring of small planets, or else it must be added to the earth itself. In the second case, and as a consequence, the distance of the sun must be diminished by about a twenty-fourth part of the " (then) "received value—that is, we are led to the result already obtained from the theories of the sun and Venus." But then, if we ascribe the whole effect to the original erroneous estimate of the sun's distance, we are left in this predicament—that we can assign *no mass at all* to the whole family of asteroids.

Here, then, as in the case of Mercury, we see that we have to wait till the sun's distance is determined with much more exactness than heretofore, before we can ascertain the real results of Leverrier's planet-weighing. He has put these planets severally in the balance, and noted the result; but the balance itself has to be inquired into before we know what the result means. It can hardly be doubted that the transit-observations made last

December will come in very usefully at this point. We shall learn from them how much must be added to the old estimate of the earth's weight (or, which is exactly the same thing, how much must be taken from the old estimate of the sun's weight), and therefore we shall know how much is left, on the one hand, for intra-Mercurial matter, and, on the other, for the asteroidal family.

Now, it is somewhat strange that this being so—Leverrier's own results pointing to the importance of direct measurement of the sun's distance by transit-observations, or in any other available manner—he has nevertheless spoken quite disdainfully of those direct modes of measurement. Because in weighing the planets in his analytical balance, poised and adjusted with marvellous skill, he has found clear evidence that the old measurements of the sun's distance were erroneous, he deprecates new measurements. "Here I have," he says in effect, "a way of testing such measurements so delicate that in itself it is preferable to them all. The balance I have used is one which will improve with advancing years, and as, in 1861, it had detected the error in measurements of the sun's distance effected in 1769, so, long before the transits of the twenty-first century, it will have given results altogether more accurate than those you are attaining at so much expense by observing the transits of the present century." This is all very well; but Leverrier's own results leave something to be explained which these despised transit-observations are competent to explain at least a good deal more accurately than he has himself explained them. His method, carefully kept in bottle for another half-century, may, and probably will, give us a much clearer wine (to use Bacon's simile), but in the meantime we must be content with the vintage of 1874 and 1882.

But this in no sense affects the value of Leverrier's own labours. Beyond question he has deduced from the observed motions of the planets all that at present can be deduced as to the masses of the different known and unknown parts of that complex system,—containing bodies of all orders of size, density, and structure,—which occupies the domain of space ruled over by the sun. We spoke of his work, begun more than a third of a century ago, as the noblest work in pure astronomy which this age has seen. This certainly seems no exaggerated estimate of its value. A portion only of the work



— that which led to the discovery of Neptune — has been called the greatest achievement of mathematical astronomy since Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation. As regards this portion of his labours, his credit is shared by another astronomer not less skilful than Leverrier, though circumstances have prevented him from pursuing his course along the difficult path for which his powers fit him. Other astronomers, again, have shared with Leverrier the labour of analyzing the movements of particular planets, or rather have gone over the same ground with somewhat similar results. But as Sir John Herschel alone of all astronomers ever surveyed with high telescopic powers the whole of that star-lit sphere surrounding our earthly home, so Leverrier alone has submitted to the searching scrutiny of the higher mathematical analysis the whole of that complicated system to which the earth belongs. It adds not a little to the credit due to him for these achievements that during the greater part of his labours he held a high official post, the duties of which (had he been content to follow an example but too common) might well have exonerated him from the continuance of independent labours so arduous and exacting.

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From Temple Bar.

HER DEAREST FOE.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE Euston Terminus was all alive, and a goodly army of porters ready to disentangle the passengers' luggage, with small regard to its well-being, one bright but sharp afternoon in early spring, as the 3.30 train from H — rushed into the station, and the crowded carriages disgorged an eager, pushing, striving mob.

Through its eddies a gentleman who had been waiting about for a few minutes before the train came in, dexterously elbowed his way. Looking sharply into all the first-class carriages, he suddenly paused at one of the second-class, from which a fat female with a huge basket had just emerged, and raised his hat. "Miss Lee," he said; "if I am not much mistaken, Fanny Lee."

"Yes, yes," said a young lady, disentangling herself from a chaos of children, bandboxes, and brown paper parcels; and, putting her hand in his, she stepped out into the light. They stood looking at each other for a moment, as if trying to recall some half-vanished memory. The

girl saw a gentlemanlike-looking man, moderately tall, very slight, with dark hair, a spare, expressive face, exceedingly keen dark eyes, and a half-kindly, half-mischievous smile on his clean-shaved lips. He was remarkably well dressed, and wore a sprig of lily of the valley in his button-hole. Indeed, he might have passed for a man of fashion, were it not for the expression of alertness, of bright intelligence that pervaded every line of his countenance and, I had almost said, figure.

She was a little, delicate-looking creature, wrapped in a shapeless waterproof, above which, and shaded by a very indifferent hat, appeared a pretty oval face, with soft brown eyes and a quantity of pale brown hair, not very neatly or fashionably arranged.

The mutual survey scarce lasted a second when it was abruptly terminated by a hasty shove from a heavily-laden porter, which sent the young lady almost into her companion's arms; but, quickly recovering herself, she exclaimed, "Is it possible you are Tom Reed?"

"Quite possible," replied the gentleman drawing her hand through his arm. "Do you doubt it? Come, let us see about your luggage. I suppose you have four or five trunks, three or four packages, a couple of bonnet-boxes, and —"

"Oh, dear no!" a little sadly though with a smile. "I have but two in the world."

"What a delightful girl to travel with! Have they any special signs?"

"No, no — just my name. There!" — convulsively — "that man is going away with one of them." As she spoke Mr. Reed darted upon him, and rescued No. 1; the other was quickly discovered.

"Now, then! I am afraid that we must take a four-wheeler. Here, cab!" — as though he was monarch of every conveyance that ever paid for a license; so his companion thought, as he quickly but carefully handed her in, saw the luggage placed, and finally jumped in after her.

"And so you are little Fanny," he said, as they got into the comparative quiet of Gower Street, looking straight into her eyes. "I should have known you anywhere. But somehow I fancy you had rosier cheeks at the old parsonage. You are all right, are you? No cold or nervous debility — that's the last dodge, I believe?"

"I am very well," said the young lady; "but not quite so bright as I used to be with poor grandpapa." She sighed and smiled. "And I have had some hard



work in Yorkshire. Hard work never suited me, you know. But, there — I cannot hear what you say, and I can't scream. Shall we stop soon?"

"Presently. Let me put up the window. Have you no shawl or wrap? — it's cold, though so bright."

And they rattled on; occasionally the newly-arrived would utter a word as with a note of interrogation, "Regent Street?"

"No; Oxford Street."

"Opera House?"

"No; Covent Garden."

Twice Mr. Reed called to the driver to hasten, and at last they reached Waterloo.

"Train for Hampton Court?"

"Just gone, sir."

"Next?"

"Not till 5.30."

"By Jove! an hour and a half to wait. Come, Fanny, you look famished. There's soup or something to be had, and a glass of sherry."

"Thank you, I will take a bun or a biscuit. I have not had anything since seven o'clock this morning."

"No wonder I miss the roses; roses don't flourish under such an ethereal régime." And the weary traveller was soon summoned to the refreshment-room, where soup, sherry, a table in a quiet nook, a devoted waiter, seemed ready as by magic — the magic of Tom Reed's good-humoured authority and contagious activity.

His young *protégée*, glancing at the very perfect minutiae of his costume, drew off her own dingy and not neatly-mended gloves with a laugh and a blush which became her greatly. "Well, Tom," she said, "you might have known me, but I am sure I should never have known you in such nice clothes."

"Clothes!" echoed Tom Reed, stretching out one arm, and regarding it with an expression of uneasiness. "Do you call these clothes?"

"What are they, then?"

"Dress," he replied, with much solemnity. "The porters here, and your friends in Yorkshire, probably clothe themselves. I dress." He waited till the pleasant laugh with which she heard him was past, and asked gravely, "And what incongruity do you observe between my garments and myself?"

"Oh, you look all right now," she returned; "but when we met last, you know, you had not an unbroken garment, as you call it, in the world. Though I was such a little thing, I remember poor Mrs. Green, the housekeeper, forever lament-

ing that Master Tom never *was* fit to be seen. What a mischievous boy you were!"

"Do you remember all that! Why, it must be ten years ago. Well, little cousin," a very kindly, soft expression stealing over his face, "nothing has pleased me half so much for many a day as this plan of Mrs. Travers to have you with her. You will be quite comfortable."

"Do you think so?" a little anxiously, while she held a spoonful of soup midway to its destination. "It is so long since I saw her, and people change."

"She does not," emphatically. "She is a thorough-going brick — a splendid creature altogether."

"I was very fond of her as a child; but then she was always so much with her mother and grandpapa that we were never quite play-fellows; and she is four or five years older than I am."

"Did you know the late lamented Travers?" asked Tom.

"I remember often seeing him, but I do not think I ever spoke to him. He was frightfully rich, wasn't he?"

"Delightfully, you mean. Yes, and I believe your old friend has it all now. Well, I suspect she earned it. He was a fine fellow, the type of the 'grand old English merchant,' but I fancy a trifle jealous and exacting; all Kate's old friends politely warned off the premises. I met her very unexpectedly, about two years ago, at a gorgeous banquet in Westbourne Terrace; she was delighted to have a talk over the old place and people, so I went to call, was presented to the proprietor, and asked to another gorgeous banquet, where I nearly died of starvation."

Fanny opened her pretty brown eyes in amazement.

"Moral and mental starvation, I mean. After that I saw no more of our friend. Next I saw the death of old Travers in the *Times*, and a fortnight or so after, I had a note from her, asking me to call; when I did, I found she wanted to know where you were, and how you were placed. I was ashamed, my dear girl, to be able to tell so little; but I had a clue, and so she found you out."

"And then I had to give a month's notice; and even after that, could scarce get away."

"All's well that ends well," said Reed rising. "I am sure you will be as happy as — as a pet fairy! so make yourself comfortable. I imagine I might get the tickets now."



The young lady sat very quietly in deep, and, from her expression, not unpleasant thought—enjoying, as she well might, emancipation from a comfortless school-room, a troop of noisy, ill-mannered, and not particularly good-natured children, whose exacting mamma looked upon her as a bondmaid, for whom there existed no chance of manumission.

She had drawn on her shabby gloves again, and had just begun to expect cousin Tom back, when he returned, and, taking his arm, they sallied forth to seek their train. As they passed the second-class refreshment room, a very seedy-looking individual issued from it; a short, thin, red-faced man with a dingy, battered white hat, a cutaway coat with baggy pockets, and palpably burst-out boots. Yet he had a hand thrust into one of the pockets and a short stick protruding therefrom, and wore his miserable hat with an indescribable slant, as though the “tone of the turf would hang round him still.” This unattractive figure placed himself exactly in their way.

“Tom Reed!” he exclaimed in a hoarse unsteady voice. “Mr. Reed—I don’t think I am mistaken.”

Tom Reed looked at him, as if puzzled for a moment, and then said, “Why, it can’t be Trapes?”

“The same, sir! All that’s left of him. And how are you, Reed? World’s been going pretty square with you?” continued his curious acquaintance, staring boldly at Fanny, and seemingly resolved on a talk.

“Oh, pretty well, thank you,” returned Tom civilly; “but we are barely in time for our train.”

“Good five minutes to spare, if you are for Hampton Court. I say, old fellow, I want a talk with you. I have lost sight of you this age past. Where can I find you?”

“Oh, the old place—M. T. office.”

“Still there! Well, I don’t care to call,” screwing up his left eye, knowingly. “I’ll drop you a line.”

“All right—good morning,” cried Tom, hurrying his companion on, and into a first-class carriage.

“What a dreadful man! How could you know him?”

“Poor, unfortunate devil!” returned Tom thoughtfully. “A few years ago he was a sort of fine gentleman I half envied.”

“Did he lose his money, poor man?” asked Fanny compassionately. “Still he need not look quite so dreadful.”

“No, certainly not;” and then Tom

Reed turned the conversation and devoted himself to cheering up the pretty little cousin under his care.

But Fanny was nervous, and could not conceal it. Her sweet, slight nature had been too much tried by the sudden change from her grandfather’s loving indulgence to the rugged discipline of her Yorkshire penitentiary. She was too unhinged to look forward brightly, now that hope had come—as fatigue sometimes banishes sleep.

Tom Reed felt her slight arm tremble, as he drew it through his own, to conduct her the short distance that intervened between the station and the Travers mansion.

It was a clear frosty evening, a young moon showing coldly bright in the deep blue sky.

“What a pretty place!” said Fanny looking round her timidly. “Will Kate—I mean Mrs. Travers—always live here?”

“It is hard to say; but I fancy not,” returned Mr. Reed. “There, you see those tall wrought-iron gates?—that is our destination.”

A few moments more, and Fanny found herself upon the threshold in a flood of light, and in the tender embrace of her old friend, who seemed to her at once strange and familiar. The sudden warmth and glow of kindness was nearly too much for poor Fanny, whose bright eyes, half sad, half mischievous, were dimmed, while her lip quivered.

“Dear child, you are quite tired out; come with me to your room,” cried Mrs. Travers, observing her emotion. “Mr. Reed, you will find the *Times* and magazines in the drawing-room—if I may offer any literary attraction to one of the initiated? So much obliged to you for bringing me this dear little waif. Come, Fanny;” and the rescued bondmaid was swept up-stairs to a charming room, next Mrs. Travers’s, where a ruddy fire, fresh chintz hangings, a dressing-table all pink and white muslin, a dainty little white bed, looked welcome most pleasantly and impressively. “How cold and pale you look!” said Mrs. Travers, assisting to take off her cloak. (“And how shabby,” she *thought*.) “Still, it is the same little Fanny, and will bloom out soon again with the roses of former years under my care, I hope.” Here the respectable Mrs. Mills entered with a can of hot water. “Do you not remember Mills, Fanny?”

“Of course I do! And, Mills, do you not remember me?” cried Fanny, seizing her hand and kissing her withered cheek;



a piece of spontaneous kindness that bound Mills to her from that moment.

"Dear, dear! to think that this is little Miss Fanny!—grown quite a woman, I do declare."

"Yes, it is astonishing; yet we could not expect her to stand still," remarked Mrs. Travers. "Now, dinner will be ready in a few minutes, and I daresay Mr. Reed is quite ready for it. When he leaves, we shall have plenty of time to talk together; and how much we have to tell each other!"

"Indeed, we have; but, dear Kate—I mean Mrs. Travers—you are quite different from what I remember you—older looking and better looking; and yet the same."

"It is well you have qualified 'older looking,' little one, with 'better looking,' or I should prepare to be awful! I will leave you to dress, or not, as you like; and when you join us in the drawing-room, dinner will be ready——"

"How did you recognize each other?" asked Mrs. Travers, as she dispensed the filleted soles.

"Well, we jumped at each other," returned Reed, setting down his glass of sherry with an air of discriminating satisfaction. "As I glanced into the chaos of bundles, bandboxes, and babies in which she was engulfed, a vision of a silvery trout-stream, a sensation of terror and wet feet, much exultation, a trifle of conscience and a large proportion of gratitude, associated a slight young lady in a waterproof with a certain great deliverance wrought by her opportune warning in days of yore, and memory whispered, 'That's she!'"

"Yes, yes, I remember it," cried Fanny, who had already revived marvellously under the benign influences around her; "and I think grandpapa was equally relieved. He had solemnly declared he would flog you if he caught you poaching; and I knew quite well he did not want to catch you, so I slipped away out by the Beech Wood, and gave you notice. It was quite as much for his sake as yours." A pretty little defiant nod closed her speech.

"Did Fanny know you?" asked Mrs. Travers.

"That is a doubtful point. According to her, the general excellence of my attire militated against my identity."

"Well, Mr. Reed, I must say that my recollection of you in days of old does not hold you up as the glass of fashion or the mould of form."

"No indeed; you were a dreadful

pickle; yet how fond poor dear grandpapa was of you," added Fanny.

"He was far kinder than I deserved," returned Tom Reed, with momentary gravity; and dinner proceeded without anything further than newspaper talk till dessert banished their attendant.

"I cannot tell you what pleasure it gives me to see you both," said Mrs. Travers, permitting Tom Reed to fill her bubble-like glass with claret. "Besides the pleasure of meeting old, and I think congenial friends, the relief from the sense of isolation that has oppressed me since—since my widowhood, is wonderfully delightful. I have never been very fond of Christmas since I grew up, but this one I spent quite alone. The people on either side here were very good in calling and leaving 'Kind inquiries;' but of course they are total strangers to me. So all I could do was to give the servants a good dinner, and let them invite their friends. They sent me up a piece of their pudding at my luncheon, and, by avoiding a late dinner, I managed to forget it was Christmas day. I hope I shall not spend another like it."

"No, no, we must change all that," said Reed cheerfully. "And may I ask how are all your affairs progressing? When I saw you last week, you were experiencing some difficulty with Wall and Wreford. They objected to your rather munificent suggestion of sharing your fortune with Sir Hugh Galbraith."

"Yes; Mr. Wall would not hear of it, which rather surprised me. I fancied he was annoyed at Mr. Travers leaving all his money away from Sir Hugh. Now I observe he is not so great a favourite. Still, Hugh had evidently been taught to look upon himself as poor Mr. Travers's heir, and I think he has been badly treated; nor have I a doubt that the missing will would have given him a share of the property, could we but find it."

"Still, to go halves with him voluntarily," said Reed smiling, "was slightly quixotic, if you will not quarrel with me for saying so."

"I do not think it was," returned the young widow thoughtfully. "Fifteen hundred or two thousand a year, all my own, are great riches to me; but by no means such wealth to Sir Hugh, with a position to keep up, and I suppose the usual costly tastes and habits of his class. In fact, but for the fear of being thought idiotic, and outrunning Mr. Travers's real wishes, I would willingly have given Sir Hugh the lion's share."



"And what decision have you arrived at?"

"Oh, Mr. Wall would hear of nothing beyond a third of the whole being offered; and you must remember we do not yet know what the whole will be. Mr. Wall rather startled me by saying that too much munificence might suggest that the real will was more favourable to Sir Hugh than I liked, and therefore not lost, but suppressed! Do you think the general colour of men's minds of so vile a tint, as to distort so basely a simple wish to do right?"

"What a horrible idea!" cried Fanny, who was listening with deep attention.

"I have by no means a bad opinion of my fellow-creatures. Still, they are inclined to attribute very base motives for acts they cannot understand or account for," replied Tom Reed. "I heartily wish the second will could be found; but I suspect something or other occurred to renew Mr. Travers's displeasure with his cousin, and, thinking it too favourable, he destroyed it."

"No, Tom, no!" cried Mrs. Travers, with animation. "You must forgive me," she said, interrupting herself and smiling; "but when eager or in earnest the old name comes so readily to my lips."

"I shall *not* forgive you, my dear Mrs. Travers, if you go back to the newer and colder appellation. Pray let me be Tom, who is quite as anxious and proud to be your servant and ally now as in our old poaching days." There was a tinge of earnestness under this pleasant, airy manner, very acceptable to the fair but lonely widow.

"So be it," she said laughing. "I accept you as Tom, and my champion to boot. But to return. I do not think Mr. Travers ever destroyed his will. I should more readily believe he had not made a second, but that it seems so positively proved he did. I confess I have felt at times a strange uneasiness about it, but have now made up my mind that, even if found, it will make no material difference — Sir Hugh will probably have a handsome legacy, but the bulk of the fortune and all authority Mr. Travers has no doubt left to me."

"That is highly probable," observed Tom Reed. "Where is this Galbraith?"

"Somewhere in India. He was, I believe, on the point of coming to England when the Munity broke out. Indeed, he was at Calcutta on his way, but he immediately returned to join the remnant of his regiment, the —th Light Dragoons,

which was nearly cut to pieces at the beginning of the outbreak. I have seen his name mentioned once or twice as a very gallant officer; but I fancy he is a thorough aristocrat — brave enough, but proud and overbearing, and unjust. His letter to Mr. Travers on our marriage was almost unpardonable. Oh, the contempt with which he spoke of me!"

"And why, I should like to know!" exclaimed Fanny indignantly. "I am sure you are as good as he is?"

"That depends on the exact meaning attached to goodness," said Mrs. Travers smiling. "I can afford to forgive him, because he did not know what he was writing about. Indeed, I imagine these high-caste men *know* nothing thoroughly."

"Why, Mrs. Travers, you are quite democratic!" said Tom Reed.

"Dear me!" cried Fanny with some awe, "I suppose Sir Hugh Galbraith is of a very old family indeed."

"So old as to be lost in the mists of antiquity. His ancestors did heaps of mischief on the border in bygone days, and no particular good, I daresay. Notwithstanding the difference in their ages, Sir Hugh and poor Mr. Travers were cousins. I think my husband acted as a sort of guardian to Sir Hugh. Yes, Fanny, he is a very great man indeed — a tiny acorn on the topmost twig of the family tree. Still, I should not like him to suffer from his cousin's partiality for me. Generosity may be an aristocratic virtue; I am content with more homely justice, and will try to practise it."

"And the upshot of all this is —" put in Tom interrogatively.

"That Messrs. Wall and Wreford have written by my direction to inform Sir Hugh how matters stand; that it is my intention, as soon as they can be arranged, to make over to him a third of the fortune bequeathed to me. I cannot help imagining he will refuse to accept, estimating me as he does; but Mr. Wall says he is a poor man, every acre of the few left mortgaged up to the gate of the family fortalice, for it can hardly be called castle."

"He has made a great ass of himself," said Reed, "and is in luck to find such a residuary legatee as yourself; you certainly give the best refutation to his insolence by your generous conduct."

After some more conversation about the happy old days at Cullingford, Tom Reed, observing his cousin's pale cheek and drooping eyes, bid the ladies "Good evening."

"Do you know I like that cousin of



yours so much, Fanny," cried Mrs. Travers as the door shut upon her departing guest. "There is an undercurrent of good feeling with all his lightness and careless ease."

"I was so surprised to see him quite a fine gentleman."

"A fine gentleman! My dear Fanny, you must not use opprobrious terms in speaking of your cousin. I believe he is a good fellow, which is a different affair altogether. And now, dear child, you look quite worn out. You must go to bed. Tell me, do you feel as if you would be happy and at home with me? I want you to feel so. I am grieved to think I was obliged to lose sight of you for a while. Did you think I had forgotten you, Fanny?"

Fanny's frank bright eyes filled up suddenly. "Yes, Kate, I did; and oh! I cannot tell you how desolate and miserable I was. I felt that if you could forget me, there was no help anywhere."

Mrs. Travers was silent for an instant; then, throwing her arms round her young friend, exclaimed, "There! let us not talk about it any more. You know now I did not, that I could not help it; and for the future you may trust me."

"I am sure I can!" cried Fanny, returning her embrace with much warmth. "And oh, Kate! what a lovely house you have; and what beautiful flowers and things! Are they all really yours? I feel half-frightened to hear you order about that polite gentleman who waited on us at dinner."

"Ah! the change in my exterior life is as nothing to the change within. But come, dear, to bed — to bed — to bed!"

#### CHAPTER V.

THE two months which succeeded Fanny Lee's arrival at her friend's house were certainly the happiest either lady had known for a long time.

To Mrs. Travers the sense of freedom, at first suppressed partly by her tender and respectful regret for her deceased husband, and still more by her shrinking from her own natural feelings as unseemly, gained more strength each day.

While to Fanny the glorious consciousness of having nothing to do but disport herself in the sunshine fortune had suddenly shed upon her, was enough delight for the present.

She played and sang prettily, and worked all sorts of fancy-work neatly and tastefully; but it was wonderful to watch the varied changes she performed in the course

of the day—from the piano to her work-table, from the work-table to the garden (weather permitting), from the garden to a sudden and complete re-arrangement of her own room or Mrs. Travers's, or an enthusiastic compilation of a cap for Mills. It quite fidgeted her to see Mrs. Travers reading steadily for a couple of hours with rapt attention, answering her many questions with unswerving good temper, though often at random. At first, the graver of the two friends tried to preach fixity of purpose, but in vain, and so wisely and quietly gave up the attempt; finding that, although the effort to inculcate first principles was hopeless, whatever she gave Fanny to do as a task for *her*, was most faithfully performed.

Then, when a rare bright day came, how delightful it was to order the carriage and enjoy a drive in the beautiful country which surrounds Hampton Court! Tom Reed was a great addition to the pleasure of their life. He was a frequent visitor, and was always considered due on Sundays, when he generally arrived armed with *Punch* and the latest numbers of the best periodicals. Then Mrs. Travers enjoyed hearing the latest political rumours, and a little discussion of the various new opinions perpetually cropping up. Tom Reed, as he was universally called, was a very agreeable companion—bright, keen, accustomed to focus his thoughts, which, if not profound, were shrewd, and sharpened by constant friction with other minds as bright and often deeper than his own; accustomed by his position on the staff of a high-class morning paper to observe the conflicting currents radiating from the old centres of belief. For Fanny he generally brought curious and valuable morsels of fashionable intelligence, perhaps not so carefully authenticated as they ought to have been, but not the less acceptable on that account. To Reed this easy admittance into the society of two refined and accomplished women, the delightful, graceful homeliness—if such a combination of terms may be used—of the old-fashioned house at Hampton Court, was wonderfully delightful and wholesome. For Tom had had his evil times and trials, and had run the not uncommon round of spending all his money in finding out how to make more.

To Fanny he seemed a fearfully clever, brilliant, sceptical, scornful man of fashion, whose wicked theories she constantly set herself to contradict and subvert. Many were the stinging little darts she contrived to launch against the pachy-



dermatous Tom, so that a sparring match between the cousins was generally one of the evening's amusements.

The next-door neighbours, too, were sympathetic. The woes of a rich widow were naturally attractive to an impecunious honourable, whose husband, though not defunct, was "nowhere" in the world of fashion and respectability. Many were the invitations pressed upon the friends by the Hon. Mrs. Danby and her daughters; but though Fanny Lee often availed herself of these opportunities to cultivate the great world, Mrs. Travers, rigidly intent on showing respect to her husband's memory, invariably refused. An amiable readiness to lend her carriage to the honourable mother and her graceful brood amply compensated for the lack of personal intercourse. Various were the scraps of intelligence collected by Fanny during her visits; sometimes it was a titbit of Palace gossip, for Mrs. Danby's ostensible attraction to Hampton Court was a "relative" located in that refuge of impoverished aristocracy. Oftener it was some scandal touching the High Church curate, and oftenest military reports.

"Do you know, Kate," she burst out one day after a drive to Kingston with Mrs. Danby and one of her daughters, "that the officer who is coming here instead of Major Cunliffe is a Captain or Colonel Upton; he is a brother officer of Sir Hugh Galbraith, and Mrs. Danby used to know Sir Hugh long ago, and says he was the most tiresome, overbearing man that ever lived, so——"

"I trust and hope, Fanny, that you did not speak unadvisedly with your lips, or launch out into abuse of my enemy!" cried Mrs. Travers interrupting her. "I am most anxious that no syllable of depreciation should be traced to me or mine."

"I am sure I did not; or at any rate if I said anything, it was not much," returned Fanny colouring guiltily.

"I am quite sure you did," said Mrs. Travers smiling, though annoyed. "Confess, now, that no devil was ever painted blacker than you depicted poor Sir Hugh."

"No, no, indeed!" exclaimed Fanny earnestly. "I think I did say that, from all I could learn, Sir Hugh Galbraith was an unforgiving, vindictive, insolent, greedy, disagreeable man."

"And that is not much," said Mrs. Travers resignedly. "Well, in future, my dear girl, will you kindly keep silence even from *bad* words if Sir Hugh's name is mentioned?"

"I will indeed, Kate, if you wish it. But I can tell you Mrs. Danby said three—oh! five times as much as I did, and"—lowering her voice—"she said, too, that Sir Hugh was on the point of running away with Lady Somebody, or the Countess of Something, a married woman, when her father, who was a rich solicitor, found it all out, and had him arrested for debt, and so he couldn't—that is Sir Hugh; but he was so violent that it took three or four of those dreadful people—bailiffs, I think—to capture him."

"Really, that was taking a very shabby advantage of poor Sir Hugh," said Mrs. Travers laughing. "But I do not believe that long story, Fanny; depend upon it, there is but a slender foundation for such a legend."

"Well, Mrs. Danby assured me it was true; she heard it from Lord—oh, I do not know who!—who was in the same club with Sir Hugh Galbraith, and——"

"It is really no great matter, Fanny; just promise me, like a good girl, never to talk of him again."

"Very well, Kate; but I must tell you that when Mrs. Danby heard poor dear Mr. Travers was a cousin of Sir Hugh's, she seemed to know all about him at once. She said, 'Dear me, I had no idea it was *that* Mr. Travers;' and went on about his high family, and his riches; and how much she felt for you, and what a distinguished-looking woman you were, and what a pity it was for you to be lost to society, but that time would soon pass, and you could come out a little more. You cannot think what a nice feeling sort of way she spoke; and oh, Kate, she wants to know if you would kindly let her have the carriage to-morrow; she wants to go over to Kew to call on Lady de Courcy."

"I am very sorry, but she cannot have it," said Mrs. Travers, dryly. "I want to drive into town myself to-morrow. The Indian mail is in, and it is just possible Wall and Wreford may have a reply from Sir Hugh Galbraith. I do hope he will accept my offer, though I should not be surprised if he rejects it with scorn."

"What a stupid, strange man he must be!" observed Fanny.

Mrs. Travers, somewhat to her surprise, found her conjecture right. Messrs. Wall and Wreford had received a reply to the epistle they had written little more than two months before. They evinced such a decided disinclination to let her see it, that she insisted on perusing it herself. Feeling distrustful of her own



self-control, she quietly pocketed it and departed, telling Mr. Wall that she would see him after she had digested the contents.

On reaching home, Mrs. Travers felt much cheered on finding Tom Reed assisting Fanny in some energetic amateur gardening, which was her last and most lasting whim.

"You will stay to dinner, of course?" she said. "I want a committee of the whole house to discuss Sir Hugh Galbraith's letter. Mr. Wall has told me so much, that he rejected my offer, and, knowing this, I shall take time, and fortify myself with dinner before I read it. I am sure it is odiously insulting."

"Do you know that Mr. Ford is in the drawing-room?" said Fanny, with the slightest possible grimace.

"No, indeed. What does he want? I suppose only to pay a visit. Well, I cannot ask him to stay to dinner to-day, but I will for Sunday. I could not read out Sir Hugh's letter before him. Why, I cannot tell, for he has always been most friendly and obliging to me. So, Fanny, I will go in and see him."

Mr. Ford was deep in the *Times* when Mrs. Travers entered and greeted him kindly, yet with a nameless something of caution in her usual frank cordiality, which he did not fail to notice and interpret to the satisfaction of his immense, yet uneasy vanity.

"I trust, my dear Mrs. Travers, you will not consider me intrusive," he began.

"Certainly not, Mr. Ford. I am very glad to see you; but are you quite well? you have been suffering from cold? which is perhaps the reason you have kept so long away."

"You are very good to notice my absence when you have the society of so new and agreeable a friend as Mr. Reed." The head a little bent to one side with a jerk, "I could scarcely hope —"

"Oh, Mr. Reed is a very old friend as well as a very pleasant one," interrupted Mrs. Travers, carelessly, and by no means in an apologetic tone. "He is a relation, you know, of dear old Mr. Lee, and was quite a playfellow of Fanny's and mine."

"Well," resumed Ford, "I have ventured to call, as I see the Indian mail is in, to ask if there is any communication from Sir Hugh Galbraith?"

"There is, indeed," replied Mrs. Travers, sitting down with a sigh; "and a very decided rejection of my offer. I am quite vexed; perhaps when he thinks better of it he may change his mind."

"Hum! He is a great fool, that is, unless he has formed any idea that a will more favourable to himself may turn up; and, even if it does, he would probably be better off with your offer."

"I have no doubt he would," replied Mrs. Travers, slowly untying her bonnet. "I feel quite sure my husband would not have left him as much as I wish to give."

"Suppose my late respected employer was subject to crotchets like other men?" answered Ford, rubbing his hands slowly together, and putting his head slightly to one side, interrogatively. "What a cruel triumph it would be to Sir Hugh if the bulk of the property had been left to him and a mere legacy to you?"

"Why imagine anything so improbable?" replied Mrs. Travers calmly, yet with a perceptible tinge of contempt in her tone. "Mr. Travers would never have been unjust to me."

"No, no, of course not; but, after all, he must have been fallible like other men — very fallible, I should say, or he never would have used such words as — But I beg your pardon, you forbid me to allude to that unhappy occurrence."

"I did," said Mrs. Travers shortly; "so you ought to avoid everything that can possibly lead up to it," she added good-humouredly. "And tell me now how is poor old Gregory's family getting on; you mentioned that he left a son and daughter not very well off?"

"His son is well-to-do in his way; he commands one of Duncan's ships; he sailed for China some time after his father's death: but the daughter is in bad health; she is a widow with several children, and very badly off. The brother does what he can for her, but he has a wife and children himself."

"Then, my dear Mr. Ford," cried Mrs. Travers earnestly, "do pray see how she is, and provide what is necessary for her and the poor children. I would go and see her most willingly, but a total stranger — the widow of a man who must be to her in some degree a personage, having been her husband's employer — might be troublesome and oppressive. Pray assure her of my sympathy and readiness to help her. I know Mr. Travers would have done so. He valued poor Mr. Gregory very much, and I feel quite sure he would approve what I propose."

"Certainly," said Mr. Ford in a suppressed and rather choked tone. "Certainly," he repeated, clearing his throat; "Gregory was a very faithful servant — and — and — your amiable, generous read-



iness to relieve misfortune touches me to the heart."

"I imagine the power to relieve suffering, even in a slight degree, is too great a luxury not to require self-control as much as any other enjoyment," returned Mrs. Travers carelessly, while she thought, "How like an old-fashioned novel he talks!"

"It is only one more token of that excellence long ago recognized by me," resumed Mr. Ford, throwing out his hand, which held a yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, as though about to throw down his gage to all comers in defence of the young widow's amiability and generosity.

"Well, well!" she exclaimed good-humouredly, "I cannot allege the favourite excuse for keeping one's money in one's purse, for I have very few claims upon me. But, Mr. Ford, when sufficient time has elapsed to assure my authority under Mr. Travers's will, you, too" — she hesitated, blushed, and showed a charming gracious confusion — "you, too, shall find that I am not ungrateful for the friendship you have always shown us both."

"My dear madam — my dear Mrs. Travers, you are very good; but you must be aware that there are free-will services, which to pay —"

"Would be the cruelest insult," interrupted Mrs. Travers. "Certainly I should indeed be 'of the earth, earthy' if I knew it not. But, Mr. Ford, I am not without my ambitions. If the house of Travers really passes into my hands, I should like to keep it up, to increase its prestige, to renew its youth; to prove to the world — my husband's world — that I am no unworthy inheritor of his name and fortune." She rose as she spoke, and began almost unconsciously to move to and fro. "And in the pursuit of such an object might I not also do you justice, as well as prove my respect for you — my confidence in you, and improve your position? Not, I confess, that I should, unless I change considerably, like partners — even a junior partner. I should like to rule alone, but I might improve your position materially."

She paused. Mr. Ford listened eagerly as she spoke, and passed his handkerchief rapidly over his face.

"You are quite a mercantile Portia," he said, in a thick, husky tone, that cleared as he proceeded. "It is remarkable to observe the natural enthusiasm of youth directing itself into such a channel."

"Ah! you despise my youth," she cried, pausing, and leaning against the back of a chair, while a delicate colour stole over

her cheek, for it takes long experience to steel the soul against a sneer. "But, you must remember, I am older than my years; that I have studied to be old, and almost succeeded."

"Your ambition is, I am sure, worthy of all respect," returned Ford; but he dragged out his words with a visible effort. A short silence ensued, and Ford resumed: "Then Sir Hugh Galbraith shows himself quite inimical to your just rights, as they at present appear?"

"Yes — quite — nay, he threatens to contest the will; indeed, Mr. Wall seems to think he has some idea that another exists. I have not yet seen the letter. Suppose," continued Mrs. Travers with the odd sort of restless desire to get rid of him which generally came over her — "suppose you come and dine here on Sunday, and we will talk it all over. I am sure you will be interested; and more, if necessary, you will help me to fight this man."

She smiled very sweetly upon Ford as she spoke. He made a slight sudden movement towards her, which he dexterously turned into typical hand-washing, and began to speak with eagerness.

"You know well" — then checking himself, he recommenced — "You may, indeed, count on me; and, insignificant as I seem, I may possess more power than you think. Be that as it may, I believe you know the deep interest, the — the — friendship, if you will accept the expression, that I entertain for you; and whatever course you may decide upon, I shall be at your service, with or without reward. *That* is a matter on which I do not dare allow my thoughts to dwell."

"No, no! I am sure you do not," returned Mrs. Travers with complimentary readiness, quite heedless of his dramatic emphasis, her mind preoccupied by the letter she longed, yet half feared, to read. "You are much above any personal considerations; but you shall not find me ungrateful, I assure you so," holding out her hand. "Do not forget Sunday. We dine at five on Sundays."

Ford's countenance darkened, and his smile, as he accepted his dismissal, was very snaky.

"And, oh, Mr. Ford, be sure you see poor Mrs. Bell, old Gregory's daughter. I wish you would send me her address."

"I will do so," he replied; and, bowing stiffly, departed.

"There is something the matter with that man," thought the young widow, as she walked towards her dressing-room.



"He is changed in some way; but he is a very good fellow. He must be—he always has been—and why should he change! I wonder why I am always so glad when he is gone!"

Dinner passed less agreeably than usual, for the three friends were oppressed by the anticipated unpleasantness of Sir Hugh's letter. Tom Reed did considerably the largest share of the talking. At last the more solid portion of the repast was cleared away; the grave and discreet Edwards gave the final touch to the desert dishes, which perfected their mathematical precision, and departed.

"Now or never, Mrs. Travers—courage! Take a glass of sherry, and open the fatal scroll."

"Oh, I am quite equal to the occasion without such extraneous aid," returned Mrs. Travers smiling, as she drew forth the letter and opened it slowly. "What a horrible hand! but cruelly firm. It has evidently been dashed off in hot haste. I must glance through it before I read aloud." (Reed and Fanny naturally looked at their hostess as her eyes eagerly scanned the page. First, the quick colour flushed up to her brow; then faded away as rapidly, and left her almost pale. When she came to the end she laid it down for an instant with a slight, bitter smile.) "Listen to this!" she exclaimed, taking it up again, and proceeded to read in a clear, quiet voice:—

"Gentlemen,—I am in receipt of yours of —, announcing the death of my cousin Mr. Richard Travers, and the liberal intentions of his widow towards me. Be so good as to inform your client that I am not disposed, by accepting obligations from her, to imply approbation of the deplorable weakness which disgraced the close of my unfortunate relative's life. I think it right to add a report that another and a very different will is in existence has reached me. I am on the point of starting for England, to ascertain, as far as possible, the truth, and, in any case, to try if the law can uphold a will so infamously unjust, and made evidently under the undue influence of a lady whose antecedents could not have exactly fitted her to be Mr. Travers's adviser. I, therefore, prefer claiming my possible rights to sharing the spoil with her, and beg that I may receive no further propositions on the subject.

"I have the honour to be, gentlemen, etc., etc.,  
HUGH GALBRAITH."

When Mrs. Travers ceased reading, she

looked up at her listeners and kept silence.

"What a bitter bad temper the man must have been in when he wrote that!" cried Tom Reed.

"I am sure he is a detestable, ungrateful thing!" added Fanny.

"You see Wall was not so far wrong when he said that too liberal an offer might suggest an idea of being bought off," continued Reed.

"To a man of Sir Hugh's calibre, perhaps," said Mrs. Travers slowly, with her eyes still fixed on the letter. "See," she went on, handing it over to Reed, "he had written 'woman' before 'lady,' and put his pen through it, not liking, I suppose, to be conventionally rude."

"Yes, yes, I see," he replied, as he glanced over Sir Hugh's effusion. "A most unwarrantable letter—ungentlemanlike, even. You really deserve some credit for taking it so calmly."

"Do I?" returned Mrs. Travers. "Do I take it calmly? If it ever happens that I can pay my debt to Sir Hugh, he will not fare the better for my calmness! What have I ever done to deserve such treatment? That he should be hurt and disappointed by my husband's will I am not surprised; but does he think Mr. Travers had not a right to marry any one he liked? And why should I be so distasteful to Sir Hugh Galbraith? Surely he does not fancy that we are still in the feudal ages, when humble birth was more disgraceful than misconduct? Why should he disdain me without knowing me? Pooh! Why do I trouble myself with such conjectures? What is he and his contempt to me? I can well afford to despise both."

She had spoken with repressed vehemence, and stopped abruptly. Reed looked up earnestly, as if struck by her tone, and Fanny exclaimed:—

"And I daresay you are just as well born! I always heard your father —"

"Nonsense, Fanny," interrupted Mrs. Travers. "I only know and acknowledge my mother's relations, who are of the people. The only help we ever had was from cousin Hicks, and poor cousin Hicks was not a model of good breeding; but I do not think he would have attributed such an offer as mine to a desire to preserve the lion's share of the spoil."

"He certainly never would be such an idiot as to refuse a good offer and run his head against the *chevaux-de-frise* of the law, as Sir Hugh threatens; but it is a mere threat! When he arrives in Eng-



land he will find out how absurd any attempt to shake your position would be."

"I suppose he will, Tom," returned Mrs. Travers. "Still, this man will give me trouble and pain. He has been wronged, and I cannot make it right. Try and throw it back as I will, his scorn hurts me; the material superiority of my position hurts me. You may laugh, Tom; but I should like to give him his choice of weapons and beat him in a fair fight. My money is my weak point."

"Long may you continue to suffer from such weakness!" exclaimed Reed fervently. "You really are the most chivalrous lady I have ever had the pleasure of meeting."

"Oh, I daresay you think me very silly—but I am what I am. He says he is coming to England. I feel that his arrival will be the beginning of troubles."

"I am sure I wish some one would give him a bear's hug and finish him," cried Fanny, indignantly. "Never mind, Kate! He cannot take away everything from you, as he would like, I daresay. So you must try and forget him and be happy. Do not let him vex you."

"I shall try and follow your advice, dear," returned Mrs. Travers smiling, and resuming her usual tone, as the indignant colour which had mounted to her cheek faded away. "Come, let us go into the drawing-room; and, to turn our thoughts, suppose we plan out that little tour I have projected for the summer?"

Accordingly the three friends adjourned into the pleasant, perfumed drawing-room, where "Bradshaw" and "Murray" helped them to much lively talk and delightful plans. Mrs. Travers was unusually bright, and Sir Hugh seemed forgotten.

But long after Tom Reed had bid good-night, and Fanny Lee's bright eyes were closed in sleep, Mrs. Travers sat thinking, with her elbows on her dressing-table, and her chin resting on her hands, till her candle was burnt down in the socket; and then she started up, extinguished it, and, opening the shutter, brushed out her long, chestnut-brown hair in the cold moonlight.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
RICHARD BAXTER.\*

It may be in the recollection of some that in the course of last year I assisted

\* An Address at the Inauguration of the Statue of Richard Baxter, at Kidderminster, July 28, 1875. Large parts of the address were omitted in the delivery.

at a like celebration to this in the town of Bedford. It is difficult to conceive a greater outward contrast than that between John Bunyan and Richard Baxter; between the stout burly youth who played on the green at Elstow, and the pale, lean, dyspeptic student who came hither from the banks of the Severn; between the homely, direct language, the native poetic genius of the illiterate tinker, and the multifarious knowledge, the hair-splitting arguments, and the prosaic disputations of the chief of English Protestant schoolmen. Their lives ran almost parallel to each other, yet, so far as we know, the one passed his threescore, the other his threescore and sixteen years without ever having seen the other, without having ever grasped each other's hand or looked in each other's face. We are far better acquainted with both than either at the time could have been with either. But there seemed to be special reasons why, though with some hesitation, I should respond to the invitation with which I was honoured on this occasion, and endeavour to bring out some lessons peculiar to Baxter, and full of instruction for our age, perhaps even more than for his own.

I. Unlike Bunyan, he lived not in the byways and corners of religious biography, but in the very thick of the crowded and eventful conflict of the national crisis—known, feared, hated, beloved throughout the realm. He was one of those who, without occupying the first place amongst men of letters, or the first place amongst men of action, occupy a conspicuous place in both. There is a saying of Luther's in which he divides the foremost men of his time and country into four classes:—*Words, not deeds*—Erasmus, the great scholar; *Deeds, not words*—Martin Luther himself, the great reformer; *Deeds and Words*—Philip Melancthon, scholar and reformer; *Neither deeds nor words*—Carlostadt, the useless iconoclast. This is a classification which runs through all ages, and not least through the seventeenth century of our own history. At

The statue (by Mr. Brock) represents Baxter with one hand lifted up as if preaching, the other resting on the Bible. On the pedestal of the statue is the following inscription:—

"Between the years 1641 and 1660  
this town was the scene of the labours of  
RICHARD BAXTER,  
renowned equally for his Christian learning  
and his pastoral fidelity.  
In a stormy and divided age  
he advocated unity and comprehension,  
pointing the way to the Everlasting Rest.  
Churchmen and Nonconformists  
united to raise this memorial, A.D. 1875."



the head of *Words, not deeds* shall we not place the blind, disabled, immortal Milton? At the head of *Deeds, not words*, none can rival the dumb, inarticulate, confused, but all-powerful Oliver. Those who had *neither deeds nor words* — the foolish empty, ranting, canting partisans — was not their name “legion” both amongst Royalists and Roundheads? But for *deeds and words* together there is hardly any one that can stand comparison with Richard Baxter. It has been truly\* said that he represented the spirit of the century more than any other single man, both in its weakness and its strength. Look at him in court and camp — confronting with equal energy protector and king, demagogue and despot, wild enthusiast or worldly politician. Look at his labours for fourteen long years in this town. There are some three or four parishes in England which have been raised by their pastors to a national, almost a world-wide, fame. Of these the most conspicuous is Kidderminster, for Baxter without Kidderminster would have been but half of himself; and Kidderminster without Baxter would have had nothing but its carpets. You gave him the place from which he moved the English world. He gave to you the fame which on this day has attracted hither representatives from every class in England, and even from beyond the Atlantic.

What he was and how he dealt as he went in and out amongst you I leave to be related by one who knows him and all his time so well, that I am almost inclined to believe him to be that very contemporary come to life again whom Baxter is always describing as “the judicious † Dr. Stoughton;” one to whose kindly Nonconformist hands we gladly make over, by a singular reverse, that aspect of Baxter’s career in which he was most emphatically a minister of the national Church — much in the same way as, in Dante’s vision of paradise, Bonaventura, the Franciscan, rejoices to think that the praises of his founder, St. Francis, shall be sung by Thomas Aquinas, chief of the rival sect of the Dominicans.

Here, in Kidderminster, if nowhere else, his pulpit, his church, his portrait, his chair, his books, your invitation‡ to him,

his farewell to you, will forever nourish the recollection that with you, as he said, “the pleasantest part of all his life in the ministry was passed;” because nowhere else were his spiritual successes so great; because you saw in him one who, as a distinguished contemporary\* said, “feared no man’s displeasure, and hoped for no man’s preferment;” who exemplified in his own person one of his own farewell precepts — “He that will avoid doing evil must be taken up with doing good.”

II. But I turn from his deeds, which belong especially to this place, to his words, which belong to all mankind; his words, so far as we can separate them from his deeds, when the one must be to the other as the thunder to the lightning. Think of his prodigious sermons — prodigious to read, how much more to hear, two or three hours long — think of that wonderful series of “several sermons” preached in Westminster Abbey “On the Vain Religion of the Formal Hypocrite.” Look at his volumes — one hundred and fifty as some reckon, two hundred as others.† When Boswell asked Dr. Johnson which of Baxter’s works he recommended to be read, that great old Churchman roared out, “Read any of them — they are all good.” I have not followed, nor do I recommend you to follow, this advice; nor do I believe it. Baxter’s works are not all good — nor is any of them good throughout. Even the “Saints’ Rest” has only become readable by abridgment on abridgment. The “Reformed Liturgy,” which he wrote in a fortnight, is a model of activity, but not of devotional style. In comparison with it, as Matthew Arnold says, even our old friend “Dearly beloved” can well stand its ground. There is something provokingly contentious in his objections to every scheme of worship or government except his own. Even the utmost “dissidence of dissent” would acknowledge that he must have been at times captious beyond endurance. His digressions and divisions are absolutely interminable. His mode of stating doctrines, though often generous and genial, is more often harsh and repulsive. He is filled with the most extravagant notions of his age on portents and on magic. His solutions of speculative difficulties are often like the medical receipts which he

\* Hunt’s “Religious Thought in England,” i. 265.

† See the “Saints’ Everlasting Rest,” *passim*. This address was followed by an able and exhaustive account of Baxter’s pastoral career by the Rev. Dr. Stoughton.

‡ This invitation to him and his still more interesting farewell have not been published. They were seen on

this occasion through the kindness of the Rev. Thomas Hunter of Dr. Williams’s Library.

\* Robert Boyle (Orme, ii. 447).

† Burnet gives 200. But Grosart (in the annotated list appended to Baxter’s “What Must I Do to be Saved?” p. 56) gives 159.



recommended from his pulpit to his flock. "Take three gallons of clarified whey, put in it two handfuls of balm, and as much frumity, and as much borage, boil it to two gallons, and put it in a stone pot of earth that hath a spigot at the bottom, and put into it a thin canvas bag, two ounces of lemon, an ounce of epithyme, an ounce of bruised aniseed, and a handful of ground-ivy (called alehoof)," etc., etc.\* His learning, wide as it was, had little of that critical discrimination or profound research that renders even the errors of great scholars fruitful. "Read," he says, "the writings of our old solid divines, such as Perkins, Bolton, Dodd, Sibbs, and especially Doctor Preston; begin with the Assembly's 'Lesser Catechism,' then read the Greater, and next Master Ball's, and then Doctor Ames's 'Marrow of Divinity.'"† Alas! how few of these are now ever heard of, whilst Benedict Spinoza, who seemed to Baxter "a paltry fellow, not worth the naming,"‡ has achieved a universal fame, and veneration alike as a philosopher and as a saint. We can understand how Baxter looked forward to communion in the other world with the great saints of the Old and the New Testament — the heroes of early Christianity or of the Reformation — the patriots of his own time, Pym, Hampden, and Brooke.§ But we can hardly forbear a smile when we read that he also confidently relies on the delights of an eternal converse with "Zanchius, Pareus, Piscator, Camero, Whitelocke, Cartwright, Brightman, Dodd, Stukes, Bayne, Bradshaw, Bolton, Bell, Hildersham, Pemble, Twiss, Paston, Sibbs."

Yes — Bishop Burnet was right when he said that "Baxter meddled in too many things, and was, most unhappily, subtle and metaphysical in everything," with tedious subtlety and bad metaphysics. But it is this very tissue of contradictions of colour, of unprofitable stuff, through which — if I may draw a figure from the world-famous manufacture of Kidderminster — there run golden threads and solid strands, which redeem even the most obscure parts from ignominy, and at times are woven into patches and fringes of glorious splendour.

I. That same discerning contemporary whom I have just quoted observes that Baxter had "a very moving and pathological way of writing, and was his whole life long

a man of great zeal and much simplicity." It is this power that we now call "earnestness" which to the listening ear distinguishes even the most tiresome of his arguments from the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of the rhetoric of many of his contemporaries. That often repeated saying of his,\* which has become proverbial, that he preached "as a dying man to dying men," was in his case no mere figure of speech. Never was there a case where the spirit so triumphed over the feebleness of the flesh, as in that long conflict with "pleurisy, nephritic, and cholic," with the thirty-six doctors whom he invoked, and his own innumerable remedies; the "fourteen years of a languishing state when he had scarcely a waking hour free from pain; twenty several times near to death — in constant expectation of his final change; yet still not wholly disabled to God's service; his dull heart forced to more importunate requests, and with more rare discoveries of His mercy than he could have had in a more prosperous state."†

Even as a mere specimen of endurance and of indefatigable struggle against every kind of physical obstacle, Baxter's long painful existence is an example to us all. You, if there be any here, who are life-long invalids, or who, like our dear friend and pastor, Baxter's present successor, have been brought down to the gates of death, and returned through the long and wearisome ascent of slow and difficult recovery, should take courage from his example, and be convinced that in the way of doing the work of God even the feeblest of frames, and the most trying sicknesses, are not a fatal bar. "Weakness and pain helped me," he says, "to study how to die — that set me on studying how to live, and that on studying the doctrine from which I must fetch my motives or comforts. Beginning with necessities, I proceeded by degrees, and now," he says at the close of his life, "I am going to see that for which I have lived and studied."‡

But this leads us to the thought of the permanent weight which is thus given to all his words; namely, that they are not the mere effusions of a man throwing off his speculations in the exuberance of health, but the expressions of a spirit which felt itself constantly, as he says, "at the door of eternity," "as it were with one foot in the grave — a man

\* Baxter's Works, xvii. 280.

† Ibid. xxii. 335.

‡ Ibid. xv. 48, 64.

§ Ibid. xxii. 122.

\* Orme, i. 151; also Baxter's "Poetical Fragments,"

p. 30.

† Works, xxii. 2, 3.

‡ Orme, i. 11.



that was betwixt living and dead.\* "Whilst we wrangle here in the dark"—this was his constant thought—"we are dying and passing to that world which will decide all controversies; and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness."† It was this deep seriousness which gave a new nerve and force to his intellectual ardour. "I would as soon doubt the gospel verity," said Coleridge, "as I would doubt Baxter's veracity." It was this gave such a religious solemnity to his devouring insatiable appetite for truth in all its forms. "He that can see God in all things, and hath all his life sanctified by the love of God, will above all men value each particle of knowledge of which such holy‡ use may be made, as we value every grain of gold." "Every degree of knowledge tendeth to more, and every known truth befriendeth others, and, like fire, tendeth to the spreading of our knowledge to all neighbour truths that are intelligible." "Look to all things, or to as many as possible. When half is unknown the other half is not half known." "Truth is so dear a friend, and He that sent it so much more dear, that whatever I suffer I dare not stifle or conceal it!" "As long as you are uncertain, profess yourselves uncertain; and if men condemn you for your ignorance when you are willing to know the truth, so will not God; but when you are certain, resolve in the strength of God, and hold fast whatever it costs you, even to the death—and never fear being losers by God, by His truth, or by fidelity in your duty."§ That strain is indeed of a higher mood than the cant of the mere theological disputant. It is the strain of Luther or of Locke. It is the rebuke to the cowardly panics of our religious world; it is the rebuke to the cynical indifference of our scientific world; from one who, had he lived in our days, would, alike in the pulpit and the lecture-room, have opened upon us that consuming fire of his love for truth, which, as he says, "he could not keep secret to himself, shut up in his heart and bones."

2. But we have yet to ask what was the message which this ever-dying saint, this indomitable student, was specially empowered to deliver. It was that which has been inscribed on his monument. "In a stormy and divided age"—stormy with the storms of three revolutions, divided with the divisions of a hundred sects—

"he advocated unity and comprehension." Many other thoughts abounded in that teeming brain, but they are more or less secondary. This one thought was primary and ever-recurring. Other messages of divine or human truth were delivered with more force and consistency by others of his time. But in the solemn proclamation of this message he stood pre-eminent. Milton and Jeremy Taylor in the eloquence of the "Areopagitica" and the "Liberty of Prophesying," Tillotson in his prudent and generous policy, Chillingworth and Cudworth in their philosophic arguments, promoted the same great cause of healing the divisions of Christendom and enlarging the borders of the national Church. But with Baxter this zeal for the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life, was the fundamental dogma of his theology, the absorbing passion of his existence, mingling with all his combats in this world, and with all his meditations on the world to come. "In necessary things unity, in unnecessary things liberty, in all things charity." This famous maxim was dug out by Baxter from an obscure German treatise\* and made almost

\* Works xxii. 8; xxiii. 145. I subjoin the account of this treatise from Herzog's Cyclopædia, a reference which I owe to the kindness of Mr. Thomas Hunter.

"Rupertus Meldenius was a conciliatory theologian of the seventeenth century, of the particulars of whose life nothing can be ascertained; even his name has been considered a fictitious one. He is known only by one writing, *Paranesis votiva pro pace ecclesie ad Theologos Augustanæ Confessionis*. As early as 1736, J. G. Pfeiffer, professor of theology in Leipzig, feared that the writing might be lost, and caused it to be printed in his *Miscellanea Theologica*, and from these Lücke has it in his work—'Upon the age, the author, the original form, and proper sense of the ecclesiastical formula of concord, *In necessariis Unitas; in non necessariis Libertas; in utrisque Caritas*, Göttingen, 1850.'

"Lücke tries to determine the time of Meldenius, when he made it apparent from the *Paranesis* that he was personally acquainted with John Arnd, and wrote this work between the twentieth and fortieth years of the seventeenth century. By means of the work *Stabilimentum Irenicum*, 1635, discovered in the Hamburg Library, in which some sentences of the *Paranesis* are quoted, this conjecture of Lücke's is confirmed. As to the author we discover indeed nothing, still it mentions him as a well-known man, with no indication that the name was fictitious.

"Rupert Meldenius was a true exponent of the formula of concord; he does not think of a union of both churches; but in the midst of the troubles of the Thirty Years' War he longs for the inner peace of the Church, for a practical piety instead of the dry controversial theology of the schools. Nevertheless, he is far from all extravagance; he is healthy throughout, in that time a very rare phenomenon. The *Paranesis* consists of two parts: in the first, the author describes shortly the position of the Lutheran Church, and in the second he presents the remedy. He charges the theologians that they do not properly distinguish between things necessary and unnecessary; one must be always prepared for combat, but one must not continuously strive. In order effectually to build up a church the minister must be in the holiness of his life blameless. Nothing is more to be dreaded than pharisaic hypocrisy, out of which proceed *φιλόδοξια, φιλαργυρία*, and

\* "Poetical Fragments," Aug. 7, 1681. Works, xxii. 2.

† Orme, ii. 239.

‡ Works, xv. 207; xxiii. 440, 441.

§ Works, xv. 174, 184; xxiii. 441.



the motto of his life, and now it has gradually entered into universal literature, and been deemed worthy of no lesser name than that of the great Augustine, who, I fear with all his power and piety, never, or hardly ever, wrote anything so good or so wise as this. Listen to a few of the sayings in which Baxter carried out this maxim — "I tell you that if you use but true love and willingness in a diligent, reformed, pious, and righteous life, there is, certainly there is, saving faith and knowledge within."\* "I will not be one that shall condemn or reject a lover of God and Christ and holiness for want of distinct particular knowledge, or words to utter it aright." "The least contested points are commonly the most weighty."†

Again and again, amidst all his own limitations and contradictions, he falls back on the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Decalogue, as the essentials and fundamentals of religion; and maintains that "no particular words in the world are essential to our religion; otherwise no man could be saved without the language those words belonged to." And even to the objection, so terrifying in his own age as in our own, that the breadth of this scheme would admit the Papist and the Socinian, he boldly replied, "So much the better, and so much the fitter it is to be the matter of our concord."‡ "For myself," he says, "I will take no narrow name; I will be a Christian, a mere Christian, a Catholic Christian." That much abused word "Cath-

olic" was to him the expression of his dearest convictions. He always uses it in its original sense of "universal," "comprehensive." It runs through the titles of his treatises, it forms the staple of his arguments. If it ever could be redeemed from its perverted use, it would have been by the persistent accuracy with which he was determined to employ it. In the last resort sin and moral evil were, in his judgment, the only grounds of division in Christendom — holiness and moral goodness the only grounds of union here or hereafter.

3. It was by no hasty or presumptuous partisanship that Baxter arrived at a Christian liberality so far beyond his age. In some respects it cut directly across the grain of his own combative dogmatism; across the current of his own impassioned earnestness. But he has enabled us to see the processes by which he reached these serener heights, and the process is even more instructive than the conclusions, — perhaps even congenial to some to whom the conclusions may be startling and offensive. It is now many years ago since on one of the few occasions when I had the pleasure of meeting the late Sir James Stephen, he recommended me, with his own peculiar solemnity, to read the last twenty-four pages of the first part of Baxter's "Narrative of his Own Life."\* "Lose not a day in reading it," he said; "you will never repent of it." That very night I followed his advice, and I have ever since, publicly and privately, advised every theological student to do the same. It was a passage easy to be found, for, with a singular concurrence of favourable testimony, it was extracted as the very flower of Baxter's writings† in a well-

φιλονεικία. The chief faults of the theologian of the time the author describes in ten pages, and concludes with the exclamation, *Serva nos, Domine, aliquoquin perimus*. In contradistinction to these shortcomings, Rupert describes in the second part the contrary virtues, humility, contentment, love of peace, which the Christian must practise. A lack of love is the cause of all sorrow. Knowledge there is enough of, but love, the true salt, is deficient. One can scarcely believe that a minister, whose sins are forgiven by God, should not cover the faults in the writings of his colleagues with the mantle of love. *Omnium vero norma*, says Rupert, *sit caritas cum prudentia quidam pia et humilitate non ficta conjuncta*. Rupert does not altogether reject controversial theology, but there must be connected with it a pious and thoughtful moderation. It is very much to be feared that one would rather lose than win the love of Christ in his heart by the transgression of moderation in the discernment of divine secrets. The old saying is familiar, *Nimium alienando amittitur veritas*. Then Rupert compares the former and present condition of Christendom, and concludes with saying, *Si nos servaremus in necessariis Unitatem; in non necessariis Libertatem; in utrisque Caritatem, optimo certe loco essent res nostræ*. . . . This writing, with its breath of genuine piety, appears in these days of ours, to have been soon forgotten without particular effect, but it remains to us as a monument that God, even in those dreary times, did not lack men who could have led in the right way, but that he found none to listen."

\* Works, xv. 218; xvi. 336.

† Ibid. xxiii. 271.

‡ Narrative of his Own Life, p. 198.

\* Book I., Part I., pp. 124-138. The passage has lately been republished in a separate form.

† In the fifth volume (p. 552-597) of "Ecclesiastical Biography; or, Lives of Eminent Men Connected with the History of Religion in England." By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., late master of Trinity College, Cambridge, father of the present bishop of Lincoln and the present bishop of St. Andrew's, and brother of the poet. The interesting address of Bishop Charles Wordsworth to which I refer above was delivered in Kidderminster on August 22, 1862, on "The Reunion of the Church in Great Britain." The poet's opinion was communicated to the master's wife, and by her to her husband: — "Your brother says the most interesting part of your book is in Baxter's account of himself, — of which there is too little, — and the most dull and tedious is Philip Henry, of which there is too much. On the whole he is much pleased with your work. He and his sister have read it through." The master — as I learn from the bishop of St. Andrews, to whose kindness I owe these family reminiscences — when he was compiling his "Christian Institutes" for "Students in the Universities and the Junior Members of the several Learned and Liberal Professions," and "wished to insert in them the best and most comprehensive catechetical work he could find in the English language,"



known work by an eminent Churchman of the last generation — father of two gifted bishops, one of our own, the other of the Scottish Episcopal communion. From the latter of this episcopal pair, who once delivered an address in this place, full of admiration of your famous pastor, I have received a letter written by the poet Wordsworth, bearing his own unbiased witness to the extraordinary excellence of this extract: "The most interesting part," writes the poet to his learned brother, "of all the work is Baxter's account of himself."

The passage is indeed worthy of all these praises. It stands in the very foremost rank of autobiographical reflections; and I make bold to say that in permanent practical instruction it as much excels anything even in the "Confessions" of Augustine, as in ordinary fame it falls below them. It sums up the "soul-experiment" by which the venerable man, at the close of his eventful life, acquaints his readers "what change God had made upon his mind and heart since the unriper times of his youth, and where he had differed in judgment and disposition from his former self." The interest of this summary is not merely that it reiterates in every shape and form that desire for unity of which I have already spoken, but that it points out the various stages by which every serious student of human nature and of his own history may rise above the crude and narrow notions by which all men, especially perhaps all religious men, are exposed in their early or their less instructed years.

The substitution of solid for superficial knowledge; the sense of the uselessness of verbal controversy; the keen perception of the difference between essentials and non-essentials; the assurance that "the best doctrine and study is that which maketh men better and conduceth to render them happy;" the clear insight into the various gradations of certainty; the transition from morbid introspection of self to the contemplation of the Infinite goodness and wisdom; the growth of learning and experience that led him to distrust any exclusive authority, and to despise more and more the spirit of party; the power of "seeing more good and more

evil in all men and in all churches than heretofore;" the acknowledgment that goodness, and goodness alone, whether amongst heathens or Christians, is the sole and the efficient condition of salvation; the growth of toleration even for those whom his own times and his own feelings led him most to suspect and fear; his increased horror of separation; his increased indifference to the approbation of men; his detestation of "selfishness" \* — that new word which he and his Puritan friends appear to have coined for the express purpose of expressing their virtuous indignation against it — these are the seeds of great and fruitful thoughts which the training of a long life had sown in his own mind, and which, through his record of them, he has sown for all future generations. Read that touching narrative, my younger friends, for it contains the very warning which you all need, whether Churchman or Nonconformist, whether Radical, Liberal, or Conservative — for possibly you may be amongst those very characters that he elsewhere describes; as "young and raw, like young fruit, sour and harsh, addicted to pride of their own opinions, to self-conceitedness, turbulency, censoriousness, and temerity, and to engage themselves for a cause and party before they understood the matter." Read it, my older friends, for it is the very point at which we ought all to have reached, and which not to have reached is our bitter shame and condemnation; be amongst those whom he describes as "ancient and experienced Christians, that have tried the spirits and have seen which was of God and which of man; and noted the work of both in the world, like ripe fruit mellow and sweet." †

And neither in this immortal passage, nor elsewhere, does Baxter allow us to forget that these free and noble aspirations, these counsels of moderation ‡ and philosophical discrimination, are founded on those eternal principles of true religion, which of themselves banish and drive away a whole brood of errors on the right hand and on the left. What can be more complete than that reply to the vast herd of controversialists who use words without meaning and doctrines without defini-

made choice of Baxter's "Catechising of Families," "in preference to all others, after the fullest deliberation." I add a memorandum of the old Cambridge Churchman's favourite works, furnished by the same kind authority. "STANDING DISHES. (Theology). — Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, Butler, Leighton, Baxter. (Miscellaneous) Verse. — Shakespeare, Milton, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth. Prose. — Bacon, Burke, Milton."

\* The word occurs frequently in Baxter. For the novelty of its appearance see Archbishop Trench's "Study of Words."

† "Narrative of his own Life," Part II., p. 144, and "Farewell Letter" (unpublished).

‡ For the way in which "moderation" was the especial pride of the English Presbyterian party of that day, see Hunt's "Religious Thought in England," i. 410.



tion? "There is no confuting a man that saith nothing. Nonsense is unanswerable, if thou hast enough of it." \* "O happy the world, happy the kingdoms, most happy the churches of Christ, if we could possibly bring men to know their ignorance." † "In a word, almost all the contentions of divines, the sects, the factions, the unreconciled feuds, the differences in religion, which have been the taunt of the devil and of his emissaries in the world, have come from pretended knowledge and taking uncertain for certain truths." ‡ What a tissue of theological falsehood and frivolity could be rent to pieces if that hope were fulfilled! "When will the Lord persuade us not to be wise above that which is written; but to acknowledge that which is unrevealed to be beyond us; and that which is more darkly revealed to be more doubtful to us." "Being in sickness cast far from home, where I had no book but my Bible, I set to study the truth from thence, and so, by the blessing of God, discovered more in one week than I had in seventeen years' reading, hearing, and wrangling." § What a healing, pacifying, invigorating influence is wrapt up in that title of one of his books: "Catholic Theology, plain, pure, and peaceable, for the pacification of the dogmatical word-warriors, who, by contending about things not revealed, or not understood, and by taking verbal differences for real, and their arbitrary notions for necessary sacred truths, deceive and deceiving by ambiguous unexplained words, have long been the shame of the Christian religion; . . . written chiefly for posterity, when sad experience has taught men to hate theological logical wars, and to love, sue, and care for peace." || What a new face would be put on our disputes, whether in private or public life, if we were to engrave on our hearts these aphorisms: — "Acquaint yourselves with healing truths; and labour to be as skilful in the work of pacifying and agreeing men, as most are in the work of dividing and disagreeing. Know it to be a part of your catholic work to be peacemakers, and therefore study how to do it as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. I think most divines themselves in the world do study differences a hundred hours, for one hour that ever they study the healing of differences; and

that is a shameful disproportion. Do not bend all your wits to find what more may be said against others, and to make the differences as wide as you can, but study as hard to find out men's agreements, and to reduce the differences to as narrow a compass as is possible. And to that end, be sure that you see the true state of the controversy, and distinguish all that is merely verbal from that which is material; and that which is but about methods and modes and circumstances from that which is about substantial truths; and that which is about the inferior truths, though weighty, from that which is about the essentials of Christianity. Be as industrious for peace among others, as if you smarted by it yourself; seek it, and beg it, and follow it, and take no nay. Make it the work of your lives. Lay the unity of the Church upon nothing but what is essential to the Church. Seek after as much truth, and purity, and perfection as you can, but not as necessary to the essence of the Church, or any member of it; nor to denominate and specify your faith and religion by. Tolerate no error or sin so far as not to seek the healing of it: but tolerate all error and sin consisting with Christian faith and charity, so far as not to unchristian and unchurch men for them. Own no man's errors or sins, but own every man that owneth Christ, and whom Christ will own, notwithstanding those errors and infirmities that he is guilty of. Bear with those that Christ will bear with; especially learn the master duty of self-denial, for it is self that is the greatest enemy to catholicism." \*

And with this larger view of Christian communion, the whole horizon of Christian thought was enlarged also. When, a few years ago, the cause of theological inquiry pleaded for its life before the tribunals of our church and country, Baxter was one of the chief witnesses evoked from the past to bear his venerable testimony to the boundless wealth, variety and freedom of Biblical study. † The possibility of a religious man doubting some parts of the Old Testament without abandoning the New ‡ — doubting even the New Testament without abandoning the fundamental principles of the Christian faith, was as clear to his mind as to some of the boldest thinkers of our own time — as clear

\* Works, xvi. 474.

† Ibid. xv. 116.

‡ Ib. xv. 89.

§ Ib. xxii. 237; Orme ii. 46.

|| Ibid. xvi. 367, 368.

\* Works, xvi. 367, 368, comp. 282, 347, 393, 405, 436, 447; xv. 94.

† See "Defence of Dr. Rowland Williams before the Court of Arches," by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen in 1862, p. 128-133.

‡ Works, xv. 46, 60, 61, 73, 74.



as to that eminent scholar and philosopher, the most learned, the wisest, and the ablest of English bishops who has just been taken from amongst us.\* However much at times his statements may have been darkened by the subtleties of his time, yet on the whole he maintained — against the scholastic, Lutheran, or Puritan view of “imputed righteousness” and “substitution” — the moral and spiritual doctrine of Christian redemption, as set forth in the Gospels and the Epistles, or in the most philosophic of German and English divines.† The confidence in the internal evidence of religion as alone sufficient, was as deeply rooted in his soul as in that of Coleridge, or Arnold, or Carlyle. “The melody of music is better known by hearing it than by reports of it. So there is a latent sense in us of the effects of the gospel in our own hearts which will ever cause us to love it and to hold it fast.”‡

Such was the teaching of the great pastor, and such was he himself — “Richard Baxter,” (to use his own words) “who, by God’s blessing on long and hard studies, hath learnt to know that he knoweth but little, and to suspend his judgment of uncertainties, and to take great, necessary, and certain things for the food of his faith and comfort and the measure of his church communion.”§ Even in his outward life he exemplified as few men else have ever done the confluence of all Christian influences. He was born of Puritan parents, yet converted by a book of Jesuit devotions. He was ordained in Anglican orders, offered an Anglican bishopric, the pastor of an Anglican parish, even a candidate, though an unsuccessful candidate, for a place in || convocation; yet the oracle and patriarch of Evangelical Nonconformity, the friend of Calamy and Howe, of Hampden, and of Pym. Immersed as he was in the controversial theology of the Puritans, he was yet the zealous admirer of Richard Hooker, the most majestic of our divines, of George Herbert, the most saintly of our sacred poets — Herbert in whose “temple” he took refuge with the “sound of Aaron’s ¶ bells from the jingling of scholastic philosophy;” — and he delighted in the converse of Tillotson and Tillotson’s disciples and companions, whom the fanatics of his own and of \*\*

later times have so severely condemned as almost unworthy of the name of Christian. He is claimed as the first parent of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the most venerable of the missionary societies of the Church; he is claimed also as the first parent of the extreme school \*

compare the like attacks of the non-jurors on the same divines.

\* In connection with the relations of the Unitarians to Baxter, it may be interesting to insert the accompanying letters. The first is from the late lamented J. J. Taylor, who in his sermon on Nonconformity speaks of “Baxter, whom we are proud to claim as our spiritual progenitor.” He had spoken to me in the same strain in 1863, and sent me as a proof his own well-worn copy of Arthur Young’s “Baxteriana” with these words: —

“Young’s introduction always struck me as singularly touching and beautiful. The chief defect in his selection is, that arranging his extracts under practical heads, he has no reference to the dates of the works whence they are taken. As Baxter’s mind was pre-eminently a progressive one, growing in freedom and insight, and expanding in love to the very last, this total disregard to chronology in his compiler may have occasioned here and there an apparent, in some cases even a real, inconsistency between the tone and tendency of the different extracts. Nevertheless, with all the defects with which it can be reasonably charged, this little volume ever seemed to me full of spiritual wealth.”

The second is from the Rev. James Martineau, in 1875. He writes as follows: —

“In his posthumous autobiography and review of his times, Baxter exhibits in his own person a large portion of the same change from dogmatic to moral and spiritual Christianity, which his influence bequeathed to the so-called ‘Presbyterian’ congregations. Without any indication of material doctrinal change in himself, his confessions abound in sentiments of the most comprehensive charity, and in words of longing for a union of Christians by a simplification of the terms of fellowship. When it was objected to him that his Church scheme would let in ‘the Papist or the Socinian,’ he replied, ‘so much the better for concord;’ adding that the proper way to deal with them, so far as they were wrong, was not to set up a test against them, and compel them to consolidate their error in institutions of their own, but to keep them at home and ‘call them to account’ by reasonable remonstrance, when they seemed to misrepresent the truth. For himself, he will take no narrow name; though he will say what he thinks on disputed points to any one that cares to know, and teach what he deems true to the people. But he will be ‘a Christian, a mere Christian,’ or, ‘if that be not enough, a Catholic Christian.’

“This aversion to tests and creeds became universal and traditional among the ‘English Presbyterians;’ and, in the entire absence of any attempt at a Presbyterian order ecclesiastically, remained the sole distinction contrasting them with the Independents, who always retained the inner circle of the Church (i.e., communicants admitted by examination) as distinct from the congregation. The open usage of the Presbyterians gradually led to variations of doctrinal opinions, Arminian, Arian, Unitarian in the modern sense; so that our spiritual ancestry is undoubtedly found in the Baxterian line, as our material possessions, chapels, grave-yards, endowments, are an inheritance of similar descent.

“I wish I could say that in departing from the theology of Baxter, we were faithful to the catholicity which has given us the power to change. But, on the emergence of Priestley’s definite humanitarianism, the doctrinal interest came to the front; numbers of people began to come in from more dogmatic churches; societies for defence and propagation of a special theology were formed; congregations helped by them caught the infection of a narrow zeal, and, forgetting the old Baxterian hatred of party badges, thought it a point of

\* Bishop Thirlwall died on July 27, 1875.

† See Orme, ii. 42, 43, 55, 56, 130, with the hostile remarks of the editor.

‡ Hunt’s “Religious Thought in England,” i. 276, 464.

§ Works, xv. p. ii. || Orme, i. 253; ii. 442.

¶ Orme i. 147. The whole passage is beautiful.

\*\* See the bitter complaints of Orme, i. 327; and



of Nonconformity which in Kidderminster possesses his pulpit, and which, in a wider sense, dating its spiritual lineage from his large and liberal spirit, has often, with whatever departure from his theology, lifted up before the churches the banner of tolerance and freedom that Baxter was among the first to unfurl. He was the champion, sometimes the almost solitary champion, of scrupulous consciences, in his gallant protests against what he deemed the imposition of unjust tests and burdens, whether against the Solemn League and Covenant\* of the Church of Scotland, or against the too stringent enforcement of the Articles and Prayer-Book of the Church of England, yet still entreating his flock at Kidderminster and his disciples throughout the kingdom to avoid separation, to adhere to the national Church, to assist in its services, and to share in its communion. In all these multiplied aspects Baxter was a living proof that Churchmanship and nonconformity,† that breadth of thought and fervour of devotion, not only can co-exist in the same Church, but in the same individual.

And is not this noble monument a standing, speaking proof of the same great doctrine? Around his statue at this moment stand the representatives of the three great officials, who, without a sigh or a struggle, saw his expulsion from Kidderminster—the lord-lieutenant of the county, the bishop of the diocese, the vicar of the parish. Round the same statue are gathered also the representatives of the two camps of Nonconformists, so hostile to each other in the seventeenth century—in the language of Dryden, the Presbyterian “Wolf,” and the Independent “Bear”—the representatives, let me rather say, of those diverging lines of saint-like men, who, through Priestley and Channing on the one side, through Watts and Doddridge on the other, have adorned the two opposite schools of Nonconforming opinion. And not only on a special occasion like this, but on the march of imperial and ecclesiastical legislation, which in this country are happily still undivided, his principles have left the trace of their enduring triumph. The galling subscriptions,‡ the excessive demand of uniform-

ity, under which he and his brethren suffered, and but for which they would never have been parted from us, have been one and all, some of them within the last few years, swept away by an indignant Church and nation. The enlightened protests which he was almost the first to deliver against the fierce anathemas and the exclusive doctrines contained or implied in some passages of our formularies, have been endorsed by at least half of the clergy and almost all the episcopate.\* The scheme which he proposed, of approved and tolerated churches, has been made the basis of our whole ecclesiastical polity. The interchange of social intercourse, which he sought to establish between the different classes of English Christians in Kidderminster and Worcestershire, is all but accomplished throughout the land.† The grand ideal of a national Church,‡ after which he panted as a hart panteth after the water-brooks, is now increasingly in the ascendant in the highest minds; and, unless intercepted by some unexpected and untoward catastrophe, will surely be accomplished—if not in the exact form which he suggested, yet in some form or other; if not in our days, yet in the days of our children. In his last hours, as in his full activity, he said,—and it was a speech pregnant in far-reaching consequences, the very seed of the Church of the Future,—“I would as willingly be a martyr for charity as for faith.” “I would rather be a martyr for love than for any other article of the Christian creed.”§

III. And this leads me to one final remark. We must not forget that he whom we now commemorate with such peaceful unanimity, in his lifetime lived in a whirl of discord and turmoil. Partly, no doubt, from his own eager polemics; partly and chiefly from the perpetual misunderstandings to which a character beyond his time is exposed. By Quakers he was attacked as a child of darkness; || by Calvinists as

\* Orme, i. 482-498.

† Orme, ii. 206.

‡ There is a touching passage, in which he expresses his hope that Richard Cromwell might accomplish this task, “who had been strangely kept from participating in the late bloody actions, that God might make him the healer of our breaches, and employ him in that temple work which David himself might not be honoured with, though he had it in his heart, because he had shed blood already, and made great wars (Works, xiv. 1, 2).” Contrast this with his editor’s words. — Orme, ii. 229.

§ Baxter’s Narrative, p. 364.

|| In contrast to the Quakers of that day, a respected “Friend” of our own time, has told me that a member of the Society of Friends sent a copy of the “Saints’ Rest” to the Duke of Wellington, which many years afterwards his son believed that he saw as

honour to assume the word ‘Unitarian’ as an ecclesiastical name, and a merit to build up an organized ‘Unitarian Church;’ and, under these influences, we are fast losing the noblest feature of our historical position, and handing over the future to those who inherit a less freedom, but appreciate and exercise a greater.”

\* Orme, i. 138.

† See Orme, i. 82.

‡ Orme, ii. 242.



a fanatical Quaker; by Churchmen as a Socinian; \* by Independents as a Papist; by Royalists as a traitor doomed to the very depths of hell.† All this is now past. The pamphlets of his assailants, his own rejoinders and counter-rejoinders, have sunk deeper than ever plummet sounded. The chaff of his life, the chaff of his writings is sifted and winnowed away; and the wheat, the pure wheat remains to be gathered into the eternal garner. It is a proof of his real goodness and eminence—it is a proof of what real goodness and eminence can achieve—that the noble memories of his character have survived and over-balanced the trivial, the distasteful, the acrimonious elements with which it was encompassed. The admiration of the best spirits of his own and future time has prevailed over the violence of petty faction and petty jealousy, and over his own contentious self. Sir Matthew Hale in his unfailing friendship; Lord William Russell in his dying testimony; Burnet in his grateful acknowledgments; Usher, when he entreated him to write the “Call to the Unconverted;” Eliot,‡ the apostle of the Indians, when he translated that book next after the Bible; Arthur Young, who, after a brilliant and stirring life, in old age and blindness, found his peace at last in the thought of Baxter’s soul “reposing on the bosom of a Saviour’s love”—all these turn out to be more correct judges, more prescient seers than the narrow partisans who saw in him a mere butt for scorn and slander, or a mere combatant of an opposite school. In this, our day, they have had an echo in the applauding voice of the most accomplished and the most eloquent of our living prelates, the most philosophical of our divines, the most genial and venerable of our clergy, whether Conforming or Nonconforming. His tall commanding figure, his gaunt features, by the art of the sculptor, are once more seen among us. They now recall something higher and more universal even than his efforts after union, or his struggles for liberty. He and his works have entered into that everlasting rest for which he so longed.§ He has taught us

the way to that rest in words which rise above the jargon of all sects, and may strike a chord in the most philosophic, no less than in the most devout mind.\* His uplifted hand calls to the unconverted, as of the seventeenth, so of the nineteenth, century, “to turn and live;” to turn † and live in accordance with the thousand voices of the Bible, of conscience, of good example, of nature; to turn from all our mean, degrading sins; from all our frivolity, self-indulgence, idleness, corruption, and party spirit; from that want of charity, and want of truth, and want of faith, which depress us all alike, upwards to the higher and more heavenly frame of heart, to the peculiar nobleness of spirit, which, as he truly says, distinguishes not only men from beasts, or the good from the bad, but the best of men from the mediocrity of their kind.

Not only in the turmoil of controversy, but in the toil and misery of daily life, in the restlessness of this restless age, his serene countenance tells us of that unseen, better world, where “there remaineth a rest for the people of God.” It reminds us of that entire resignation wrung from his lips in those latest words: “Where Thou wilt, what Thou wilt, how Thou wilt.” ‡ It reminds us of the high and humble hope that “after the rough and tempestuous day we shall at last have the quiet silent night—light and rest together; the quietness of the night without its darkness.” §

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quieting powerful opiate; to my dulled powers, it is spirit and life; to my dark eyes, it is both eyesalve and a prospective; to my taste, it is sweetness; to mine ears, it is melody; to my hands and feet, it is strength and nimbleness. Methinks I feel it digest, as it proceeds, and increase my active heat and moisture; and lying as a reviving cordial at my heart, from thence doth send forth lively spirits, which beat through all the pulses of my soul. Rest, not as the stone that rests upon the earth, nor as those clods of flesh shall rest in the grave—so our beasts must rest as well as we; nor such rest as the carnal world desireth. No, we have another rest from these—rest from sin, but not from worship—from sorrow, but not from solace.”—Works, xxiii. 407.

\* “A heart in heaven is the highest excellence of good spirits here, and the noblest part of the Christian disposition. As there is not only a difference between men and beasts, but also among men between the noble and the base; so there is also not only a common calling whereby a Christian differs from the world, but also a peculiar nobleness of spirit whereby the more exalted differs from the rest, especially in a higher and more heavenly frame of spirit. Other creatures have their faces to the earth; only man, of all inferior creatures, is made with a face directed heavenward. As the noblest of creatures, so the noblest of Christians, are they that are set most direct for heaven.”—Works, xxiii. 224.

† See the striking passage at the close of the “Call to the Unconverted.”

‡ Orme, i. 496.

§ Works, xxiii. 442.

one of the three books on the table of the duke, by his camp-bed, at Walmer Castle.

\* Works, xxii. 221.

† Orme, ii. 392, 375.

‡ Orme, ii. 101.

§ “Rest—how sweet a word is this to mine ears. Methinks the sound doth turn to substance, and having entered at the ear doth possess my brain, and thence descendeth down to my very heart; methinks I feel it stir and work, and that, through all my parts and powers, but with a various work on my various parts. To my wearied senses and languid spirits, it seems a



From The Spectator.

THE CLOCKMAKERS OF THE SCHWARZWALD.

THE Baden State Railway, running in an unbroken line from the Rhine plain at Mannheim to the shores of the Bodensee at Constance, forms two sides of that part of the Grand Duchy of Baden which in Germany is called Badischer Schwarzwald. Along this line go great numbers of English tourists hurrying to Switzerland, and rushing back again to England, but they seldom set foot in any part of this district, except in the town of Freiburg, a pleasant point to break a long and somewhat tedious journey. The dark hills thickly covered with pine-trees, which the traveller sees from the windows of his carriage, generally serve to remind him of the grander mountains he has left, or of the peaks which he hopes to climb. But among these hills is much picturesque and quaint scenery, of a character at once unique and distinct from that of countries more frequented by the traveller. From any high ground, lofty hills can be seen extending towards the horizon, more or less clothed with black pine-forests, broken here and there by the lighter foliage in the valleys, or by the open patches of cultivated land. There are cottage farms, with huge black and spreading roofs, better built, and showing signs of greater prosperity and comfort than in most mountainous districts. The village houses are less thickly grouped, and everything indicates an active and industrious people. In the valleys are many charming landscapes; the scale is small, but the perfect union of water and rock, of wood and meadow, produces harmonious and delightful pictures. Among the thick and fragrant woods the scenes are different, more weird and wild, but none the less attractive. Among these woods and hills dwell a people who unite the simplicity and kindness of the mountaineer and agriculturist with the shrewdness and energy of the artisan of the town. They cultivate their land with surprising care, and work at the manufacture of clocks and watches, glass and straw articles, with a diligence which has been rewarded by great success. They are so energetic and desirous of doing well in life, that like the men of the Canton Graubünden and the Oetzthal Alps, they willingly leave their own country and go away to England, America, or France, where they work hard, chiefly at clocks and watches. But to this desire for bettering their condition is united a strong love of home, so that in three or four years

they come back with sufficient money to buy themselves a piece of land, on which for the rest of their days they live; they settle down, and their children will do as they have done.

The first thing which a stranger does at Furtwangen is to see the exhibition of the Gewerbevereins, and at Tryberg the Gewerbe Hall, open from May to October. The latter is a wooden building of some taste, where every variety of clock can be seen which the ingenuity of the Schwarzwalders can devise or his fingers execute. Round the walls and on the tables are clocks of every sort. Nearly all are of wood, though here and there is a fragile one of straw or ivory. The first which attracts attention is a very fine specimen of wood-carving; the figures and design are cut in lime-wood, and it stands two feet high. The fingers and hours are of ivory. The attendant puts it to two o'clock, and it forthwith plays a melodious air, as of the most delicate flutes. The next is still larger, and as the hour strikes a miniature band plays "*Der Wacht am Rhein*." We pass on to one made of beech and walnut, the dark and light wood being charmingly blended. As the fingers touch the hour, two helmeted trumpeters step out and blow the reveille. Then there are cuckoos which strike up at the hour and thrushes who sing at the quarter, venerable monks standing beneath the belfry ring the hour when midnight comes. The automaton clock comes next, and we watch a sort of Pickwickian fat boy feed himself with rolls till three has finished striking. The taste and minuteness of the carving in the largest or the smallest point are very great; the regulator on the pendulum of the smallest clock represents, perhaps, an oak-leaf, or some simple, but still graceful object. Nor are more methodical and stronger-looking clocks wanting; they are of every kind; they will suit the kitchen or the boudoir. The excellence of the external work is equalled by that of the machinery, for having once gained a reputation, the inhabitants of these hills take care that it shall not be lost. The Gewerbeverein, or Union, guarantee the goodness of each clock which hangs on the walls.

Thirty years ago a really good little clock could have been bought for sixpence or eightpence, but now, with communication more easy, the small ones are sold for four or five shillings, the cheapest trumpeter for six pounds. Every workman has his special piece of work; one carves the figures, another prepares the



dial, a third the wheels, a fourth the pendulum, so that on one clock many hands are employed. Under this system, within a radius of sixty English miles, the number of clocks or watches turned out annually is nearly seven hundred thousand. Figures convey but small impressions to the mind, but if it is remembered that five thousand men are working at this trade, and that there are only about two thousand five hundred inhabitants in Furtwangen and fifteen hundred in Tryberg, it will be seen how strong a hold this trade has upon the people of the Schwarzwald.

It chanced that towards the end of the seventeenth century a family named Kreuz, more enterprising or clever than their neighbours, lived in the village of Neukirch. They made a rude clock, works and frame of wood, with a weight, and this was given or sold to the parish priest. This idea was not lost upon others of the enterprising Schwarzwalders, and the example was soon followed, and not long afterwards the farmhouses of the district began to be adorned with other wooden clocks. Two men were very apt at the work, they may almost be called the fathers of the art; their names were Lorenz Frei, called "the Woodworker," and Solomon Henniger, of St. Märgen. The germs now rapidly developed; the simple carving of wooden stands or frames gave place to the more elaborate work of ornamental clockmaking; the wood, the want of other occupations, the uncommon industry, acuteness, and union of the people, the freedom from political and other disturbing causes, all promoted this quick growth. Hawkers sold the clocks throughout Germany, and the Schwarzwald soon became celebrated throughout the empire.

The clocks were at first very simple in construction, wooden wheels and carved frames. It was not until between the years 1730 and 1740 that the first cuckoo clock—which is one of the class called *Spieluhren*, or clocks of amusement—was introduced, by Franz Ketterer, of Schönwald, a small hamlet on the hill above Tryberg, who is the real originator of the description of clock for which the Black Forest is most noted. This was novel enough for a time, but more minds set to work, and forty years later Anthony Duffner devised the first flute clock. Soon a real, noteworthy advance took place, in the introduction of the first pendulum clock. Then the fancy of one Kirner, a Schwarzwaldler, who had become court painter to the king of Bavaria,

suggested that very pleasant instrument, the trumpet clock. There were now five hundred persons engaged in the clock-trade in the Black Forest, and it had become the recognized occupation of the people. The work was all done by hand; not for some years was machinery used. But instead of the primitive fashion of each family working for themselves, masters and workmen began to appear; and as time went on, the change became more and more complete, till in 1849, the Grand Duke Leopold was asked to assist in founding a clock and watchmakers' school. The government of Baden at once acceded, and they gave ten thousand florins for the purpose of defraying some of the building expenses and to carry on the work of the institution—the community of Furtwangen gave wood and materials—and in 1850 the Clockmakers' School at Furtwangen was opened. Thus almost before the workmen of England had begun to think of technical schools, the peasants of a distant German province had already set one on foot. It has given new impetus to the work, and by the introduction of a special literature and instruction, in no small degree aided the general education of the people of this and the neighbouring villages, as well as the actual technical branch which it was created to improve. The school has two main objects. Firstly, the education of the young by literary and theoretical teaching in the elements on which the art of clockmaking is composed, that is, in the general principles common to any scientific manufacture, and in the more intricate details belonging specially to this one branch. Secondly, the improvement of the trade by a practical school or workshop, where the theories already taught can be carried out, where new improvements and methods can be tried, and where practical instruction can be given. Two important principles are acted upon in carrying out these aims,—the instruction is free, and it is not in the place of, but subsidiary to, and based on, that which is given in the *Folkschule*, or public elementary schools. This is important to notice, because there is too great a tendency in England to begin at the wrong end, not only in the lower branches of technical instruction, but also in those of a higher and more intellectual grade, and make technical supply the place of general teaching. Briefly put, these are some of the details connected with the school. The age of admittance is fourteen, and the pupil must have



passed through the *Folkschule*, a yearly examination, yearly distribution of prizes, a library containing technical and scientific books and models, and a period of study not confined to any particular time or length. The subjects taught are: (a) freehand and ornamental drawing; (b) arithmetic, geometry, and lineal drawing; (c) constructive drawing; (d) mechanics and natural science; (e) heads of German industry and mercantile business; (f) French, when possible.

There are a few minutiae to notice as to the workshop. The most important are that the workers must bring their own tools, unless they can show satisfactorily that they are too poor to afford them, when they will obtain them freely at the shop. The government defrays the expense of living at Furtwangen of those also who would be unable to attend out of their own means. There are saw-mills and other appliances for doing the rougher work, preparatory to the more delicate details of the instructive workshop. Lastly, the whole is under the supervision of the government, through the minister of industry. The school and shop have both succeeded well, the trade increases every year, the prosperity of the people in an equal degree. As railways are extended, and the means of communication, not only with the immediate parts of Germany, but with the more distant countries of Europe and the world, become more easy, so undoubtedly will be seen a further extension of the business of the Schwarzwald.

It will be seen from these brief sketches that the wanderer in the Black Forest can not only receive pleasure from the charms of a peculiar and beautiful scenery,—he has also opportunities of studying some social features hardly to be found in more populous places. He finds—a long way from the great centres of commerce and manufactures—a simple and kind-hearted people, carrying on an ingenious trade quietly, yet actively, and keeping pace with modern improvements, for the peacefulness of the pine woods and the patriarchal simplicity of the villagers' lives seem to enable them to labour without the disturbing influences at work among so many industrial communities.

From The Saturday Review.  
COUNTRY TOWNS.

THE remarkable likeness which exists between all country towns is perhaps due to the fact that in them there is none of the excitement and pressure which stimulates to change in cities. It may be urged by those whose love for one particular town of the class extends to all others, that there is really no more resemblance between them than there is between all members of the human race. It would probably, however, be nearer the truth to say that there is as much difference between country towns as there is between members of the same family. There are certain well-marked features which are common to all of them; there is, for instance, the market-place, paved with stones, whose roughness recalls memories of Alpine pine-wood paths, in the centre of which stands the town pump, with which in some cases an economical ingenuity has combined a lamp-post. Whether the object of this combination is that water should be in readiness at all times to put out the lamp, or that thirsty souls should never miss their way to the pump in the darkness of night, cannot be determined. On market days, or when some such extraordinary attraction as a cracked and incompetent German band offers itself, the market-place is filled by what is termed "a seething crowd," and on these occasions the vast superiority of the French or German over the English country town in point of picturesqueness is especially remarkable. The duller, or, as some would call it, the steadier, character of the English peasant finds expression in the monotony of his attire, of which the dingy whiteness or sombre mud colour is never relieved by a speck of brilliancy; and the crowd which the flat scarlet caps of some of the Swiss and German peasants, or the bright blouses of the French, would light up into liveliness, becomes a mere heavy mass. The market-place is generally overlooked by a church, which is to a cathedral what a hobbledehoy is to a grown man; and not far from this is the high street, upon which the whole building energy of the town seems to have expended itself, so that the word street applied to the other roadways of the place is a mere courtesy title. In the case of an assize town an abnormal importance is at the time of assizes assumed by the courts, which for the most part are stuffy narrow buildings, of which the ventilation and general arrangement rival in badness the law courts at Westminster. The com-



ing round of her Majesty's judges of assize throws a halo of glory and responsibility not only upon the court-house but upon all the officials connected with it. These indeed have been known to become so filled with a stern sense of duty as to refuse admission to the bench to a judge's marshal, who, on proclaiming his title, was informed that, "marshal or general it made no difference; he couldn't go on the bench without his lordship's permission." It is perhaps hardly fair, however, to speak of assize towns under the general heading of country towns; for to most of these there comes no such frequent diversion with the revolving months as is brought by the advent of judges, barristers, and their following.

To some of those which are not dignified by the periodical visits of the gown, arms, in the shape of the militia, bring an annual excitement which can hardly be called wholesome, depending as it does in one class upon the amount of flirtation, in another upon the amount of beer got through. Where there is neither militia nor assizes, there is probably a fair, which for the two or three days that it lasts completely upsets and demoralizes the aspect of the place. All these things, however, only disturb and change the ordinary current of life in a country town, as a "bore" does that of a river which it passes over; and it is to the every-day aspect of affairs that one must look for the characteristics of the place and its inhabitants. As there is a considerable likeness in the buildings of most country towns, so is there in the kind of people that they contain. It might indeed be supposed that the outer resulted from the inner resemblance, and that, as the sameness of national characters produces national types of face, so does the sameness of the internal life collected in small towns mark itself in external objects. There will always be found a magnate or two, who are at the periods of their residence to the populace of a small town what royalty is to that of a city. Next to these come they who, upon the strength of being on visiting terms with them, assume the position of the resident aristocracy, and who, with a due regard for their station, are so particular in their choice of acquaintance that they incur an infinite amount of dislike and contempt from the people whom they wish to inspire with the same reverence which they themselves entertain for the magnates. It is remarkable that this class pride and jealousy seldom extend to the tradespeople of country towns, whose manners and educa-

tion are frequently far better than those of their fellows in London. The explanation of this is probably to be found in the fact that the business of each has often been handed down to him through a long line of ancestors, and that their dealings are almost exclusively with ladies and gentlemen. Another class who are generally found at their best in towns remote from the stir of cities are the old maids, of whose simplicity and single-heartedness Mrs. Gaskell writes with such admirable skill in "Cranford." On account of their position, unless they possess either wealth or rank, the so-called society of the place where they dwell is not kind to them—a fact which they seldom resent, but, accepting it as the natural and proper order of things, concentrate their energies upon the poor people of their districts, to whom their kindly presence and attention is invaluable. That they should spend much of their spare time in gossip is only natural; the human mind has a taste for excitement, and when there is none at hand provided by circumstance, is driven to make it for itself. Thus it is not surprising that to these good creatures the arrangement of a neighbour's tea-party, the meaning of the curate's attentions to the rector's daughter, or why Miss So-and-So wore pink ribbons instead of her usual blue at the horticultural show, become questions of absorbing interest. The afternoon visits and tea-parties at which matters of this importance are discussed, when fresh visitors keep dropping in, each with a fresh bundle of news, remind one somehow, perhaps by the fatuous excitement of the persons concerned, of the constant and aimless journeys to and fro which may be observed going on in a rabbit-warren. For the most part such gossips as these are, if trivial, harmless enough, and usually no great mischief results from the employment of putting two and two together and making five of them, which is their chief resource. If, however, one of the members of the society happens to be of a malignant disposition, she may by assiduous collection of tittle-tattle manage to construct a formidable scandal, just as by heaping together enough odds and ends of wood one may in time make a faggot.

In former days the bookseller's shop was the centre from which all news, social and personal, radiated. Any one anxious to diffuse a piece of information had only to visit this shop at a certain time of the day in order to be sure of finding a small crowd, all of whom were as anxious as were the Athenians for some new thing,



and each one of whom was desirous of being the first to give general currency to any novel statement. From the eagerness with which each picked up the story only to drop it elsewhere, it generally resulted that no one listened long enough to gain any accurate knowledge of the tale put forward; and thus, a variety of versions being spread, the original inventor's or adapter's object was thoroughly attained. In the bookseller's shop, also, the few men who were constituent parts of the population were accustomed to meet and interchange their ideas or what served them in their stead. But the facilities of obtaining books from London have greatly changed the position of the bookseller's shop in most country towns; where, from having served the purpose of a club, it has descended to occupying at best the position of a circulating library. In some cases the bookseller may also be the editor of the local paper, of which the principles sometimes illustrate strangely the boasted liberty of the English press. A visitor, for example, who was staying for some time in a small country town heard many complaints of a nuisance which a very little effort on the part of the authorities would have removed, and imagined that a paragraph in the local paper might be the best way of calling attention to this circumstance. On asking for the insertion of such a paragraph he was met with an awed and indignant refusal; the reason of which, elicited by severe cross-examination, was given in these words, spoken with a mixture of admiration for the daring of the suggestion and contempt for its ignorance: "Why! it would be censuring the police!"

The notion of the English emulating the Continental police by swooping upon the journal, suppressing it, and imprisoning its staff for sending forth such a paragraph, which would seem to be the origin of this reply, may have arisen from a laudable want of knowledge and consequent exaggeration of the powers and habits of the law's representatives. Where a policeman's province seldom extends beyond parading the streets in solemn dignity, he may well be invested with mystic and terrible attributes, as silent, stately Englishmen were wont to be by the Indian natives under their rule. And it is fair to observe that in the general run of small country towns the police have a remarkably easy time of it, and discharge their duties, which consist mainly in persuading drunken men to go home, and acting as peacemakers when a fight seems

likely to set in, with excellent discretion. But it is also to be observed that the quietness which lends a charm to picturesque country towns on moonlit nights, when the outlines of buildings stand out clear against the far-off sky, is apt to be disturbed by sounds of revelry which would not be out of place in a London back slum. The country labourer's notion of enjoying himself does not often go far beyond beer, and when he has enjoyed himself for long, his temper is frequently fractious and his language invariably offensive. But for him, as for the powers of the press, the law has a mysterious terror; and, so long as there is a policeman within sight or reach, the disturbances of a small country town seldom go further than words.

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FROM THE SATURDAY REVIEW.  
CHARACTER CONNOISSEURS.

THE vulgar tendency to simulate a knowledge about things where the requisite conditions of accurate information are clearly wanting has ever been a theme for philosophic satire. It is the recognition of this tendency which has led the thinking few to despise the opinion of the many as a spurious and counterfeit kind of cognition. From Plato, who distinctly excluded mere opinion from the category of certain knowledge, to the modern idealist who pays no heed to the strongest assurances of common sense, philosophers have made light of prevailing convictions on the ground that they are formed in haste and with no due appreciation of the conditions of a rational certainty. Not only so, but science itself, which might be supposed to maintain a more amicable attitude towards prevailing belief, has long since learnt to imitate philosophy in its contempt for vulgar ideas; and a scientific lecture would now be deemed wanting in spirit and point if it failed to illustrate by some startling example the wide opposition between the habitual inferences of common minds and the verified conclusions of the savant.

Nowhere perhaps does popular belief exhibit its hastiness and inadequacy more conspicuously than in the readiness of most persons to pronounce an opinion respecting the characters and motives of others. The confidence with which many a man and woman will talk about the desires and habits of a comparatively new acquaintance must strike a reflective mind as a signal illustration of the eagerness of mankind to seem wise. There are many whose



modesty and good sense would prevent their giving an opinion on any point of scientific knowledge or æsthetic appreciation, who nevertheless feel no hesitation in passing judgment respecting matters of conduct of which their knowledge is infinitesimal. Numbers of people who do not in the least seem to be ashamed of ignorance respecting most matters of discussion, are quite sensitive as to their reputation for knowledge with respect to the intricacies of human character. When, for example, there is an addition to the society of a small town through the arrival of a new family, there is the greatest impatience to have a definite and fixed opinion respecting the idiosyncrasies of the new-comers. There will certainly be more than one knowing person whose supposed quickness of perception will at once enable them, satisfactorily to themselves, to define and characterize the man or woman about whom curiosity is naturally aroused. It is curious, too, to notice the readiness of others to accord to these persons the special faculty for intuition which they claim for themselves. It has often been remarked that the first condition of winning the confidence of others is to display a fair amount of self-confidence, and this truth is fully illustrated in the case of the people whom we are now considering. When a lady gives out among her acquaintance that she is an expert in matters of character and disposition, she speedily gains an enviable reputation for this kind of prescience. If there is any new character to be deciphered about which there hangs a certain mystery, she is the authority to whom all repair in order to acquire definite information. If a scandal is just germinating, and everybody is on tiptoe respecting its real nature and results, it is this connoisseur who is resorted to for a final solution of the problem. In this way people are sustained in the pleasing belief that they possess some easy avenue to the minds and hearts of their fellows, thanks to which they are enabled to dispense with the tardy methods of observation, comparison, and analysis, and to read a new character as confidently as an unfolded letter.

Yet it does not call for any remarkable powers of reflection to see that this intuitive kind of knowledge of others must be very delusive. For, first of all, human character is an exceedingly complex and variable thing, and cannot be known except after patient attention. The facile perusal of character of which we now speak always involves two inferences, either of which may be a mistaken one. In the first

place, the self-styled observer argues that certain things which have held good of other people will hold good of the new character; and since it is exceedingly easy to mistake a quality of a certain order of minds for a universal attribute of mankind, there is always a chance of a wrong induction. In the next place, the observer is compelled to judge the whole of a character from a very few data; and here again there is ample room for error in reasoning that, because a person felt or acted so and so to-day, this must be his characteristic mode of feeling or acting. In other words, human nature is too variable, both as a whole, and within the limits of a single individual, to allow of the rapid kind of prevision of which we are speaking.

There is a second obstacle to this instantaneous reading of character which calls for special notice. Not only is character a phenomenon of great complexity, but it is also one in a high degree inaccessible. For, in the first place, all the thoughts and purposes of another have to be inferred from external signs; and this process, however carefully carried on, must always be liable to error. The real uniformities of connection between feeling and expression, for example, can only be known approximately after a wide and careful comparison of individual peculiarities. This reflection never occurs to the confident connoisseur of physiognomy, who fondly imagines that every moral peculiarity is distinctly indicated by some one form of facial structure or movement. In the second place, it should be remembered that all of us have a certain power of dissimulation, and most of us are accustomed to put some kind of watch on our words and actions. This is especially the case when we have to confront a new observer. We do not care, in most instances, to be conned too easily by our fellows. Nearly everybody is accustomed to some measure of reticence before strangers, while there are a few who, from a certain kind of pride and force of individuality, are wont even to mislead casual observers respecting their real aims and sentiments. Thus it happens that a person who is ready at a glance to classify any new variety of character runs the risk of accepting as an essential ingredient of the phenomenon something which is wholly adventitious. It may be said, of course, that the instances we have selected are exceptional ones, that the great majority of people are both too much alike and too transparent in their words and actions to occasion any serious difficulty to a skilful noter of men's natures and ways.



That there is a certain force in this consideration may be readily granted. At the same time, this fact does not alter the truth of our contention, that in every hasty judgment of character there is always an element of risk which forbids the process being described as an intuitive one. So, too, we may concede that a certain few possess an indisputable faculty of quick perception of the complexities of human character. Yet when we come to analyze this faculty, we find that it resolves itself into a happy skill in conjecture, which no doubt includes a certain range of past observation as well as a quickness of imaginative insight into other persons' feelings, but which nevertheless always remains what Plato would have called an empirical knack, wholly destitute of the exact certainty of scientific inference. Those who see in this conjectural skill a mysterious power of intuition are dazzled by the instances of correct prediction which they happen to have witnessed, and fail to take account of the errors to which this process is certain to lead.

It would probably be an interesting inquiry to trace out the various impulses in human nature which serve to sustain and foster this impatience in the observation of others. Some of the principal influences at work will readily suggest themselves to a thoughtful mind. It is obvious that the mere gratification of pride which attends all consciousness of knowledge, real or imaginary, will not account for the peculiar force of this tendency. That is to say, though it is true that the motive of vanity leads men to imagine that they are conversant with many matters of which they are in reality profoundly ignorant, it does not explain why they should be especially liable to assume this appearance of intelligence with respect to their fellows. It is evident that these special influences must be looked for in the peculiarities of the relations which people hold to one another. The following suggestions may perhaps roughly indicate the character of these influences. First of all, it is manifestly of practical importance to everybody to gain something like a definite opinion respecting those whom he has to meet in social intercourse. If, as some philosophers contend, the first motive of all inquiry is the need of a definite basis for action, we may understand how it is that most people are so eager to come to a decision respecting the dispositions of their acquaintances. Nothing is more embarrassing and annoying, for example, to a hospitably disposed

lady than to have to do with a person whose tastes and ideas are shrouded in mystery. By the very painfulness of the situation she is driven to frame some hypothesis as to the person's real character, however little ground she may have for plausible conjecture. In this way people come to delude themselves that they have ascertained a man's real character, when they have simply been driven by the inconveniences of conscious ignorance to construct a purely hypothetical conception with regard to the object. Another influence at work in these cases is a form of the primitive fetichistic impulse to interpret everything outside one's own conscious life in terms of the same. The same tendency which accounts for the savage projecting his own feelings and intentions into tree or river accounts for people transferring their own modes of thought and sentiment to every new mind which comes under their notice. It is quite curious to remark the inveteracy of this habit, even after ample opportunity has been given for discovering the endless diversities of individual temperament. Possibly there is a charm to many persons in the spectacle of a mind retaining up to mature years the *naïve* belief that all the rest of the world must feel and act precisely as it does, and this æsthetic consideration may serve still further to confirm the habit. People are encouraged in the cultivation of this mode of regarding others by the reflection that it is taken to indicate a singular innocence of nature and a touching unfitness to deal with the harsh intricacies and contradictions of human character. However this may be, the habit does prevail in many minds, and is a fruitful source of hasty inference and delusive misconception. May one not see illustrations of this tendency in the great liability of both men and women to delude themselves with respect to the characters which they chose for the matrimonial relation? It is not only the innocent girl who commits this error by fondly imagining in the absence of evidence that her lover must necessarily share her own pure thoughts; the highly cultivated man too may fall into it by taking for granted that the young woman whom he selects as his most intimate companion feels the same high aspirations that he himself feels.

The other influences which appear to favour this impatience of belief with respect to the characters of others are special emotional forces. The operation of feeling in sustaining assurance even when



there is the minimum of evidence has been a favourite theme of philosophers. There are two modes of this operation, according as the feeling predisposes to belief in any shape or favours some particular variety of conviction. Both of these modes may be illustrated in the class of beliefs of which we are now speaking. An example of the first is given us in the action of a love of power on our observation of others' characters. A readiness in unravelling the threads of human sentiment and purpose has always been looked on as a ground for self-gratulation and for the admiration of others. A man who thinks himself capable of divining instantaneously another's unspoken thoughts has not only the pleasing consciousness of power which every supposition of knowledge brings with it, but also a gratifying feeling of equality with this second person. That is to say, he thinks himself on a level with this other in respect to the knowledge of any thoughts or impulses which may occur to him. Not only so, but the assumption of this omniscient insight into character will pretty certainly inspire awe, if not dread, in many other minds, so that the man or woman who can make any pretensions to this fine penetration will be able to indulge in the most delicious emotions of power and superiority. A supposition so intensely gratifying as this must be will pretty certainly be secure from that close scrutiny and careful verification which alone would prove its validity.

The feelings which predispose men to entertain *à priori* a certain kind of notion respecting the character of others are too numerous to be dwelt on here. It may suffice to mention a few of them. There is the desire for sympathy, which is very strong in most minds, and which prompts a person to anticipate that every new character will respond in a kind of grateful resonance to his individual sentiments. Then there are the impulses of love and admiration which predispose the mind to believe in human goodness and render it optimistic in its conceptions of character. On the other hand, there are the less pleasing sentiments of distrust, hostility, and contempt, which sustain the conception that everybody is mean and ignoble till he has proved himself to be the contrary. These and other feelings always dispose their possessors to form certain opinions respecting any new character long before they have the necessary foundation for such opinions. To any one who will give himself the trouble of

working out the many and complicated influences which tend to produce conviction respecting matters of character, quite apart from the force of evidence, it cannot be surprising that people's judgments on the ideas and motives of others are often so crude and inexact, and so little deserving to be called intuitions.

---

From Cope's Tobacco Plant.  
AMBER.

AMBER is formed by the pith (*medulla*, or *marrow*) which flows from trees of the pine species, as gum flows from the cherry-trees and resin from pines. It is, first of all, a liquid which bursts forth in abundance; then it is congealed by the cold, or by the heat, or by the sea, when the great tides rise and sweep it from the islands. At all events, it is thrown on the coasts, and it seems to swim with the waves, and not go to the bottom. Our ancestors, thinking that it was the sap (*succus*) of a tree, called it, on that account, *succinum*. What proves that amber is the product of a species of pine, is that when rubbed it exhales an odour like that of the pine, and that when set on fire it burns after the fashion, and with the scent, of a resinous torch. It is conveyed by the Germans into Pannonia (Hungary) chiefly; thence the Veneti (Venetians), whom the Greeks called *Heneti*, who are in the immediate proximity to Pannonia, and who live round the Adriatic Sea, have brought it into vogue. The fable which has connected the Padus with amber has an evident cause. In our own day, the Transpadanian peasant women wear an amber necklace, for the sake of ornament, no doubt, but also as a remedy, forasmuch as amber is deemed good for affections of the tonsils and the fauces, these and the neighbouring parts of the body being subject to maladies produced by the different kinds of waters in the neighbourhood of the Alps. From Carnuntum, in Pannonia, to the coast of Germany, whence amber is brought, there are six hundred miles, a fact not known till recently. Still lives the Roman knight who was sent to procure amber by Julianus, superintendent of the gladiatorial games given by the emperor Nero. This knight travelled over the markets and the shores of the country, and brought back such an immense quantity of amber that the nets intended to protect the podium from the wild beasts were fastened with buttons of



amber. Adorned, likewise, with amber, were the arms, the biers, and the whole apparatus for a day. The largest piece the knight brought weighed thirteen pounds. It is certain that amber is also a growth of India. Archelaus, who reigned in Cappadocia, states that from that country (India) amber is brought in the crude state, and still adhering to the pine bark. It is polished by being sodden in the fat of a sucking pig. What proves that the amber first flows as a liquid is, that owing to its transparency different objects may be seen in the interior, such as ants, small flies, lizards. It is manifest that those objects got entangled in the amber when it was still in the liquid state, and that they remained imprisoned when the amber hardened. There are many kinds of amber; the white is that which has the sweetest scent; but neither the white nor the uncoloured is worth much. The deep yellow (*fulvus, tawny, fallow*) is the most esteemed. Though the transparency of the deep yellow amber is a recommendation, intense brilliancy is objectionable. To please there must be present, not fire but the resemblance of fire. The amber most in request is the Falernian, so called because it has the colour of Falernian wine. It is transparent, and has a softened splendour. Certain kinds attract by a tender shade, like the tint of boiled honey, but it ought to be known that any colour can be given to amber that is thought fit. A particular dye can be given to it by means of kid fat, or of the anchusa root; it can even be made to take a purple tinge. Moreover, when, by being rubbed in the hand, amber is enriched with an animating heat, it attracts straw, dry leaves, bast, just as the loadstone attracts iron. Bits of amber in oil burn with a brighter and more enduring flame than wicks of flax tow. Such is the excessive commercial value of this substance, that a small human effigy in amber is sold for a higher price than living and vigorous men. Verily, one censure (of such folly) is not enough. In the objects called Corinthian, copper mixed with silver and gold pleases; in carved objects the skill and genius of the artist delight. We have shown what recommends murrhines and crystals. Pearls are worn in the ears; gems on the fingers. In short, in all

foolish superfluities there is either the satisfaction of vanity or there is real use; but as regards amber there is nothing to charm beyond the consciousness of possessing an article of luxury. Domitius Nero (the emperor), along with his numerous other absurdities, had given the name of amber to the hair of his wife Poppæa, and he had even celebrated the hair as amber in some verses; for fine names are never lacking for corporeal defects. From that moment amber was a third colour, much in request with the (Roman) ladies. Amber, however, is found to be of some value in medicine; but that is not the reason why women are fond of it. Worn as an amulet by children, amber is advantageous. According to Callistratus, whether taken in a drink or worn as an amulet, amber at all ages is medicinal in cases of madness and dysuria. This writer mentions a fresh variety, which is called *chryselectrum*, and which is (as the name indicates) of the colour of gold, and in the morning presents the most charming gradations of hue. For fire it has a signal hunger, and if it is near fire it catches flame and burns with immense celerity. This amber (if we may believe Callistratus) cures fever and other diseases, if it is worn on the neck; cures affections of the ear when ground and mixed with honey and oil of roses; cures dimness of sight, when mixed with Attic honey; cures affections of the stomach, either when taken in a powder alone, or drunk in water along with mastic. Moreover, amber can be efficiently and extensively employed in imitating translucent precious stones, especially amethysts; for, as we have said, it can be tinged of every colour. The pertinacity of certain authors forces us to speak, next of all, of *lyncurium*; for those who do not maintain that it is a kind of amber, yet, at least, declare that it is a precious stone. They affirm that *lyncurium* is the product of the urine of the lynx, but blended with a kind of earth, this animal (so these authors say) covering up his urine as if grudging the benefit man might derive from it; that it has the same tint as the fire-coloured amber, and can be carved; that it attracts not only leaves and straws but thin plates of brass and iron, which Theophrastus, giving credence to the statements of Diocles, believed.



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## REST.

BENEATH the western heaven's span  
Has sunk the golden day ;  
The clouds' rich sunset hues and tints  
Have died in shade away ;  
The dim night comes from out the east  
With gloom and vapour gray.

The stars far in the sky's blue depths  
Their vigils 'gin to keep ;  
The moon above yon eastern hill  
Climbs up the lofty steep ;  
The night-winds steal with gentle wing  
Above the flowers asleep.

The birds upon the tuneless spray  
Have folded close their wings ;  
And to the silent night alone  
The winding river sings :  
Its song is of the woods and meads,  
A hundred happy things.

No voice is in the tranquil air,  
No murmur save its own ;  
The earth is hushed as heaven above,  
Where, girt with cloudy zone,  
The moon goes up among the stars  
To take her ebon throne.

Sweet calm, and undisturbed repose,  
O'er all the landscape rest ;  
Yet is there in the breathless scene  
A voice which thrills the breast,  
A something, which in thanks and love  
May only be expressed.

Chambers' Journal.

## WHITHERSOEVER.

WHATEVER haps shall come to you and me,  
What sunshines and what shadows, what  
delights  
And what strange anguish, what long-  
during nights  
Of loneliness, and what sweet sympathy ;  
What hours of vision when we seem to see  
Something of meaning round us, and what  
glooms,  
Sight-foiling, when an unstarr'd prospect  
dooms  
Our baffled souls to mere perplexity ;  
Whate'er shall come, friend, yet will we not  
fear ;  
For we will aye to our own selves be true —  
True to our higher selves all life-time  
through ;  
Not murmuring creeds unvital, but agreed  
To search for truth, where'er the search  
shall lead,  
With "bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear."  
Macmillan's Magazine. J. W. HALES.

## MY VOICE SHALT THOU HEAR IN THE MORNING.

My voice shalt Thou hear this morning,  
For the shades have passed away,  
And out from the dark like a joyous lark  
My heart soars up with the day ;  
And its burden all is blessing,  
And its accents all are song ;  
For Thou hast refreshed its slumbers,  
And Thy strength hath made it strong.

My voice shalt Thou hear this morning,  
For the day is all unknown ;  
And I am afraid without Thine aid  
To travel its hours alone.  
Give me Thy light to lead me,  
Give me Thy hand to guide,  
Give me Thy living presence,  
To journey side by side.

Star of eternal morning,  
Sun that can ne'er decline,  
Day that is bright with unfading light,  
Ever above me shine.  
For the night shall all be noontide,  
And the clouds shall vanish far,  
When my path of life is gilded  
By the bright and morning star.  
Sunday Magazine. GEORGE MATHESON.

## QUESTION.

BUT is it there, the heaven you sing ?  
Shall God make whole the rents of life ?  
And shall our ears no longer ring  
With the old clang of empty strife ?  
Shall things be fair, yet never fleet ?  
Shall laughter be the voice of mirth ?  
Shall nature's force be soft, and sweet  
With tender memories of earth ?  
Or, while our friends and lovers weep  
That we have passed death's iron gate,  
Shall we be lost in endless sleep,  
Nor dream of those that mourn our fate ?  
Examiner. W. H. P.

## CHANGE OF SEASONS.

ALL seasons we may come to seek  
Where thou, my dear one, art, —  
Warm summer on the little cheek,  
Cold winter in the heart.

But all things change ; and so, my love,  
These seasons shall depart :  
The winter to thy cheek shall move,  
The summer, to thy heart !



From Macmillan's Magazine.  
NATURAL RELIGION.

## III.

PUTTING aside then, for the present, supernaturalism and all those views of God which are distinctively Christian, we find a theology in which all men, whether they consider it or not, do actually agree — that which is concerned with God in nature. I do not here raise the question of causes or laws; let it be allowed that nature is merely the collective name of a number of coexistences and sequences, and that God has no meaning different from nature. Let all this be allowed, or let the contrary of this be allowed. Such controversies may be raised about the human as well as about the Divine Being. Some may consider the human body as the habitation of a soul distinct and separable from it; others may refuse to recognize any such distinction: some may maintain that man is merely the collective name for a number of processes: some may consider the human being as possessing a free will and as being independent of circumstances; others may regard him as the necessary result of a long series of physical influences. All these differences may be almost as important as they seem to the disputants who are occupied about them, but after all they do not affect the fact that the human being is there; and they do not prevent us from regarding him with strong feelings. The same is true of the Divine Being. Whatever may be questioned, it is certain that we are in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Being; except through some of those exceptional perversions of the mind which I described in the last chapter, we cannot help the awe and admiration with which we contemplate Him; we cannot help recognizing that our well-being depends on taking a right view of His nature.

There are two ways in which the mind apprehends any object, two sorts of knowledge which combine to make complete and satisfactory knowledge. The one may be called theoretic or scientific knowledge; the other practical, familiar, or imaginative knowledge. The greatest trial of human nature lies in the difficulty of

reconciling these two kinds of knowledge, of preventing them from interfering with one another, of arranging satisfactory relations between them. In order of time the second kind of knowledge has the precedence, and avails itself of this advantage to delay and impede the arrival of the first kind. Before the stars, the winds, the trees and plants could be grasped scientifically and the laws which govern them studied, they had been grasped, and as it were appropriated, by the human mind experimentally and imaginatively. The latter kind of knowledge was in some respects better than the former. It was more intimate and realized, so that, as far as it was true, it was more available. For practical purposes, accurate scientific knowledge of a thing is seldom sufficient. To obtain complete practical command over it you must take possession of it with the imagination and feelings as well as the reason, and it will often happen that this imaginative knowledge, helped very slightly by scientific knowledge, carries a man practically further than a very perfect scientific knowledge by itself. Witness the instinctive, as we say, and unanalyzable skill sometimes possessed by savages. Moreover, this kind of knowledge is more attractive and interesting, and so has a more powerful modifying influence upon its possessor than the other kind, for the simple reason that it takes hold of the most plastic side of his nature. But just because it is so fascinating, and is at the same time not by itself trustworthy, it has certain mischievous consequences when it comes, as it generally does, first. Then it fills the mind with prejudices, hasty misconceptions, which, seizing upon the imagination, are stereotyped in the form of superstitions; and these sometimes exercise by themselves a most pernicious influence, and in any case close the mind against the entrance of the sounder scientific knowledge. When this imaginative medley of observation and prejudice has long had possession, science arrives. Then follows a contest between the two kinds of knowledge, in which the human being suffers much. Truth cannot in the long run be resisted, and so, after whatever defence, the fortress is carried



and the phantom garrison of superstition is driven out. The mind passes now under a new set of impressions, and places itself in a new relation to the universe. Its victory over superstition has been won by placing a careful restraint upon imagination and feeling. In order not to be misled by feeling, it has been forced artificially to deaden feeling; lest the judgment should be overwhelmed by the impressiveness of the universe, it arms itself with callousness; it turns away from nature the mobile side, and receives the shock upon the adamant shield of the sceptical reason. In this way it substitutes one imperfect kind of knowledge for another. Before, it realized strongly, if that expression is clear, but scarcely analyzed at all; now it analyzes most rigidly, but ceases in return to realize. As the victory of the scientific spirit becomes more and more decided, there passes a deep shudder of discomfort through the whole world of those whose business is with realizing, and not with testing knowledge. Religion is struck first, because the whole work of *realizing* presupposes faith, and yet, as the testing process comes late, faith is almost always more or less premature. But poetry and art suffer in their turn. How full has recent poetry been of this complaint! One poet complains that "science withdraws the veil of enchantment from nature;" one exclaims that "there *was* an awful rainbow *once* in heaven," but that science has destroyed it; another declares that "we murder to dissect," that we should not be always seeking, but use "a wise passiveness" in the presence of nature; another "that nature made undivine is now seen slavishly obeying the law of gravitation;" another buries himself in past ages "when men could still hear from God heavenly truth in earthly speech, and did not rack their brains."

And yet to complain of the march of the scientific spirit seems as idle as to complain of the law of gravitation itself. Influenced, some by a deep faith in truth, a faith, I mean, that human well-being must depend ultimately on truth; others by a fanatical truth-worship, determined to set up their idol even "amidst human

sacrifice and parents' tears;" others by a scientific *esprit de corps* which hates religion as belonging to a rival corporation; others by that self-importance which is gratified by inflicting pain so much more than by giving pleasure; others by the tyrant's delight in having discovered a new and exquisite torture, — influenced, in short, by all the mixed motives which have ever urged on a great destructive movement, the iconoclasts pursue their course. But we may look forward to a time when this transition shall be over, and when a new reconciliation shall have taken place between the two sorts of knowledge. In that happier age true knowledge, scientific, not artificially humanized, will reign without opposition, but the claims of science once for all allowed, the mind will also apprehend the universe imaginatively, realizing what it knows.

That kind of imaginative eclipse which is produced by the shadow of science passing over any natural object has affected in turn the phenomena of nature, taken separately, and man and God. The "fair humanities of old religion," which found objects of love in trees and streams, and filled the celestial map with fantastic living shapes — all this has long ago disappeared. More recently man has been subjected to the analyzing process. The mechanical laws which were traced in the physical world, it was long hoped, would never suffice to explain the human being; he at least would remain always mysterious, spiritual, sacred. But nothing stops science; hesitating between curiosity that drags him on and awe that holds him back, vexed not to know, yet half ashamed of knowing, man presses on into every sanctuary. He begins now to reckon his own being among things more than half explained; nerve force he thinks is a sort of electricity; man differs greatly, indeed, but not generically, from the brutes. All this has for the time at least the effect of desecrating human nature. To the imagination human nature becomes a thing blurred and spoiled, not really because the new view of it is in itself degrading, but because the imagination had realized it otherwise, and cannot in any short time either part with the old realizing or per-



fect a new one. Lastly, science turns her smoked eye-glass upon God, deliberately diminishing the glory of what she looks at that she may distinguish better. Here, too, she sees mechanism where will, purpose, and love had been supposed before; she drops the name God, and takes up the less awful name of nature instead.

It is in this last case that the desecration produced by science is most painfully felt. This is partly, of course, because the sacredness violated was greatest here; but there is also another reason. Science cannot easily destroy our feeling for human beings. We are in such close contact with our own kind, our imagination and affections take such fast hold of our fellow-men as to defy physiology. If it were otherwise we should want a word — *ananthropism* — to answer to atheism. Even as it is the thing is occasionally to be seen. Among medical students there are not a few ananthropists, that is, men in whom human affections have not been strong enough to resist the effect of science in lowering the conception of humanity. But in general the imagination triumphs in this case over the reason. In the case of the physical world it is otherwise. This, for the majority of men, is, I fancy, almost completely desecrated, so that sympathy, communion with the forms of nature, is pretty well confined to poets, and is generally supposed to be an amiable madness in them. But then this was not done by science, it had been done before by monkish Christianity. Chaucer complains, hundreds of years before the advent of physical science, of the divorce that had been made between the imagination and physical nature — “But now may no man see none elves mo.” It was owing, according to him, to the preachings and bannings of “limitours and other holy freres.” Nature had been made not merely a dead thing, but a disgusting and hideous thing, by superstitions of imps, witches, and demons; so much so that Goethe celebrates science as having restored nature to the imagination and driven away the *Walpurgis-nacht* of the Middle Ages; and, indeed, by turning attention upon the natural world, by bringing a large number of people to take careful notice of

its beauties, science may have given back to the imagination, in this department, as much as it has taken away.

But the conception of God is so vast and elevated that it always slips easily out of the human mind. The task of realizing what is too great to be realized, of reaching with the imagination and growing with the affections to a reality almost too great for the one, and almost too awful for the other, is in itself exceptionally difficult. To do this, and yet at the same time carefully to restrain the imagination and affections as science prescribes, is almost impossible; yet those who perpetually study nature, unless they specialize themselves too much, will always in some sense feel the presence of God. The unity of what they study will sometimes come home to them and give a sense of awe and delight, if not of love. But upon those who do not study nature the advance of science can have no other effect than to root out of their minds the very conception of God. The negative effect is not counterbalanced by any positive one. With them, if the supernatural person whose will holds the universe together is denied, the effect is that the universe falls at once to pieces. No other unity takes His place, and out of the human mind there perishes the most elevating thought, and out of human life the chief and principal sacredness. The remedy for this is to be found in the study of nature becoming universal. Let all be made acquainted with natural laws; let all form the habit of contemplating them, and atheism in its full sense will become a thing impossible, when no mind shall be altogether without the sense, at once inspiring and sobering, of an eternal order.

But these remarks on the difficulty of harmonizing the scientific with the imaginative knowledge of things are by way of digression. Our business at present is with the fact that knowledge is of these two kinds, and that the complete or satisfactory knowledge of anything comes from combining them. When the object of knowledge is God, the first kind of knowledge is called theology, and the second may be called religion. By theology the nature of God is ascertained and false



views of it eradicated from the understanding; by religion the truths thus obtained are turned over in the mind and assimilated by the imagination and the feelings.

When we hear it said, as it is said so commonly now, that the knowledge of God is impossible to man, and therefore that theology is no true science, of course the word God is used in that peculiar sense of which I have spoken above. Nature every one admits that we know or may know; but of any occult cause of phenomena, or of any supernatural being suspending the course of natural laws, it is denied that we can know anything. But since every sort of theology agrees that the laws of nature are the laws of God, it is evident that in knowing nature we do precisely to the same extent know God. I am proposing for the present to treat the words God and nature as absolutely synonymous, which up to a certain point every one allows them to be. So long as we do so we are in no danger of trespassing beyond the proper domain of human inquiry; so long as we do so, theology, instead of being additional or antagonistic to science, is merely another name for science itself. Regarded in this way, we may say of God that so far from being beyond knowledge, He is the one object of knowledge, and that everything we can know, every proposition we can frame, relates to Him. It may seem, however, that little is to be gained from giving this unusual sense to the word theology. If in the ordinary sense it is the name of an imaginary and delusive science, taken in this sense as a synonym for science itself, it is purely useless. By giving the word such an extension, it will be said, you destroy all its force. That we ought to study theology becomes a truism if it means merely that all knowledge is valuable; the old maxim, that in the knowledge of God is life, loses all its grandeur if it is interpreted to mean merely that the more things you know the more dangers you will be in a condition to avoid. Can we not, then, give more precision, more definiteness, to the notion of the knowledge of God?

The notion is to be limited in two ways, one of which has been partially indicated already. The scientific school themselves save us the trouble of explaining the first of these limitations; it is they who, in this age, have made clear to every one the difference between the study of the universe and mere universal study. When they tell us in the very language of theology that all hope and all happiness lies in the

knowledge of nature, that this is a treasure to be valued above rubies and precious stones, how do they limit the word nature? They mean it certainly to include the whole universe. What is it then that they exclude? One would fancy at first sight that they are merely praising knowledge in general, and that they are not particular about kinds of knowledge. Yet we know that they are remarkably exclusive in their notions of knowledge, and that they are as vehement in condemning some sorts as in recommending others. What is there, then, that can possibly be studied besides the universe?

There is something which sets itself up as a just reflection of the universe, and which it is possible to study as if it were the universe itself; that is, the multitude of traditional unscientific opinions about the universe. These opinions are, in one sense, part of the universe; to study them from the historic point of view is to study the universe; but when they are assumed as an accurate reflection of it, so as to divert attention from the original, as they are by all the votaries of authority or tradition, then they may be regarded as a spurious universe outside and apart from the real one, and such students of opinion may be said to study and yet not to study the universe.

This spurious universe is almost as great as the genuine one. There are many profoundly learned men whose whole learning relates to it, and has no concern whatever with reality. The simplest peasant who from living much in the open air has found for himself, unconsciously, some rules to guide him in divining the weather, knows something about the real universe; but an indefatigable student who has stored a prodigious memory with what the schoolmen have thought, what the philosophers have thought, what the Fathers have thought, may yet have no real knowledge; he may have been busy only with the reflected universe. Not that the thoughts of dead thinkers stored up in books are not part of the universe as well as wind and rain; not that they may not repay study quite as well; they are deposits of the human mind, and by studying them much may be discovered about the human mind, the ways of its operation, the stages of its development. Nor yet that the thoughts of the dead may not be of the greatest help to one who is studying the universe; he may get from them suggestions, theories which he may put to the test, and thus convert, in some cases, into real knowledge. But there is a third



way in which he may treat them which makes books the very antithesis to reality, and the knowledge of books the knowledge of a spurious universe. This is when he contents himself with storing their contents in his mind and does not attempt to put them to any test, whether from superstitious reverence, or from an excessive pleasure in mere language. He may show wonderful ability in thus assimilating books, wonderful retentiveness, wonderful accuracy, wonderful acuteness; nay, if he clearly understands that he is only dealing with opinions, he may do good service in that department, for opinions need collecting and classifying as much as botanical specimens. But one often sees such collectors mistaking opinions for truths, and depending for their views of the universe entirely upon these opinions, which they accept implicitly without testing them. Such men may be said to study, but not to study the universe.

There are other classes of men of whom much the same may be said. The scientific school, when they recommend the study of nature, do not mean, for example, the mere collecting of facts however authentic. Nature with them is not a heap of phenomena, but laws discerned in phenomena, and by a knowledge of nature they mean a just conception of laws much more than an ample store of information about phenomena. Again, in an age like the present, when methods of inquiry have been laid down and tested by large experience, they do not dignify with the name of the study of nature any investigation, however earnest or fresh, of the facts of the world, which does not conform to these methods, or show reason for not doing so.

Knowledge of nature understood in this sense, and obtained in this way, is what we are now told is alone valuable — what human happiness depends on. And assuredly it deserves to be called in the strictest sense theology. If God be the ruler of the world, as the orthodox theology teaches, the laws of nature are the laws by which He rules it. If you prefer the pantheistic view, they are the very manifestations of the divine nature. In any case the knowledge of nature, if only it be properly sifted from the corrupting mixture of mere opinion, is the knowledge of God. That there may be another and deeper knowledge of God beyond it does not affect this fact.

But is theology a mere synonym for science? If so, the scientific man may fairly say, I need not concern myself with it;

I have already a name for my pursuit which satisfies me; it does not interest me to hear that there is another name which also is appropriate. Is there no special department of science which may be called theological, to distinguish it from the other departments? It is this which so many scientific men now deny. They say there is certainly such a special department, but it is not a department of science, for it lies outside the domain of science. It is concerned with causes, whereas science knows nothing of causes; it is concerned with supernatural phenomena which science puts aside as either impossible or unverified. All that this objection means is, that many theologies have been supernaturalistic, and have been occupied with causes, and that though as a matter of course they have not been *exclusively* supernaturalistic and occupied with causes, yet they have been so sufficiently to justify us in appropriating the word theology to systems that have these characteristics. To say then that theology is a spurious science, is to say that in most theological systems there is an element more or less predominant which is unscientific. But even if it were convenient to give to this element the name of theology, it would not follow because theology in this sense may be a spurious science — and etymologically theology is the science of God — that therefore the science of God is a spurious one. You may use the word theology in its etymological sense, or you may give it a more special technical sense to suit convenience; but you must not confound the two senses of the word together. As I have said, all science belongs properly to the science of God, and might legitimately be called theology. I believe also that there is a special department of knowledge which, without necessarily concerning itself with the supernatural, or with final causes, might both legitimately and conveniently be called theology.

Considered in its practical bearings upon human life, the study of nature resolves itself into the study of two things, a force within the human being, and a necessity without him. Life, in short, is a mechanical problem, in which a power is required to be so advantageously applied as to overcome a weight which is greater than itself. The power is the human will, the weight is nature, the motive of the struggle between them is certain ideals which man instinctively puts before himself — an ideal of happiness, or an ideal of perfection. By means of science he is



enabled to apply the power in the most advantageous manner. Every piece of knowledge he acquires helps him in his undertaking. Every special science which he perfects removes a new set of obstacles, procures him a new set of resources. And in his conflict with natural difficulties his energy and hope are in proportion to his power of knowing and measuring the force he has, and the resistance he will meet with. When he is able to measure this precisely, his hope becomes confidence even in circumstances which might seem the most alarming. We allow ourselves to be hurried through the air at the rate of fifty miles an hour, with a noise and impetus appalling to a bystander, and all the while read or sleep comfortably. Why? Because the forces we have set in motion are all accurately measured, the obstacles to be met fully known. When the measurement is only approximate, there is not confidence, but only hope predominating over fear. The experienced sailor feels this; he trusts himself to the open sea, because he knows that he is pretty well matched against the necessity he provokes, though he cannot know that he is the superior because he can calculate a good many of the dangers, though not all.

This is the case in each of the separate undertakings that make up life. To each of them belongs its appropriate knowledge, upon which our equanimity and repose of mind, as far as the particular undertaking is concerned, depend. But life itself, taken as a whole, is an undertaking. Life itself has its objects which make it interesting to us, which lead us to bear the burden of it. These objects, like those minor ones, are only to be attained by a struggle between the power will and the weight nature, and in this struggle also both energy and success depend upon a certain knowledge which may enable us to apply the power with advantage. But the knowledge required in this case is of a more general kind; it is not a knowledge confined to certain sets of phenomena, and giving us a power correspondingly limited, but it is a general knowledge of the relation in which human life stands to the universe, and of the means by which life may be brought into the most satisfactory adaptation to it. Now, by what name shall we call this knowledge?

Every one has his general views of human life, which are more or less distinct. Upon these general views more than anything else connected with the understanding depends the character of every one's life. Morality is theoretically

independent of all such views, but practically and in the long run it varies with them. What has life to give? How far does it lend itself to our ideals? These are practically questions quite as important to morality as those which lie within the province of morality itself—as the questions, what are or what ought to be our ideals? They are also quite as important to human happiness as all particular measures contrived to increase human happiness. No man fights with any heart if he thinks he has nature against him. If a man believes that men are not made to be happy, he will lose the energy to do even what can be done for their happiness; he will give up the pursuit of virtue if he meets with more than a certain degree of discouragement in it.

Of an unfavourable view of human life there are three principal consequences—crime, languor, and suicide. The majority of crimes, and still more of meannesses, it seems to me, are not committed from bad intentions, but from a despair of human life. “I am sorry, but I *must* do it; I am driven to it; everybody has to do it; we must look at things as they are;” these are the reflections which lead men into breaches of morality. “*Sic vivitur*,” says Cicero, selling Tullia. The feeling that life will not allow people to do always what is right, faint perhaps in each individual mind, grows strong when many who share it come together; it grows stronger by being uttered, stronger still by being acted upon; it creates an atmosphere of laxity; morality retires more and more out of view; until the thought of crime itself, and even of enormous crime, becomes familiar, and at last is carried almost unconsciously into act. It is not, then, from want of morality that men do wrong, but from want of another sort of knowledge. They know what is right and what is wrong; it is not from overlooking this distinction that they fall into the wrong, nor would they escape the danger by reflecting upon it ever so much. What determines their action is a belief in some sort of necessity, some fatality with which it is vain to struggle; it is a general view of human life as unfavourable to ideals.

Another such general view of human life produces apathy. A man who has persuaded himself that we are the creatures of circumstances, or that we are the victims of laws with which it is impossible for us to cope, will give up the battle with nature and do nothing. Perhaps he has his head full of instances of the best endeavours after happiness failing entirely,



or by some fatality producing extreme unhappiness; of the purest and noblest labours producing mischief which complete inactivity would have avoided; how Queen Isabella introduced the inquisition; how Las Casas initiated the slave-trade; how pauperism has been over and over again fostered by philanthropy; how the Prince of Peace himself, according to his own saying, brought a sword upon the earth. He may think that human life, as it runs on naturally, is not a bad thing, but that all attempts to control it or improve it are hopeless; that all high ideals are merely ambitious; that purpose and, still more, system and all sophistication of life are mischievous. And so he may come to renounce all free-will, he may resign himself to the current of ordinary affairs, and become a mere conventionalist, reconciling himself to whatever he does not like, and gradually induced to tolerate with complete indifference the most enormous evils. Against such a perversion of mind morality is no defence; what is needed is not a new view of what ought to be—such a man knows well enough what ought to be—but a new view of what can or may be, a more encouraging view of the universe.

Sometimes the despair of human life goes to a much greater length. Human life is a game at which we are not forced to play; we may at any time throw up the cards. That only a few do so proves that more or less distinctly most of us have a general view of life not altogether unfavourable. We are for the most part hardly aware of this general view, because it is always the same. We should become painfully aware of it if it were suddenly to change. There is, as it were, a suicide-mark below which our philosophy is always liable to sink. If we came to think life irreconcilably opposed to our ideals, and at the same time were enthusiastically devoted to our ideals, life would become intolerable to us. If our sense of the misery or emptiness of life became for some reason much more keen than it is, life would at last become intolerable to us. With individuals one of these two things is constantly taking place; they might just as well take place with whole societies or nations. Something of the kind happened with the Stoics of the imperial period. Their philosophy was only just above suicide-mark, and was continually dropping below it. In Asia the same is true of whole populations, with whom the value of life has sunk to the very lowest point.

Of all these classes of men we say very justly that they want faith. Their criminality or languor or despair are the consequences of their having no faith. But we sometimes express the same thing differently, and say that they have no God, no theology. With our Christian habit of connecting God with goodness and love, we confuse together the notions of a theology and a faith. Let us reflect that it is quite possible to have a theology without having a faith. We may believe in a God, but a God unfavourable, hostile, or indifferent to us. In the same way we may believe in a God neither altogether friendly nor altogether the reverse. The different Pagan theologies were of this kind, and even many Christian sects, while nominally holding the perfect benevolence of God, have practically worshipped a being who in this respect did not differ from the Pagan deities.

It would be legitimate to call such general views of the relation of nature to our ideals by the name of theology in all cases, and not merely those particular general views which are encouraging. If we believe that nature helps us in our strivings, we have both a theology and a faith; if we believe that nature is indifferent to us or hostile to us, we have no faith, but we have still a theology. We have still a definite notion of God's dealings with us. And this use of the word is not only justified by its etymology; it is much more conformable to actual usage. To identify theology with the doctrine of the supernatural is, as I have pointed out, to narrow the meaning of the word unnaturally, and to appropriate it to a particular part of a particular theological system. The practical effect of giving this technical sense to a word which in the common understanding has a much larger meaning, is to produce a deception. When those who reject the supernatural declare theology to be exploded, they are commonly understood to mean that a vast mass of doctrine, partly moral, partly historical, partly physical, in which the supernatural is mixed up, is exploded, whereas all they really say is that just that part is exploded which is supported only by the evidence of the supernatural. In like manner it is but a small part of what is commonly understood by theology that has to do with final causes, and yet those who consider final causes not objects of knowledge are fond of drawing the inference that all theological systems must be systems of spurious knowledge. Sometimes this juggle which is practised with the word theology becomes



grotesquely apparent, and a sceptic will tell us in the same breath that theology deals with matters entirely beyond the range of human intellect, and that theology has been refuted by the discoveries of modern science.

The questions which we all understand to be theological are such as these: Is there a reward for virtue? Is there a compensation for undeserved misery? Is there a sure retribution for crime? Is there hope that the vicious man may become virtuous? Are there means by which the pressure upon the conscience produced by wrong-doing may be removed? Are there means by which the mind disposed to virtue may defend itself from temptation? In one word, is life worth having, and the universe a habitable place for one in whom the sense of duty has been awakened? These questions are answered in different ways by different men. But they are answered in some way by all men, even by those who consider themselves to have no theology at all. Christianity is the system which answers them in the most encouraging way. It says that virtue in the long run will be happy partly in this life, but much more in a life beyond the grave. It says that misery is partly the punishment of crime, partly the probation of virtue; but in the inexhaustible future which belongs to each individual man there are equivalents and over-payments for all that part of it which is undeserved. It says that virtue, when tried, may count upon help, secret refreshings that come in answer to prayer—friends providentially sent, perhaps guardian angels. It says that souls entangled in wrong-doing may raise themselves out of it by a mystic union with Christ, and burdened consciences be lightened by sharing in the infinite merit of His self-sacrifice. If you ask on what so happy and inspiring a belief rests, the evidence produced is in part supernatural.

This is not only a theology but a faith, the most glorious of all faiths. But those who do not heartily share it or who consciously reject it, yet give some answer to these questions. They have a theology as much as Christians; they must even have a faith of some sort, otherwise they would renounce human life. It may be stated perhaps much as follows:—

“We have not much reason to believe in any future state. We are content to look at human life as it lies visibly before us. Surveying it so, we find that it is indeed very different from what we could wish it to be. It is full of failures and miseries. Multitudes die without knowing

anything that can be called happiness, while almost all know too well what is meant by misery. The pains that men endure are frightfully intense, their enjoyments for the most part moderate. They are seldom aware of happiness while it is present, so very delicate a thing is it. When it is past they recognize it, or perhaps fancy it. If we could measure all the happiness there is in the world, we should perhaps be rather pained than gladdened by discovering the amount of it; if we could measure all the misery we should be appalled beyond description. When from happiness we pass to the moral ideal, again we find the world disappointing. It is not a sacred place any more than it is a happy place. Vice and crime very frequently prosper in it. Some of the worst of men are objects of enthusiastic admiration and emulation. Some of the best have been hated and persecuted. Much virtue passes away entirely unacknowledged; much flagrant hypocrisy succeeds in its object.

“Still on the whole we find life worth having. The misery of it we find ourselves able to forget, or callously live through. Fortunately we have not imaginations strong enough to realize the sum of it, and we contrive to turn our thoughts away from the subject. And though the happiness is not great, the variety and novelty is. Life is interesting, if not happy. In spite of all the injustice which shocks us in human destiny, the inequality with which fortune is meted out, yet it may be discerned that, at least in the more fortunate societies, justice is the rule and injustice the exception. There are laws by which definite crimes are punished, there is a force of opinion which reaches vaguer offences and visits even dispositions to vice with a certain penalty. Virtue is seldom without some reward, however, inadequate; if it is not recognized generally or publicly, it finds here and there an admirer, it surrounds itself with a little circle of love; when even this is wanting it often shows a strange power of rewarding itself. On the whole, we are sustained and reconciled to life by a certain feeling of hope, by a belief, resting upon real evidence, that things improve and better themselves around us.”

This is certainly a very different faith from Christianity. Whether it deserves to be called a faith at all, whether it justifies men in living and in calling others into life, may be doubted. But it is just as much a theology as Christianity. It deals with just the same questions and gives an answer to them, though a different answer. Both views, whatever may be professed,



are views about God. Christianity regards God as a friend; it says that He is Love. The other view regards Him as awful, distant, inhuman, yet not radically hostile.

It is said that such vague, general views do not deserve to be called science. This is of course admitted. There exists at the present moment no scientific theology independent of the supernatural and of the search for final causes. But this is not because no such theology can be constructed, but merely because it has not yet been constructed. Evidently it is constructing itself fast. The more men come to know nature and to feel confidence in their knowledge, the more eagerly they will consider what is the attitude of nature towards human beings. This question is not one which is in any way removed from human knowledge, it is not one which it can be considered morbid to betray curiosity about. Yet this is *the* question of the theology. Not only is it the only question with which theology ought to be concerned; it is the only question with which theology ever has been concerned. The theologies of the world are merely different attempts to answer it. If they have for the most part trespassed upon the domain of the supernatural, this has not been because theology is necessarily concerned with the supernatural, but in some cases because the line between the natural and supernatural had not been clearly drawn, in some cases because it was honestly believed that supernatural occurrences had happened and could be substantiated by sufficient evidence, and that such occurrences were calculated to throw new light upon the relation of God to man. If this belief was a delusion, theology must fall back upon the evidence of nature. She may have to alter her idea of God, she may have to regard Him with fear and cold awe as in the days before the gospel was published; she may cease to be a faith, and may become instead an oppression—a scientific superstition. But theology will remain notwithstanding a perfectly legitimate science, one which, whether under that name or under another, men will always study with an interest they can feel in no other, one which stands in a more intimate relation than any other to morality, and must always be taught in conjunction with morality.

We lay it down then that the subject of theology is the relation assumed by the universe towards human ideals, and, as we propose here to waive the question of the supernatural and to treat the universe as consisting solely of the order of nature,

this will be the same thing for our present purpose as the relation assumed by nature towards human ideals. But here we must beware of a common misconception. It is often said that when you substitute nature for God you take a thing heartless and pitiless instead of love and goodness. Undoubtedly the God in whom Christians believe has much more of love and goodness than can be discovered in nature. But when it is said that there are no such qualities in nature, that nature consists of relentless and ruthless laws, that nature knows nothing of forgiveness, and inexorably exacts the utmost penalty for every transgression, a confusion is made between two different meanings which may be given to the word nature. We are concerned here with nature as opposed to that which is above nature, not with nature as opposed to man. We use it as a name comprehending all the uniform laws of the universe as known in our experience, and excluding such laws as are inferred from experiences so exceptional and isolated as to be difficult of verification. In this sense nature is not heartless or unrelenting; to say so would be equivalent to saying that pity and forgiveness are in all cases supernatural. It may be true that the law of gravitation is quite pitiless, that it will destroy the most innocent and amiable person with as little hesitation as the wrong-doer. But there are other laws which are not pitiless. There are laws under which human beings form themselves into communities, and set up law-courts in which the claims of individuals are weighed with the nicest skill. There are laws under which churches and philanthropical societies are formed, by which misery is sought out and relieved, and every evil that can be discovered in the world is redressed. Nature, in the sense in which we are now using the word, includes human nature, and therefore so far from being pitiless, includes all the pity that belongs to the whole human family, and all the pity that they have accumulated and, as it were, capitalized in institutions, political, social, and ecclesiastical, through countless generations.

People are misled by the fact that nature is often used in another sense, and opposed, not to the supernatural, but to man. Nature is, for shortness, often put instead of inanimate nature. Inanimate nature is of course pitiless. It consists of laws which, like the law of gravitation, take no note of happiness or misery, virtue or vice. But if we abandoned our belief in the supernatural it would not be only na-



ture in this restricted sense that would be left to us; we should not give ourselves over, as it is often rhetorically described, to the mercy of merciless powers — winds and waves, earthquakes, volcanoes, and fire. The God we should believe in would not be a passionless, utterly inhuman power. He would indeed be a God often neglecting us in our need, a God often deaf to prayers. Nature including humanity would be our God. We should read His character not merely in the earthquake and fire, but also in the still small voice; not merely in the destroying powers of the world, but, as Mohammed said, in the compassion that we feel for one another; not merely in the storm that threatens the sailor with death, but in the lifeboat and the Grace Darling that put out from shore to the rescue; not merely in the intricate laws that confound our prudence, but in the science that penetrates them and the art which makes them subservient to our purposes; not merely in the social evils that fill our towns with misery and cover our frontiers with war, but in the St. Francis that makes himself the brother of the miserable, and in the Fox and Penn that proclaim principles of peace.

Let us take one of the principal maxims of the supernatural theology, and observe how it is modified by the rejection of the supernatural. That the just man will assuredly be rewarded with happiness is a maxim resting upon evidence involving the supernatural. It depends upon belief in a God of much more goodness and justice than we can find in nature; it assumes a future state of which science furnishes no clear evidence. Even when the Psalmist, speaking merely of the present life, wrote, "I have been young, and now am old, and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread," he perhaps thought of supernatural interpositions by which evil was averted from the just man. Suppose now that we repudiate all such beliefs, and confine ourselves strictly to the facts of nature as we discover them from uniform experience. Let us suppose that the ordinary laws of nature govern the lot of the just man, and that no exemptions are made in his favour. Do we find that these ordinary laws take no account of his justice, and that his prospects are in no respect different from those of the unjust man? Is nature, as distinguished from the supernatural, regardless of the distinction between virtue and vice? No doubt nature is not a perfectly just judge. The just man has misfortunes like the unjust; he may suffer

from accident or disease. His justice may be denied; he may suffer the penalties of injustice. All this may happen in particular cases, and yet no one doubts that on the whole the just man reaps a reward for his justice. A very simple law operates to reward him. By his justice he benefits the community, and the community, partly out of gratitude, partly out of an interested calculation, repay him for the service he has done. This law fails of its effect in a good number of cases, but in the majority of cases it does not fail. And when it fails, it seldom fails altogether. There is generally some reward for justice, if not always an adequate reward. Accordingly, not only Christians, or those who believe in something more than nature, but those whose only God is nature, and even those whose knowledge of nature is very superficial, fully recognize that virtue is rewarded. "Honesty is the best policy" has become a proverb, and hypocrites have come into existence hoping to secure the reward without deserving it. We see, then, that those who believe in nature only may be said to believe not only in a God, but, in some sense, in a personal God. Their God, at least, has so much of personality that He takes account of the distinction of virtue and vice, that He punishes crime, and that He relieves distress.

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From Temple Bar.

HER DEAREST FOE.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE next Sunday was one of those bright soft days that seem stolen from a ripper season, just as a sample of the delights which more advanced spring has in store. Already the almond and lilac trees showed attempts at budding, the crocuses and violets made a respectable show in the garden, and Mrs. Travers's rooms were sweet with hyacinths.

Thither, in Sunday garb of most irreproachable cut and hue, with tightly buttoned, handsomely stitched gloves, and a silk umbrella rolled into the dimensions of a walking-stick, came Ford. He first loomed upon Fanny's active vision at church, and she, with her usual impulsiveness, bestowed an energetic nudge upon her friend, who was busied in finding the hymn just given out; but Mrs. Travers was not unaccustomed to Fanny's nudges, and did not even lift her eyes from her book.



On coming out of church, the Hon. Mrs. Danby pounced upon Mrs. Travers, for whom she had lain in wait; for the young widow generally kept back till the rest of the congregation had partially dispersed.

"How do you do, my dear Mrs. Travers? I was glad to see you in church, for Georgy and I fancied, from not seeing you anywhere, that you were not so well—cold or something. It is such uncertain, trying weather."

"Oh, I am perfectly well, thank you," replied Mrs. Travers cheerfully.

"Suppose we walk on?"

Here Mr. Ford drew near, looking slightly embarrassed, yet determined.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Travers; then, holding out her hand, "Good morning, Mr. Ford; I did not expect to see you in church. Fanny, here is Mr. Ford!"—and Fanny felt he was committed to her care.

Mrs. Danby and her daughter looked at him with an instant's short, sharp curiosity, and then the party fell into a natural marching order, the married ladies in front, the young ones, escorted by the gallant Ford, in the rear. Now it is remarkable that, although speaking very correct English, with a good accent, although a well-informed and tolerably good-looking individual, both Miss Danby and her mother decided in their own minds that he was, according to their scornful generalization, some "tinker, or tailor, or candlestick-maker" from the city. Meantime they walked on harmoniously together.

"I want you to waive ceremony and come in to us to-morrow evening, my dear Mrs. Travers," said the honourable dame, persuasively. "There will only be my cousin Lady Georgiana Verner, her nephew Lord Delamere, who is quartered here, and Colonel Upton, who is an Indian hero just returned. You might like to meet him, for he is a great chum of your connection, Sir Hugh Galbraith. It is quite a family gathering; no party, a little music and a rubber. There could not be the slightest impropriety."

"Thank you very much," returned Mrs. Travers, gently but decidedly. "I could not think of leaving my own house for some months to come. Do not think me ungracious. In such matters, I suppose, individual feeling makes the law."

"I really think you are too scrupulous, dear Mrs. Travers. It is not wise, or even Christian, to indulge in morbid regrets, which only unfit us for the duties of that state of life to which we are called,"

observed Mrs. Danby, in a highly religious tone.

But Mrs. Travers was not to be moved; the prospect of meeting an old chum of Sir Hugh Galbraith was anything but attractive to her, and she politely though firmly repeated her refusal.

"Well, your charming young friend will perhaps join us?"

This Mrs. Travers left an open point, determined to ask Fanny to stay at home, as she did not at all like the idea of her "charming" but communicative young friend being brought in contact even with the enemy's most remote outpost.

The parties separated at their respective houses, and Mrs. Travers addressed herself pleasantly to Mr. Ford.

"Come in, Mr. Ford; I daresay we shall find Mr. Reed. He generally comes down on Sundays, but, I regret to say, does not appear at church."

"I must beg you to believe," returned Ford, following her into the house, "that, although compelled by railway exigencies to make my appearance at so unreasonable an hour, I do not intend to bore you all day; a walk across Bushy Park, after a week at the desk, will be a great refreshment."

"I am very happy to see you, Mr. Ford," said the young widow, simply. "Pray stroll about, or sit indoors and read, just as you like."

Contrary to Mrs. Travers's expectations, Tom Reed was not awaiting them, and luncheon proceeded much more formally in consequence. Mr. Ford was very elaborately agreeable. He conveyed all the latest news he could collect in the most polite phrases, but Fanny was rather inattentive, and disposed to watch the window opposite her, which commanded a view of the entrance; observing which, Mrs. Travers remarked, "We cannot expect Tom now, till quite late in the evening, and I do not think he will come at all."

"I dare say he will not," returned Fanny.

They shortly after adjourned to the drawing-room.

"I wish," said Mrs. Travers to her companion, "you would be good-natured, and take a walk with Mr. Ford."

This was a whispered aside, while he was critically examining an illustrated work on church architecture, which the High Church curate had persuaded Mrs. Travers to buy.

"I will if you like," said Fanny, with her usual good humour. "Mr. Ford," she



continued, "will you take me with you? or shall I be in your way?"

"My dear young lady, I am greatly gratified at the idea of such companionship; but shall we leave Mrs. Travers alone? Would she not join us?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Ford, I never go out on Sundays; but a brisk walk would do Fanny a world of good."

Fanny made a pretty "mow" behind Mr. Ford's back, and ran away to put on her bonnet.

"I have heard, since I had the pleasure of seeing you," said Ford, drawing his chair near Mrs. Travers, "that Sir Hugh Galbraith was to have started, or had started, from Calcutta the first of this month; so that he will probably arrive in England in about a fortnight."

"Indeed!" she replied, and then remained silent and absorbed in thought, her large dark-blue eyes distended, gazing fixedly on vacancy.

Ford looked at her intently, quite unperceived by her, until he suddenly rose from his chair, and executed his favourite flank movement upon the window. Then she said with a smile:—

"Well, Mr. Ford, he may come or go. I must trouble myself no further about him. He has rejected my offer with more than scorn, and has evidently heard some rumour of the second will, for he threatens to dispute the first. Oh, what would I not give to find that second will, or to know certainly that it does not exist! I shall never feel really safe or settled until I am satisfied one way or the other."

"It is a painful position for you," said Ford, once more seating himself beside her; "but I think you may make up your mind that nothing more will ever be discovered, although I once knew a case somewhat in point where, after a year, the final will was found. But as to Sir Hugh's threats, they are not worth thinking of."

"So Mr. Reed tells me; and I will try not to think of them. Pray, Mr. Ford"—with an abrupt change of voice—"have you been able to see poor Mr. Gregory's daughter for me?"

"No, indeed, I regret to say," replied Ford softly. "I have been much engaged since we met, but I have ascertained her address."

"Oh, thank you. Pray give it to me. Perhaps I had better call. I have much more time to spare than you, and I ought not to trouble you."

"Trouble!" repeated Ford emphatically. "When did I ever think anything a trouble for you?"

There was a perceptible quiver in his voice. Mrs. Travers looked up quickly with a startled expression, meeting his eyes steadily.

"Oh, you may be so good as not to consider me troublesome," she said, with a certain quiet, careless composure, very refrigerating to an ardent, vain, timid man. "But I am all the more bound not to give you trouble. So let me have the address, and I shall call upon this poor woman in a day or two."

There was a tinge of command in both voice and manner that suited her well; and Ford instantly obeyed.

"There," he said, taking a slip of paper from his pocket-book. "It is not a very attractive locality, you observe." Then, after a moment's pause, "I trust I have not unwittingly offended by involuntarily falling back to the tone warranted in former, and to me, happier days."

"No, no!" cried Mrs. Travers, her frank kindly nature dreading to seem unfriendly or haughty in her prosperity. "I always remember——"

The entrance of Fanny with her bonnet on saved the impulsive widow from too fascinating an *amende*, though perhaps the suggestiveness of her unfinished sentence permitted a wider range to Ford's far-reaching vanity than the most unguarded words.

"Well, Miss Lee!" cried that gentleman, with head erect and sparkling eyes. "I am at your service. I daresay you can direct our steps to some pretty bits of scenery. Do you ever try any sketching? If so, and I could give you a hint or two, I should be most happy. In other days I had almost elected an artistic line, and, but for one circumstance, regret I did not."

"It would have been much nicer than doing sums all day, I am sure," returned Fanny. "Come along, Mr. Ford; it is past two."

Mrs. Travers felt unusually pleased when Ford disappeared, but was too much occupied with other thoughts to bestow any on him. The near approach of Sir Hugh Galbraith filled her with undefinable and unreasonable uneasiness; but she made a resolute and successful effort to banish him from her mind. "There is no use in going to meet trouble half way," she reflected; "he can do me no real harm." She looked at the address given her by Ford. "Mrs. Bell, Duke's Square, Lambeth, near Vauxhall." I will try and see her to-morrow; perhaps it is foolish and quixotic to go myself, but it



cannot be wrong; and I have so much time, and help must seem long in coming to her, poor soul." So the fair widow's thoughts flowed out in benevolent plans, in half-sad, half-sweet reminiscences. How long she sat in luxurious solitude she did not know, when she was roused by an opening door and the announcement of "Mr. Reed."

"My dear Tom, I am so glad to see you! What became of you this morning; and how have you managed to arrive at this unusual hour?"

"Well, you see, one of 'our own correspondents' has just arrived from India. Has been with Outram at Delhi; and we were late last night, or rather this morning. The *Morning Thresher* men gave him a supper; so he offered to drive me down, as he was coming to see some fellow he knew in India who is quartered here."

"Well, I am very glad to see you. Will you have some luncheon?"

"No, thank you; I have just finished breakfast;" and Tom Reed ensconced himself in a comfortable chair, yet seemed restless, while Mrs. Travers asked and received the news.

"What is the matter, Tom?" she said at length. "You seem on the look-out for something. Oh, I know! I suspect you miss Fanny's attacks. She is out: she good-naturedly undertook to guide Mr. Ford to some picturesque points; and I was not sorry to be left in peace."

"Oh, indeed, they will be back to dinner, then?"

"Yes, unless they elope; and I am sure Mr. Ford is much too proper to suggest such a thing," returned Mrs. Travers laughing.

"Then you do not think the difficulty would arise on Fanny's side?" said Reed, a little querulously.

"Poor dear Fanny! she would inevitably box his ears if the spirit moved him so far. Under enormous excitement, I could fancy Mr. Ford on one knee exclaiming, 'A carriage-and-four awaits us in the ravine; fly with me!' or some such correct incorrectness; but I can *not* fancy Fan saying 'Yes.' Ah! Tom, Tom, you must put up with me, only me, for the next half-hour."

"Only you!" cried Reed. "And am I not the luckiest of dogs to have a tête-à-tête with you even for once; to have the *entrée* of your pleasant home-like house. Seriously, you have done me a world of good. Do you know I am crystallizing into a steadiness calculated to result in a

millionaire condition, if I only had a trifle to begin with. As it is, I trust it may not impart a solidity to my pen which will unfit it for lighter literature."

"Do not fear. Volatility is so ingrained in you that any graver habits contracted here will be but the sponge-cake underlying the whipt cream of your existence."

"Perhaps so," returned Tom gravely. "All I can say is, that the cream of my existence has been very considerably whipt hitherto."

Mrs. Travers smiled. "Ah, Tom! you would not be so good a fellow if the rod of circumstance had been more sparingly applied."

"So be it; but the process has had its unpleasantness."

"No doubt. Now tell me, what wonders did 'your own correspondent' tell of his adventures in India? I daresay I have read the best of them; but a little private bit flatters one's vanity."

"Well, curiously enough, our talk all the way down here was about Sir Hugh Galbraith. Markham (that's our man) knew him well."

"You do not say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Travers, with much interest. "And what does he say of him?"

"He evidently likes him: says he is not a bad fellow—a thorough soldier; a keen sportsman; rather silent and haughty, but as plucky as a—well, as a well-bred Englishman generally is."

"Or an ill-bred one either," put in Mrs. Travers.

"Well, as an Englishman, then. Perhaps, when he comes to England, he may be induced to hear reason, and do you justice."

"That I imagine he will never do," said Mrs. Travers. "How is it that he has not arrived as well as this correspondent of yours?"

"Oh, his passage was taken, I understand, but he was too ill to go on board. It seems he was rather severely wounded defending the entrance to a fort with a handful of men, to give the women and sick time to escape. I hear he is to have the Victoria Cross."

"Indeed," returned Mrs. Travers coldly; and, after a minute's silence, added, "then he can hardly be here before the end of March."

"I should think not," said Reed rising and walking towards the window. "It is very fine, Mrs. Travers; do you not feel disposed to follow Fanny's example, and come out?"

"No, I do not, Tom," she replied, smil-



ing; "but pray do not mind me. I see you are longing to be away—go; and if you bend your steps towards Bushy Park, you will probably meet the truants."

"Ah, you want to get rid of me," cried Tom. "You have some delightful novel hidden away somewhere, which I interfere with; so I am off." He waved his hand to his fair hostess, and ran down-stairs with his usual alert rapidity.

Mrs. Travers looked after him with a kindly, half-amused smile; but though she rose and took a thick, tough-looking book from her writing-table, it lay open unread for a long time upon her knee. Partly she thought of Tom Reed's irrepressible uneasiness when he found Fanny was absent, but more of his careless sentence, "I hear he is to have the Victoria Cross." It was curious how it ruffled the repose of her mind to hear of any worth in Hugh Galbraith—any liking towards him in others. It always seemed to reflect reproach upon her dead husband and herself—and how much she had offended in urging Mr. Travers to do him justice, no one save herself knew. It was such an effort to her to speak to Mr. Travers on any forbidden subject, and Galbraith was always tabooed. Now, all her efforts were worse than useless! Well, she had, at all events, striven to do right; and she could not help believing that her conduct would come to light some day, even if not—She raised her book and strove to read, but only succeeded brokenly; disagreeable thoughts would flit between her mind and the subject before it. It was quite a relief to hear Fanny's voice on the stairs, and to receive the three pedestrians.

"I was so surprised to see Tom!" cried Fanny, as she entered. "I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw him coming along. We have had such a nice walk; have we not, Mr. Ford?"

"I should be a very strange individual to deny it," returned that gentleman, with much urbanity. "I wish we could have persuaded you, Mrs. Travers, to have joined us; I think you would have enjoyed the delicious spring feeling, the charming views."

"No doubt, Mr. Ford; but I seldom go out on Sunday. Now, dinner will be ready in five minutes, so those who wish to adorn had better do so."

. . . . .

The day but one after this conversation, Mrs. Travers, yielding to a kindly impulse, determined to seek out the old clerk's daughter herself. A deep, grateful sense

of happiness had been developing within her, and gradually pervading her whole being during the three months of harmonious quiet which had succeeded her husband's death. It was in vain she reproached herself for this disloyalty to his memory; in vain she told herself that her mourning should be deeper and more prolonged for him to whom she owed everything. Nature was too strong to be held back from its irrepressible germination. She felt she was young and fair; she knew she was free, rich, full to the lips with life, and she looked round, longing to bestow some of her happiness on others. Subscriptions to useful charities were all very right; but she wanted to say to some sorrowful ones, "Here, take of my abundance; let me have the supreme pleasure of drying your tears." She longed to give relief, not merely by gifts, but by the balm of personal sympathy. So she started in the most generous mood—she went alone.

"Poor old Mr. Gregory's people must be superior," she thought. "His daughter will speak more freely to me, if I am by myself." She therefore took the train to Vauxhall, and a cab from thence to the address given her by Ford. It was a better locality than she expected. The square was a large grass-plot, adorned by a few weeping willows, fenced by wooden rails painted white, and surrounded by old-fashioned, respectable-looking red-brick houses. The one she sought had a brass plate on the door, which announced "Mrs. Bell's establishment for young ladies." As Mrs. Travers rang, the door opened, and a stout, square-looking man, in a brown overcoat and baggy trousers, came out; he had a tall, fluffy hat that seemed to have been brushed the wrong way, and held a book with a brass clasp, out of which various papers protruded. He was followed by a small pale woman, with a strained, imploring expression in her eyes, and hair much whiter than it ought to have been at her years. She was dressed in rusty black, and had a small, grey, knitted shawl drawn tight round her shoulders; yet was there no tinge of commonness in her aspect, nor in her accent, as she answered the man's imperative "On Monday, then, at farthest," with a low, sad-toned, "On Monday, if I possibly can;" and then continued standing, the door in her hand, as he walked away—looking with surprise at Mrs. Travers.

"I wish, if convenient to her, to see Mrs. Bell," said she, advancing and drawing a card from her case.



"I am Mrs. Bell," returned the little woman with a sigh, as if the name was identified with trouble; "walk in, if you please." She led the way into what was evidently a schoolroom, as the front and back parlours opened into each other, and were scantily supplied with desks and forms.

"Pray sit down," continued Mrs. Bell, drawing forward the only chair in the room, which had a relaxed cane seat.

"I presume you have called about my advertisement."

"No," said Kate Travers: "I was not aware of any advertisement," and she placed her card in the little woman's thin, tremulous hand.

"Mrs. Travers!" she exclaimed in great surprise. "This is most unexpected!"—the tears stood in her eyes, and her lips quivered.

"I have taken the liberty of calling on you," said Mrs. Travers, colouring, and feeling keenly the awkwardness of venturing to intrude her knowledge of the difficulties with which this poor soul had to contend upon her notice—"because—because your late father was much respected by Mr. Travers; and had not his own illness come on so soon after Mr. Gregory's death, he would, I have no doubt, made it his business to ascertain"—she paused, at a loss how to proceed.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Bell breathlessly, her thin hands clutching nervously at her shawl.

"If he could have been of any use to you," resumed Kate Travers, clearing her difficulties at a bound; "and I have come to act for him. Will you forget I am a stranger, and speak to me openly of your affairs?"

The kind, frank eyes, the sweet, modest, hesitating voice, that seemed to ask rather than to confer a favour, melted the struggling woman's heart. A sudden overpowering gleam of hope seemed to turn her giddy: she leant her elbows on one of the desks, and, covering her face with her hands, she kept silence for one trembling moment.

"You are very, very good!" she exclaimed at length; "and I heartily thank you; but I fear, I greatly fear, it is almost too late for help."

"Do not say so," cried Mrs. Travers, feeling at ease now that the ice was broken. "I am sure, if you will confide in me, something can be done—some way of escape found." She spoke warmly and quickly, for, without a word of explanation, she perceived that her listener was in

great trouble. After a few more sentences had been exchanged, Mrs. Bell's shy reserve gave way, and, while unheeded tears welled over and stole down her sunken cheek, she told her whole story.

While her father lived with her, she was comparatively prosperous; he paid her rent, and further contributed to the cost of the little household. She had a fairly successful school, and had contrived to educate her daughter, now grown up, a son, who had evidently been a "ne'er-do-weel," whose illness and death not long before his grandfather's had helped to exhaust her scanty savings, and another boy, her youngest, who was not yet twelve years old. But with her father she lost her mainstay. Her school fluctuated; she got behind with her rent. Her landlord had, perhaps unfortunately, been tolerably patient; she had struggled on, not liking to throw away the connection she had formed, especially as "dear Gracey" had just come home "finished" from an excellent school, where she had gained nearly all the prizes, and worked with her whole soul in order to be a help to the "dear mother" at home, and Mrs. Bell could therefore offer fresh advantages to her pupils.

Do what she would, however, the net closed round the poor woman; and, as the last chance of paying her debts and setting herself and daughter free, she had advertised her school for sale, hoping to make an existence by giving lessons, as she could no longer receive pupils. They had now nearly come to the end of all their resources—the widow's brother was at sea, had been unheard of for months—the landlord had just left, after informing her that, if not paid on Monday, he must seize her furniture. "And all will go," concluded Mrs. Bell, who had talked herself into composure; "for, between rent and taxes, there are nearly twenty-five pounds due. Then I do not know where to turn! With this house will go my last chance of independence. And there is poor Georgie; he has not been to school for three months—what is to become of him?"

"You must have courage still," said Kate, taking her hand, while sympathetic tears stood in her eyes. "The house shall not go, nor the furniture."

"But, dear madam, it would take such a large sum to set me straight."

"How much?" returned Mrs. Travers quickly.

"Well, you see, I ought to be sure of six months' rent besides what is due, and just the little weekly bills, and a trifle of ready money for books and things. Oh, I



am afraid I dare not stay on with less than seventy pounds, and that is a fortune!"

"Nevertheless you shall have it," cried Kate Travers impulsively — "you shall indeed! I am certain, if my husband had known about you, he would have done as much or more."

"But, Mrs. Travers, pray think what a very large sum it is to promise! Your kind heart is moved by the story of my troubles. I should be so sorry to hurry you into anything you would regret."

"You shall have the half to-morrow," returned Kate, "and the rest in a week, so pray cheer up, and set to work to inform all your friends that your school is not to be given up; and as to your boy," — she stopped — a list of all the institutions of which Mr. Travers had been a governor, or a benefactor, rose before her mental vision — "we must provide for his education in some way."

But her hearer was faint, and overcome by this unexpected turn of fortune. Mrs. Travers, frightened to see her look so pale, hastily rang the bell, which was immediately answered by a graceful, pretty, dark-eyed girl, a youthful picture of the faded woman who was now sobbing hysterically as she sat upon one of the forms with her head against an ink-splashed desk. A few minutes of confusion and misunderstanding, and then the glorious news of their emancipation was made known to "Gracey," who, though preserving her composure, was evidently as much overjoyed as her mother.

"The good God has sent you to us!" she said, in a choking voice. "I have no fear of the future if we can but keep up the school, and people always liked to send their children to mother. Then, if we can let a couple of rooms up-stairs, we shall do well. Oh, you have indeed given us hope and strength!"

Kate remained some time talking over the simple plans of mother and daughter, deeply thankful that she had come herself without loss of time, and utterly winning the hearts of both by the unaffected friendliness of her interest in their projects. She could collect from their conversation that theirs had been lives of unremitting industry and humble content; no worthier recipients of her bounty could be found.

How little it cost to restore sunshine to their hearts — sunshine that reflected itself glowingly in her own!

After this visit, the pleasant monotony of Mrs. Travers's life was varied by an occasional visit to the quiet little schoolmistress and her daughter — not too many —

Kate was delicately fearful of being oppressive, and in going through the forms necessary to procure admittance for her boy into one of the many institutions to which Mr. Travers had subscribed, to some of which she had also herself contributed.

Thus another month had almost slipped by, and the promise she had made to her *protégée* had been faithfully fulfilled. After consultation with Mr. Ford, Kate had determined to increase her gift by an additional twenty pounds, which would not make it much more than half a year's *post obit* salary on account of the long and efficient services of the old clerk.

Mr. Wall had now ceased to warn his fair client that she must "just" wait; and she herself had begun to plan an early move to the Continent, beginning with Naples, and intending to work her way northward as summer advanced.

A delicious scheme, over which her fancy revelled, yet in which Fanny somehow did not seem to take as vivid an interest as might have been expected.

#### CHAPTER VII.

"I WONDER what solemnity Mr. Ford intends to perform to-day," said Mrs. Travers, looking up from a note she was reading as she sat at breakfast.

"Is he coming here?" asked Fanny, who was diligently spreading honey on her bread and butter.

"Yes. He says: 'A matter of deep importance induces me so to arrange my work here, as to enable me to present myself at noon, when I hope you will grant me a private interview.'"

"Oh, my goodness, Kate!" cried Fanny, her eyes sparkling with fun. "Depend upon it he is going to make you an offer, or a declaration, or whatever is the right word."

"Fanny!" said Mrs. Travers indignantly. "How strange it is that a really nice girl as you are should be guilty of such glaring vulgarity, even in jest! Do you forget the position in which Mr. Ford stands to me? Never make such a speech again."

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed Fanny, clasp- ing her hands as if in terror. "Do not grind me quite to powder! But do you mean to say you don't know that nice, proper, polite personage is in love with you? because, if you do not, I shall begin to think I am more than your equal intellectually!"

"Absurd!" returned Mrs. Travers angrily. "I have a sincere respect for Mr. Ford, and such remarks are insulting to him as well as to me; besides, I am



vexed that you should be so regardless of all propriety—there, Fanny! I do not mean to be cross, but do not be so thoughtless again!”

“No, I will not, indeed, dearest. I know I am a wretch; but, Kate, I do not give up my opinion for all that.”

“Think what nonsense you like, but do not utter it!” returned Mrs. Travers, looking to the second page of the note in obedience to a “P.T.O.” at the foot of the first. “Listen to this, Fan. ‘I saw the junior partner of Booth Brothers this morning. He had reached London only last night, having travelled from Marseilles with Sir Hugh Galbraith, though not exactly in his company.’ There,” continued Mrs. Travers, “I feel as if I were before the enemy, and on the point of going into action!”

“Sir Hugh absolutely in London!” cried Fanny. “Is it not sooner than we expected? ‘Ill birds fly fast!’”

“No, not sooner than is quite possible,” said Mrs. Travers thoughtfully, as she laid the note beside her plate. “Our life is so serene and happy, no wonder that we take no heed of time—is it! I fear ‘has been’ would be more correct! I feel quite a coward at the idea of the unrest that is before me; and an enemy is so horrible—an implacable enemy, who cannot be bought off!” she continued, smiling. “I am ashamed of my cowardice. If that man had not a sort of right to consider himself ill-used, I should be braver. However, he may annoy, but he cannot hurt me!”

“Take some more coffee, and I will cut you such a nice thin slice of ham,” said Fanny soothingly.

“No, thank you—nothing more.”

“Why, Kate, you have scarce eaten any breakfast!”

“Never mind, I shall eat more luncheon. And, Fanny dear, I wish you would write and ask Tom Reed to come down to dinner, if possible, to-day. I will put on my bonnet while you write, and go to the post myself—a walk will brighten my ideas and steady my nerves.”

“Shall I go with you?” asked Fanny.

“No. I want to think, and you would have to be silent, so you would be bored.”

“Very well,” returned Fanny good-humouredly.

Although a dull grey morning, the air and motion revived the young widow. She strove gallantly to throw off the depression and fearful looking for evil which had fallen upon her spirit; but though partially successful, she could not quite

repress the sort of nervous watchfulness which constantly drew her eyes to the clock. It must be some matter of no ordinary importance that could induce Mr. Ford to leave the office in the morning, on a foreign-post day, too! Then she remembered that Friday was the post day, and credited it with a reputation for unlimited ill-luck, at which morsel of superstition reason smiled and imagination shuddered.

The first ten minutes after midday had ticked slowly by, and Mrs. Travers, though fully prepared, could not help a nervous start when “Mr. Ford” was announced.

Even while exchanging the ordinary greetings, Mrs. Travers was struck by his altered appearance. His face was thinner than when she had seen him scarcely a fortnight before, and deadly pale; his eager, glittering eyes had a haggard, strange expression, which impressed her painfully.

“I fear you have been ill, Mr. Ford!” she exclaimed, almost involuntarily, as she pointed to a seat near the fire and opposite her own.

“Ill at ease I certainly have been since yesterday,” he replied, laying a square, thin brown paper parcel, folded and tied with his accustomed accuracy, on the table, and moving his chair so as to sit with his back to the light.

“I trust you have no very bad news to tell me,” said Mrs. Travers, while her heart beat loudly.

“Nothing good, I acknowledge,” he returned, taking out his handkerchief, and passing it rapidly over his face.

Mrs. Travers made no answer, and, with a sort of choking sound in the throat, Ford resumed abruptly: “The missing will, for which we have sought so diligently,—I have found it.”

“Indeed!” cried Mrs. Travers, with a sensation of relief. “I am very glad.”

“But, my dear lady,” said Ford, lowering his voice and leaning a little forward towards her, “I—I—as an old and trusted friend, I ventured to peruse it, and —”

“Well, well, Mr. Ford,” interrupted Mrs. Travers, impatiently; “I am sure you were actuated by the best motives. I do hope Sir Hugh is remembered.”

“Sir Hugh!” repeated Mr. Ford in a peculiar tone. “You shall see;” and he began to untie the parcel. “I do not know,” he continued, “what induced me to perhaps transgress the limits of prudence but my deep anxiety and regard for



your interests—in short, I read the document! and I am most thankful I did, for I at once decided that *yours* should be the first eyes to fall upon it. You can then act as you think best.”

“But where,” exclaimed Mrs. Travers, who had turned somewhat pale, “where did you find it?”

“You remember the large, old-fashioned bureau that stood in Mr. Travers’s private room?—but no, you were there but once.”

“I have heard you and Mr. Wall speak of it,” she replied.

“We had examined it carefully, for Mr. Travers used to keep his private papers, bonds, securities—matters unconnected with the business of the house—there. The day before yesterday I had noticed, in a list of drawings published in the *Times*, some numbers of Turkish coupons which I felt sure were held by our excellent principal, and late in the afternoon, when I had breathing-time, I determined to look for the numbers which I had noted down. While so engaged, Poole came to me with one of the large ledgers which I usually lock away in the safe myself, as he had requested permission to leave early. I took it from him; but, as he closed the door, I remembered a commission I wished him to execute next morning, and, turning abruptly to catch him, the heavy ledger fell from my hand, striking the inlaid border that surrounds the writing-table part of the bureau. It is one of those enclosed by a semicircular revolving cover, which shuts all in. The corner of the cover must have come with much force upon a spring, for I heard a slight click, and a secret drawer on the right, outside the bureau, flew open, and in it I found this,”—laying his hand upon a folded parchment which he had taken from its brown paper cover while he spoke.

“And it is!”—exclaimed Mrs. Travers breathlessly.

“The missing will,” added Ford. “And now, my dear friend,” he continued, with a tinge of unusual familiarity, “I must beg you to nerve yourself, for you will find this document to be singularly unjust. I may say, basely unjust!” He paused nervously, biting his under lip, and, as he met the young widow’s full, searching, almost stern gaze, he averted his eyes. When he looked at her again, she was holding out her hand for the parchment.

“I daresay you exaggerate its injustice, Mr. Ford,” she said. “Even if the bulk of the property is left to Sir Hugh, I

shall not complain. He is the natural heir. I have no right to more than a fair dower.”

“Read it,” returned Ford emphatically; “read it, and”—sinking his voice, and drawing his chair a little nearer to her—“remember, whatever course you may adopt, whatever decision you may make, I am utterly at your service.” He stopped abruptly.

Mrs. Travers looked at him as if puzzled, and then unfolded the crackling parchment, her eyes intently darting upon the stiff, legal writing with which it was covered. “Ah!” she exclaimed after a few moments, which were very long to Ford, “I seem lost in a maze of words, and cannot gather the sense.”

“Allow me to read it to you,” he said, moving to her side. “You can follow, and I will explain. You observe the date—March the 15th. Does that bring anything to your recollection?”

“No, nothing,” returned Mrs. Travers quickly; “pray read on.”

Ford plunged into the wilderness of words, skimming the technicalities quickly, yet with a slight tremor and catch in his voice, and bringing out the important morsels, dotted like islets in an Ægean of verbiage, with slackened speed and clear emphasis. Mrs. Travers listened in steady, unbroken silence to the very end; the hand with which she held one side of the wide sheet firm and still, while Ford’s shook perceptibly. Cleared of circumlocution, the will, after some small bequests to old employes, all more or less different from similar dispositions in the first will, proceeded to express a wish that the house of Travers should not be broken up, but kept in working order, either by the inheritor or a firm of partners; this was not distinctly directed, but left to the discretion of the executors. The testator then remarked, that, having provided for all just claims upon him by gifts and otherwise during his lifetime, he desired that all his property, real and personal, should go to his nearest of kin, Sir Hugh Galbraith. This bequest was untrammelled by any condition or reservation whatever.

When Ford ceased reading, Mrs. Travers turned quickly to the signatures, and read them aloud in a wondering tone. Ford rose, and stood at a little distance, silent, but watching her intently. Again Mrs. Travers turned to the beginning, as though she would read it once more; then, letting it fall, she looked up full at Ford, and, pushing back her hair from her brow, exclaimed, “I cannot



understand it! I am never mentioned! 'He has provided for all just claims during his lifetime.' What does it mean? Oh, Mr. Ford, this must be a forgery! You cannot believe it genuine?"

"I would fain believe it false," he began in an unsteady voice, which he brought more under command as he proceeded. "I dreaded its effect upon you when I found what it was, and at once decided that you, and you alone, should first peruse it before any living soul knew of its existence."

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Mrs. Travers impatiently; "you are always very good; but do you mean to say that you believe Mr. Travers — my husband — would execute a will in which I am not even named; in which I am totally unprovided for — unthought of, unless the sentence about having provided for all claims by gifts during his lifetime glances at me?"

"And I suppose he made no deed of gift or settlement upon you?"

"No, certainly not. I remember being so vexed before we were married, by old Mr. Lee asking for some such thing. Mr. Travers was rather offended, and said I might trust him; and I did completely — justly — for" (with suppressed vehemence) "I will never believe this thing is real. No, not if one rose from the dead to tell me so! Do you believe in it, Mr. Ford?"

Ford made an attempt to speak before he could command his voice.

"I fear, my dear Mrs. Travers, it will be difficult to disprove it. I am most reluctantly obliged to place the reality of the question before you. First, we have the fact that Poole, shortly before Mr. Travers's death, admitted voluntarily that he and old Gregory had, early in the previous spring, witnessed a will which Poole believes Gregory (who was one time a lawyer's clerk) had drawn up under Mr. Travers's own direction. Then we have your own belief that a will subsequent to that existed. Indeed, you thought your own strong wish that justice should be done to Sir Hugh suggested a change in Mr. Travers's testamentary dispositions. We searched for the will in vain, our idea being that, as for some reason Mr. Travers chose to keep his intentions a secret from Messrs. Wall and Wreford, the bureau in his private room was the most likely place to find his will. There, accordingly, I, by a curious accident, do find it. The witnesses are the same as previously mentioned; the date also tallies

with what we were led to expect; and, should you unfortunately not be able to arrange a compromise with Sir Hugh Galbraith, and if my evidence was called for, as it no doubt would be, I should be compelled to admit that, shortly before the date of that will, there was a disagreement of a somewhat painful nature on the subject of money between you and your late husband." He looked very intently at Mrs. Travers while he spoke.

"Of course you would have to speak the truth," she returned sharply. "But you surely do not mean to say that the trifling altercation you unfortunately overheard could have influenced Mr. Travers in so serious a matter as his will."

"It is impossible to say," said Ford. "No one knows better than yourself that your late good husband was not altogether free from crotchets more or less unreasonable."

Mrs. Travers made no immediate answer, but seemed looking through the document with some care.

"The names appear all written in a different hand from the rest," she said at last. "It is strange! It is incomprehensible!"

"It is cruel and deplorable," added Ford; "and," dropping his voice, "not the least painful result is, that Sir Hugh Galbraith, that haughty, overbearing fellow, will find a triumph prepared for him as soon as he arrives."

"Ah! then you believe this horrible, cruel, unjust will is genuine. You cannot, Mr. Ford, surely you cannot!"

"My dear lady — my dear Mrs. Travers, it cuts me to the heart to be obliged to confess that you will find it hard, nay, impossible, to set it aside." She rose from her seat and walked towards the window as he spoke; he paused a moment, looking anxiously after her, and then resumed — "Still, I would beg you not to be too much cast down. Sir Hugh cannot be devoid of all humanity; you observe Mr. Gervais, the executor to the first will, is joint executor with Sir Hugh himself. He is, I imagine, friendly to you; if he represents your case judiciously, I am sure the fortunate heir will not refuse you, his cousin and benefactor's widow, the means of subsistence, especially as you had made him a handsome offer of your own free-will when you believed he had no claim. I think we may hope that Sir Hugh will make you some small —"

Mrs. Travers had turned and come slowly back from the window while Ford



spoke, and now broke in upon his speculations in a low, concentrated voice, while her eyes flashed.

"What are you speaking about, Mr. Ford? Do you think the will of any man could lower me into a dependent upon Sir Hugh's charity? Do you not see that he will immediately declare, and believe that I knew of this—this—vile forgery, and so tried to buy him off and quiet my own conscience? Do you not see what an abyss of mortification and misrepresentation has opened at my feet?—and if—if this thing cannot be proved false, I *must* plunge in; there is *no* way of escape!" She grasped the back of a chair as she spoke, and Ford could see from the tight clutch of the white hands how strongly her spirit was moved.

"I do indeed see how horrible it is; how much more horrible it *will* be!" returned Ford, the colour rising in his cheek, and a light beginning to sparkle in his eyes. "My heart bleeds for you; and yet I must draw your attention to another point, of which I feel sure Sir Hugh and others will make the most and the worst."

"What more?" asked Mrs. Travers, as if her thoughts were far away.

"There is another name omitted from this will that was honourably mentioned in the former one—my own. You did not perhaps remember that I was left five hundred pounds?"

"Yes, yes; I remember."

"Then," resumed Ford, "it is highly probable that the total silence of this document respecting us both, coupled, in the mind of a worldly and not very high-toned man, with my pure devotion to your service; our previous——"

"I cannot imagine how any person could see the least connection between them," said Mrs. Travers. "But, be that as it may, I feel the ground giving way beneath my feet. I know this wretched will is false, forged, untrue; and yet, where can I turn for proof? How can I save myself from the humiliation of yielding, rescue or no rescue, to my insolent enemy?"

The last word was uttered with intense *verve* from between her clenched teeth by the fair, soft-looking widow.

"Can we find no way of escape?" asked Ford, in a low tone, looking intently at Mrs. Travers. She did not reply, and he resumed: "You would do much, anything to avoid submission to Sir Hugh."

"Yes, anything," she replied, slowly.

"Then, Mrs. Travers," exclaimed Ford, his breath coming short and quick, "as

you believe this will not to be genuine, suppress it! Not a soul knows of it save you and myself; you think it forged; you will, therefore, do no moral wrong. Need I assure you how completely you may trust me; how I would guard you from discovery even more watchfully than you would guard yourself!"—he ceased abruptly with a gasp, as if for breath.

Mrs. Travers turned, and looked at him full and steadily for a moment. "No!" she said, "that would indeed be to humiliate myself in my own eyes, and put myself under my adversary's feet. No, no; your sympathy for me, your friendly indignation, blinds you for the moment; we will blot out the suggestion. I see you more than half believe this will is genuine, and you are the more indignant. I do not believe it. Nothing will ever make me believe it—cruel, base, my husband never could have been; meantime, I must show it to Mr. Wall, and get Poole to verify his signature. How unfortunate that poor Gregory is dead! He, no doubt, was acquainted with the contents."

Mr. Ford changed colour as she spoke, and passed his handkerchief across his brow, pressing it for a moment against his eyes. "Your decision," he said at last, in an altered tone, "does more credit to your conscience than to your worldly wisdom. Yet, if the advice of one so *culpably* anxious for your welfare as I am may still be offered, I should say, do not give this document too hastily into Mr. Wall's hands. Pause; think of all you resign—wealth, ease, freedom! think of the reverse, which you will unavoidably incur—poverty, obscurity, hard work, possibly a faint suspicion that your late husband had some good cause for so complete, so extraordinary a change in the disposition of his property."

"I see it all, Mr. Ford, painfully clear; yet I must not do this thing." She spoke sadly, but composedly.

"Then," exclaimed Ford, with some agitation, "I have placed myself in your power to no avail—my character is in your hands!"

"What can you think of me," cried Mrs. Travers, with much warmth, "if you do not believe that I would be as true to you as you to me? I am certain you would never do for yourself what in a moment of mistaken feeling you suggested to me. Let us forget it. To-morrow you will think differently; and, as to me, the proposition shall never cross my mind again." She looked kindly and frankly at him, but he did not meet her eye. "But," she re-



sumed, "if I grieve at the prospect of losing my all, I do not forget that you lose the legacy you so well deserved. Nothing makes me doubt the authenticity of this," pointing to the parchment, "more than the omission of your name."

"The whims of testators are positively unaccountable," said Ford sullenly.

"But then," urged Mrs. Travers, "there was no shadow of reason for showing disapprobation of you. Mr. Travers confided in you — liked you to the last. Yours was the last name he mentioned. Ah!" — suddenly she stopped, as, with a flash of memory's light, the dying man's words came back to her. "Still," she resumed, speaking to herself, "my faith is not shaken."

"Some expression of poor Mr. Travers no doubt recurs to you?" said Ford anxiously, while he watched her keenly.

"Yes," she returned, with her accustomed candour. "Scarcely an hour before his death he said, 'You will think I have been unjust.' Then, after a while, he added, 'It is too late!' words which I always thought pointed to a second will, but not one like this."

"Perhaps not; still they would apply. As to myself, who can tell that some instinctive feeling on the part of Mr. Travers may not have biassed him against me? He may have recognized the deep admiration I once — nay, ever have felt since those happy days when first I knew you! the ardent sympathy, the devotion —"

"Stop!" said Mrs. Travers gravely, coldly, and raising her hand with an imperious gesture which arrested the movement he made towards her. "These are not words for me to hear; but I am willing to forget *them* also, provided they are never repeated. I say so with no disrespect to you."

They stood for a moment face to face, and Ford's eyes fell under Mrs. Travers's composed gaze: a nervous, sinister smile flickered on his lip. He controlled himself with a visible effort, and, bowing low —

"You teach me my place," he said, — "a lesson I shall not soon forget. Once there was little difference in our positions — there may be less once more! But I have accomplished my errand, and received my reward; so I wish you good morning."

"I do not wish you to leave me in anger," said the young widow gravely. "Be just, be rational, and let us forget the whole of this morning's conversation."

"Forget — forget!" repeated Ford bit-

terly. "It is easily said. I shall so far remember as not to intrude again. Good morning."

He turned away abruptly, and the next moment Mrs. Travers heard the front door open and shut violently. She looked after him with a sigh, and a troubled expression came into her face.

"There goes another enemy," she murmured; then taking up the fatal parchment, she slowly and carefully folded it up, laid it in a drawer, which she locked, and, sitting down to her writing-table, quickly penned the following: —

"Dear sir, — I shall call to-morrow between eleven and twelve. Endeavour to meet me; I have something very important to communicate."

This was addressed to W. Wall, Esq., 107 B — Street, and she had it instantly despatched by a special messenger.

"Where is Miss Lee?" asked Mrs. Travers, when the serious Edwards returned to say her orders had been obeyed.

"Miss Lee is gone out, ma'am. One of the young ladies next door called, and Miss Lee left word she was going for a walk, and did not like to disturb you, as you were engaged. Luncheon is quite ready, ma'am."

"Very well," returned his mistress, mechanically; "but, Edwards, I cannot eat luncheon! I shall ask for something by-and-by. Go — go to your own dinner."

The man left the room, and Mrs. Travers remained gazing out upon the garden, where a flush of green and many opening blossoms told that spring's first breath had touched the earth. Vaguely she looked out, and listened to the dim whisperings of her formless thought. She saw Cullingford and her cottage home quite distinctly across that mignonette border. She felt again the fluttered pleasure which Mr. Travers's grave notice and conversation created. She saw Ford, always carefully dressed, open the garden gate, with his black bag in his hand, and stop to assist her in budding roses. She recalled the odd, mixed feelings with which she always regarded him. A sort of compassion — a dread of hurting him — a tinge of ridicule — a sensation of unsafety. And then her husband; so generous, so high-minded, yet so narrow and jealous! A hundred instances of his thoughtful affection returned to her memory. *He* leave her unprovided for, dependent on her enemy! Never could she believe it. Yet the effect would be the same as if that horrible will was authentic.



A certainty of defeat — of a long, weary struggle pressed upon her. The pleasant visions of travel, of study, of the variety and repose which easy circumstances can realize, melted utterly away; and the only clear idea standing up out of this misty reverie was, that at least she had none to provide for save herself.

It was rather a relief to receive a message from Fanny to the effect that Mrs. Danby had some children to tea, and she would be so glad if Miss Lee could stay to assist in amusing them.

When Fanny returned, Mrs. Travers had gone to bed with a slight headache.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
IN A STUDIO.

BY W. W. STORY.

*Belton.* May I come in?

*Mallett.* Certainly, come in — I am happy to see you.

*Belton.* Tell me frankly if I interrupt you, and I will return some other day. I am always afraid that I interfere with your work in these long sessions of mine, and that you may sometimes wish me in Jericho, rather than here, bothering you with my talk.

*Mallett.* But you will not interrupt me now. So, pray, sit down.

*Belton.* How is it that you can work and talk at the same time? — I should think your work would require the entire concentration of your attention and faculties.

*Mallett.* Ah, that depends on what I am doing. In every art there is a certain portion that is mechanical — mere matter of elaboration after the parts are absolutely laid out and determined. And to do this, after one has learned how to do it, does not require an absolutely undivided attention. Of course, when a work is in process of creation, the whole power of the artist must be concentrated on it, and at such time he is alone with himself, whoever may be in the room; and if you interrupt him with questions, his answers will, for the most part, be mechanical. At all events this is my case; and when messages are brought at such times, it often occurs that, though I answer them as if I understood them, they make no impression on my mind, and I remember nothing of them afterwards. I suppose it is the same with all persons deeply occupied and abstracted in their work.

*Belton.* You remind me of an old gentle-

man I used to know who was devoted to music, and in his latter years lost the full exercise of his faculties, and suffered shipwreck of his musical senses. He used to sit for hours at an old spinnet, many of the strings of which were broken, and the others out of tune, and hammer horrible jangling discords out of it, under the impression that they were charming harmonies. When the servant came to the door and announced dinner in a loud voice, he would look up from the spinnet and say, "No time to attend to secular things," and then go on as if nothing else required his attention.

*Mallett.* I daresay we artists often produce quite as inharmonious results while thinking we are working out some admirable design.

*Belton.* Oh, I did not mean that — at least of you personally.

*Mallett.* Still the illustration is a good one; and it is with artists, in some portions of their work, as with an accomplished musician who can play mechanically a piece he has learned thoroughly, without abstracting himself from conversation entirely.

*Belton.* I have often wished to ask how it is that an artist conceives a picture, statue, or poem. Does it come into his head at once complete and perfect, or does it slowly take shape? Is it wilfully and purposely created or built up, or does it create itself? Does he take a subject and think it out, and reason upon it, and elaborate it, or is the process by which it is created an unconscious one?

*Mallett.* I know nothing about it. Sometimes a thought or conception comes in one way, sometimes in another. Can you give any account of how an idea comes into your head, or where it came from? There is no particular mystery in the conception of a work of art, other than there is in every other conception. Sometimes it comes upon one suddenly, unexpectedly, like a surprise — and yet, whole, sound, perfect. Sometimes it grows slowly into shape without one's will, hangs vaguely about the mind for a long time in a misty way, and finally condenses into an absolute shape and presence. Sometimes the seed or germ has been unconsciously within us for years, without our being distinctly aware of it; and after it has been developed and assumed its final shape, we find hints and presages of it cropping forth here and there in our previous life and thought, now in one shape, now in another, collaterally as it were, and in other relations, before it finally took to itself a distinct self-existence. It is a plant growing



in our garden, unknown, unnamed, almost unobserved, which grows and grows, and finally bursts into flower — or again, it is an instant's crystallization of what was before invisible or dimly perceived. Courting the muse, as the cant phrase runs, is, I suppose, cultivating generally all the sentiments, feelings, and thoughts which lie on the ideal side of our nature. Sometimes a chance word or tone fires a whole train dormant and out of sight which we have unconsciously been laying.

*Belton.* Then you do not set yourself wilfully a subject, and work it out and try it in various shapes.

*Mallett.* I do not think I do — or very rarely — and then it usually comes to nothing. My notion is that our best work is done when we are possessed by an idea, and not when we are striving after one. Inspiration is the inbreathing of an influence from without and above, that can only really live in us, and become an essential part of us, when the interior nature is in a condition to be fecundated. The individual mind is, as it were, the matrix which is impregnated by the universal mind, and then alone can it conceive. It cannot of itself create. When all is fit and the spirit of man is receptive, the idea suddenly comes upon us without our will and without power to compel or resist its coming. It is received and quickened within our life and being, and takes from outward nature only its body and organism. It is what we call it in common speech, a conception. Therefore, of course, all possible culture and preparation are necessary, for according to our interior life and nature will be the outward product of our art. If the seed fall on stony places, there will be no germination. The fit soil must be ready. Depend upon it that thoughts are begotten in us by an over-power — whatever we may choose to call it. No one thing in nature makes itself by itself. There is a double germ — a double action — a passive and active, an influence and an effluence in everything. The spirit or effluence of God brooded over the water in the legend of the origin of things — over the water, the most susceptible and open element, not over the earth.

*Belton.* You seem to have a high philosophy about these things, and to think that the artist does not create his own works. You would call genius, then, a receptive capacity, and not a creative one — or rather, not an originating one.

*Mallett.* Certainly. How can genius originate anything out of nothing? It can

only give, at the utmost, shape and form to ideas which come it knows not whence. Whence do you get your thoughts? Do you create them? Take from the artistic nature its receptive capacity, its sensibility to impressions, and what remains? It ceases to be an artistic nature — and it creates nothing. The creative faculty is in exact balance with the receptive faculty. You cannot express more than has been impressed on the mind.

*Belton.* Is not this rather paradoxical? Are you not playing with words? Is not this very vague and visionary?

*Mallett.* I daresay it is very vague. But are not all the operations of the mind very vague? How can we do more than hint at any of them? You cannot think or feel or love according to your will. An influence rules you which is beyond your grasp of understanding, which sways you to its motions.

*Belton.* But if the artist receives all, what he creates is very little to his credit.

*Mallett.* In one sense it certainly is not. It would be the greatest folly in him to be vain; nor do I understand how a truly great genius can be vain. He is certainly entitled to all praise for the care and culture with which he trains his mind and his powers in the higher plane of his intelligence and emotion, as well as in the lower one of his mechanical skill and handicraft; for by this means he prepares himself for the best influences which may be exerted upon him, and for their truest representation through the forms and methods of his art. But, after all, he knows that the higher part of his art — the creative, the ideal part — is done through him, and not by him; that he is possessed while he works, and that he cannot give the why and the wherefore of what he does. He does it by no rule. Twice two will not always make four, spiritually, and art is not a multiplication table. He obeys somewhat which he can neither understand nor govern. A secret force guides and moves him. Yes! great genius is, I believe, unconscious of its own power, and certainly is never vain of it. Nay, I go further, and believe that after the completion of anything a strange fear haunts every man lest he be abandoned to himself, and the inspiration for the future denied. Besides, he knows how imperfect his work is; how far it falls below his intentions; how little he has been able to seize and embody of all that was breathing through him. It is only small natures that are satisfied with what they have done. What the artist can do



is to keep his instrument in tune, and this it is incumbent on him to do.

*Belton.* I am inclined to think with you, that genius of a first order is unconscious, and without vanity. Shakespeare certainly was, or at all events he would seem to have been, very careless of his productions, and I think his genius touched the highest point that literature has ever reached. Michael Angelo, in his last days, made a design of himself as a child in a go-cart, with this motto under it, "*Ancora imparo*"—I am yet learning. Raffaelle was more conscious, and a lesser nature.

*Mallett.* Yes, I doubt if Raffaelle ever would have reached a higher point than he had already reached at the age of thirty-seven. His enthusiasm and love of art were on the wane, and his last works have little of the sincerity of feeling and purpose shown in his earlier ones. He had a susceptible nature, full of delicacy and grace, but not a great nature; and, finally, he became rather academic. I daresay this will seem to you a terrible heresy.

*Belton.* No; I am quite of your opinion. I always feel a certain want of depth in even his best work, as if it were done more through natural facility and a sense of grace, than from any deep inspiration. His natural gifts were extraordinary, and his faculty of composition remarkable, but the best of him was expressed in his early works. There is always sweetness and refinement, great skill in the drawing and putting together of his pictures; but they have neither great purpose nor intensity of feeling. His Madonnas are generally conscious in their grace, and almost invariably cold towards the child; very seldom do they even look at him, and never are they wrapt in him. Correggio's Madonnas, on the contrary, only exist for the child. They do not think of themselves, but of him—they bend over him, are absorbed in him, love him, and adore him with all their souls—he is their world. But Raffaelle's are cold, and pure, and sweet, more like stepmothers than real mothers, and they hold their baby not as if he were their own, but rather as if he had been lent to them. Raffaelle never fought with the unseen world as Michael Angelo did. He seems to have taken life lightly and easily, and to have had no despairs. He was an accomplished and refined artist, but a superficial one, and he had done the best of which he was capable when he died. His ambition prompted him to assume at one

time the style of Michael Angelo, but in this he utterly failed. That mighty style was foreign to his genius. He was not a great thinker. His pictures please, but they do not stimulate.

*Mallett.* You must, however, except the Dresden Madonna, called the San Sisto. It is certainly a wonderful work, free and noble in style, and the child's expression is of that large dignity and ideal character that one sometimes sees in children, looking dreamily out on a world they do not take in. It is painted very loosely and sketchily, and was evidently done at a heat, but he had the good sense to leave it as it was. It is his highest inspiration, in my opinion.

*Belton.* He is generally called the religious painter—more, I suppose, from the subjects he treated, than from the spirit in which they were conceived. Yet to me, in religious spirit and depth of feeling, nothing he ever did compares with the "Entombment of Christ" by Titian, now in the Louvre.

*Mallett.* That is truly a wonderful picture,—take it for all in all, perhaps the most perfect picture that ever was painted. The low sombre key of its colour is so perfectly in accord with the solemn sentiment of the scene; the colouring in itself so rich, massive, and powerful; the light and shade so admirably distributed; the composition so finely balanced, and the individual characters of the persons so justly discriminated in their expression and action, that it seems to me the first of all religious pictures. It is all felt as a painter should feel, in every part. The landscape, the sky, the colouring, all harmonize with the pathos of the scene, and are beautiful and solemn in themselves.

*Belton.* Raffaelle used the hands of others to execute his work more than any other painter who ever lived, and finally left the greatest part of it for them to do. There is scarcely a touch of his brush in the frescoes of Cupid and Psyche in the Farnesina palace. He was thinking then more of the Fornarina than of his art, and real love seemed to him far preferable to ideal and painted Loves and Venuses. In his last picture of the Transfiguration, I do not believe he painted anything with his own hand, except perhaps the upper part. The composition was his, and for my own part I think it is very bad; but the execution was chiefly by Julio Romano, whose heavy brush is everywhere visible. It is not to me an agreeable picture, and has no unity of character or composition. The masses, chiaroscuro,



and colour of the lower part are disagreeable; while the forms and attitudes are academic, and lack nature and truth.

*Mallett.* The severest criticism ever made on Raffaello was by Michael Angelo towards the end of Raffaello's life. He had constantly left so much to be done by his pupils that his friends as well as his enemies began to wink and shrug their shoulders; and this coming to his ears, he determined, after the frescoes of Cupid and Psyche in the Farnesina were finished, to paint the first fresco in the adjoining hall entirely with his own hand. He accordingly began the Galatea, and was already well advanced with it, when one day while he was absent a visitor called to see him. The scaffoldings were around the room preparatory for the other decorations, and the visitor, after looking at the Galatea for a while, mounted the ladder, and with a fragment of charcoal drew a colossal head on the wall beneath the cornice. Raffaello did not return, however, and after waiting for some time the visitor departed, refusing to give his name to the servant, but saying, "Show your master that, and he will know who I am." Some time after Raffaello came in, and on inquiring if any one had been there, his servant told him a small black-bearded man had been there and drawn a head on the wall by which he said he would recognize him. Raffaello looked up, saw the head, and exclaimed, "Michael Angelo." That he felt what was meant, and accepted the criticism, there can be little doubt, for he painted no other picture in the hall.

*Belton.* What do you suppose he meant?

*Mallett.* He meant to show Raffaello that his fresco was on too small a scale for the size of the room, and that it was executed in the style of a cabinet picture, and not in the grand style appropriate for such a place. Go and look at it yourself, and you cannot doubt its meaning, nor can you doubt the justness of the criticism, severe as it was. A similar story, you may remember, is told of Apelles and Protogenes, and perhaps they are both myths. I confess that I have little faith in these tales about artists.

*Belton.* What is the story you refer to?

*Mallett.* It is told by Pliny. He relates that Apelles, on arriving at Rhodes, immediately went to call upon Protogenes, who was then living there. Protogenes, however, was absent, and the studio was in charge of an old woman, who, after Apelles had looked at the pictures, asked the name of the visitor to give to her master on his return. Apelles did not answer

at first, but observing a large blank panel prepared for painting on an easel, he took up a pencil and drew an extremely delicate outline on it, saying, "He will recognize me by this," and departed. On the return of Protogenes, being informed of what had happened, he looked at the outline, and, struck by its extreme delicacy, exclaimed, "That is Apelles—no one else could have executed so perfect a work." Then taking up another pencil with a different colour, he drew a still more delicate outline on the same panel, and went out, saying, "If the visitor returns, show him that." Apelles did return, and on seeing the second outline, ashamed of having been surpassed by Protogenes, he again took up a pencil, and with a third colour divided the other outlines with one so delicate as to defy competition. Protogenes on seeing this acknowledged himself conquered, and immediately ran down to the shore to find the great master and welcome him. This panel with the three outlines was long kept with the greatest care, and held by all, and especially artists, to be a miracle of art. Standing among many admirable and celebrated pictures, it nevertheless eclipsed them all, though at first sight so delicate were these outlines that the panel looked like a mere blank space. It was afterwards destroyed in the burning of Cæsar's House, where it was kept.

*Belton.* I do not quite understand. Were the lines drawn over each other, one more delicate than the other, or were there three distinct outlines?

*Mallett.* *Chi sa?* The story is not quite intelligible to any one. Pliny says Apelles first drew "*lineam summæ subtilitatis*"—an extremely fine line. Then, that Protogenes drew "*lineam tenuiorem*"—a still more delicate line—"in ipsa illa;" but whether he means by this on the same line or on the same panel is doubtful. Then Apelles with the third line "*secuit*," divided, the other lines. The question is what he meant by "*lineam*." Probably it was an outline of a figure, or a profile perhaps, or a *lineamentum*—a likeness. That it does not mean simply a line is plain from the passage immediately following, in which he says that "it was the constant habit of Apelles not to allow a day to go by without drawing a design or outline (*lineam ducendo*)."  
*"Secuit,"* again, may mean dividing in the sense of drawing a third outline across the others, or over and within them, or between them. In which last case there would be three outlines or designs side by side.



*Belton.* It's like a conundrum.

*Mallett.* But without a satisfactory answer. It has, however, served to puzzle a good many persons—and you and me among the rest. However, to go back to Raffaello—what we have said of him if we have any consideration for our reputation for taste and judgment, we must whisper, and not speak aloud.

*Belton.* I have sometimes thought Raffaello would have made quite as good a sculptor as painter; and I am not quite sure that his mind did not naturally rather tend to form than to colour. His compositions are always linear, and not in masses either of colour or chiaroscuro; and most of them have a better effect as compositions when reduced to outline. Take, for instance, the Loggia series. I doubt if any one who has ever seen them and studied them in outline, or laid out in simple broad tints as they are in Gruner's lithographs, would not be disappointed in seeing the original paintings. Nearly all his compositions can be made into pleasing bassi-relievi. They translate, so to speak, with little or no loss, as far as composition is concerned. But Titian, on the contrary, loses terribly, for he composed as a painter; and colour and light and dark are the essence of his picture.

*Mallett.* No doubt there is something in this suggestion; but one reason why the Loggia series do not come up to the expectations of those who have seen them in outline or simple chiaroscuro, besides that which you have mentioned, is the rude and unsympathetic manner in which they are painted. As paintings, they are wretched; and their composition is their only merit. But the painting was not done by Raffaello. He intrusted that to his scholars.

*Belton.* How far is that permissible to an artist in your opinion?

*Mallett.* Only just so far as the work is mechanical, or as it is mere assistance which does not affect at all the conception, character, or composition of the work, but merely shortens the manual labour of the real artist. But the less assistance a painter has from other hands the better, unless, as sometimes occurs, it is necessary, on account of the extent of surface to be gone over within a certain time. A sculptor may fairly make use of much more assistance, because in putting up a large work from a small model it is of no consequence how the work is begun, provided the clay be roughed into general shape and mass on the iron framework, whereas in painting, the ground tints,

from the very beginning, are essential to the result of the colouring in the finished picture.

*Belton.* How is it with a sculptor? There has lately been a great deal of discussion of the question how far he is justified in using the hands of others in his work.

*Mallett.* The matter is very simple. It is the invariable habit of a sculptor first to make his sketch, or small model, of the figure or group. This he does solely with his own hand and from his own mind, and in making this no assistance is permissible. In this the action, the composition, the character, the general masses, the lines, the draperies, in a word, the whole creative part, is achieved. The details only are left unfinished. Some sculptors carry their small models much farther on in details and execution than others, and in case a sculptor intends to intrust to others the putting up of the large model from this, he determines every particular. The small model is then placed in the hands of a workman, who enlarges it by proportional compasses, mechanically, makes a framework of iron and wire, and packs upon this the clay, following by measurement all the forms and masses, and copying it in large in all its parts. He gives the general form, and makes what may be called a large rude sketch of the small model. How much further he may go in his work depends upon the extent to which the small model is finished. If it be carefully thought out in all its details, his business is to imitate these as well as he can. The sculptor himself generally works with him in all these beginnings, though that is by no means necessary. The work being thus set up and put into general form and mass, after the small model, the sculptor makes what changes and deviations he deems necessary, sometimes entirely altering one action, distributing differently the masses, varying the composition of lines, and working out the details. From the time the general masses are arranged, the assistant is of little or no use, save to copy, under direction of the sculptor, bits of drapery arranged by him on a lay-figure, or from casts in plaster of fragments from nature, or to render him, in a word, any mere mechanical service. All the rest is done by the sculptor's own hands. The assistant's work is purely preparation. Nothing of the arrangement or of the finish or of the feeling is his, and as the work approximates to completion, he becomes useless, and the sculptor works alone. Practically speaking,



the assistant's work being mere rough preparation, is invariably again worked over and varied in every part, often entirely pulled down, and remodelled, so that nothing remains of it; and it not unfrequently occurs that, after the first packing on of the clay, he is rather an embarrassment than a help, however clever he may be. If you pause to think for a moment, you will see that, however well he may do merely mechanical work, it is impossible from the nature of things that he can divine the wishes or convey the spirit and feeling of the artist himself. As to all the essential parts they must and can only be done by the artist's own hands. He alone knows or feels rather what he seeks and wants, and no one can help him. How can any one aid him, for instance, in the character and expression of the face, in the arrangement of the draperies, in the *pose* of the figure, in the *finesse* of feeling and touch that constitutes all the difference between a good and a bad work? These things cannot be left to any assistant; they require the artist's own mind and hand.

*Belton.* In a word, all that any assistant does is purely mechanical under the direction of the sculptor. He invents nothing, he designs nothing, and he only copies at best, or prepares the parts for the hand of the sculptor to finish. He is no more the creator of the statue than a copyist of a rough manuscript is the author; or the mason who executes the material work of a building after the plans of an architect is the architect.

*Mallett.* Precisely. If he attempt to do anything more, the artist is sure to pull down all his work and do it over again as he wishes to have it, just as an author would erase any interpolation or misreading by the copyist. I think I have stated the outside limits within which any sculptor I know uses the hands of others. But, after all, the small model or sketch is the creation, though no artist limits himself to making that, but carries out himself personally the same thing in the full-sized statue. Another artist might, of course, do it if the small model be carefully thought out, and in such case he would be entitled to a certain merit of interpretation and workmanship; but he could not claim to be the author, designer, or creator of it. But besides this, many artists work at the marble, and finish it themselves; for when it comes to the last finishing touches, a little more or less makes an enormous difference in expression and feeling, and this the sculptor or creator of

the work alone can feel; he cannot even explain.

*Belton.* Was it always the practice with sculptors to use the hands of others?

*Mallett.* Undoubtedly, when they could command them. Phidias, and all the sculptors of his day, had numerous scholars who assisted them in all their work to a very great extent, and some of the scholars' works were attributed to their masters, so near were they to them in excellence and talent. No one, however, ever dreamed of saying or thinking that the Athena and Zeus of Phidias were not his works, despite the numbers of sculptors whom he employed to assist him. The same practice has obtained ever since, in all the studios of all the distinguished artists, as, for instance, in our own day, in the studios of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Rauch, Gibson, Tenerani; and it is certainly a very novel notion that has been lately started, that when assistants, even though they were scholars of a distinguished artist, possessing themselves great talent, have been employed on any work of their master, the master was not entitled to call the work his own. Tenerani and Gibson, among others, worked in the studios of Canova and Thorwaldsen, under the direction and on the works of those artists; but they never dreamed of claiming such works as their own in any sense. It would have been too absurd.

*Belton.* Was not Michael Angelo an exception to this rule?

*Mallett.* Michael Angelo was accustomed himself to do a great deal of his own work in the marble; and he thus wasted his great powers in merely mechanical labour, which would have been better done by any competent workmen, because they would have been more careful and mechanical. Through his impatience and enthusiasm, he ruined block after block of marble by working with too great vehemence near the surface. He had a wonderful faculty as a mere workman in marble, but his genius and impetuosity of temperament would not brook the opposition of so stubborn a material, and unfitted him for those first processes of roughing out into shape the block, which require patience and precision. Too eager to arrive at a point where his true genius would find play, he assailed the marble with such violence, that he often struck off pieces which trenched into the just limits of the surface; and as they could not be replaced, he was forced to finish as he could — not as he would. Had he con-



finer himself more to elaborating his work in clay, and then intrusting the blocking-out in marble to a mechanical workman, we should have had not only a much larger number of grand works by him, but they would have been freer of great defects. For instance, the back of the head of Moses has been chiselled away until it is an impossible head. Again, the David is sacrificed to the exigencies of the marble. And the head of his famous Day was probably left unfinished because he perceived that it was turned beyond the limit permitted to nature, without breaking the neck.

*Belton.* Still it produces a magnificent effect, finer than if it had been finished. It seems as if day were struggling out from clouds and darkness.

*Mallett.* I am quite of your opinion. I did not mean to criticise it, but only to state a fact. The defect is not now so apparent as it would have been had he attempted to finish it, and certainly its very imperfection lends it a singular power and character. Michael Angelo is one of those mighty geniuses that is above criticism. He impresses you in his great works so powerfully, that you have no wish to criticise him. Any sculptor can point out his defects, they are so plain and manifest; but nobody has ever managed so to wreak himself upon marble, and to stamp so tremendous an energy into any works of art. The Sistine Chapel is to me the most gigantic work that ever was accomplished in art. The intellect, the force of will, the vigour and grandeur stamped upon these frescoes is so great that they overpower you. Everything else seems feeble after them. So too the Day and Night in the Medici Chapel have something terrible in their solemnity. They are all wrong, if you please, full of defects, impossible, unnatural, but they are grand thoughts and mighty in their character, and they overawe you into silence. I would counsel no artist to attempt to copy them or form his style upon them; let him rather absorb them as impressions than study them as models. They will fill him with a sense of grandeur, so taken in. But they afford no basis for a school. The works of Michael Angelo's followers were characterized by wild exaggeration and intemperance of style. They strove by excess to arrive at grandeur. They imitated his defects and lost his spirit. Bernini was almost a maniac in his art. He observed no restraint, and would not limit his talent by the true boundaries of sculpture. There is no

doubt that he was a man of great talent, if not of genius; but his genius all went astray and in a false direction. His attempts were beyond his powers, and he has left us almost nothing but exaggerated and oppressive works. Sculpture owes a great debt of gratitude to Canova, who led it back into quieter fields, and taught it self-restraint, and preached again the gospel of temperance, according to the Greeks. Theirs is the true school of form and method, simple, dignified, and strong. Let us if possible infuse into this form the modern spirit of intensity, emotion, and passion, which they did not attempt. That, in my opinion, is the problem we should seek to solve.

*Belton.* Why do you suppose they never attempted this?

*Mallett.* Plainly because it was in contradiction with their religion. Religion and art go hand in hand through all history. The loftiest religious sentiment of the Greeks was passionless repose. They strove to get to a centre where all was calm, and removed from the wild whirl of human passions and excitement. Sculpture was consecrated first to the gods, and it represented them, in their character of calmness and dignity, superior to mere human influences. From this basis it never wandered far, even in the representation of demigods and heroes. Their very portraiture partook of this character. The sternness of the stone demanded serious subjects, and in the best period of their art they never degraded it to triviality and *genre*. They sought to express character and repose, not agitations or incidents. The religion of the Greeks was like a circle with a centre of repose. The Christian religion on the contrary is like a spiral generated by an aspiring centre. Their highest ideal was calm; ours, on the contrary, is unrest and longing. They sought the peace of tranquillized passions and feelings, and the quiet acceptance of life within its limits here. We look forward with longing to another life, and our thoughts and hopes project themselves beyond into the infinite. Their ideal was heroic self-contained manliness, a dignified bearing, under the inevitable decrees of fate, and a clear development of their own interior natures; ours is found in self-surrender and other-worldliness. Of course all this must express itself in the highest products of art. We see therefore in Greece grand, simple, dignified forms—manly, self-contained, and agitated by no passions or violent emotions. Christian art, on the contrary, abounds in



contortions of form, and embodies abnegations, sorrows, self-tormentings, and martyrdoms. Simple manliness has departed. We are worms not worthy to be considered. This life is a contemptible affair. Hitherto, at least, this has been the character of Christian art. But another era seems now to be dawning — of simplicity, of self-restraint, of nature. The danger of the present day, however, is lest we subordinate art too much to mere imitation, and decline into the trivial and sentimental. The true sphere of art to-day is to fuse into the grand forms and moulds of the Greek a deeper emotion, a more natural feeling, and a higher enthusiasm — to lift ourselves to great subjects, and to treat them with intensity as well as with simplicity. But to stop preaching, for I am afraid I am giving you what Lamb translated *sermoni propria* to mean — things proper for a sermon. Let us go back to what we were saying about the assistance which great artists have ever accepted from other hands. There used to be schools, and great masters had many pupils, all working together harmoniously. This was the case in Greece in the ancient days, and in Italy in the revival of art. Leonardo and Raffaello, Gian Bellini and Titian, as well as Polygnotus and Zeuxis, or Phidias and Lysippus, and the rest, had all of them pupils who worked with them and for them; and by this consentaneous labour and thought they were able to achieve their great works. We at the present are for the most part individuals, each working for himself and by himself, in competition with all others; and the moment any one works in accord with another, envy cries out, or crawls and hisses in secret, and tries to defraud the master of his right. But Leonardo worked for Verrocchio in his studio, as Raffaello did for Perugino and Luini for Leonardo; each helped the other — each was taught by the other. Art was then a great guild. Now every artist "fights for his own hand," to use the phrase of Harry Gow.

*Belton.* It is the fashion now to pull down the idols of the past and set up new and hitherto comparatively unknown ones in their place, to rehabilitate the degraded, and to reverse the decisions and the decrees of history. Speculation and criticism seek out dark spots, and drag new heroes into light, while they who stand in the light of fame are scrutinized so closely that they seem but common things after all. If we go on at this rate much further we shall not have a villain left, nor a beauty, nor a hero. Helen was an old hag

past sixty at the beginning of the Trojan war. Judas is already on his feet. Nero is absolved from his murders. Henry VIII. has become a noble, free-hearted spirit; and as for his wives, the new verdict is, "Served them right." William Tell has vanished into the darkness of myths. Eugene Aram is a dramatic sentimentalist who couldn't help himself. No one but maniacs in their fits of madness are now guilty of murder. Even Byron's perfect purity has been called in question. Almost no villain is left us except Cain, and let us grapple to him with hooks of steel. Let no man try to take Cain from us. What would life be worth without him? Alas! we are getting weak in our faith.

*Mallett.* Your words recall to me, though it has little to do with what you were saying, a story of an ardent Presbyterian who was discussing with a brother churchman the character and religious belief of X., their common friend. The first of them thought X. was going all wrong; that his life was well enough, but on questions of doctrine and faith he was very shaky. "Ah, no! I don't agree with you," said the other; "X is all right, I am sure. He thoroughly believes in total depravity." "He may believe in it," was the answer, "as a dogma; but the question is, Does he act up to it in his life? I am afraid he doesn't."

*Belton.* I am becoming so confused of late as to who is good and who is bad, and the cards are getting so shuffled as to what anybody did and said, that I scarcely venture now to allude to any historical statement, or to speak of any historical personage, without a fear that I may be utterly mistaken in common with nearly everybody else, at least of my age. But there is a pleasure in paradox as much as there is "in the pathless woods," or in "the ocean's roar." Mr. Hayward, in a delightful essay, has clearly shown that there is scarcely a single famous sentence which history has put into the mouth of anybody that was ever really spoken; and that generally the legends and pretty stories about great men are inventions. So one by one all the old props are giving way, and nothing will be left but original sin, and the three apples, of Eve, and Venus, and Discord, which are so far away that we cannot quite reach them.

*Mallett.* The rôle that apples play in old myths is very strange; of all fruits they would seem to be the least tempting.

*Belton.* Do you mean to undermine all the foundations of our faith?



ervation of plays at this period. Chettle alone, if I remember right, wrote thirty-eight plays, and of these only four are known; and the entire plays of almost no one of the dramatists of the period are preserved.

*Mallett.* Is it not enough to make one tear one's hair to think that any of Shakespeare's plays should be lost?

*Belton.* It is indeed. But to go back to Bacon. Let us compare for a moment his verses with Shakespeare's. We have acknowledged verses by him; and since he acknowledged these, why be ashamed of those which he printed under the pseudonym of Shakespeare? Listen — Bacon thus writes verse which he avows as his own —

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed  
Or pains his head.  
Those that live single take it for a curse,  
Or do things worse.  
Some would have children, those that have  
them moan  
Or wish them gone.  
What is it then to have or have no wife  
But single thralldom or a double strife?

Imagine the man who thought this was poetry to have written the songs, sonnets, and plays of Shakespeare! One cannot help laughing.

*Mallett.* My own view is that Shakespeare must have written these lines — if Bacon wrote his. It was change and change about — what one wrote the other gave his name to. Can anything be more machine-made than they are? Yet they are good enough for a poor player, and we know that domestic cares *did* afflict Shakespeare's bed, and probably pains his head — he had such a large one. So it seems very clear that he must have written this poem.

*Belton.* What sort of an actor do you suppose Shakespeare was? He is said to have taken only the second parts — such as that of the king in "Hamlet," and even to have played old Adam in "As You Like It."

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ervation of plays at this period. Chettle alone, if I remember right, wrote thirty-eight plays, and of these only four are known; and the entire plays of almost no one of the dramatists of the period are preserved.

*Mallett.* Is it not enough to make one tear one's hair to think that any of Shakespeare's plays should be lost?

*Belton.* It is indeed. But to go back to Bacon. Let us compare for a moment his verses with Shakespeare's. We have acknowledged verses by him; and since he acknowledged these, why be ashamed of those which he printed under the pseudonym of Shakespeare? Listen — Bacon thus writes verse which he avows as his own —

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed  
Or pains his head.  
Those that live single take it for a curse,  
Or do things worse.  
Some would have children, those that have  
them moan  
Or wish them gone.  
What is it then to have or have no wife  
But single thralldom or a double strife?

Imagine the man who thought this was poetry to have written the songs, sonnets, and plays of Shakespeare! One cannot help laughing.

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man after my heart; he is the one of the old Romans I should have liked to know. I don't at all wonder that Cleopatra fell madly in love with him, nor, for the matter of that, that he fell madly in love with her. What a pair! What nights of revel, what days of splendour, they must have known!

*Belton.* Suppose we could call up out of the past any of them we wished to gather round our board, and make a night of it, whom would you invite? We will invite in turn; only let the company be small. Counting ourselves as nothing, nine will be enough—the number of the Muses. You shall begin. First the men——

*Mallett.* My first man, then, shall be Antony, with his bull-neck, his rich, curling hair, his robust figure, his deep-set sparkling eyes, and his brave open look.

*Belton.* And mine Shakespeare. 'I need not describe him. The handsomest man at the table, whoever comes; flowing and free in spirit and power—the divine William.

*Mallett.* I should have said Shakespeare first, but I was thinking of the ancients. Next I shall say Alcibiades, and he shall bring his dog, if he chooses. We shall get some fun out of him, I fancy.

*Belton.* Yes—and no; he might cut up rough, as he did sometimes. However, let him stand; and now we have Greece and Rome represented, let us have some one from Italy. Who shall it be? Shall it be Boccaccio, Leonardo, Giorgione, Cæsar Borgia, Alexander VI., or who? On the whole, as we are to have supper, and be jolly, I fix on Boccaccio.

*Mallett.* I think you have chosen right. In my mind it lay between him and Giorgione. Giorgione was a fine fellow, but we will invite him some other day. As for Cæsar Borgia and Alexander, I like to be sure of my liquors, and that they have not been tampered with. No *acqua Tofana*, if you please. Well, now, we must have some one from France. What do you say? I propose Rabelais or Montaigne.

*Belton.* Oh, Montaigne of course. Rabelais would not do. Montaigne will be perfect for supper; and I know he will like to meet Antony. Now, it is my turn. I ought to choose a German now; but who is there among them one would like to see on such an occasion—Goethe?

*Mallett.* *Gott bewahr!* He would play the great man, and preach and prose.

*Belton.* Let me see—Lessing, Schiller, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Uhland; no—none of them will do. If we could only have Beethoven or Mozart by themselves,

and listen—yes; but to supper—no! They would all be too heavy and dull. There is nobody I can think of but Jean Paul, or Heine.

*Mallett.* H'm—h'm—Jean Paul. Well, if Germany must come in, let it be Jean Paul. He had a rich sense of humour in him, and I think he will do. I wonder what Alcibiades will think of him?

*Belton.* Are we to come down to this century?

*Mallett.* No, by the way, that won't do. Jean Paul can't come. We shall otherwise be obliged to enlarge our table; recollect, too, we have not any women as yet. Germany and America are too near us. We must forego both countries, otherwise we shall have too many. No; we must not come nearer than Montaigne.

*Belton.* Well, I will name one more then—Sir Philip Sidney.

*Mallett.* I take off my cap to him—only I hope he won't read his "Arcadia" to us.

*Belton.* No fear of that; he is a gentleman every inch of him.

*Mallett.* Now for the women. Cleopatra, of course, first and foremost. Dear serpent of old Nile! Shall she sit with Antony, or Shakespeare?

*Belton.* Shakespeare. She belongs to him; and he shall quote himself to her, and tell her that

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety.

Next we will have Aspasia. She will tell us all about Phidias, and Alcamenes, and Pericles (though I don't care so much about him), and Agoracritos, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and all the rest of them,—and tell us how to pronounce Greek.

*Mallett.* I shall now name Poppæa—the most beautiful woman in Rome—for I want to know all about Nero, and I know she is full of *esprit* and gaiety. We are full now.

*Belton.* No, one more; no matter for the Muses. We must have four women, at least. And she shall be Semiramis, the splendid. I insist upon her.

*Mallett.* So be it. That will do. And we will have a royal banquet.

*Belton.* No, not a royal banquet; something very unlike that, I hope.

*Mallett.* We will shut and bar all the windows, and make our night a week long.

*Belton.* Can't we have Phryne?—that is next to having Venus.



*Mallett.* Yes, we must have Phryne — if only to look at her.

*Belton.* I don't know how it affects you, but I am a little intoxicated at merely thinking of these guests of ours. I shall beg Phryne to stay and pose for you afterwards; and I shall come in and see her, and be put into the insane hospital the next day. But you are not working.

*Mallett.* Good heavens! do you suppose I can work when I am thinking of such a banquet as this?

*Belton.* One would think they were but old friends of yours.

*Mallett.* Ay, so they are; and many a delightful hour I have passed with them. Jane, and Charles, and Tom, and Nannie are not half so real to me. They are as real as pictures, which are far more real than half the people who walk about the earth.

*Belton.* I wonder what they will think of our wines — whether they will like champagne, and Johannisberg, and the softest of our old claret.

*Mallett.* I should think so, unless they seem too light after what they were accustomed to drink in Greece and Rome. From the descriptions of their processes in making wine, it would evidently not have suited our taste. And I fancy they preferred very rich and heavy wines, some of which were honey-sweet, and some thick and almost black — black wine is Homer's epithet. Then their *passum* or raisin-wine, made from grapes dried in the sun and then plunged into boiling oil, does not sound very palatable; nor should we fancy wine confectioned and flavoured by the intermixture of sea-water, turpentine, resin, gums, spices, and essential oils.

*Belton.* That sounds disgusting; but there is no accounting for tastes. However, "All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace." I suppose their best wine was the Falernian; the name at least sounds as if it must have been good: you seem to taste the word.

*Mallett.* What do you suppose it was like?

*Belton.* I have not an idea. I only suppose it must have been good because — because — it sounds so, and because all the poets speak of it and praise it. That's about my only reason. I feel as the old lady did about the word Mesopotamia — it is a very comforting word.

*Mallett.* I suppose it was something like the rough wines of southern Italy — the *vino asciutto* of Velletri, for instance — only thicker and heavier; or perhaps something like rough port. At all events

it was austere (*austerum* is their epithet) or very dry, and, I daresay, not very bad in its pure state. But when they made what they call a *mulsum*, it must have been enough to ruin any stomach.

*Belton.* What was the *mulsum*, and how was it made?

*Mallett.* In making one kind, they took Massic, or Falernian, or some such wine, as the basis of the beverage; and to four parts of wine they added one of honey and various spices, such as nard, cassia, myrrh, and pepper. But there was still a different kind, which was made of must evaporated by heat to half its original bulk; and to this honey was added, so as to make a thick syrup.

*Belton.* Well! At all events they would not drink much of such a mixture at a time?

*Mallett.* No; they would drink it immediately before eating — on an empty stomach, to give a whet to their appetites.

*Belton.* It would have ruined mine, I am sure. No matter — if they liked it, we must concoct some *mulsum* for them, and make it thick and slab; and, since their tastes evidently lay in that direction, we must get some old crusty port or malaga and boil it down with honey, and spice it well; only, I shall take care not to drink any of it myself.

*Mallett.* We must also have couches for them to recline upon — chairs will never do; and we must look into Petronius and have everything right from the egg to the apple. I don't see precisely what we shall do about the slaves, but I daresay we can get some from Egypt, or paint some Italians in imitation of the real thing. As for the music which will be necessary, what shall we do? We have none of their instruments, and if we had, we know not how to play on them — and, still worse, we do not even know what their music was; as for the gladiators, we must give them up.

*Belton.* Your mind I see is running more on your Greek and Roman and Assyrian guests than on the others. What would Shakespeare do with *mulsum*, or with gladiators and couches?

*Mallett.* Do precisely as the Greeks and Romans did. They would not know he was not one of them. Antony and Cleopatra would own him at once as an old friend, their best chronicler and painter, to whom they are deeply indebted — and Alcibiades, Poppæa, and Aspasia would clasp hands with him and swear eternal friendship. Never doubt that he would not act and talk with the best, and show



himself as thoroughly to the manner born as any ancient Greek or Roman of them all. As for Montaigne, he too has a good deal of antique Roman blood in him. Sir Philip may be a little out of place, but Antony and Alcibiades would own him and fraternize with him as a gentleman and a soldier, capable of heroic deeds of valour and self-denial, ready to sing the praises of beauty as well as the best, and a thorough Arcadian.

*Belton.* What will our Greek and Roman friends say to our trousers and dress-coat and white chokers?

*Mallett.* Say? They will enjoy them as the greatest joke that ever was known. We shall have inextinguishable laughter to begin with and set us going, and if it flags I shall shoot out my crush-hat at them.

*Belton.* Ah! that will not amuse them as much as our Latin pronunciation. If that does not set the table in a roar, there is no more virtue in man.

*Mallett.* Shakespeare shall sing us two songs; the first —

Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne;  
In thy vats our cares be drowned,  
With thy grapes our heads be crowned.  
Cup us till the world go round,  
Cup us till the world go round;

and Antony shall remember it, and think of Lepidus, and Cæsar, and Pompey, and Enobarbus, to whom it was sung. And then afterwards, for Phryne's special benefit, his favourite air of "Light of Love."

*Belton.* Or —

Take, oh take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn.

*Mallett.*

But my kisses bring again,  
Bring again;  
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,  
Sealed in vain.

Ah! they shall know that we can sing still. But will not this evoke the ghost of Praxiteles out of the very grave? Will not the fine dust of all that once was that great artist thrill in its urn, and quiver at the vibrations of that song, sung to her whose smile was his heaven — whose eyes were truly the break of day that did mislead the morn?

*Belton.* Ay, let him come and gaze at her again, and know that love can never die. We will give him a place at the table, and, when our banquet is over, sur-

render her again to him, to float away into the past, or wander with him through Elysian fields; and he shall take the song back as a gift, for nothing more exquisite can we give him.

*Mallett.* Is there any air to this song?

*Belton.* Ay; the air of love and passion, longing and despair.

*Mallett.* I mean, has it been set to music?

*Belton.* Not that I know; but it sings itself to every ear that has ever vibrated to the touch of feeling. Will you set it to music?

*Mallett.* With all my heart and soul; and that is the only way fitly to set it.

*Belton.* Some one is knocking at your door — Phryne, perhaps, come to pose as a model. I save myself, as the French say.

*Mallett.* Come again when you have made all the arrangements for the banquet — *a rivederci*. Oh, by the way, don't forget to engage a photographer for the occasion; we will have some real spirit photographs.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE DILEMMA.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

(continued.)

THIS removal of the barrier looked like mischief, and before the short June night had given way to the early dawn, the garri-son was got under arms, and the captains of posts warned to be on the alert, while Falkland ascended with Yorke to the roof to reconnoitre. Mounting the staircase, they advanced to the edge of the eastern parapet. The stars were now disappearing, and the line of park wall could just be distinguished here and there in the gaps between the trees, as well as the roof of Sparrow's house.

"Everything quiet," observed Yorke in a whisper; "Pandy is not awake yet, any more than our own poor ladies," glancing as he spoke backwards at the recumbent figures behind them, with rugs and shawls thrown over their dresses, most of them still asleep, while one or two, awakened by the footsteps, were sitting up leaning on their elbows, among these latter one whom his quick eye made out to be Olivia, and who, disengaging herself from the shawl thrown over her dress, was rising and coming towards them.

"See, what is that?" whispered Falk-



land, pointing across the park, "are not these men? Yes, I can make them out distinctly now; the ground behind the wall swarms with them. They mean mischief evidently;" and as he spoke, a number of figures in white could be seen in the twilight clambering over the wall and forming up on the inside.

Falkland rushed down the stairs with Yorke at his heels, but just as he reached the bottom, he turned to the latter, and pointing upwards said, "Just run back and tell them all to lie down and keep under shelter till this business is over."

Yorke ran up again to the roof. The top of the staircase was near the edge, and coming out of it his attention was irresistibly caught by the sight which presented itself below. On all sides a swarm of sepoys, rushing out from cover, had surrounded the building, and halting at about fifty paces opened fire upon it. They were dressed in white, with small skull-caps and bare legs. Some lay down as if skirmishing on parade, others stood boldly up on the lawn, reloading, or taking aim. The flashes of fire, bright in the grey twilight, seemed almost to encircle the building. And coming up the main road from the entrance-gate was a strong column with their arms at the shoulder, led by a native officer waving his sword.

Yorke stood spell-bound for a moment watching the scene, till, becoming sensible that some one was standing close behind him, he turned round. It was Olivia. A light scarf round her shoulders concealed the crumpled dress, but her long tresses had escaped from their bands and hung loosely over her shoulder.

"Is this to be the end?" she said, hardly looking at him, but gazing with dilated eye, in which, however, there was no sign of fear, at the spectacle below. "What can we women do to help?"

"Nothing," he returned, "except to keep out of fire. You really must," he continued, in a pleading voice, for they had been observed on the roof, and the bullets began to whizz past them; and then seeing that she stood as if spell-bound, he suddenly seized her hands in his, and pressing her palms back on the wrists forced her to the ground. This was done in an instant. "I am only obeying orders," he said smiling, as he rose up and let go her hands; "keep like this, quite flat, and you will be safe." Then turning to the others, who were now, some sitting, some standing, bewildered, he cried, "Down, all of you, flat on your backs!" and then rushed down the stairs.

Hurried though he was, the young man could not help being struck by the contrast between the scene within and that which he had just seen without; the crowd of sepoys pressing round the building, and the blaze of fire as seen in the cool morning air, the dark barricaded portico below, with the handful of grimy-looking defenders in the sweltering heat, some firing through the loopholes, the rest standing in reserve on the steps, ready for what might happen. But there was not much time for deliberation. The attacking column, some hundreds in number, was already upon them, spreading round the portico; and the foremost, seizing the protruding muskets with their hands turned the aim away, and, pressed on by those behind, pushed against the frail wall which blocked up the two carriage-entrances and the spaces between the pillars, and tried to turn it over, pulling down the sandbags at the top at the same time and throwing them inwards, the dust from which, as they fell to the ground, mingled with the smoke to obscure the scene. There was no firing just at this moment. The defenders of the portico, having already discharged their muskets, had not time to load. The sepoys in the rear could not fire in that direction for their comrades in front. For a few seconds, although the fusilade was kept up all round, the only sounds immediately about the portico were the shouts and oaths of the rebel party, freely given back by the sepoys within, their scuffling as they pressed against the rampart, and the stamping of the frightened horses trying to break loose from their tethers. Nothing could be seen by either side of the other; the sandbag rampart protected the assailants as well as the defenders.

Presently a hand protruded over the wall, clutching it by the top as if some one were going to spring over. A sword gleamed in the air, and came down swiftly on the exposed wrist, and the armless hand dropped lightly down inside the wall. It was Ameer Khan who had struck the blow, springing forward from the side of his master on the steps.

Just then a piece of the upper part of the wall came down, a portion three feet in width, at the east side of the portico. Behind it stood one of the seventeen faithful sepoys, a stalwart young fellow, who brandished his musket by the barrel, ready to strike the first man who should enter through the gap. There was irresolution among the assailants closest to him, but a man from behind called out to them to step aside, and firing his musket the sepoy fell.



The next moment the rebel leader jumped through the gap, making a furious cut at Braddon, who stood nearest. But the latter parried, and instantly running him through the body, the tall fellow threw up his arms, and Braddon with difficulty extricated his sword as the man fell face foremost on the body of the prostrate sepoy.

"Hand me a musket, quick!" cried Braddon, stepping into the gap. "And me!" cried Yorke, taking his place beside him. There was just room for the two where the rampart had given way, leaving them exposed down to their knees. On the other side was a crowd of the enemy, almost close enough to touch, but too crowded to fire or fight. Behind Braddon and Yorke were now some half-dozen men whom Falkland, surveying the situation from the steps, had sent forward on the spur of the moment to load and pass their muskets. The rest of the defenders of the portico were distributed around the wall, some therefore having their backs to the critical point; while the remainder of the reserve, standing on the steps by Falkland's side, were firing over the heads of the defenders into the crowd beyond as fast as they could load.

A rush, and surely the frail defence must have given way; but the crowd without swayed to and fro irresolute, while the two officers, levelling the muskets handed to them, shot the two men nearest, who fell dead under the wall. There was a short pause, and they fired again, and again two men fell. Still the crowd held on, pressing, struggling, and the men behind shouting orders to each other and to those in front, which no one obeyed. Again there was a pause in the duel, while Yorke, facing the enemy, waited for another musket, and he felt for the moment as if any one of them might seize him by the collar and drag him out, and one fellow, imitating his tactics, raised a loaded piece and levelled it in his face. He can't miss me at that distance, thought the young man; and a grim sense of the absurdity of the situation came over him, as he stood waiting to receive the shot, and the flash of fire seemed almost to scorch his face; but the bullet whizzed past harmlessly: and the next moment Yorke, feeling a musket put into his hand, returned the fire with better effect, and his opponent fell at his feet.

All this takes longer to tell than it did to happen. Three times the two officers fired, and six bodies lay before them just outside the gap; others fell from the shots

of the defenders on the steps. A backward movement took place among the crowd; some began to move towards the rear, the men in rear of the column began to stream off in increasing numbers, and soon the whole column was running down the road in flight for shelter, an example followed at once by the skirmishers round the building. A few men still showed front, here and there, remaining as solitary units where just before the ground had been crowded with white figures, retiring slowly and facing about to deliver their fire. But they gradually disappeared, and in a few minutes the park was again deserted, save by the bodies of the slain which lay strewn about the ground. Then the victors in the portico raised a shout of triumph, echoed from other parts of the buildings; and then, panting for breath, looked at each other in silence, feeling for the moment all the exhaustion which follows great vital efforts.

Falkland, assured that the attack would not be immediately renewed, sent Ameer Khan to the roof to fetch the ladies down, and hastened with Yorke round the building to see how the rest of the garrison had fared. The attack had been simultaneous on all sides; but the assailants, for the most part, had done no more than advance out of cover to within a few yards of the building, and open fire against the loopholes, exposing themselves freely without doing any damage in return. A rush had, however, been made at the trench leading to the bath-house, and a bold attempt made to enter both buildings from it. The south door leading from the billiard-room had fortunately been fastened, and a dead sepoy lay in the south veranda, shot while trying to force it open, and Falkland had to step over the bodies of three more lying in the trench. The bath-house presented a solid wall, loopholed, to the enemy, against which no impression could be made; but the arch leading from the trench, which formed the entrance to the building, had not been filled up, but was guarded by a sandbag traverse about two feet in rear of the opening. Here some of the bolder assailants had tried to force their way, and the leader had been shot on the steps after cutting down young Raugh, who stood defending the entrance. The south archway was also an open one, and here a semicircular parapet had been constructed to enclose the well; and in guarding a loophole at this point, M<sup>r</sup>Intyre had been hit while in the act of firing himself, by a bullet which



shattered his left arm above and below the elbow.

"Poor little Johnny," said Spragge, who was supporting him, and trying to stanch the blood which streamed down from the sabre-cut in his shoulder, "they might have hit one of their own size. But, by Jove, sir!" he continued, addressing Falkland, who had stopped at sight of the wounded lad, "it was Johnny who saved us. There was such a row by the well, we were all looking that way; and if he had not kept the doorway for a bit, they would have taken us in rear, I do believe; but I don't think there is much harm done — is there, Johnny, my man?" Nor did the wound appear so bad as that of M'Intyre, who, however, stood coolly, without wincing, while some of the party were making a sling out of a towel to support the shattered arm.

Maxwell was summoned to the scene, and recommended that the wounded officers should be brought over to the main building at once. Thither M'Intyre walked without assistance, and Raugh, who felt faint, supported by Yorke; but the rebels had so far recovered themselves as to open fire sharply from Sparrow's house as the party passed along the trench, with no further effect, however, than to send a bullet through the top of Yorke's helmet. It had been arranged beforehand between Maxwell and Falkland that the south-east room should be used, if necessary, for a hospital; and the two wounded officers were at once put to bed there, and their wounds dressed by the surgeons. M'Intyre's injuries were very severe, although Maxwell hoped to save the arm; Raugh's wound was a clean though deep sabre-cut, which Maxwell pronounced would soon heal up.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

MEANWHILE there was plenty of excitement in the other parts of the building, as the event of the morning was discussed, especially in the dining-room, where the reserve were now assembled, drinking their tea. "Let no one say that Pandy cannot fight," said Braddon, who, having been hit slightly by the graze of a bullet, was returning to his post after having had the wound dressed; "it is lucky that all had not the pluck some of them showed."

"He is a strange mixture of courage and cowardice," said Falkland, who was making his report to the brigadier: "nothing could have been better than the style

of that fellow you disposed of, Braddon, but he was not supported."

"That was one of our corporals," said Major Dumble; "I have just been having a look at the bodies. It was the reserve that did the business; it's always the reserve, you know, that has the hardest work; you people behind the wall were all right, you know; we on the steps were quite exposed — weren't we, colonel? Thrice I fired, and each time laid my man low; I can show you which they were, brigadier, if you could manage to come out and have a look." And Dumble, who had up to this time been very subdued, had now put on quite a mild swagger, and seemed on good terms with himself again, as he drank his tea, holding his musket over his left shoulder the while, and looking round to the company for approbation. "Thank ye, Dumble, but I was out there all the time," said the brigadier, "and saw it all;" and indeed the old gentleman had hobbled to the top of the portico steps at the first noise, and had witnessed the attack from that point, and now, returned to his couch, was listening to Falkland's report of what was going to be done to restore the defences, and nodding his head from time to time to express approval.

But by degrees the excitement of the morning passed away, and as soon as the broken parapet had been restored, and the dead bodies of the enemy thrust outside it, those who were at liberty lay down to rest, while the others stood listlessly at their posts, undisturbed by any sound, for the enemy's fire had now stopped altogether. Falkland, too, having seen all done that was necessary, had lain down in the dining-room, and was fast asleep. But the ladies had now for the first time an occupation in nursing the wounded, especially in fanning them with the hand-punkah, if only to keep off the flies with which the building swarmed; and had formed themselves into watches for carrying on the duty continuously.

"Hollo, Arty! is that you?" said little Raugh, his body covered with a sheet, his shoulder and right arm bandaged up, turning his eyes, without moving his head, towards his brother subaltern as the latter entered the sick-room about mid-day, where Mrs. Falkland sat by his bed plying the fan, while Mrs. Hodder was performing a similar office for poor M'Intyre, — "I am as jolly as possible; don't you wish you were me?" The boy meant it as a joke, and without any allusion to the young man's feelings; but Yorke could not help blushing, and Olivia looked confused.



‘Of course,’ continued the patient, ‘I don’t mean to say I am not sorry the other fellow should have to take my turn of duty; but it is very jolly lying here to be petted, and having a regular bed and sheets, and all that sort of thing. Oh, Mrs. Falkland, I do think you are an angel!’ and the lad put out his hand to convey hers to his lips. ‘Now, Mr. Raugh,’ said his nurse, laughing; ‘pray be steady, and don’t move your head. The doctor has ordered him to keep perfectly still,’ she said to Yorke, by way of explanation, ‘so that the wound may heal by first intention.’

As for Mrs. Polwheedle, without taking any regular watch — for, as she observed, there were enough without her, and some one must superintend matters generally — she was in and out of the sick-room at all times; and when she joined the party in the dining-room for the midday meal, clad in an old wrapper, her appearance would have qualified her for immediate appointment as monthly nurse to any institution; and she gave her instructions very fully to the other ladies as to what they were to do. ‘Kitty, my dear,’ she said to Miss Peart, as that young lady took her place at the table, ‘suppose you take a little of that curry to young Raugh — he might fancy it; and take him my half-bottle of beer too — I am sure it can’t do him any harm. As for M’Intyre, poor fellow, the lower he lives just now the better. Now, Polwheedle, don’t fidget so, my good man, but just lie down quietly, and try if you can’t manage a bit of something.’

Grumbull, too, had risen to the occasion. His share in the surgery business had consisted principally in looking on while his senior, Maxwell, examined and dressed the wounds; but in virtue of his office he now walked about with his shirt-sleeves rolled up above his elbows, and was very solemn and mysterious.

The garrison had now time to recollect that it was Sunday, and at Mr. Hodder’s suggestion, all who could be spared from their posts assembled in the drawing-room during the forenoon for divine service. The ceremony was a brief one. The little party stood in a semicircle, Mr. Hodder, arrayed in black alpaca, alone of the men laying aside his weapon for the time, while he read the fifty-ninth Psalm, and then, after offering an extempore prayer, gave them a short address by way of sermon. ‘These were times,’ said the preacher, ‘when Christians must feel drawn together in a special degree. Let brotherly love abound. They must dis-

cern the work of the Lord in this ordering of chastisement for their faults, vile and unworthy creatures that they were, by the hands of their enemies, who were now seeking like raging lions to devour them; but the saving hand of Providence, which had been stretched out to guard them so far, might be trusted to shield in all the dangers still to come. Though they walked through the valley of the shadow of death, they need fear no evil. Above all, let brotherly love abound, not only among themselves, but extending to the poor misguided heathen who were now drawn up together against them. If they were to return anger for anger, and cruel scorn for cruel deeds, wherein would the Christian be better than the contemned Hindu or Mussulman? Let them act and think as Christians, although maintaining their cause to the last with the sword of Gideon and David.’ Mr. Hodder spoke through his nose, but with both fluency and earnestness; and never was a congregation more devout than the little party of beleaguered worshippers. ‘Now let us conclude with a hymn,’ said Mr. Hodder; ‘if any lady will oblige us by playing the symphony, I guess I can lead off the melody right away. Mrs. Falkland, ma’am, perhaps you will preside at the piano.’ A strange and unexpected sound truly, arising from the motley band in the stifling noonday heat — a song of fervour if not melodious, startling the other defenders at their different posts, and some faint echoes of which may have reached to the besiegers, to remind them that it was the Feringhee’s sacred day.

Mr. Hodder was popular in the garrison for his unselfish ways and good spirits, but his theology did not jump with the general feeling.

‘Your sermon seems to have been more eloquent than logical, from the account I get of it,’ said Braddon, when Mr. Hodder returned to his post in the portico. ‘If your sentiments are right, there is nothing for it but to pull down the barricade and let the enemy come in and make an end of us.’

‘Not at all, sir,’ rejoined the other; ‘our mission in this country is to evangelize these benighted heathen, and I expect we can’t do that noways if we are all to be cut off out of the land. No, sir, we must put them down first, and improve them afterwards. Samuel was a very proper man, I guess, and he hewed Agag in pieces before the altar because it was his duty. A man’s duty ain’t always what comes sweetest. If these poor mis-



guided creatures come to attack us, I'll shoot at them straight, and I'll go on shooting till they stop coming; but I don't bear any malice, and when it's over I'll be right pleased to go and live among them again."

This, the third day of the siege, wore on in perfect quiet; the enemy were evidently discomfited by their failure, and desisted for the present from any further molestation. But a grave difficulty now presented itself, the disposal of the unburied dead. A sickening smell had pervaded the building in the afternoon, the cause of which was known only to the few initiated—the burning of the corpse of the faithful sepoy, whose funeral pyre, lighted in the veranda, formed a heavy drain on the limited supply of firewood available. But the corpses of the enemy could not be got rid of in this way, and more than thirty of these could be counted, some close to the building, others in various parts of the grounds. Two of the bodies were of men not dead, as could be seen by an occasional movement of the limbs, and the younger men, when they perceived it, were for leaving them to perish slowly. "Serve them right," observed Egan, when somebody suggested that he should send a bullet to finish the work, "dying straight off is too good for them;" but Falkland, when the matter was reported to him, ordered that they should be fired at, and after a couple of shots all movement ceased. On this firing taking place, which happened about midday, there was a great show of heads from behind the wall and in Sparrow's house, showing that the blockade was still maintained in force; but it was not replied to.

A notice in Hindustani was now written with a burnt stick on a table-cloth, to the effect that the enemy might carry off their dead without molestation, and hung over the side of the building from the roof, but no answer was made to it.

"I suspect they mean to poison us out," said Braddon to Falkland, as they surveyed the position from the roof.

"That would hardly be like Hindus," replied the colonel; "no, I suspect they think we mean to lay a trap for them. It is a pretty commentary on the sort of confidence in our good faith we have succeeded in inspiring our sepoys with."

Something, however, must needs be done. The corpses, under the burning sun, had already swelled up into bloated misshapen masses, and a swarm of crows

had settled down to their loathsome feast, joined in the afternoon by the more cautious vultures, some of which had already alighted on the ground, while others, in ever-increasing numbers, circled in the air above.

"Young Yorke is a better engineer than I am," said Falkland, again discussing the situation with Braddon later in the day. "We ought to have occupied Sparrow's house in the beginning, and we shall have to do so now, *coute qui coute*."

"Won't it be rather a weakening of our strength, sir? We should have to leave a dozen men there at least, and we are none too many here as it is."

"So I objected, when Yorke proposed it, but the place is a regular thorn in our side. By occupying that house, you see, and knocking some loopholes through the wall in the other side, we should be able to command the park wall right and left,—take it regularly in flank, for the house projects beyond the line of the wall. In fact the whole of one side of this building would be set free, and it is only on this side that we need fear anything from them. But that is not my chief reason," continued Falkland; "we absolutely must get rid of these carcasses. Now there is a well over yonder, just by the wall, which we should get access to by taking the house, and we could throw the bodies into it and cover them with earth. The thing must be done to-night, too, or we shall be all poisoned to-morrow. The air down below is bad enough already as it is."

Thus was the plan settled. It was kept as quiet as possible; and the brigadier, who hobbled after Falkland into a side-room to discuss the details of the enterprise, was enjoined not to let his wife or the ladies know of the matter. Falkland determined to make the venture at midnight, by which time the occupants of Sparrow's house would probably be asleep, and, from what Yorke had seen the night before, keeping no guard; this would admit of intrenching the place before dawn.

At midnight, accordingly, a party of six climbed through a gap made in the portico breastwork,—Falkland, Yorke, Braywell, Sparrow, an officer of the 80th, and the jemadar,—and ranging themselves in line at two paces' distance from each other, made a rush swiftly but silently across the lawn. At the same moment, another party of six, led by Major Passey, rose out of the covered way and made for the same point. Braddon had remonstrated privately with Falkland at being left out of the business, but the latter said that it was



necessary to leave some one besides women in the castle, in case the party should come to grief; and when Braddon urged that in such case the commandant would be the man most wanted, Falkland rejoined, smiling, that he was only second in command, and that it was the recognized duty of seconds in command to lead assaults and do work of that sort. Sparrow had been told off for the party, because his knowledge of his own house might prove useful. "Oh, of course," said he, when he was told what was going to happen; "by all means. I shall be most happy to do my best." But his countenance did not harmonize with the satisfaction he expressed; and presently he said, "Of course the objection has occurred to you, sir, that both the commissioner and his assistant will be absent from the building at the same time. However, no doubt you have good reason for the arrangement, although it seems peculiar."

"Sparrow wants to command the party himself, I do believe," said Braddon, sarcastically.

"I think your objection is a good one, Sparrow," said his chief after a pause; "you shall stay and represent the civil element here. You are too hard on him, Braddon," he continued, after the little council of war was over, and the two were alone; "it is not a man's own fault if his nerves are not strung up to the right pitch." But Sparrow, after spending a miserable hour thinking over the matter, with Braddon's sarcasm stinging in his ears, and tormented by the recollection of the smiles of the others, came afterwards to Falkland, and obtained his consent to be allowed to go.

As the two little parties rushed out from the opposite ends of the building on their errand of battle, the men left on guard on the east side of the building climbed up and leaned over the parapet, breathlessly peering into the darkness for signs of the issue of the enterprise. The ladies, meanwhile, except such as were on duty in the sick-room, were asleep on the roof, unconscious of what was going to happen. The stormers, armed with muskets and fixed bayonets, moved down quick and silent on the point of attack. It was as Yorke's account had led Falkland to expect; the occupants of the building were fast asleep, without guard or sentries, and as the two parties turned the breastwork at the two ends, they came at once on some men lying in front of the veranda steps, and driving their bayonets into their unresisting bodies, pushed on to the ve-

randa, killing or wounding at each step. But now there was an alarm, and a scuffle, with figures springing up in the darkness, and the flashes of firearms as the startled garrison snatched up their muskets. The alarm once given, the stormers now fired in their turn their muskets and the few revolvers they had with them, and then, pressing forward, plied the bayonet again. For a brief space the grim conflict lasted, some twoscore of men crowded into a few feet, lighted up for the moment by the flashes of fire which seemed to scorch their faces, and made the succeeding darkness still blacker. The firearms once discharged, there was no time to load again, and the silence was only broken by here and there an oath or a cry, and the dull thud of blows and bodies falling heavy on the pavement. But the struggle was not for long: on the one side were numbers, but of men surprised out of sleep, without their bayonets, and not knowing who were before them; on the other a band of determined men, working together with a purpose carefully planned. For a little while the occupants of the post, after firing off such weapons as they could snatch up, stood huddled together irresolute against the back of the veranda, struggling feebly against the thrusts made at them; then the survivors made their escape into the rooms of the house at the back, and so over the wall into the road, the stormers groping their way through the dark house after them, and striking down such of the hindmost as they could overtake.

"Is that you, Yorke?" whispered Falkland to a figure beside him, brought up like himself in the pursuit by the park wall outside the back of the house; "pass the word to form up here; we must see if our numbers are all right. And you, Egan? Well done! you are always to the front. Run back and tell Braddon to send the reinforcement at once."

On this spot the muster took place; Braywell and Sparrow were missing; the other ten were unhurt. Leaving Passey and his squad to line the walk, Falkland returned with the others to the house to examine it, the lantern which the jemadar had brought slung over his shoulder being now lighted. In each room were one or two bodies, but the greatest carnage had been in the veranda, the floor of which was covered with dead and wounded. Lying across the body of a sepoy was Braywell, his brains shattered by a musket-shot fired close to his head.

"Despatch the wounded," said Falkland, "and drag the bodies outside. But



where can Sparrow be?" "Here," said a voice,—and he came limping up towards them. "I am afraid I have not been of much use, for I got this ball through my ankle before I got up." And the jemadar carried him off on his back to the big house.

But the first person to relieve the garrison of their suspense was Egan, who was seen by the lookers-on—the guards below, the ladies awakened by the firing peering down from the roof—coming out of the darkness, just as, the noise having ceased, they were able to conclude that the post had been won. The thing was done in splendid style, he told Braddon as he came up to the portico, with no loss, he believed. The colonel wanted six hands more and the crowbars and ropes. And the reinforcement, which was waiting for the orders, hurried across.

There remained four hours of darkness in which to strengthen the post for defence, and to execute the loathsome task which had rendered the capture of it necessary. Loopholes were knocked through the back walls of the house at such a height as to be capable of use by standing on the tables which were placed against the walls; the sandbags on the roof were turned round from the west to the east, so as to form a parapet towards the road: and the rampart in front of the inner or west veranda was extended at an angle, and connected at each end with the house, so as to secure the garrison from surprise; and for the rest of the night the work of defence went on briskly, more lanterns being brought over to light up the interior. But the other work to be done was the more laborious; the bodies of the enemy slain in the morning had to be dragged to the well near Sparrow's house from all parts of the grounds, and it could not have been completed but for the help of the sepoys of the garrison. Falkland had not detailed any of them for this duty lest caste feeling might render them unwilling to obey; but the corporal came to Braddon and asked why they were not called on to help; the sahibs could not do it all alone, and could they not be trusted outside the building? So half of them were sent out, and the aid was not at all too much. The castle was almost denuded of defenders during the night, but the enemy were too much cowed to venture on attacking it, although keeping up a desultory but innocuous fire all night in the direction of the noises they heard, as the different working parties were distributed to collect the dead. "This is just like the fellows in

the picture clearing the arena for a fresh set-to," observed Spragge to Yorke as they were engaged in dragging one of the bodies by a rope to the well; "but it is rather hard lines that we should be made to do the slavey, as well as the *ave imperator morituri* dodge. Who could have thought that an ensign in the Honourable East India Company's service would ever be called on to fight his own men one minute, and work as a scavenger the next?"

All through the night the loathsome task went on, the enemy firing constantly, although not venturing within the park wall, while Mr. Hodder and one of the native orderlies dug a shallow grave for poor Braywell's body; and, by morning, only a patch of dried blood here and there on the parched-up surface of the park, to which the early crows resorted in little flocks, as it discussing their disappointment at being balked of their expected feast, betokened the slaughter of the previous day. There still remained, however, to clean the blood-stained floors of the Lodge, which looked after the slaughter of the night a veritable charnel-house. The rebels had destroyed some of the furniture, and smashed the glasses of the pictures hanging on the walls, and a stray bullet had enlarged the nose of a lovelorn swain prominent in one of the engravings; but the damsels whose faces had satisfied Captain Sparrow's æsthetic taste, still looked down on the company with simpering smiles, in horridly grotesque contrast to the blood-stained floor below. Jars of water and brooms were now sent for from the big house, to make, with earth-sprinkling, the place habitable for the picket to be stationed there, of which Passey, who had shown conduct and coolness throughout the defence, was placed in command. Lastly, drinking-water and rations for the day were sent across, for men must eat, even though their feet be damp with rebel gore.

The advantage of this occupation of the Lodge was at once apparent as daylight broke. The back of this house, as has already been mentioned, projected beyond the line of the park wall, which the loopholes constructed during the night completely commanded; so that when daylight permitted fire to be opened from them, a shot or two sufficed to clear the wall, and the men who were lining it retired, some towards the court-house, and others to the village which bordered the other side of the broad road opposite the Lodge. The effect of this retreat was to relieve the east side of the residency completely



from fire. The intervening ground was still commanded by the sharpshooters behind the north and south walls; but they were too far off for accurate fire. At first the passers to and fro, bearing water and provisions to the picket, were disposed to run across the park by way of shortening the ordeal of stray bullets saluting them; but the example of Falkland strolling leisurely back to the residency after his night's work, with his eyes on the ground and hands behind him, was soon taken up by the others; and the enemy, seeing that it was disregarded, gradually slackened their fire.

"Well, my love," said Falkland to his wife, as she met him in the entrance hall, "bearing up as bravely as ever, I see," and he held her two hands at arm's length, and looked her fondly in the face. "There is one person at any rate on whom the siege makes no impression. No, my dear," he said, as she made a gesture of moving towards him, "I am not fit to be kissed; I feel like a dirty butcher, and look the part thoroughly, I am sure."

"Dear Robert, how can you talk like that?" replied Olivia, as breaking down his guard, she imprinted a gentle kiss on his grimy face. "But, oh! Robert, I don't want to seem like a coward; but must you be always leading the way into all the risks?"

"Somebody must do what has to be done, I suppose, my child," he said, gently; "we can't all be stopping behind and telling the rest to go on."

"But the brigadier says that, as second in command, it is quite contrary to etiquette for you to be heading a storming-party."

"The brigadier is an old wo—is quite wrong; but, after all, the risk was quite trifling: the work last night was more disagreeable than dangerous. But will you see, my love, if the commissariat can manage some tea for us, while I try to get rid of some of this dirt? How have the wounded been getting on during the night?"

"Pretty well, I think; I have just come from them; but Mr. M'Intyre is very restless with pain, poor fellow, though he has no fever, and Dr. Maxwell says Captain Sparrow's wound is not dangerous. Johnny is quite in spirits at the news of your success, but saying it is a shame he is not allowed to get up and help."

To Yorke, who, following the colonel, and standing in the doorway just behind them, had witnessed the meeting, this little scene had caused a qualm of pain.

Somehow during the siege he had come to regard Olivia, not so much as Falkland's wife, as a sort of angelic being, separate from everybody else, whose very presence rendered danger or defeat impossible. There had so far been nothing of wifely ministrations to witness. Falkland himself had been too busy and preoccupied to pay any attention to her, never resting save to take an occasional nap in the public room, on a sofa or on the floor; while, as Olivia came before him, sometimes to bring him his rough meal when on watch, with the warm sisterly greeting she always accorded him, stopping perhaps for a few minutes to tell him the little stock of news collected in the public rooms, she seemed to be the Miss Cunningham of former days come back again. Or when he caught glimpses of her in the sick-room, she appeared like a sister of mercy, removed from all association of love and passion. But now the stern fact came home to him again, and, weary with labour and want of sleep, and under the influence of the reaction of the night's excitement, he turned aside without coming forward to greet her as usual, and took his way to the men's dressing-room downspirited and sad at heart.

"Poor Braywell," said one of the portico guard, as they were discussing the action of the night, "he had the makings of a good soldier; his turn has come quickly, but a soldier could not wish for a better end than his has been."

"Aye," said Braddon, "and how the poor fellow would have enjoyed describing it to us, if he had been here to do so."

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

TORQUATO TASSO: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

#### PART I.

"For I have battled with mine agony,  
And made me wings wherewith to overfly  
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,  
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall,  
And revell'd among men and things divine,  
And poured my spirit over Palestine,  
In honour of the sacred war for Him,  
The God who was on earth and is in heaven;  
For He hath strengthen'd me in heart and limb.  
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,  
I have employed my penance to record  
How Salem's shrine was won and how adored."

BYRON, *Lament of Tasso*.

It is a painful reflection that it is almost always a melancholy task to chronicle the lives of the poets. They seem in so many cases, either from outward circumstances or from physical infirmities, to have been



selected as the especial victims of "fortune's freaks unkind."

The prince of poets — the "*signor dell' altissimo canto, che sovra gli altri com' aquila vola*" \* — affords us the first proof of this melancholy truth; and, unhappily, many more examples might be found in the lives of those who followed most closely in his path to fame.

But perhaps above all, the subject of this essay has the greatest claim to our compassion; certainly, of all the four classical poets of Italy he was the most unfortunate. He was not made of that stern stuff which enabled Dante with fierce hardihood to endure the rude shocks of fortune, while his great intellect supplied him with a keen weapon wherewith to take a sharp and everlasting revenge upon his enemies. Alas! the "*gentile cavaliere*," the sensitive chivalrous Tasso, was only too susceptible of the great sorrows in store for him!

There have been many records of his troubled existence, and great writers both in verse and prose have found it a theme worthy of their best efforts. The following sketch has been compiled from some of these standard works, † more in the hope of inducing the reader to pursue, either in them or in Tasso's own beautiful writings, the study of the poet's life, than with any expectation of doing justice in its brief scope to so great a subject. It may, however, acquire some new interest from a recent poem entitled "*Torquato Tasso a Sant' Anna*," ‡ which adds yet a few more touches of tender feeling to this pathetic episode of Tasso's life.

TORQUATO TASSO was born at Sorrento on the 11th of March, 1544; but three other cities of Italy claim a share in the production of so great a genius — Bergamo, the seat of his paternal ancestors for many generations; Naples, the residence of his mother's family and the scene of his early education; Ferrara, his home during twenty years of his life.

The parents of Tasso were descended from the most ancient families of Italy. That of his father, Bernardo, may be traced backed to the twelfth century, when

the family of the Tassi possessed an estate named Almenno, about five miles from Bergamo. Driven thence by the wars to which Italy was a constant prey, they sought refuge among the mountains of the valley of the Brembo. Here they reared a fortress on a rocky eminence called Il Cornello, and became feudal lords of the territory. This mountain was called "*La Montagna del Tasso*."

It is a disputed point with Italian biographers whether the Tassi, originally a branch of the Torreggiani of Milan, first took their name from this mountain, or whether the family name of Tasso did not exist some two centuries previous to their occupation of the fortress. It is not a matter of great importance; and it is only necessary to observe that the family of the Tassi adopted the former of these two theories.

Their first distinction was due to the re-establishment of the ancient system of posts, the generalship of which in Italy, Germany, Flanders, and Spain was committed to Omodeo de' Tassi in 1290. For many generations this honour was transmitted to his descendants. Hence the family arms of a courier's horn and a badger's skin (Tasso being the Italian for badger), which the post-horses used in former times to carry on their frontlets.

Many branches of the family tree spread as far as Naples, Rome, and Venice; but the most direct shoot of the ancient stock is said to be that from which sprang Bernardo, the father of the poet. Bernardo married, in his forty-eighth year, Porzia dei Rossi, of an ancient family of Pistoia, at that time recently transplanted into Naples, where they had great possessions. Torquato was their only surviving son. One other son they had who died a few days after his birth, and a daughter, Cornelia, born two or three years before Torquato, and to whom he afterwards fled for refuge in the time of his sorest need.

The education of Torquato in his early years was chiefly thrown upon his mother, for at three years old his father was obliged to intrust him to her sole care.

For twenty years Bernardo had been the secretary and faithful follower of Sanseverino, prince of Salerno. He supported him in his attempt to resist the establishment of the Inquisition in Naples by the viceroy; he accompanied him on his embassy to the emperor Charles V., the first time when he returned having successfully accomplished his mission; and the second, when, warned of the intended treachery of the emperor, Sanseverino transferred

\* "The monarch of sublimest song,  
That o'er the others like an eagle soars."

*Inf.* iv. 90, 91.

† Manso, *Vita di Tasso*; Serassi, *Vita del Tasso*; Muratori, *Storia della Perfetta Poesia*; Il Quadrio, *Storia e ragione d'ogni Poesia*; Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*; Maffei, *Orazione in lode di Torquato Tasso* (1596); *L'Italia Letteraria Artistica*. Ginguené, *Hist. Littéraire de l'Italie*. Milman's *Life of Tasso*, etc., etc.

‡ By Riccardo Ceroni, published at Milan, 1874.



himself and his services to the French king, Henry II., Bernardo did not hesitate to follow him to France, sharing the exile and confiscation of property which that step brought upon him.

He little thought, when he left his wife and young son in the Palazzo de' Gambacorti at Naples, that this would be the end of his embassy, and that loyalty to his master would make his return thither forever impossible.

There was indeed a scheme for another French invasion of Naples, of which Sanseverino was appointed by Henry II. commander-in-chief; and, had it been successful, Bernardo was to have obtained the recovery of his property. But the scheme failed. The French fleet did not arrive in time to effect a combination with the Turkish squadron for the joint attack of both fleets upon Naples. Sanseverino set off in a vain pursuit of his faithless allies to Constantinople, and the attention of the king of France was diverted by the war in the Low Countries, and the conquest of Naples was abandoned.

Disheartened and ruined, Bernardo returned from Paris, where he had vainly tried to revive the king's zeal for the Neapolitan enterprise, to Rome, and thither he summoned his wife and children to join him.

Meanwhile Torquato, under the care of D. Giovanni d'Angeluzzo, the master chosen for him by his father before setting out on his hapless expedition, early began to give promise of those rare abilities with which nature had gifted him. These were next developed in the Jesuits' school, one of the first established in Naples, opened in 1551. Torquato was then in his seventh year. His ardour for study was so great, Manso affirms, that he would get up before it was light, so that his mother was obliged to have him conducted with lighted torches to the school. His progress in Latin and Greek was so surprising, that when ten years old he is said to have composed in both these languages, and to have recited his compositions in public. To the same early instructors of his youth may be attributed those deep-seated religious convictions which guided him through life, supported him in his deepest misery, and prompted the poem which won him an immortal name.

From the school where he was thus happily pursuing the paths of learning he was summoned by his father to Rome; but the pang of parting with his mother, who had hitherto tenderly watched over

him, was very bitter. His grief was poignant, and so indelibly stamped upon his mind, that not even the great troubles of his after-life could ever efface it; for when these were at their height, after his second flight from prison, not his present suffering, but this early sorrow is recorded in the sonnet which he wrote on that occasion.

Bernardo's wife was prevented from joining him at Rome by the harsh conduct of her brothers, who refused to pay her dower, and would not suffer her to leave Naples. The position of her husband as a declared rebel made it impossible for Porzia to take any steps to recover her fortune; nor could Bernardo enter the kingdom to rescue his wife. At length, unable, either by tears or entreaties, to move her tormentors, Porzia was obliged to resign herself, and to escape further persecution she took refuge with her daughter Cornelia in a convent. Bernardo was only reconciled to this step by the hope of being able to rescue her at some future time. But this never came to pass. The unhappy lady died of a broken heart two years after her enforced separation from her husband (1556).

Torquato arrived in Rome in 1554. His father, already affectionately proud of his proficiency in learning, now placed him under the direction of Maurizio Cattaneo, one of the first and most learned masters in Italy—a gentleman in manner, and free from pedantry. But Rome did not long continue a safe abode for Bernardo and his son. A fierce war broke out between the pope, Paul IV., and Philip II. of Spain, and Bernardo, finding it a hopeless task to regain his Neapolitan possessions, retired to the court of the duke of Urbino. Torquato went with him, and remained at the court two years, sharing the instructions of the young prince Francesco Maria, until his father, who had during this time been engaged in completing a poem, the "*Amadigi*," was invited by the great Venetian academy "*Della Fama*" to have it printed at the Aldine Press, then under the direction of Paolo Manuzio. Bernardo repaired to Venice with all speed, and was appointed secretary to the *Accademia*. He did not hold this office long, the duties being of a tedious and laborious character; and he quitted his post just in time to save himself from the ruin brought on the whole academy by the fraudulent conduct of its founder, Federigo Badoaro. This catastrophe prevented the printing of the "*Amadigi*" by the Aldine Press;



it was confided instead to the hands of Gabrieli Giolito, and published, in 1561, with a dedication to the "*Invittissimo e Cattolico Re Filippo II.*," as a last hope of inducing the Spanish court to restore to the author his forfeited estates. The "*Amadigi*," though tedious, is supposed to have some merits; and Bernardo might have been considered a poet, if his son had not written the "*Gerusalemme liberata*."

Torquato had been with his father during his sojourn at Venice, and had specially devoted himself to the perusal of his native classics — Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio; and the fruit of these studies appears in the polished and masterly style of his great poem. He was next sent to study the law in Padua, under the guidance of Scipione Gonzaga. These legal studies were pursued with such conscientious diligence, that in his seventeenth year he took his degree in civil and canon law. Nevertheless, they were as distasteful to the young Torquato as they had been to Boccaccio, Petrarca, and Ariosto. In his case, as in theirs, the dry study of the law was powerless to quench the inextinguishable spark of poetic fire. That same year (1562) the "*Rinaldo*" appeared, which created an extraordinary sensation in Italy, and covered "*Il Tassino*" (as he was called to distinguish him from his father) with distinction. But in a short space of time it was so entirely eclipsed by the "*Gerusalemme liberata*," that Tasso himself scarcely counted it among his works. Serassi, quoting Ménage, observes "that the '*Rinaldo*' is the work of a youthful poet, but that poet is Tasso; just as Longinus said the '*Odyssey*' was the work of an old man, but that old man was Homer."\* The chief professors of the University of Padua thought so highly of this poem, that they pressed Bernardo to allow his son to publish it immediately. The learned members of the various literary academies which at that time abounded in Italy expressed their approval, either in letters or sonnets, to the young poet, who, stimulated by their approval, could no longer resist his natural inclination, and resolved to detach himself henceforth from legal studies, and give his undivided attention to the pursuit of poetry and philosophy.

The fame of his "*Rinaldo*" procured Tasso an invitation to the University of Bologna from the president, Pier Donato Cesi, who was trying to revive the ancient

glory of the university, and, by the offer of large stipends, induced the distinguished professors of the day to give lectures to the pupils, while he undertook the colleges and schools, which had fallen into decay. Tasso attained to much distinction, disputing and lecturing in the public schools, especially on the subject of poetry. He laid down those rules and principles of an heroic poem which afterwards guided him in the composition of the "*Gerusalemme liberata*." He likewise attended Sigonio's public lectures on the "Poetics" of Aristotle, and the private instructions, in philosophy, of Sperone, Piccolomini, and Perdasio.

His sojourn at Bologna was cut suddenly short by a disturbance of which he was unjustly the victim, and which appears to foreshadow, in some sort, the kind of persecution which pursued him all his life. The dangerous weapon of satire, frequently employed by the students of the university in attacking either each other or the professors, or sometimes the great noblemen of Bologna, had, as yet, never brought any retaliation upon those who employed it. Tasso, for no apparent reason, was selected as the first victim of a severer rule. A playful satire upon some gentlemen of Bologna, in which he included himself (the ridicule, in reality, centring on his own head), exposed him to a visit from the police, who searched among his papers for the offending squib; and this not being forthcoming, his other papers were seized and laid before the magistrates. The high spirit of Tasso could not brook this insult, and after justifying himself against the harsh and ill-founded accusation, in an indignant letter to his father, he turned his back on Bologna, and returned to his former friends at Padua. The Paduan academy of the "*Eterei*," (Ethereals), of which he was a member, welcomed him with joy, and he, after the fashion of the academicians, who each took some nickname or other, chose that of "*Il Pentito*" (the Penitent), to denote his sorrow at having ever forsaken their society, and pursued with renewed vigour his favourite researches after poetry.

He had already conceived the scheme of the "*Gerusalemme*," and on this all his studies were made to centre, gathering as it were from each science the choicest flowers wherewith to adorn and enrich his poem.

At length his studies at Padua were completed, and Tasso hastened to join his father at Mantua, to whom he communicated the scheme of his new poem, and showered

\* *Vita del Tasso*, lib. i. 117.



him at the same time the three discourses on the art of poetry, which he had prepared to help him in the treatment of his subject. Bernardo generously admitted the probable superiority of his son's poem to his own, inasmuch as he had ministered to the popular taste by a series of romances, while Torquato had followed the footsteps of Homer and Virgil in limiting his poem to a single action. Meanwhile the hopes placed by Bernardo in the king of Spain had proved fruitless, and it behoved him though with sore reluctance, to endeavour to secure a place at some one of the courts for his son Torquato, as his only means of subsistence. Had it not been for his own bitter experience of the unsatisfactory and precarious life of a courtier-poet, Bernardo might have been tempted by the brilliant spectacle presented by the courts of Italy in the sixteenth century. It seemed as if each and all of these had one common object in view—the protection and encouragement of all branches of art, literature, and science; in short, that their chief aim was to encourage and stimulate the young genius of Italy.

It was the age of art, poetry, painting, and architecture, combined to illustrate all that was beautiful in men's eyes. Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese, had succeeded Michael Angelo and Raffaello; Palladio was beginning to erect the stately architecture which has ever since borne his name; while the new poem of the "*Rinaldo*" gave promise that another name would soon be added to the classical poets of Italy.

It was the age of science. Sarpi had recently composed his admirable "History of the Council of Trent," which had occupied theologians for many years. Music, mathematics, philosophy, and astronomy, were being developed by the Galilei, both father and son, Doni, the musician and mathematician, Sigonio and Robertello, and many others.

Such was the scene upon which the young Tasso was destined to play no insignificant part. He had already proved himself worthy to claim a place in that brilliant assembly of genius and intellect, and had given a pledge that he would shine as a star in any one of those gay courts which should be fortunate enough to secure him.

But Bernardo knew that the Italian princes were as capricious in withdrawing as they were magnificent in bestowing their favours, that their courts were full of unscrupulous courtiers and petty intriguers. He had hoped that his son's legal studies

would have placed him in a position of honourable independence; but Tasso refused to enter the law, and his father did not know how to maintain his son otherwise than by placing him at the court of one of the Italian princes. Already there was a rivalry between the two brothers, the cardinal Luigi d'Este and Alfonso II., the reigning duke of Ferrara, which should claim the young poet. On the one hand, the cardinal urged the first right of possession in the poem of "*Rinaldo*," already dedicated to him; on the other, the duke wished by offering Tasso a place at his court, to claim a right in the forthcoming greater poem.

For some time Tasso declined to enrol himself among the gentlemen of either prince, professing equal service and duty to both the duke and the cardinal. At length, in 1565, he was invited to Ferrara by both brothers, with the intimation that he would for the present belong to the cardinal's household, and that he was to meet his patron at Ferrara in December, to be present at the marriage of the duke with Barbara, archduchess of Austria.

Tasso was in his twenty-first year when he arrived at Ferrara, in October, 1565. Look at him now—for in a few short years we shall have a more painful picture to contemplate. If we study the account of him by his friend and contemporary biographer, Manso, we shall find that his face bore the stamp of great intellectual power in the high, noble forehead, the gray, thoughtful eyes and their melancholy beauty of expression. His features were regular and well-cut, his hair of a light brown. He was above the average height, well-built, with strong, agile limbs, that yielded to none in fencing, riding, and all manly exercises; and his presence was such as might grace any court.

The first years of his life at Ferrara were peaceful and happy; he looked back upon them with longing eyes, and could not be persuaded, until he had learned it from bitter experience, that misery and danger awaited him there. The city was gay with the festivities of the approaching wedding when he first entered it; the preparations for the tournament and all the accessories of the brilliant scene charmed the poet's fresh youthful fancy. He was courteously received, and apartments were assigned to him in the house of his patron, where he could finish his great poem, of which the first six cantos were already complete.

The court of Ferrara was at that time a splendid specimen of Italian magnifi-



cence, and the Este, without tracing back their genealogy to the fabulous origin assigned to them by Tasso and Ariosto, were among the most ancient families in Italy. The sisters of the duke—Lucrezia, who afterwards married the Duke of Urbino, and Leonora—were the chief ornaments of this court. The reputation of their beauty had already reached Tasso, and in his "*Rinaldo*"\* he had celebrated the "*crin d'oro*," and the "*chiare luci*" of Lucrezia d'Estense. At the time of his introduction at court, the one was in her thirtieth, the other in her thirty-first year. They were ladies of cultivated minds, and Tasso's great abilities were already known to them. They admired the poetry which he had already written, and greatly encouraged him to finish his "*Gerusalemme liberata*," while they shared the high expectations which the promise of this poem had already excited in Italy. It was surely no wonder if one so gifted soon became the favourite companion of their leisure hours. He read to them portions of his poem, asking their opinion on different points, and wrote sonnets in praise of their beauty and various gifts. "They unite," he says in one of his letters, "discernment with intellect, majesty with courtesy, so that it is difficult to determine for which of these qualities they are most to be admired." His was not a nature to be insensible to their courtesies, or to the pleasures of an existence which in every way commended itself to his refined taste.

This pleasant stream of life might have flowed on in an uninterrupted course, had it not been impeded by his fatal passion for the princess Leonora. Unhappily he was early captivated by her rare beauty and many attractions, and she became the object of the devotion and admiration natural to a person of his eager enthusiastic disposition. He commemorated in a *canzone* the first occasion on which he saw her, and there is no doubt that the episode of Olinda and Sofronia, in the "*Gerusalemme*," is intended to represent her and himself.

She fair, he full of bashfulness and truth,  
Loved much, hoped little, and desired nought;  
He durst not speak, by suit to purchase ruth,  
She saw not, mark'd not, wist not what he  
sought;

Thus loved, thus served he long, but not re-  
garded,

Unseen, unmark'd, unpitied, unrewarded.†

\* Canto viii. 14.

† *Gerusalemme liberata*, Fairfax's translation, book ii. c. 16.

In vain did the friends of Tasso endeavour to make him withdraw this episode, pronouncing it to be disconnected with the rest of the poem. He always steadily refused to do so. His letters, his canzone, his treatises, all bear witness to the truth of this hopeless and ill-fated attachment, and are full of the praises of Leonora, whose name he thus masks under a play of words:—

E le mie rime,  
Che son vili e neglette se non quanto  
Costei *le-onora* col bel nome santo,

just as Petrarch would play upon the name of Laura, presenting her under various images, now as the emblem of fame, and now as the fresh breeze (*l'aura*).

Tasso, aware of the danger to which this passion exposed him from the proud house of Este, feigned an attachment for a lady of the court, Lucrezia Bendidio, to mask the real state of his feelings. In so doing he became the rival of Pigna, the duke's private secretary; and thus in avoiding one peril fell into another. He is also supposed in his early youth to have had another attachment to a young lady of Mantua, Laura Peperara, whose name is often mentioned in his sonnets; but it appears from incontestable evidence, as will be seen later on, that his passion for the princess Leonora was never absent from his mind, that, in fact, it was the rock on which his life made shipwreck.

For many years he succeeded in concealing from everybody the real state of his mind, discussing in the academy of Ferrara with calm philosophy the abstract questions, which had revived the old "*corti d'amore*" of Provence, and holding the lists for three days against every comer, in his "Fifty Conclusions on Points of Love." Twenty years afterwards he rearranged his "Conclusions" in a dialogue, called "*Il Cataneo*,"\* which is considered a masterpiece among his prose writings.

The first seven years of his life at Ferrara, the happiest of Tasso's existence, were passed chiefly in the city, except when, on the occasion of the duke's absence, he paid visits to his literary friends at Padua, Milan, and Pavia, or to Mantua to visit his father.

Bernardo Tasso was subsequently appointed, by the duke of Mantua, governor of Ostia, whither Tasso was summoned to attend him on his death-bed, Sept. 4, 1569. Bernardo was happy in his death, for he



lived long enough to see the first dawn of his son's fame, while he was spared the knowledge of the misery in store for him. The affection between father and son is a very touching trait in the lives of both. Bernardo never hesitated to admit the superiority of his son's poetical genius; and Torquato, on the other hand, never forgot this generosity, and held his father's opinion in the highest esteem.

In 1572 Tasso was called upon to attend his patron, the cardinal d'Este, to France. Previous to his departure he made his will, "because," he said, "life is uncertain, and it might please God that I should never return from France." He bequeathed the completed portions of his "*Gottifredo*," as he called the "*Gerusalemme liberata*," to the care of his three friends, Scipione Gonzaga, Domenico Veniero, and Battista Guarini, to be revised, corrected, and published. The rest of his unpublished poetical works, the "*Canzoni*" and "*Madrigali*," he directed to be buried with him; and all his goods to be sold, that the profits might be employed in putting up a monument to his father in the church of San Egidio at Mantua, with a Latin inscription which he had himself prepared, as a last act of filial love and duty.

Tasso was presented by the cardinal d'Este at the French court, as the bard who was about to celebrate the feats of arms of Godfrey de Bouillon, and the other French heroes of the first crusade. His fame had already preceded him, and he was received with every mark of favour and distinction. Charles IX., the reigning monarch, with all his faults, was a patron of literature, and had some pretensions to being himself a poet; he was therefore quick to appreciate the privilege of receiving at his court the first poetical genius of Italy. During his sojourn of a year at Paris, Tasso was introduced to all the eminent *letterati* of the day, and made the acquaintance of Ronsard, of whose poetry he had long entertained a high opinion.

France was at that time distracted by the Huguenot wars, and the crisis of "St. Barthélemi" (1572) was approaching. Tasso, whose early education had implanted in his mind a horror of schism, and an unquestioning belief in the doctrines of the Roman Church, wrote a treatise expressing his opinion that the heresy of the Huguenots should be uprooted with unflinching severity; but the massacre of St. Barthélemi did not take place till some months after his departure

from Paris. He also wrote a description of French manners and customs, comparing Paris with Milan and Venice, to the disadvantage of the former of these two cities, while as far as regards the latter he declares it to be difficult to decide whether of the two, Paris or Venice, is the most rich and prosperous.\*

On his return from Italy Tasso quitted the service of the cardinal d'Este. Some writers aver that the cardinal was jealous of the favours heaped upon the poet by the French king. But this is not proved; we only know that for some reason or other Tasso abandoned the court of his former patron, and lived for a short time at Rome, in a state of great poverty. The cardinal does not appear to have been very liberal to the gentlemen of his court. The goods which Tasso mentioned in his will, to be disposed of after his death, were in pawn at the time, and there is reason to fear that when he was in Paris he was often in great destitution, though he steadily refused the royal gifts repeatedly pressed upon him by Charles IX.

CATHERINE M. PHILLIMORE.

\* *Opere del Tasso*, vol. ix.; Lettera al Conte Ercole de' Contrari.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

#### SOME ACCOUNT OF A GERMAN BOARDING-SCHOOL.

I DO not propose in this short paper to speak of those large establishments for the education of girls of the middle class which are scattered more or less thickly over the whole of Germany, nor of those excellent public day-schools (*Töchterschulen*) which are found in almost every town of any size or importance; I intend simply to confine myself to the enlightenment of the public as to the manner in which their daughters may expect to live and learn in the small private *Damenpension*, "replete with every home comfort, and conducted with the strictest regard to the moral and physical well-being of the pupils."

The establishment from which my experience is chiefly gained may, I believe, be considered a very fair average specimen of its sort, and, though not in any way to be compared with those exceedingly grand affairs in Berlin or Dresden, it was thought a first-rate school for the provinces.

Situated in a narrow tree-shaded street, we were far removed from the delightful



bustle (*Treiben*, as the Germans so expressively call it) of the town, which proves so eminently distracting to girls at school; and the house, like all in that quiet street, stood back in its own "grounds," as the Fräuleins Schmidt loved to call their good-sized flower and kitchen gardens in the prospectuses. But the flowers, few in number, ran wild about the weedy borders, which the many trees, chief ornament of the place, effectually prevented from flourishing any sun-loving plant. Beneath the largest trees were tables and chairs, arranged in three different places, where we often took coffee during the summer months.

The house itself was large and solidly built, only accommodating this one "family," though some of the front rooms were often occupied by old pupils who came from England as parlour-boarders to rub up their German a little. I believe it is often the custom for a girls' school to have only one or two flats in large towns, but the inconvenience and disadvantage of this are so plain as not to require discussion here; in smaller places, where houses are more easily met with, such arrangements are unnecessary.

The school of which I speak consisted, on an average, of twenty girls, half of whom were supposed to be English and half German, but, strange to say, the English element usually predominated.

The principals were three in number—Fräulein Schmidt, a stout, unwieldy, but withal rather awful-looking personage; Fräulein Charlotte, stouter if possible, very red, and addicted to the wearing of yellow in her dress. She was head-cook and housekeeper, and helped occasionally in the junior French classes. The third member of the trio was Fräulein Müller, whom we English girls greatly preferred to the other two. She was far more lady-like in her manners and less hasty in her temper; besides, having spent five years of her life as a governess in England, she was looked upon as belonging in a greater degree to us than to the Germans.

The French mistress was like too many of that nation whom we are accustomed to meet with in schools—by fits familiar and overbearing towards the pupils, and far from conscientious in the performance of her many duties.

But I linger too long over the remarks which must be merely preliminary, though they are necessary for the proper comprehension of our household arrangements, the description of which I may as well begin with an account of an ordinary day's

work. Let us take a cold winter's day as an instance first of all. Listen, then.

At half-past six or thereabouts, as Fräulein Schmidt happens to wake up, a large bell rings sufficiently loud to be heard all over the house; and in a few minutes may be seen emerging from the several dormitories many unsightly figures in every variety of *Schlafröck*, many with their warm petticoats over their heads, for it is freezing cold these bright frosty mornings. "Why, this unseemly spectacle in every part of the house?" Come with us, and you will see. We go with the stream, and pass through the long, bare *Esssaal*, heedless of Karl, the manservant, who, with Fräulein Charlotte standing over him in a dishabille yet more strange than the rest, is sulkily laying the stove, while his mistress scolds and storms in a smothered voice from the many folds of flannel which envelop her head. Karl appears no more worthy of notice in our accustomed eyes than would a large lay figure stuck against the wall, and we pass unconcernedly into the *Laverbot* with our sponges and brushes.

Here there is no time for dawdling; everybody hastens to secure to herself a ladleful of the strictly forbidden hot water which boils continually on the stove, and busies herself as quickly as may be with the small washing-basins ranged on a slab round the walls. There are only four small looking-glasses, and the crowding round these is prodigious; they are generally "engaged" half a dozen deep in a very short time.

Two girls must always make extra haste, for they "have the week" and are responsible for the laying of the long table for coffee; so off they go as speedily as may be to finish dressing in their own rooms. By the time they are ready Karl has lighted the stove and Minchen has swept the floor; so while one "week" fetches up the basket of *Brödchen*, the other spreads the cloth and sets out the cups. All this time late and lazy people are tramping in and out of the *Laverbot*, and poor Fräulein Müller, whose room opens into the *Esssaal*, is continually putting her head through the door to hasten their movements.

At last she has finished her toilette, the bell rings again, and the girls troop in and take their seats at the long narrow table. A kind of meditation is read. One "week" says the Lord's Prayer, every one *sitting*. There is no such thing as a kneeling posture in a German's prayers, and none of the many girls who have



shared my room were ever seen to read the Bible; that is a book kept for those who are candidates for confirmation, and have to get up a quantity of texts by rote.

Prayers over, we fall to eating as fast as possible the two tiny new rolls allowed to each. Some eat them alone; some (these mostly Germans) fill their cups with crumbs, or tearing off large pieces, dip them into their coffee and then chuck them (I can use no other word) into their mouths. We must be quick if we want to keep pace with the rest, and get another cup of coffee; everybody eats so fast and talks so fast all at once that the whole meal hardly occupies seven minutes in discussing.

As each girl finishes she takes her cup and saucer to a side table and leaves the room, to practise, paint, or prepare her lessons; and when all have done, a bowl of hot water is brought, and the "weeks" must wash up before they can be off after the rest.

Music, classes, preparation, and dawdling (for there is no method or arrangement to speak of) fill up the time till eleven o'clock, when all partake of yesterday's *Brödchen* split in two and buttered — one roll for each. Thus these big growing girls have had nothing since nine o'clock last night but three little rolls, and will get nothing more substantial till two o'clock.

At about half-past twelve we shall go out for a walk, the Germans with their hoods tied tightly over their hats, while the English, if they have them at all, insist on wearing them twined around their necks.

We shall walk two and two, and probably get one or two "zeros" from Mademoiselle for talking too loud. We shall be accompanied part of the way, perhaps, by a couple of swaggering officers, who afford much pleasurable excitement to the young ladies, and furnish subject for caustic remark from Mademoiselle. Coming home again, cold and hungry to a degree only known to those who have fared as we since last night, we wash our hands in the *Laverbot* — at least those do who have no objection to icy-cold water — and after a short, gabbled grace from the "week" we all pour hot, thin, greasy soup down our throats at railway speed. This is followed by meat — generally *réchauffée*, in the form of *rissoles*, mince, *Schnittchen*, or what not, in which the minimum of meat makes the maximum of show. This is accompanied by a liberal allowance of potatoes fried in *Speck* (bacon grease).

Sometimes we get preserved French beans served in hot vinegar, or *Sauerkraut*, or potato salad. Then follows what is dignified by the name of pudding — a bowl of very sweet stewed Marseilles fruit, apples, and plums. In this, as the juice is helped out, Fräulein Charlotte will pour a large carafeful of water, so that the last comer fares but indifferently. Sometimes we have cranberries in watery juice thickened with a few bread crumbs, or we have stale *Brödchen* fried, or plain boiled rice with sugar and nutmeg.

Dinner over, Fräulein Schmidt asks, with much appearance of friendly interest, "*Seid Ihr satt, Kinder?*" "*Ja*," we answer; also "*Gesegnete Mahlzeit*" (Blessed be this meal); and off we go. This *gesegnete Mahlzeit* we always translated as "Blessed be your digestions" to fresh English girls, considering that those organs needed a benediction to help them in the process of assimilating such food.

Lessons now, in a lazy, dawdling fashion, till tea at eight. The room gets stifling from the iron stove; every face is scarlet by four o'clock, and half the girls have glasses of water by their sides, prescribed by the doctor as a cure for headache.

If it is Monday or Friday, we are all preparing lessons in the lower school-room, under Mademoiselle's surveillance, till four, when we get afternoon coffee, which is swallowed a trifle less hurriedly than in the morning, and then we go down to a French lesson. Tuesday afternoon will be devoted to the *Stoffstunde*, two unhappy hours of darning and mending. Saturday's half-holiday will bring the embroidery lesson, with a mistress specially employed to teach that which is carried to such a pitch of excellence in Germany. Two mornings in every week will be given up to *Litteratur*, and one to the pastor's *Religionstunde*, for those not yet confirmed. *Litteratur* consisted, while I was there, in the consideration and dissection of the *Nibelungenlieder* and the *Gudrunlied*, European history, and a periodical essay on some given subject.

All this time an artist is sitting in the *atelier* up under the roof, with two pupils at a time, while a music master and a mistress send for their pupils as they choose, from any class that may be going on, and which they must instantly leave. No one knows at what time in the morning the Herr Director will appear, except the unlucky wight whose music lesson is appointed; no one knows how long he will stay or when he will leave. Every one



has to be hunted up in turn as the despot chooses to cry out that it is Fräulein So-and-so's *Stunde* next. The lessons are given on a piano which stands in a little bare room leading into one of the dormitories, and are continually interrupted by maids with pail and broom, girls fetching their clothes to mend, or coming to dress for a walk. No governess sits in the room, as is customary in England, and a spirited conversation is generally carried on most of the time, interrupted by occasional bursts of "*Donnerwetter!*" "*Potzblitz!*" etc., at a more than ordinary excruciating chord. During my painting-lesson we regularly embarked in a discussion on Sir Walter Scott, whose works the master was just reading.

At eight the tea-bell rings, and we sit down to black or white bread, with butter or treacle, with a decoction of leaves dignified by the name of tea. Conversation goes on as usual, very little subdued by the presence of the two heads of the establishment. Knives are used as spoons to scoop up treacle, and bread is dipped into "tea" as before. After *gesegnete Mahlzeit* we all curtsy in turn to Fräulein Schmidt, kiss Fräulein Charlotte, who is always smeared with butter, and off we go to bed.

This is a fair specimen of a day in a German school. In summer the hours are slightly different, food greener, walks longer, and classes often held in the garden. Indeed, we almost lived out of doors in the hot weather.

During the winter we often went to the opera, as good music is improving to the mind, and the Herr Director occasionally sent us tickets for the private concerts at which he presided, while our chief amusement in the summer was taking afternoon coffee in the zoological or some other gardens.

The one thing that struck me most amongst the many peculiar arrangements to which we had to accustom ourselves was this: that frequently one or two girls would be permitted to go shopping by themselves in that large town with a garrison of three thousand soldiers. Having so few servants at their command, and as the men of a family are generally *militär* and the mother head-cook, German girls are necessarily thrown much on their own chaperonage, and get used to going out in the streets, or even to the theatre, two together, and think nothing of it; but I am sorry to say that, whether from the novelty of the situation, the unaccustomed freedom, or some other cause, the manners of our

schoolgirls abroad are such as to excite attention. An *Engländerin* is known immediately by her dress, her gait, her manner of speaking; and as all young ladies of our nation are supposed to be more or less heiresses, they are considerably sought after by the gentlemen of gorgeous uniforms and limited means, who may be seen every day twirling their moustaches on the public promenades. They have nothing else to do half the day, no cricket, no boating; and they spend their spare time in summer sitting outside the *cafés* eating ices or drinking beer, or else lounging about the shop windows, looking at the pretty girls that pass.

Some girls, of course, out of the many will pass through this fire of ogling unscathed, and return to their English homes as simple-hearted and as quiet-mannered as they left, but, as any one will tell you who has had much to do with the bringing-up of girls, those will form but a small percentage of the hundreds who go to school abroad.

*Ein Offizier* is the bugbear of a German schoolmistress; she flies from him as from the plague-smitten, dragging her flock after her; yet, with unaccountable perversity, she sends them out unprotected amongst the wolves whenever her arrangements do not permit her to accompany them. But enough of this subject; it is not a pleasant one; let us pass on to things less disagreeable.

Once a week in the summer we were allowed to go to the baths (of course the house itself was destitute of such a thing), and very much we enjoyed our seven minutes' swim. In winter the large bath was not used, but about every month or six weeks, when we could stand it no longer, an urgent petition would be sent up from the English girls to be allowed to go to the hot baths, which was usually granted.

The only punishment for misdemeanours was lines of French to get by heart, or, if the fault was very grave, Fräulein Schmidt would take a German girl by the ears or shake her, but she never offered the former indignity to any of us.

The *morale* and the code of honour was much more that of an English boys' school than a girls'. But when rules were made occasionally (there were not many), everybody set to work to break them, and they were soon utterly disregarded by all.

It must be confessed that the girls of our nation that one usually meets abroad are not the nicest sort. They have generally been sent for some particular reason. Some are training for governesses



—they will be the quietest, perhaps, or perhaps the wildest of all—but most come to Germany to be away from home a little before leaving school for good. There is something or somebody to be forgotten in England before they come back. There were only two English girls besides myself who had come over purely to learn German in Fräulein Schmidt's *Pension*; of the rest, three came because neither their mothers nor any schoolmistress in England could manage their tempers; one or two had no real home, and were sent by guardians to be out of the way; and all the rest had some *affaire de cœur* to get over. I do not wonder that German ladies of the upper classes object to sending their daughters to school as a rule. Looking over this paper I am afraid it seems all very one-sided, but I would only too gladly say something in favour of the system if I could think of any true thing to say. They took great care of our health, and the masters were good and cheap, and, *if one chose*, one could learn German fast enough, but if one did not choose there was no idea of coercion. "Here are your advantages; you pay for them, and are old enough to know the value of them; take them or leave them; it is all one to us."

Of regular holidays we had not many, but then, as we never worked hard, we did not want them. A month in the summer, a fortnight at Christmas, and a week at Whitsuntide was all. None of the English girls went home in vacation, and not all of the Germans, and we generally spent a very merry time, with extra indulgences, excursions to the zoo, etc., in the summer, opera and concerts in winter. On Christmas eve we had two splendid trees, and all gave each other presents.

There was an amusing little farce connected with this time which is rather characteristic. Everybody who was going to stay the holidays went to Fräulein Schmidt and requested five thalers. This went down in the bill (if there were two sisters it was ten thalers—thirty shillings), and very handsome presents were bought for the governesses. Of course they had arranged what they would have, and Fräulein Müller bought the gift for the two sisters Schmidt—lace curtains for the *salon* and a dozen plated teaspoons—while Fräulein Charlotte kindly chose a new drugget for Fräulein Müller's sitting-room, and a black silk dress for Made-moiselle. We were so delighted at having hit upon the very things they all wanted.

On every girl's birthday we subscribed and bought her a present and a wreath. This ought to have been put round a cake (the Germans generally received one from home on the occasion), but we had it round a plate, on which were stuck coloured wax tapers such as we light Christmas-trees with, one for every year of her age and the *Lebenslicht* in the centre. If the larger candle lasted longest, there were yet many years of life to be enjoyed, but I regret to say that the heat of the surrounding tapers, if there were seventeen or eighteen of them, generally melted the middle one very quickly.

And now I must close this paper with a few remarks on that most important epoch in girl life, confirmation, the turning-point as it is in the career of many a once giddy, foolish child.

In Germany this is a most trying ordeal. For a year beforehand, at least, the confirmation classes are held in the churches, and during this year the *Confirmanten* are allowed to take no dancing-lessons, to go to no parties, to no theatres. They have pages and pages of texts, proofs, sermons to write out every week, and at the end to get by heart, which, as this is the first acquaintance they make with the Bible, is no easy matter. On the day before the confirmation they go to the *Prüfung*, or public questioning, dressed in white muslin, while for the confirmation itself they must all be in black. This is the occasion of a girl's first silk dress and lace handkerchief, and a boy's first tail-coat; every candidate has a flower in his button-hole or a bouquet in her hand. After the ceremony, which is very long, and which includes the receiving of the Holy Communion, the candidates go home and receive congratulations and presents. There is generally a grand luncheon party and in the afternoon the girl is taken out by her mother (who has come over on purpose) to be introduced to all her friends in the town. She may now have her cards printed, and the servants must leave off calling her *du*. She is "out," and the prevailing feeling in her mind is that the restraint of the past year is over, and she may dance and go to the theatre once more with the rest.

*Quid leges sine moribus* is a motto which, to judge from visible results, must be rather unpopular in the *Vaterland* generally, and not less so in that particular little fraction of the great whole which comes under the head of schoolgirl. She is rough, she is often rude to the most exasperating degree; but, to give her her due, she is never "fast." She cannot be



so, for there is no such thing as "fastness," as we now understand the word, nor will there be so long as cooking and knitting continue to be considered the whole duty of woman in that highly favoured land.

It is curiously indicative of the national inclination to the housewifely, that a girl commonly leaves school at sixteen—at which age lessons and masters are beginning to be appreciated—and either spends a year in the kitchen at home or is sent to board with some peculiarly notable *Hausfrau* in the country. Here she enters moderately into the amusements of her age, but devotes the chief portion of her time to the delightful *Kunst* of *Suppe*, *Wurst*, *Kuchen*, and *Torte* making. Here she is initiated into the mysteries of those queer compounds *Mett*, *Knack*, *Leber*, and *Roth*, and all the other *Würste*, and learns to make *Nuss*, *Sand*, *Apfel*, and all the other *Torten* and *Kuchen* which are the pride of the German heart. You may see a faithful conception of the ideal German girl in all the glory of her *keusche Flechten* (as she is pleased to term her thick, tight plaits) on the cover of any ten-groschen cookery-book you may chance to pick up. No wonder, then, that the sole conversation of the German matron amongst her kind relates to strictly household affairs, or that it is considered a decided compliment, and no infringement of good manners, to congratulate the lady of the house on the success of each dish in succession, or even to ask the ingredients of it.

It would have been the delight of Fräulein Charlotte's heart to have got some of us English girls apprenticed to her in the kitchen. We did often go down to peel the potatoes (previously boiled in their skins) and to cut them up for *Kartoffelsalat*, but I am afraid that concession was more owing to our attachment to hot potatoes eaten primitively with a little salt than to any real devotion to the science. In the summer we washed and sliced the lettuces for *Grünensalat*; in fact, we treated the whole affair rather as an amusement than otherwise, much to the joy of the exempted Germans, who had far too much of that sort of thing at home to find any novelty in it.

Twice during the winter months a great event occurred, namely, the slaughter of Fräulein Charlotte's darlings, the pigs. This operation was wont to take place in the yard under the dining-room windows, and, though actually performed by the

professional *Schlachter*, was assisted in by the three maids, the *Stiefelknecht*, and the good lady herself, popular tradition assigning her the important office of holding the creature's tail. Now *Rothwurst* requires the life-fluid fresh from the animal's veins, stirred continually till it thickens, which process, together with scalding, scraping, and disembowelling the pig, was performed in the yard, in full view of the street. Then, indeed, ensued a fine time for all. The Fräuleins Schmidt went about all day in their wrappers, and Charlotte's curls never came out of paper till the sausage-making was off her mind. Chopping, pounding, boiling, went on in the kitchen for two whole days, till, with the butcher's help on the first day of it, the whole animal was turned into sausages. Then we had a sausage breakfast (at least those had who could eat it), and the whole *fête* concluded with a sip of cognac to regulate the unwonted delicacies. During these three days we did very much as we chose, every governess being too busy to take much notice of our affairs.

Another excitement which we had every two or three months was an announcement from the Herr Director, "*Heute über acht*," or "*vierzehn Tagen, giebt's Concert, meine Fräulein*." The appalling news was immediately carried over the house, and preparations commenced, or, to use an elegant idiom of the country, *dann ging es los*. Then began a hurrying to and fro, a practising in hot haste, a making of night and early morning hideous by all the votaries of music.

And when at last the great day dawned the preparations became even more frantic. Fräulein Charlotte was in the kitchen compounding *Butterkuchen* from four A.M., for the delectation of the masters and their wives, with a few other choice and musical spirits, often old day-pupils, who kindly took an interest in our studies. Then it was the duty of the leading girl in the school (we had no marks, therefore no real head) to make out the programme for Fräulein Schmidt's guidance on a sheet of coloured note-paper. The sequence of performers was ordained by a council of elders, and the worst played first; so they had a good chance of getting it over before the arrival of all the guests.

A scale, an *étude de vélocité*, and a piece, perhaps also a duet, and in case of singers a song and exercise from each, take some time to get through, and the



first part (by beginning at six punctually) is finished pretty well before Herr Stagemann arrives.

Behold us, then, after coffee, dressed in our best, and with work in hand, assembled in the great *Saal*, with music ready, and all impatient to begin. Presently Fräulein Schmidt appears with her knittings, and Fräulein Charlotte resplendent in side-curls and a black and yellow striped silk, universally pronounced by authority "*ein wunderschönes Kleid*." Scale, *étude*, and a piece are struggled through, with a running accompaniment from the principal of "*Gut, gut, sehr gut*," or "*Falsch, falsch; du hast nicht gut geübt*," which latter opinion sends the culprit to her seat overwhelmed with shame and confusion of face.

By degrees the company drops in; and bows, curtsies, or rather "bobs," with manifold *Complimenten*, are the order of the day, and between eight and nine we repair to the *Esssaal* to tea. This is a rather more festive meal than usual, consisting of tea (with a little dash of cognac for the visitors), *Schinken*, *Häring*, representative slices of the many-headed demon *Wurst* and of cold meat and cheese — this last, though considered a great delicacy, so offensive to the nose that it keeps up a continual perambulation up and down the table during the meal, no one being willing that the dish shall stand opposite to her. The usual sleight-of-hand tricks are performed by the company with their knives, and conversation of a housewifely kind goes on during the consumption of the eatables, and after a "*Seid Ihr satt, Kinder?*" also "*Gesegnete Mahlzeit*," we return to the *Saal*, and recommence our attacks on the long-suffering *Klavier*.

Herr Stagemann is here now, so the work becomes more nervous; the exercises are omitted, and solo, duet, and trio follow each other with terrific speed.

In the middle of all this, down comes Fräulein Schmidt to disperse the *Engländerinnen*, who always congregate round one table to indulge in a little of their forbidden mother-tongue; two or three are sent to sit amongst the Germans, and a luckless German is wedged in to leave the English circle. Fräulein Schmidt returns to the *salon*, where the guests sit enthroned in state, and presently some one leaves the circle to play; her bosom friend goes to turn over the leaves, or otherwise encourage her; the German slinks back to her more congenial companions, and the English are all to-

gether again; and in a quarter of an hour's time the whole interlude is repeated.

At about ten o'clock we all refresh our weary selves with slices of *Butterkuchen* and red-wine negus; at least the visitors get the negus, and we are served with raspberry vinegar and water, which has the merit of looking like the more celestial beverage. By this time the most advanced performers are playing, and Herr Stagemann comes out amongst us to play some accompaniments (a great honour), and to indulge in a few small jokes, much restrained by the presence of his better half; and at half past twelve we wind up with a spirited chorus, such as "*Mein Lebensauf ist Lieb und Lust*," or "*Wohl auf noch getrunken den funkelnden Wein*," or (by special request) "*Ten Little Niggers*" from the English girls.

On great occasions we sometimes had a dance, from which the male element was, of course, rigidly excluded, and very good fun it was. Tradition was that, years ago, an officer, brother of one of the girls, had been present, but that the admiration of his uniform and moustaches had been so marked amongst the *verrückte Engländerinnen* that Fräulein Schmidt had threatened to have a lay figure in uniform placed against the wall to accustom those English young ladies to the marvellous sight. Once, at Christmas time, two of us wrote and six acted a "comic operetta" to a large and enthusiastic audience of Germans and English, and we danced afterwards; but this was great and unwonted license.

The opera was our chief amusement in winter, and an afternoon at some *Kaffee-garten* in summer; but there was always an agony of restraint, a driving of us up into a corner by ourselves, on such occasions, which contrasted strangely with the liberty allowed us of going into the town alone.

A residence in a foreign school affords one a rare opportunity of studying character, if so inclined, from the diversity of nationalities represented there. We had in the course of a year Germans innumerable, *Berlinerinnen*, *Hannoveranerinnen*, and inhabitants of many other towns and states, a Russian, an American from Boston, a Germanized American, and some Irish; and politics were so tender a subject as to be strictly forbidden amongst us. The Boston lady was the most curious character of all; she was one of four or five orphan sisters who had come over by themselves to "du Europe," but two of them had only "done" as far as Cologne,



and had married and settled there. Our friend, with her remaining sister or sisters, put herself into a boarding-house at Basle, and having contrived to engage herself to a young foreigner there, came on alone to put herself to school in Germany, to learn the language. She had a small fortune, which appeared to be entirely in her own hands; so that, if anything in the household arrangements displeased her, she would exclaim, with the true Boston accent, "I'll pay my quarter and I'll go!" which threat, never fulfilled, was rather amusing to us than otherwise.

We had also a young *Berlinerin*, daughter of a general, and whose mother and sister were ladies-in-waiting to the empress. But, strange to say, this young person's manners and conversation were several degrees less refined than those of the smallest tradesman's daughter we had; for, unfortunately, that strange decree of custom which places you, if not absolutely noble, on a level with the regular *bourgeoisie*, prevails in all German schools. In the *Töchterschulen* the disagreeables of this arrangement are not felt, as communication with the other pupils out of school-hours is unnecessary, but being in the same house with, and sharing in the companionship of, girls really in a lower grade of society than oneself, tells insensibly on the manners, and makes one feel that the English exclusiveness and *caste* system has very much that is good in it after all. But the general's daughter; where she picked up her accent and expressions none could ever tell. Poor Fräulein Schmidt held up her hands in indignation and pious horror at some of the choice *mots* which fell from her aristocratic lips; but, to our shame be it confessed, we rather enjoyed the daring, deuce-may-care spirit, and used to barter English boy-slang in return for instruction in student German, of which she possessed a considerable knowledge.

I shall never forget the universal satisfaction which hailed the advent of this young lady, and the *Generalin* her mother; the sight of an *echte Hofdame* was indeed a thing to be desired, especially on account of the opportunity it afforded us of studying the manners of the *haute noblesse*; and how pleased we were when four of us English who could keep up a conversation pretty well in German were ordered to be ready to take coffee in the small *salon*. And really the *Generalin* was worth seeing — a tall, handsome lady in grey silk and black lace, with that indefinable air of repose and calm which even in that land of

bobbings and compliments stamps the woman of society. How civil Fräulein Schmidt was, how bland and becurled Fräulein Charlotte, and words cannot describe the beauties of our German conversation. At tea-time I managed to place myself opposite to the *gnädige Frau*, in order to observe the table manners of the Imperial court. With what a shock I perceived the bread dipped in tea, the knife semi-swallowed every moment; and all the time the graceful, high-bred air was in no degree relaxed, and raised her (in spite of the knife-trick) immeasurably above her homely, queer-mannered hostess. In the evening we had a small concert — that is, some of us elder ones performed as usual, to show the "style" of our master, and the pupil who painted best was required to exhibit her latest works of art.

While speaking of painting I may as well say a few words on the way we were taught in Germany.

The English, we know, have obtained a reputation for being the finest water-colour artists in the world, whether deservedly or not I leave it to wiser heads than mine to judge. Now, the Germans cannot paint in water-colours; excepting that ladies dabble a little in flower-painting, they are essentially an oil-painting people. So, where *Aquarellen* must be taught, they have hit upon the expedient of imitating as much as possible the effect of oil. That airy, thin look, the delight of the English artist, the German soul abhors; the German brush cannot manage it; but behold we take body-colour, mix our paints with white, and dashing in the shadows, we lay on the lights afterwards, as in oils. And the effect is marvellous, with comparatively little trouble; I have heard it likened to that obtained by looking through a camera obscura, the depth of the shadows is so great; and the style is particularly striking in the delineation of those huge masses of rock, dark fir-trees, and snow-clad mountains such as are found in the Hartz and in Switzerland. We rarely had a chromo (that abomination of English girls' schools) to copy, and almost as rarely a finished picture. Our master would bring down a dirty-looking oil sketch of which the features were but just distinguishable, and bit by bit we made out that yonder was a mass of granite, farther a pine-clad mountain, here a waterfall, and there a patch of grass or a dark pool. We copied it out with many groans, for it required great care and trouble, and then proceeded to evolve out of this apparently chaotic jumble a finished water-colour painting.



Of course this process of interpretation was hard at first, and we required a great deal of help, but after a few experiments it became so far easier for us that we very much preferred it to the less interesting business of copying chromos or water-colours.

From painting we pass naturally to the sister arts, music and dancing, of the first of which I have already said a few words.

Now, I do not deny that the Germans, especially the lower orders, are essentially musical as far as an enjoyment of music goes, but I know that during my year's school-life abroad I knew only one German girl there who played *really* well, and but two or three whose performances were not positively painful to listen to. There is a heaviness about the average German woman which prevades her whole being, even to the soles of her feet and the tips of her fingers, and which lends such a stiffness to her fingers, wrists, and elbows as to produce that bane of a music-master, a wooden touch. But, with all this, the masters are first-rate both for vocal and instrumental instruction, and ours, who was the best the large town afforded, charged but a thaler an hour.

In Germany there is none of the class prejudice which sets such an immense gulf between the master and pupil in our own country. He is a gentleman (or presumably so), and in your relations with him you bear that continually in mind. I mention this because it caused me considerable astonishment to find that we were allowed to accept invitations to the parties given by our music and painting masters, and that they, with their wives, were bidden to all our small festivities.

Of dancing, as taught in Germany, I fear Terpsichore would be somewhat ashamed. Lack of opportunity in judging prevents my giving any opinion of mature German dancing; but defend me from the performance of the schoolgirl. Such exaggerated gliding, such stamping and jumping, I never saw, as was generally practised at our little dances, held in the big *Esssaal*. A mistress attended during the winter term, and had, on the whole, a very good-sized class, which we, who did not learn, used to watch through the open door, seated on the stairs. She was a little common-looking woman, chiefly conspicuous for a lack of that style and grace she was supposed to inculcate into her pupils. The dances they learnt were, first, the tedious and disagreeable *Polonaise*, without which no ball in Germany can possibly begin; *Les Lanciers*, of

which no one ever seemed to attain anything like a perfect knowledge; *Les Françaises* (quadrille) valse, and a very romping kind of galop and mazourka; as a treat sometimes *Rheinländer*, *Schottische*, or *Bismarck*, the last of which is accompanied by much stamping of feet. It was a standard amusement with us, when our walking-hour was wet, to push aside the long tables in the *Esssaal* and have a dance.

As to punishment, let us suppose that some one (generally an *Engländerin*) has fallen under the royal displeasure. The offender is called, examined, stormed at, perhaps (but rarely) shaken, maintaining throughout a stolidly calm demeanour till the storm has worn itself out, when she is allowed to depart to explain to Fräulein Müller, whose temper can brook it better. Then the *affaire* will be talked over in the schoolroom and advice given and received. A repetition of the summons to Fräulein Schmidt's *Stube* reduces the culprit (if she be wise) to violent tears. Fräulein Schmidt then promises to be a mother to her, kisses her, and the business is concluded.

With this I think I had better finish this paper, which, it may perhaps be necessary to add, is true in every particular to the life, as I saw it day by day in a German boarding-school. I think I have mentioned the "leading facts," the prominent features in it, and must leave it to each one to judge for herself if her daughter will get good or harm from a year's residence abroad. All schools, of course, cannot be exactly the same as that which I have been describing; some, I know, are a great deal worse; and the main thing, after all, is to be certain that a girl has right principles to begin upon, and a strong idea of right and wrong, to keep her apart from the faults and follies which she will find in a German school.

E. M.

---

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
COLERIDGE.

It was in the summer of 1821 that I first beheld Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It was on the East Cliff at Ramsgate. He was contemplating the sea under its most attractive aspect: in a dazzling sun, with sailing clouds that drew their purple shadows over its bright green floor, and a merry breeze of sufficient prevalence to emboss each wave with a silvery foam.



He might possibly have composed upon the occasion one of the most philosophical, and at the same time most enchanting, of his fugitive reflections, which he has entitled "Youth and Age;" for in it he speaks of "airy cliffs and glittering sands," and —

Of those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or tide.

As he had no companion, I desired to pay my respects to one of the most extraordinary — and, indeed, in his department of genius, *the* most extraordinary — man of his age. And being possessed of a talisman for securing his consideration, I introduced myself as a friend and admirer of Charles Lamb. This pass-word was sufficient, and I found him immediately talking to me in the bland and frank tones of a standing acquaintance. A poor girl had that morning thrown herself from the pier-head in a pang of despair, from having been betrayed by a villain. He alluded to the event, and went on to denounce the morality of the age that will hound from the community the reputed weaker subject, and continue to receive him who has wronged her. He agreed with me that that question never will be adjusted but by the women themselves. Justice will continue in abeyance so long as they visit with severity the errors of their own sex and tolerate those of ours. He then diverged to the great mysteries of life and death, and branched away to the sublimer question — the immortality of the soul. Here he spread the sail-broad vans of his wonderful imagination, and soared away with an eagle-flight, and with an eagle-eye too, compassing the effulgence of his great argument, ever and anon stooping within my own sparrow's range, and then glancing away again, and careering through the trackless fields of etherial metaphysics. And thus he continued for an hour and a half, never pausing for an instant except to catch his breath (which, in the heat of his teeming mind, he did like a schoolboy repeating by rote his task), and gave utterance to some of the grandest thoughts I ever heard from the mouth of man. His ideas, embodied in words of purest eloquence, flew about my ears like drifts of snow. He was like a cataract filling and rushing over my penny-phial capacity. I could only gasp and bow my head in acknowledgment. He required from me nothing more than the simple recognition of his discourse; and so he went on like a

steam-engine — I keeping the machine oiled with my looks of pleasure, while he supplied the fuel: and that, upon the same theme too, would have lasted till now. What would I have given for a short-hand report of that speech! And such was the habit of this wonderful man. Like the old peripatetic philosophers he walked about, prodigally scattering wisdom, and leaving it to the winds of chance to waft the seeds into a genial soil.

My first suspicion of his being at Ramsgate had arisen from my mother observing that she had heard an elderly gentleman in the public library, who looked like a Dissenting minister, talking as she never heard man talk. Like his own "Ancient Mariner," when he had once fixed your eye he held you spell-bound, and you were constrained to listen to his tale; you must have been more powerful than he to have broken the charm; and I know no man worthy to do that. He did indeed answer to my conception of a man of genius, for his mind flowed on "like to the Pontick sea," that "ne'er feels retiring ebb." It was always ready for action; like the hare, it slept with its eyes open. He would at any given moment range from the subtlest and most abstruse question in metaphysics to the architectural beauty in contrivance of a flower of the field; and the gorgeousness of his imagery would increase and dilate and flash forth such coruscations of similes and startling theories that one was in a perpetual aurora borealis of fancy. As Hazlitt once said of him, "He would talk on forever, and you wished him to talk on forever. His thoughts never seemed to come with labour or effort, but as if borne on the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of his imagination lifted him off his feet." This is as truly as poetically described. He would not only illustrate a theory or an argument with a sustained and superb figure, but in pursuing the current of his thought he would bubble up with a sparkle of fancy so fleet and brilliant that the attention, though startled and arrested, was not broken. He would throw these into the stream of his argument, as waifs and strays. Notwithstanding his wealth of language and prodigious power in amplification, no one, I think (unless it were Shakespeare or Bacon), possessed with himself equal power of condensation. He would frequently comprise the elements of a noble theorem in two or three words; and like the genuine offspring of a poet's brain, it always came forth in a golden halo. I remember once, in discoursing



upon the architecture of the Middle Ages, he reduced the Gothic structure into a magnificent abstraction—and in two words. “A Gothic cathedral,” he said, “is like a petrified religion.”

In his prose, as well as in his poetry, Coleridge's comparisons are almost uniformly short and unostentatious; and not on that account the less forcible: they are scriptural in character; indeed it would be difficult to find one more apt to the purpose than that which he has used; and yet it always appears to be unpremeditated. Here is a random example of what I mean: it is an unimportant one, but it serves for a casual illustration of his force in comparison. It is the last line in that strange and impressive fragment in prose, “The wanderings of Cain:”—“And they three passed over the white sands, and between the rocks, silent as their shadows.” It will be difficult, I think, to find a stronger image than that, to convey the idea of the utter negation of sound, with motion.

Like all men of genius, and with the gift of eloquence, Coleridge had a power and subtlety in interpretation that would persuade an ordinary listener against the conviction of his senses. It has been said of him that he could persuade a Christian he was a Platonist, a Deist that he was a Christian, and an Atheist that he believed in a God. The preface to his ode of “Fire, Famine, and Slaughter,” wherein he labours to show that Pitt the prime minister was *not* the object of his invective at the time of his composing that famous war eclogue, is at once a triumphant specimen of his talent for special pleading and ingenuity in sophistication.

MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

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From The Spectator.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE old town of St. Malo—the quaint fortress-port of the Surcoufs and Duguay Trouins—celebrated lately the memory of one of its sons who, in his day, wielded a literary sceptre for which many hands have since competed, but which has never since become the possession of any claimant. The middle of the eighteenth century was hardly more truly the age of Voltaire, than was the commencement of the nineteenth the age of Chateaubriand. We, in England, have so completely outlived any impressions of Chateaubriand's genius, that it is with something between a smile and a yawn that the most of us

glance over the perfervid eulogies with which the principal actors in the scene of Sunday last felt themselves bound to salute the illustrious dead; and besides, Protestant England had least of all the countries of the world been brought within the influence of the author of the “*Génie du Christianisme*.” Even in France there has reigned a powerful reaction from the modes of thought and style which were the force and the originality of the gifted Breton, and where there has not been reaction there has been divergence. The school of Louis Veuillot can still, perhaps must still, exhibit a decent veneration for the enthusiastic apologist of Catholicism, but at bottom the fierce zeal of the absolutist Ultramontane must cherish a profound contempt for the writer who could commit himself to many of the constitutional views of the “*Monarchie selon la Charte*,” and whose Liberal backslidings went so far as to cause him to declare that if entire liberty of the press had existed in France previous to the Revolution, Louis XVI. would not have perished on the scaffold. There are pages in the “*Etudes Historiques*” which would send a shudder through the souls of many a modern ecclesiastical camarilla, and when, for instance, Chateaubriand recalls, with hardly veiled reproaches against the latter-day papacy, the days when Rome fulminated its thunders against the encroachments of princes in the name of the natural rights of peoples, who does not feel that, ultra-royalist though he often was, the Breton noble had caught in some things the inspirations of the democratic revolution?

In one respect, and whatever may happen, the influence of Chateaubriand in his native country will never diminish. He was in himself a literary era, and there is no French writer of eminence since his time who does not bear the traces of the impulse which he communicated, and indeed originated. With much in him of Bernardin de St. Pierre and Jean Jacques Rousseau, and in spite of rhetoric, sentimentality, and egotism, there was in his very exaggerations a strength and genius, an incarnation, as it were, of the highest spirit of his age, the power of which over his generation and his successors can only be measured when we have compared the finest descriptions of such a writer as Georges Sand with the scenes portrayed in “*René*,” “*Atala*,” the “*Natchez*,” the “*Martyrs*,” the “*Itinéraire*,” and the “*Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*.” A critic so difficult to please as Sainte-Beuve, and



whose nice talent for belittling is nowhere more characteristically exercised than in the course of his lectures on Chateaubriand in 1848, has yet penned lines in recognition of his unquestionable supremacy which might satisfy the exigencies of the most devoted admirer. "Fifteen years, said Tacitus, is a large space in human life: *Quindecim annos, grande mortalis ævi spatium*. . . . Well, there is a man who has had the privilege of continuing and persisting, let us rather say, to reign during the three periods, the thrice fifteen years which we have traversed. Under the consulate and the empire he shines from the first day, from the first morning, like a meteor. Under the Restoration he is at his zenith; he fills it. Under the last régime — the July monarchy — he holds himself aloof, and only at intervals comes forth from his tent; he has no more, if you please, but an honorary reign, especially in recent times; but admiration and respect have not been withdrawn from him for a single day. . . . There is here a literary destiny, and more than a literary one, a destiny truly historical and monumental. . . . In this sense one can say that M. de Chateaubriand is and will remain the first, the greatest of the French men of letters of his age."

Chateaubriand, as we know, fancied that but for his literary reputation he would have become a still greater man, a creative statesman, a world-healing Richelieu. If people had not early found out from his books how clever he was, and so been placed in a manner on their guard, he would have escaped the hostilities which were to shipwreck his political career. "Happily for Richelieu," wrote this great would-be politician of the great would-be *littérateur* who had sighed for the triumphs of Corneille, while dictating the destinies of Europe, "happily for Richelieu, his genius was suspected by nobody, and so he became secretary of state under the protection of the Maréchal d'Ancre." Let us, however, leave these ludicrous regrets, and with them, let us leave untouched the political fiasco of Chateaubriand's ministerial career. It is not assuredly in the statesmanship of this ultra-Bourbonist, who had, nevertheless, paid courtliest court to the mighty Corsican, and then turned against the hand he had kissed, but who, with all his Bourbonism, could hardly speak in private with decent respect of the royalty his public declarations proclaimed as the salvation of France, it is not in Chateaubriand the minister that the world has much to ad-

miere. Chateaubriand is the author of the "*Génie du Christianisme*," the apologist, special pleader, bard, and prophet of the Catholic reaction at the commencement of the present century. This is the foundation of his reputation, and never did reputation have its rise under circumstances or amid surroundings more propitious. There was a great part to be taken in 1800, after all those convulsions and devastations of society, after all those *guillotines* and *noyades*, those excesses of the Terror and frivolities of the Directory, those vivacious assaults upon the old faith, and those endless failures to substitute a new one, — and this part was that of "poetical advocate of Christianity" as Sainte-Beuve has so well expressed it. Chateaubriand felt himself strong enough to take it, and the "*Génie du Christianisme*," or as he himself described it, "The moral and poetical beauties of the Christian religion, and its superiority over all the other worship of the earth," was the result of his conviction. At the same moment, Napoleon was planning the Concordat with Rome, and on the very day which witnessed the solemn *Te Deum* in Notre Dame for the restoration of religious worship in France, the official columns of the *Moniteur* announced, by the pen of Fontanes, the praises of the epoch-making work of "the young writer who dares to re-establish the authority of ancestors and the traditions of ages." Chateaubriand's ratiocination, his logic, his erudition, were the weakest part of the work, for in truth the world was weary of ratiocination, of logic, of erudition, of all that under the name of "philosophy" stood in place of a religion to the epoch of the Encyclopædists and the Revolution. And as a rule, Chateaubriand did not trouble himself or his readers with polemics. He was the greatest master of description, the first of landscape-painters in words whom the French language knew, and all that wealth of colour, all that ravishing beauty of outline and form which dazzled and melted the public in his pastoral romances of innocence that was never insipid and passions that were always pure,—all this, and more, were now devoted to extolling the perfections of Christianity, or, as the theosophic Saint-Martin complained, of Catholicism, for with Chateaubriand Christianity and Catholicism were one. He tells us himself in the opening chapter the whole of his plan,—not to prove that Christianity was excellent because it came from God, but that it came from God because it was excellent. There could be no more com-



plete appreciation of what the social situation required. What though there were great faults, great gaps and hiatuses in the structure which Chateaubriand raised, much absurd rhetoric, much sickly sentimentality? The public of his time had got what it wanted, and the sons of the men who, from considering Christianity absurd, had come to proscribe it as noxious and frightful, were now prepared to accept it as sublimely wise, because they had been taught to see associated with it loveliness and harmony and majesty and peace and

poetry; the solemn chant of processions, the glorious roofs of grand cathedrals, the plenteousness of monastic hospitality, the valour of crusading heroes, the virtues of devoted missionaries; and not only these things, but relieving them and illustrating them, the numberless charms of the animate and inanimate creation, the foliage of the forest, the odour of the rose and violet, the thunder of the cataract, the song of the nightingale, the music of running streams.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"Those interested in ancient historical relics will be sorry to learn that the Parthenon at Athens is being shockingly wrecked and ruined. Tourists every season visit it, knock off limbs of statues, pull down portions of the frieze which Lord Elgin left, and, clambering up with hammer or stone, break off bits of the Doric capitals. These capitals, it will be remembered, are painted with rows of leaves, which are supposed to be bent double under the weight of the architrave, and relic-hunters seem to be especially fond of chipping this portion of the masonry. Not a fortnight ago a tourist knocked off the finger of one of the finest statues, as he wished to add to his private collection of curiosities at New York. The Greeks have determined to protect the building as much as possible, and to store up in a safe place the most interesting and valuable of the fragments of sculpture which lie all over the place, exposed to rude winds, 'and men more savage still than they.' They have almost completed a museum at the back of the Acropolis, but the work has come to a standstill for lack of money. This fact has only to become known amongst artists and art-lovers in this country, and doubtless immediate steps will be taken to preserve that noblest remnant of Greece in her glory—the Parthenon."

Athenæum.

GROWTH UNDER TREES.—How to clothe the ground under trees is sometimes a troublesome problem to the gardener. But, after all, a very little attention will enable him to do it successfully. The most valuable plants for the purpose among evergreen shrubs are the holly, yew, privet, and butcher's broom, and among frailer subjects we may name the ivy and the periwinkle, both of which endure shading and starving with remarkable good-nature. There are many useful plants suitable

for the foreground that are seldom thought of. Should the shade not be very thick, and the soil be a good loam, violets and lilies of the valley will thrive. For very bad cases, we may fall back upon three serviceable plants, all of them British weeds. First of all is the dwarf elder, *Sambucus ebulus*, which in early spring presents a rich carpet of emerald-green. The next is the sweet woodruff, *Asperula odorata*, spreading like a green cushion, and covered in May with snow-white flowers. The last is the enchanter's nightshade, *Circœa lutetiana*, an elegant little herb. These three will stand both shade and drip, and will make pleasant-looking verdure where other plants, that have constitutional objections to shade, would die of sheer starvation.

Cassell's Magazine.

SWEET PERFUMES.—Few people are aware of the commercial importance of perfumes, and of the extent to which their manufacture is now carried on. The flower-harvest of the district of the Var, in the south-east of France, includes no less than 1,475,000 lbs. of orange-blossoms, 530,000 lbs. of roses, 100,000 lbs. of jasmine, 75,000 lbs. of violets, 45,000 lbs. of acacia, 30,000 lbs. of geranium, 24,000 lbs. of tuberose, and 5,000 lbs. of jonquil. A well-known perfume-manufacturer at Cannes uses annually 140,000 lbs. of rose-leaves alone, and other perfume-laden flowers in proportion.

It is remarkable that the perfumes obtained from the flowers named above are the types of nearly all flower-odours. Thus, if we blend jasmine and orange-flowers, the result is a scent like sweet-pea; and when jasmine and tuberose are mixed, the perfume is that of the hyacinth. Violet and tuberose resemble lily of the valley. By blending primary odours we also obtain all the various bouquets and nosegays, such as "frangipanni," "white rose," and "sweet daphne."

Cassell's Magazine.



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## BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

SEE flocks of birds flying  
To far foreign land;  
They travel on, sighing,  
From Ganthiod's strand;  
With all weathers mixeth  
Their wailing accord:  
"Where land we? where fixeth  
Our dwelling Thy word?"  
So clamours the feather-clad flock to the  
Lord.

"We leave now so sadly  
The Scandian fell;  
There throve we; so gladly  
Therein did we dwell;  
In bloom-covered trees there  
We builded our nest,  
The balm-laden breeze there  
Safe rocked us to rest.  
Now stretches our flight unto regions un-  
guessed.

"With rosy wreath in  
Her ringlets of gold,  
Sat Midsummer Night in  
The forest, sweet-souled.  
In sleep ne'er reposed we —  
So lovely she seemed —  
With rapture just dozed we  
Till clear morning beamed  
And waked us again from the car where he  
gleamed.

"Then vaulted groves swinging  
O'er hillocks arose,  
With pearls to them clinging,  
And quivered the rose.  
The oak is now shattered,  
The roses have fled,  
The winds' play is scattered  
In storms overhead,  
With frost-blossoms white is the May-  
meadow spread.

"What do we to stay now  
In Northland? Its run  
Grows straighter each day now,  
And dimmer its sun.  
What boots us our crying?  
We leave but a grave.  
In space to be flying  
God wings to us gave.  
Thus, then, we salute thee, thou deep-roar-  
ing wave!"

The birds with this song on  
Their journey are whirled,  
Till welcomed, ere long, on  
A lovelier world;  
Where vine-tendrils swaying  
To elm-branches cling,  
And rivulets playing  
Mid myrtle-groves spring,  
And woodlands with hope and with happi-  
nessring.

When dire haps arriving  
Thy fortunes control,  
When storm-winds are driving,  
Then weep not, oh soul!  
There smiles o'er the wave there  
At each bird a strand;  
On yon side the grave there  
Is also a land  
All gilt with eternity's bright morning's  
brand.

From The Swedish of Stagnelius.

## NOT TO BE.

THE rose said, "Let but this long rain be past,  
And I shall feel my sweetness in the sun,  
And pour its fulness into life at last;"  
But when the rain was done,  
But when dawn sparkled through unclouded  
air,  
She was not there.

The lark said, "Let but winter be away,  
And blossoms come, and light, and I will  
soar,  
And lose the earth, and be the voice of day;"  
But when the snows were o'er,  
But when spring broke in blueness overhead,  
The lark was dead.

And myriad roses made the garden glow,  
And skylarks carolled all the summer long —  
What lack of birds to sing and flowers to  
blow?  
Yet, ah, lost scent, lost song!  
Poor empty rose, poor lark that never trilled!  
Dead unfulfilled!

Cornhill Magazine. AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

## DEATH AS THE KING'S COURTIER.

"I praised the dead which are already dead more  
than the living which are yet alive." — *Ecclesiastes*.

COUCHED in the lap of the last concubine —  
Sate of bitter knowledge, weary-wise —  
Watching through heedless and half-opened  
eyes  
The rhythmic dancer-groups divide, entwine,  
Divide again, in sway and swirl divine —  
Where fitful peeps and lingers, peeps and flies  
Some unveiled charm voluptuous — so lies  
The languid king, and lifts his cup for wine.

And at the call there comes, with creaking  
gait,  
Yet louting low in uncouth courtier grace,  
One rich apparell'd in a robe of state,  
At sight of whom all, all shrink back a space —  
Save the wan king; he, slow, without debate,  
Drains down the cup — and then they hide  
his face.

Examiner.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.



From The Edinburgh Review.

GEIKIE'S LIFE OF MURCHISON.\*

IN the two volumes before us we have the life of a remarkable man, whether he be viewed as a type of our race, or as a mere geologist and geographer. Sir Roderick Impey Murchison possessed, in an eminent degree, the restless energy and determination as well as the practical turn of mind so characteristic of Englishmen, and he manifested them equally in the hunting-field in his earlier days and in the higher pursuits by which afterwards he left his name impressed on the annals of science. The steps by which the young and fashionable captain of dragoons grew into the scientific philosopher, whose tall and commanding, though in after years stooping, figure was so conspicuous in the circles of science and of fashion during the last forty years, form a most interesting and instructive study. Professor Geikie in bringing his life before the public is in a position differing from that of most ordinary biographers. He was specially retained by Murchison with an eye to his posthumous reputation, and was supplied with documents accumulated through a long life for that purpose. He also enjoys the inestimable advantage of having a complete mastery of those branches of science in which the subject of this memoir was distinguished, and lastly he is possessed of no mean literary ability. He has acquitted himself of his task with rare tact and judgment, and with impartiality. He has painted with a loving hand a picture of Murchison's life in which the events stand out most vividly from the canvas, with charming touches of nature here and there, and liftings-up of the mantle of austerity and coldness which concealed the tender heart within during the latter part of his career. Murchison never gave a better example of his practical turn of mind than in the choice of Professor Geikie as his biographer. We can only regret that the memory of other geolog-

ical heroes such as Sedgwick, Phillips and Lyell, has not been cared for in like manner; for in our opinion Murchison was not the greatest, but the most successful of the geologists of his time in his life, in his death, and in his biographer. In reviewing Professor Geikie's work we propose to give an outline of Murchison's life, and to see what his position among his contemporaries really was; and especially we wish to call attention to the work which he did in connection with geographical research, which his biographer, looking at his subject mainly from a geological point of view, has not put forward with sufficient prominence. It will be unnecessary for us to discuss the technical details of his Silurian system, which have already been treated of in this review,\* not, as we now state, without his own assistance.

The subject of this memoir was descended from the Murchisons of Lochalsh and Kintail, a Highland sept, dwelling within the domains of the Mackenzies, in a wild and lonely tract of the West Highlands, between the Kyles of Skye and the line of the Great Glen. We hear of them in 1541 as burning the castle of Eilandonan, the stronghold of the Mackenzies; and after the rebellion of 1715, among the retainers of the Earl of Seaforth the name of Donald Murchison is conspicuous for his successful resistance to the royal troops who attempted to gain possession of the forfeited Seaforth estates. For no less than ten years he held possession against all comers, and though he held a commission at the same time as deputy-factor for the commissioners of forfeited estates, he regularly transmitted the rents to the banished earl. "The last year," writes General Wade, in 1725, in a report to George I., "this Murchison marched in a public manner to Edinburgh, and remained there unmolested for fourteen days." The Earl of Seaforth, on regaining his position in Scotland, took advantage of the lawlessness of the time by seizing the charter and lands of the Murchisons, and Donald died of a broken heart, childless, and in poverty, amongst strangers. John Murchison, the great-grandfather of Sir Roderick

\* *Life of Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, Baronet, K.C.B., F.R.S., &c., based on his Letters and Journals, with Notices of his Scientific Contemporaries and a Sketch of the rise and Growth of Palaeozoic Geology in Great Britain.* By ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, F.R.S. Illustrated with portraits and woodcuts. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1875.



and the uncle of Donald, fell in the battle of Sheriffmuir; he was a farmer in Lochalsh, and was succeeded in his tenancy by his son Alexander, whose eldest son Kenneth was born in 1751. Kenneth, impelled by a spirit of adventure, went out as a surgeon to India, where he amassed a fortune, with which he returned in 1786 to purchase the small estate of Tarradale in Easter Ross. He married the daughter of Mackenzie of Fairbairn, lineal descendant of Rory More or Sir Robert Mackenzie, and the first fruits of the marriage, Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, appeared at Tarradale in 1792, descending on his father's side from a race of yeoman farmers, his mother being of gentle blood. It was always a subject of regret to him that he could not buy back the old tower of Fairbairn, which still looks down on Beaulieu Firth.

Three years after Rory's birth Mr. Murchison moved to Bath, where he died in 1796, leaving behind two boys, Roderick and Kenneth. Mrs. Murchison, still young, married Colonel Murray, one of the guardians of her boys, and as she was determined to accompany her husband who was ordered to Ireland to aid in suppressing the rebellion, young Roderick, then seven years old, was sent to the grammar school at Durham. His home life ended thus early with his mother's marriage, and he entered into school life in the house of a Mr. Wharton, by whom about twenty boys were taught the rudiments of English, French, and the classics. Among these "Dick," as he was called, quickly made himself conspicuous by his daring escapades. Sometimes he amused himself by organizing a fight with the town boys, at another time he would scramble up to the highest tower of the cathedral, and sit on a gargoyle to the terror of the beholders. At another we read of his creeping down the narrow sewer which falls into the Wear, an exploit which may claim to be his first attempt to explore what lies underground. After six years at Durham he was sent to the military school at Great Marlow, where his activity made him, as might be expected, the ringleader of frolic among the cadets. At this stage of his life we find him be-

ginning to take notes, a habit to which a considerable portion of his success is undoubtedly due, and it is interesting to mark in these memoranda the germ of those tastes which were so freely developed by circumstances in after life. But besides these boyish foibles there were qualities latent in the young cadet which did not pass unnoticed by his uncle General Mackenzie. "He is manly," writes the latter in his diary, "sensible, generous, warm-hearted, in short possessing every possible good attribute. I think he has also talents to make a figure in any profession. That which he has chosen is a soldier." How well this forecast was realized is known to the world.

At the age of fifteen young Murchison was gazetted as ensign in the 36th regiment, and was sent to Edinburgh in command of a recruiting party. Here he became one of the first among the powdered young military fops, and spent his spare time in curiously mingled pursuits. Besides giving his mind to riding, and taking lessons in fencing from a *valet de chambre* of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., then at Holyrood, he studied modern languages and mathematics, and attended a debating club. Possessed of accomplishments such as these, we can readily understand how disappointed he was, when he joined his regiment at Cork, to find himself no longer an important personage, associating with high-bred dandies, but a junior in a regiment which had seen a great deal of service in India and South America, commanded by an old veteran, Colonel Burne, a strict disciplinarian in pipeclay and the like, and remarkable equally for his hard-headedness at the mess-table and his gallantry in the field. The regiment was moved to Fermoy in 1808, and young Roderick was appointed aide-de-camp to his uncle General Mackenzie, who was second in command of the force assembled at Cork, intended to operate in South America. The unexpected success of the Spaniards caused a change in the destination of this force, and Sir Arthur Wellesley ordered the regiment to proceed to the Spanish peninsula at twenty-four hours' notice. This event may be said to have closed the days of his boy-



hood—a boyhood in which he showed merely the qualities which may constitute a good soldier, and in which we are able to trace no sign of aptitude for art, letters, or science. He was an energetic, active Highland lad, with strong military tastes, and a keen thirst for the friendship of people in a higher rank than his own.

It is by no means our intention to follow his six months' campaign in Portugal; we would only remark that he saw Sir Arthur Wellesley land, and that he carried the colours of his regiment at the battle of Vimeiro. "What, were you that chubby-faced boy," said the duke to him many years afterwards, "who held up the colours when I halted the 36th, after Vimeiro?" In his letters home the perceptive power, which he afterwards displayed in a high degree, is traceable. One of his anecdotes illustrates the brutality with which the warfare was carried on by some of the combatants. "While halting at a bivouac before we reached Vimeiro," he wrote, "a Portuguese volunteer on horseback coolly unfolded before myself and others a large piece of brown paper, in which he had carefully folded up like a sandwich several pairs of *Frenchmen's ears*, his occupation having been to follow us, and to cut off all these appendages from men who were thoroughly well 'kilt,'—doubtless to produce them in coffee-houses in Lisbon as proofs of the number of the enemy he had slain!" In the subsequent operations of the army of succour, under Sir John Moore, which began at Lisbon and ended at Corunna, Murchison, now a lieutenant, kept with his regiment, and was one of the footsore stragglers in that disastrous retreat. With his embarkation at Corunna ended his first and last campaign. On returning to England he left his regiment to become aide-de-camp to General Mackenzie at Messina, and consequently bore no share with his comrades in the famous campaigns which ended in Waterloo. The fighting at Messina was little better than a desultory engagement of gunboats, enlivened by a passage of courtesy between General Mackenzie and Murat, who happened to be personal friends. In Sicily Lieutenant Murchison appears to have

learnt little else than the art of writing despatches, which afterwards served him in good stead.

On his uncle's return to England he accompanied him, and during the next eventful years from 1811 to 1814, while his regiment was crowning itself with glory, he had to devote himself to barrack duty at Horsham, Inverary, and Armagh. He took refuge in field sports, shooting, fishing, and hunting, from the tedium of military idleness, and as, at this time, he aspired to be a man of fashion, it is no wonder that his expenditure exceeded his income. The most important incident in this stage of his career is that he attended the lectures of Sir Humphry Davy, in 1812, at the Royal Institution.

On the peace of 1814 his uncle's staff-appointment was cancelled, and Murchison became a captain on half pay. The unexpected return of Napoleon from Elba found him in Paris, where he spent much of his time at the Louvre; he hastened back to England with considerable difficulty, and, thirsting for military exploits, entered the Enniskillen Dragoons, then ordered out for service in the Belgian campaign. Again, however, he was doomed to waste in inglorious ease, for each of the six service captains of the regiment elected to go abroad, and he was left behind in the depot at Ipswich.

This bitter disappointment led directly to the event which was the turning-point in his career. His mother had taken a house at Ryde, and there, through the introduction of Miss Maria Porter, he became engaged to Charlotte, the daughter of General Hugonin, of Nursted, who, to use his own words, "was attractive, *piquante*, clever, highly educated, and about three years my senior." They were married in 1815, and immediately afterwards he retired from the army rather than expose his wife to the discomfort and monotony of a soldier's life in barracks. Hitherto he had lived an idle fashionable life, now he came under the influence of a thoughtful, cultivated, and affectionate woman, who set herself to draw him from the outdoor sports which were his chief occupation to higher aims and an intellectual life. Quietly and im-



perceptibly her influence grew, until under her patient guidance he achieved the work which placed him in the first rank of British geologists. It is very much to his honour that he never missed an opportunity of acknowledging that to her womanly tact he owed his introduction to the world of science, and his rescue from the unsatisfactory life of a man of no definite pursuits.

In this portion of the biography Professor Geikie tells us a circumstance to which Murchison, so far as we know, never alluded, which fairly takes away our breath. Having given up one fixed employment, the ex-captain of dragoons began to look out for another. After the fashion of that day, he seriously thought of becoming a clergyman. "I saw," he writes, "that my wife had been brought up to look after the poor, was a good botanist, enjoyed a garden, and liked tranquillity; and as parsons then enjoyed a little hunting, shooting, and fishing, without being railed at, I thought I might slide into that sort of comfortable domestic life." For those who knew Murchison in after years, it is almost impossible to grasp the idea that he *might* have become a country parson instead of a geologist. Leaving his choice of a clerical life still undecided, and impelled by the unsatisfactory state of their finances, Mr. and Mrs. Murchison spent the next two years abroad. This arrangement fell in with the plans of the latter, who had sagaciously seen that her husband would be more likely to break off from his useless life at home, if he were thrown among a new set of acquaintances and pursuits on the Continent. She resolved to approach him at first from the side of art. They posted slowly through France, examining the picture-galleries *en route*, spending the summer in Switzerland and the winter at Genoa, whence in the spring of 1817 they passed on to Rome. By this time he had become a confirmed *dilettante*, and his copious notes on pictures and works of art show that he was most enthusiastic and active in his new-found occupation. His criticisms on the works of great Italian masters alternate with observations on the Forum, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the baths of Caracalla, and the grotto of Egeria, and with anecdotes of Canova, whose acquaintance he made. In these two years he was sowing seed which would bear fruit afterwards. Through art he owed his first introduction to an intellectual life; it was not art which was to be his future stimulus, but it was for him the starting-point of a new course,

and it was the first step in the direction of the work and of the honours which he was to achieve. Mrs. Murchison had gained the first victory in her campaign, but it was for a time obscured by intervening defeats.

The dark ages of Murchison's life may be said to begin with their return from Italy in 1818. The Tarradale estate was sold, and the Murchisons established themselves in an old mansion at Barnard Castle. Here art studies were no longer possible, and as the only escape from the dullness of the little country town was to be found in field sports, Murchison threw himself into them, and became one of the hardest riders in the north of England. In vain did his wife attempt to allure him into the paths of botany and mineralogy. "The noble science of fox-hunting," he says of himself, "was then my dominant passion, and as I had acquired a little reputation in the North as a hard rider, I resolved to play the great game, increase my stud, and settle for a year or two at Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire." This resolve was carried out, and curiously enough we find him, by way of compromise and in deference to his wife's literary taste, keeping his hunting-journals of 1822 and 1823 in French. The records of his stud, be it remarked, he kept with the same care and precision as his geological and geographical observations in the future. How this phase of his life was closed we will tell in his own words, written some forty years after the event:—

As time rolled on I got *blasé* and tired of all fox-hunting life. In the summer following the hunting season of 1822–23, when revisiting my old friend Morritt of Rokeby, I fell in with Sir Humphry Davy, and experienced much gratification in his lively illustrations of great physical truths. As we shot partridges together in the morning, I perceived that a man might pursue philosophy without abandoning field sports; and Davy, seeing that I had already made observations on the Alps and Apennines, independently of my antiquarian rambles, encouraged me to come to London and *set to* at science, by attending lectures on chemistry, etc. As my wife naturally backed up this advice, and Sir Humphry Davy said he would soon get me into the Royal Society, I was fairly and easily booked.

The break-up of his establishment at Melton was probably caused more by the expenses, which were beyond his means, than by a desire to study chemistry. In the winter of 1824, we find him hunting and shooting, very much "as if he had never seen Davy at Rokeby and no vision



of chemistry lectures had ever floated before him."

The fox-hunter, however, had determined to cast in his lot with the men of science. Having established himself in Montague Square, and sold all his saddle-horses, he entered upon his new life by attending the lectures at the Royal Institution, among which was a course of geology, a subject which most probably struck his fancy because it interfered least with his sporting propensities. From the Royal Institution he was tempted to attend the meetings of the Geological Society, then held in little rooms in Bedford Street, Covent Garden; a society founded in 1807, and then composed of a small but most brilliant body of orators and philosophers, and in which he was destined to take a most important part for the next half-century. His true vocation was found, and into it he threw all the energy which had been before dissipated in field sports. Such was the peculiar condition "of geological science at the time, that a great work could be done by a man with a quick eye, a good judgment, a keen notion of what had already been done, and a stout pair of legs." Murchison possessed all these advantages, and in addition an orderly and methodical habit which would have ensured success in most walks of life. He accomplished this great work, aided almost at every step by the lady who had rescued him from the desultory life of a fox-hunting man of fashion. How it happened that a reputation so high as his was so rapidly gained without any previous training is well worthy of inquiry. We shall therefore pause to take a survey of the position of geological science at the time.

At the beginning of this century British geologists were divided into two hostile camps; the one composed of the followers of Hutton of Edinburgh, known also as Vulcanists or Plutonists; the others, the followers of Werner, the great mineralogist of Freiberg, and termed Neptunists. Hutton taught that the past history of the earth is to be accounted for by an appeal to existing causes, that the continents were first gradually destroyed by aqueous denudation, and that out of their ruins were slowly accumulated new continents to be elevated in their turn by violent convulsions. Thus there would be periods of repose alternating with periods of disturbance, one of each constituting a cycle of change. He held that the flow of the rivers, the dash of the rain, the destructive action of the frost, and all the other

agents of changes going on at the present time, were the causes of those which have taken place in the earth, in all the time past of which evidence is before the geologist. "I do not pretend," writes Hutton, "to describe the beginning of things; I take things such as I find them at present, and from these I reason with regard to that which must have been." These views, adopted subsequently by Lyell and his followers, did not take into account either the whence or the whither, either the beginning or end of the earth. They constitute the essence of what Professor Huxley terms the uniformitarian doctrine; and he it remarked that this section of the Huttonians, among whom Professor Geikie is one of the leaders, disbelieves in the doctrine of alternate periods of repose and convulsion, which is held by another section termed by Professor Huxley the catastrophic.

Werner, on the other hand, treating the rocks as mere masses of minerals, taught that the earth "had been originally covered by the ocean, in which the materials of the minerals were dissolved, but of this ocean he imagined that the various rocks were precipitated in the same order in which he found those of Saxony to lie; hence on the retirement of the ocean, certain universal formations spread over the surface of the globe, and assumed at the surface various irregular shapes as they consolidated." The important principle which he enunciated was, that the rocks lay in a certain order, and that they therefore had been deposited at successive times.

When Murchison was selling off his hunters the chemical-precipitation theory was rapidly passing away in favour of the Huttonian views. It had indeed received its *coup de grâce* from the researches of William Smith, a civil engineer, born in Oxfordshire, who earned the proud title of the father of English geology by the publication, in 1801, of his "Tabular View of the British Strata," and by the subsequent publication of a series of geological maps of England and Wales. By his own individual work, struggling with poverty, he had clearly defined the principles of geological classification by means of fossils. With their aid he had constructed a map of his own country, and his method was rapidly applied to very nearly all the countries in Europe. Every year broadened the base of the infant science of geology, and elucidated its details. The rocks to which William Smith paid most attention were those now known as the secondary or



mesozoic rocks. With regard to the strata newer than these, so far back as 1766 Gustavus Brander had figured an admirable series of shells found in the eocenes of Hampshire; and at the beginning of this century in France the labours of Baron Cuvier, and others, had raised from the dead, so to speak, the extraordinary group of animals living in eocene France. In Germany Goldfuss had been eagerly working at the animals found in caves; and his success had induced Buckland to explore the hyæna den of Kirkdale, and to ransack the other caverns of this country. When the principle of the classification by fossils was fully recognized; it was seen that the strata were divisible into three great groups characterized by certain persistent forms of animal and vegetable life—into primary or palæozoic, secondary or mesozoic, and tertiary or kainozoic. The fauna and flora of the first being much less like the productions now on the earth than the second, and each being defined from the other by great physical breaks, during which continents had been submerged, and the depths of the sea had become dry land.

It thus happened that when Murchison first thought of geology, the tertiary rocks were known to occupy the eastern parts of England as far as the chalk, the secondary rocks extended over the whole area from the chalk downs westward to the line of the coal-measures, while the primary swept in a broad band obliquely through England and into Wales, being represented by the coal-measures and "old red sandstone." Below these lay a geological *terra incognita*, embracing the hilly districts of Wales and Cumberland, and the Highlands of Scotland, and termed, for want of a better name, from its grey colour, grauwacke. It is obvious that in this direction Murchison might expect greater success than in any other, for the tertiary strata required a knowledge of the living forms of life which he did not possess, and the secondary were already explored.

Engaged in the fascinating pursuit of the new science were heroes as noble and as knightly as the fellowship of Arthur's Table. There was the eloquent, active, and humorous Buckland, fresh from his caves ready to pick a bone with any one, posting to and fro whenever he heard of any new find, and breaking the monotony of Oxford lectures by a ride across country with his students, or by stamping the memory of Oxford or Kimmeridge clay in

their minds by leading them into quagmires. There were the eagle-eyed Sedgwick, full of enthusiasm and not less ready for the fray; Wollaston, stern in his search for truth; the cautious Warburton; the hasty Fitton; the critical Conybeare; the shrewd Leonard Horner, and others. They were men for the most part of wealth and position, and with them were associated the most distinguished philosophers of the time, Whewell, Davy, Stokes, and others. All these were men of wide and liberal minds, and naturally would offer to Murchison the society for which he was by his own tastes peculiarly fitted. He could moreover follow his new pursuit without sacrificing his out-door exercises.

Murchison entered eagerly and yet with method into the career before him. He first set himself to master what books had to tell him of the rocks, and then he proceeded on a tour along the south coast with his wife, whom he left at Lyme Regis, to work quietly at the fossils. He got as far west as Cornwall, where he first saw the rocks of which he and Sedgwick were in after years to be the historians. On his return he wrote his first scientific paper on the district immediately round Nursted, which proved his capacity as an observer. Soon afterwards he was elected one of the honorary secretaries of the Geological Society. "Lyell, being then a law student with chambers in the Temple, could only devote a portion of his time to our science, and was glad to make way as secretary for one, who like myself, had nothing else to do than think and dream of geology, and work hard to get on in my new vocation." In 1826 he was elected fellow of the Royal Society, not on account of his scientific work, but because he was an independent gentleman with scientific tastes and with time and money to gratify them. In those days the Royal Society was almost as much an aristocratic as a scientific distinction. "This," he wrote years afterwards, "was perhaps the happiest period of my life. I had shaken off the vanities of the fashionable world to a good extent, was less anxious to know titled folks and leading sportsmen, was free of all the care and expenses of a stable full of horses, and had taken to a career in which excitement in the field carried with it occupation, amusement, and possibly reputation."

The next summer was spent in settling the age of the coal-field of Brora, for which he prepared himself by a careful survey of the Yorkshire oolites, in the course of which he fell in with Professor Phillips, then a young man at York, and his uncle



William Smith. They explained to him the succession of rocks in the magnificent cliffs of Scarborough, and taught him the value of fossils in classification. In after years Phillips often reverted to this first meeting, and told how enthusiastic and methodical Murchison was, and how in their boating and walking he was led to see clearly "that strata must alone be identified by their fossils." Being possessed with this knowledge, he had no difficulty in proving, in an elaborate memoir, that the coal of Brora belongs to the same oolitic group of rocks as those of Yorkshire. To his contact with Phillips and Smith may be fairly assigned his first mastery of the principles of geological classification, which afterwards he was to use with such important results in the interpretation of the Silurian, Devonian, and Permian rocks.

In this geological raid into Scotland Murchison had fairly been beaten by the problem offered by the red sandstone on the west coast. He resolved to attack it again in company with Sedgwick, who had already spent much time in working at the older rocks in Britain, and from whose wider knowledge and experience he had everything to hope for. The two friends started, and after a series of wild and romantic adventures by flood and fell, returned with materials for two joint memoirs, one of which was published in 1828, while the other was kept back by Sedgwick's delay. It is important to notice this fact in their first joint memoir. The busy methodical Murchison was ready with his manuscript before the Woodwardian professor could complete his share of the work, on account of his weak health and many avocations; and to this cause was due the unfortunate breach in after years between the two comrades, for which, as it seems to us, Murchison is not fairly to be held responsible.

By this time the ex-fox-hunter had been three years at work, employed, as one of his sporting friends told him, as "an earth-stopper," and he had not only mastered what was then known of the rocks of Great Britain, but he had added to the general stock of knowledge by his expeditions into Scotland. He had become one of the leading members of the Geological Society, and one of the most ardent and promising geologists of the day. It was only natural for him to be eager to turn his newly acquired knowledge into account by similar expeditions on the Continent. Accordingly in the winter of 1828-29, we find him planning the first of the journeys which occu-

pled him for the best part of the next three years, the scene of his labours extending through France to the shores of the Adriatic on the one hand, and through Rhineland and Austria into Hungary on the other. He was accompanied by his wife and Lyell. After descending the Rhone the travellers parted company; Lyell, who had resolved under the influence of Murchison's example to devote himself to geology, going southwards to study the tertiary rocks and lay the foundation of his subsequent fame, while the Murchisons went eastward to the Alps, and thence homeward to the winter meetings of the Geological Society. We can well imagine the joy with which the young geologist, in whom the old fox-hunting Adam was not yet extinct, carried away a fossil animal, pronounced by Cuvier to be a fox, from Oeningen. The results of this expedition were embodied in five memoirs, which, with the duties of geological secretary, and a not inconsiderable dash of field sports, consumed the winter.

In the following June Murchison returned to the attack of the twisted and broken strata which compose the Alps, this time accompanied by Sedgwick. Swiftly they passed by Bonn and Göttingen, being welcomed by the savants *en route*, among whom was Blumenbach the ethnologist; then southwards through Dresden to the Carinthian Alps, where they visited the Archduke John, "the most scientific prince in Europe." Thence they struck into Switzerland, ultimately returning to record their observations in four memoirs which are models of rapid generalization and of keen and quick observation. The views of the two English geologists having met with considerable opposition on the Continent, Murchison undertook to verify them by a third journey, accompanied by his wife. At Vienna, besides meeting with scientific friends he saw a good deal of distinguished society. He had the pleasure of being rescued by Metternich from an awkward discussion as to the relation of the Mosaic record to science. It seems that this extraordinary man in the intervals of his diplomacy had attended Cuvier's lectures in Paris, and acquired a considerable knowledge of the bearings of science. Indeed, he told Murchison, that if he had not been a diplomat he would have taken to a scientific career, and what is still more strange, Murchison seems to have believed him.

However, he tore himself away from the attractions of the capital to his work of "riddling the Alps in all directions," in



which he was entirely successful. He had not long returned to England before again he set out for the Continent, partly to compare the fossils which he had obtained in Germany with those of the French collections, and partly "to frequent the society of scientific friends." From Alexander von Humboldt, then in Paris, he gathered much information as to the geological structure of the districts which were the scenes of his travels.

During five years Murchison had now been honorary secretary to the Geological Society. He had published many memoirs, and had fairly earned the dignity of president, to which he was elected in 1831. He brought his distinguished friends to the meetings, and in his dinner-parties and conversaziones introduced the men of science to the artists, *littérateurs*, and men of fashion. His house became a centre where men of different pursuits and sets became acquainted to their mutual advantage. The debates of the society during his reign were among the most brilliant in London, and the audience at the field days in the little dingy meeting-room generally included some of the most eminent men in London.

The newly elected president was no sooner installed than he set himself to work, at the instigation of Buckland, on the solution of the problem offered by the rocks which cover the greater part of Wales, then known under the obscure name of *grauwacke*. On the close of the geological session, he started from Bryanston Square "with his wife and maid, two good grey nags and a little carriage, saddles being strapped behind for occasional equestrian use." His route lay through Oxford, where he halted to obtain from Buckland all that he knew about the *grauwacke*, and by whom he was directed to the section exposed in the banks of the Wye. Thence he went westward to Conybeare, one of the eminent authors of "The Geology of England and Wales," from whom he obtained "some good advice." He also laid under contribution the stores of knowledge accumulated by local observers, Dr. Lloyd of Ludlow, Mr. Davies of Llandovery, and the Rev. T. T. Lewis of Aymestry. To the last of these especially was he indebted "for much of his knowledge of the rocks and fossils of the upper Silurian series, for that gentleman had already made out the arrangement of the rocks in his district, and recognized their characteristic fossils before Murchison had begun to study the subject." This fact was never acknowledged by

Murchison as it should have been, and we think that Professor Geikie has acted with great impartiality in bringing it forward in its proper place.

Following Buckland's advice, and having picked up all the information which had been collected on the subject by other people, Murchison ultimately broke ground near the town of Llandeilo.

Travelling from Brecon to Builth by the Herefordshire road, the gorge in which the Wye flows first developed what I had not until then seen. Low terrace-shaped ridges of grey rock, dipping slightly to the south-east, appeared on the opposite bank of the Wye, and seemed to rise out quite conformably from beneath the Old Red of Herefordshire. Boating across the river at Cavanham Ferry, I rushed up to these ridges, and to my inexpressible joy found them replete with transition fossils, afterwards identified with those at Ludlow. Here then was a key, and if I could only follow this out on the strike of the beds to the north-east the case would be good. (Vol. i. p. 183.)

It was no instinct that led Murchison to this spot, but Buckland's advice to go thither. We therefore cannot understand why Professor Geikie describes the expedition thither as "a happy accident," by which he had stumbled upon some of the few natural sections, where the order of the upper part of the transition rocks can be readily perceived, and where their strata can be traced passing up into the overlying formations. On the evidence before us it is clear that Murchison merely went where he was directed, and by a methodical comparison of the information obtained by local observers arrived at general views regarding the series of rocks. It was not an accident in any sense, nor in the autobiography which Murchison left behind does he claim it to have been an accident.

The next seven years were devoted mainly to the mapping of these newly classified rocks, for which Murchison proposed the name of Silurian, from his having first of all worked at them in the country of the Silures, and in 1838 the results of his labours appeared in the great quarto volume entitled "The Silurian System," containing a geological map and numerous plates of fossils, which established his reputation as one of the first geologists in Europe. It was a work in which he freely availed himself of the labours of his friends, and in which the especial knowledge required for the interpretation and description of the fossil remains was contributed by the leading



palæontologists of the day. It was a complete and well-rounded work; designed and carried out in the most methodical manner, just what we might have expected from the energetic man of business the author was. Agassiz described the fishes, Sowerby and Lonsdale the corals and shells, while Broderip, the late Professor Phillips, Milne-Edwards and others, assisted in various other departments. It was appropriately dedicated to his old friend and fellow-traveller Sedgwick, to whom he owed assistance in the correction of the proofs and in its general revision. Before its publication these grauwacke rocks had generally been looked upon as a geological chaos. Now Murchison had succeeded in mapping off the order of their upper divisions, and in revealing to his readers a series of changes in the fossil groups of life, analogous to those which William Smith had proved to exist in the secondary rocks. He had, moreover, traced the flows of lava and basalt, and the sheet of volcanic ash to the sites from which they were poured forth; and he had proved to what a thickness the volcanic detritus had spread over the ancient Silurian sea. We would point out that in this he was adopting the method by which Professor Sedgwick had proved a similar condition of things to have formerly prevailed during the time of the accumulation of the rocks of Cumberland.\*

It is not a little singular that Professor Sedgwick should have chosen the same year as Murchison for the invasion of the rocks of Wales. In 1831, accompanied, be it remarked, by Charles Darwin, he proceeded to the region of Snowdonia, the Menai Straits, and Bala, where the rocks are so tossed about and so altered by heat that it is frequently difficult to make out their true order. He adopted as his base line the Menai Straits, and with great labour, and in spite of the feeble state of his health, he worked steadily eastwards at the same time that Murchison was working towards him from the side of the country of the Silures. The latter had applied the name Silurian to his group of rocks in his communication to the British Association in 1831, at their first meeting. The former gave the name of Cambrian to his group in the second meeting at Oxford. Murchison was fortunate, as we have seen, in choosing a district not only abounding in fossils which had previously attracted the atten-

tion of local geologists of ability, but one where the rocks rested one upon each other in unbroken continuity, and were apparently unaffected by subterranean forces. Sedgwick, on the other hand, had begun his work in a region in which fossils were scarce, and the rocks were so altered, folded, and broken up, that their structure could only be deciphered with extreme difficulty even to his experienced eye. All his work was original, and he had no assistance such as that which Murchison enjoyed. This difference in the problems which each set himself to solve ought fairly to be taken into account in estimating the comparative value of the labours of the two men. Professor Geikie has done well in bringing it to the front in his memoirs.

The two friends met in the summer of 1834 to arrange the boundaries of their geological conquests. Sedgwick crossed over into Murchison's territories to make a conjoint tour, of which the latter writes thus to Dr. Whewell:—

The first of men took leave of me and my little carriage at Ludlow on the 10th July, bending his steps (nearly as firm as I ever knew them) toward Denbighshire. We not only put up our horses together, but have actually made our formations embrace each other in a manner so true, and therefore so affectionate, that the evidence thereof would even melt the heart, if it did not convince the severe judgment of some Cantab mathematicos of my acquaintance.

Having dovetailed our respective upper and lower rocks in a manner most satisfactory to both of us, I hastened back to join my wife. . . . I shall run down to Edinburgh just in time for the meeting, and the feast being over, the professor and self intend to look at some other border cases of transition, the whole to conclude with a lecture from him to myself on his strong ground of Cumberland. I was not a little proud of having such a pupil; and although I think and hope he endeavoured to pick every hole he could in my arrangement, he has confirmed all my views, some of which, from the difficulties which environed me, I was very nervous about until I had such a *backer*. But I will say no more of number one than to assure you that we had a most delightful and profitable tour in every way, and that our section across the Berwyns, in which the professor became my instructor, was of infinite use to me. Such are the foldings and repetitions that my "black flags" of Llandeilo are reproduced even on the eastern side of these mountains, and it is only as you get *into* them that you take final leave of my upper groups, and get fairly sunk in the old slaty systems of the professor.

From this letter it is obvious that

\* Proceed. Geol. Soc., vol. i. p. 400.



Murchison was by no means satisfied as to the definite boundary between Cambrian and Silurian; and it is important to notice that it was written at the time, and before any idea of the unhappy estrangement afterwards to take place on that very point had entered into his mind. Many years afterwards, when the memory of what had passed was no longer fresh, and a feeling of wrong had separated the old comrades, Sedgwick gave a different account of this expedition, and states that Murchison led him into the error of believing that the Bala limestone, which really was the equivalent of the lower Silurian Caradoc rocks, was older than these rocks, and therefore that his upper Cambrians were distinct from the lower Silurians. Whether this be so or not seems to us a small matter, for the error was allowed by Sedgwick in his own territory, and it was accepted on his authority by all the geologists of the day.

The controversy as to the boundary between the Silurian and Cambrian rocks seems to us to have been mainly roused neither by Murchison nor Sedgwick, but by the officers of the Geological Survey in working their way northwards from the Bristol channel. In 1842 they had invaded Sedgwick's Cambria, and their labours from that time forward proved that his upper rocks were the equivalents of the lower Silurians of Murchison, more or less profoundly affected by subterranean disturbance. The question in dispute, as to whether they ought to be termed Cambrian or Silurian, was practically settled by Murchison's priority in assigning to the series the latter name. The man of genius had been, as is generally the case, outstripped in the race by the practical man of method. It was undoubtedly very hard for Sedgwick to feel that the labour of years was, to some extent, unrequited, while his friend had achieved with comparative ease a great geological victory. It was the fortune of war to be borne without flinching. Murchison by the promptness of his publication had established his nomenclature, which by that time had been accepted. Nevertheless Sedgwick, even after a large portion of his territory had been annexed to Siluria by the geological surveyors, still could boast of vast thicknesses of rock as Cambrian, in the neighbourhood of St. David's, in the Long Mynd Hills, and to the north of Cardigan Bay. It is only just to Murchison to say that the kindly feelings towards Sedgwick expressed in the letter which we have quoted above are

characteristic of all those which were written from that time down to the close of his life. The final rupture of their friendship took place years after it was penned.

Before the "Silurian System" was well out of his hands, its author in conjunction with Sedgwick determined to make out the history of the rocks of Devonshire and Cornwall, then beginning to engage the attention of geologists. They had already studied the old red sandstone of Scotland, and the former had traced it over a considerable area in South Wales and the English border counties. Conjointly they had raised it to the dignity of a geological formation. Their labours resulted in the proof that the massive slate rocks of the south-west of England and the irregular fossil coral reefs at Torquay, Plymouth, and elsewhere formed part of a group of strata below the coal-measures and later than the Silurians—in other words, that they occupied the same position in the geological scale as the old red sandstone. For them they proposed the name Devonian in 1839, since they did not feel justified in applying the term old red sandstone, because in the former they met with marine shells, and none of the peculiar fishes, while in the latter there were fishes and no marine shells. The former was undoubtedly marine, the latter may have been deposited in lakes. This difficult geological problem had scarcely been solved before the energetic Murchison, oppressed with "the feeling that he ought to be at work somewhere," started for the Rhineland, and before Sedgwick could join him he had recognized some of the characteristic Devonian fossils. They had a very successful campaign, in which they proved that the Devonian or old red sandstone formation occupied the same position in Germany as in Britain, and they returned to England laden with fossils to be critically examined by Lonsdale, Sowerby, Phillips, and others. They were materially aided in this field by the eminent geologist M. de Verneuil.

The spring of 1840 found Murchison in Paris, reading an essay before the French Geological Society "On our Triple Subdivision of Devonian, Silurian, and Cambrian for Europe," and enjoying the society of the place. Among the men whom he met especial mention is made of M. Thiers, who was then prime minister of France and to whom he was presented at a *soirée* at Lady Granville's:—



Thiers [he wrote] is the drollest little body you ever saw, more like Dick Phillips the chemist, with his spectacles, than any one I can recollect. I heard him to-day in the *Chambre des Députés*: a short, clear, and pithy speech, and I can understand how and why he rules. (P. 287.)

From the festivities of Paris he returned to prepare for the geological tour in Russia, which he had already planned. He had heard marvellous accounts of the unbroken continuity of the strata in that country comparatively undisturbed by the forces which had broken up the palæozoic rocks of France, Germany, and Britain. He heard still more about them in his visit to Paris, and concluded that good work was to be achieved by an examination of these strata on the spot. Taking as his companion M. de Verneuil, he passed swiftly by way of Berlin, where he was fêted by Humboldt, to St. Petersburg, and thence eastwards; after a brief and rapid survey he returned with the following remarkable results.

From a lower mass of ancient crystalline rocks the travellers had made out a most complete and interesting ascending series of Silurian, old red sandstone, and carboniferous deposits, not hardened, broken, and crumpled like the corresponding rocks in Britain, but flat and only partially consolidated. So young indeed did these truly ancient deposits appear, that it was difficult to realize that soft blue clays and loose friable limestones were the geological equivalents of hard fractured slates and marbles in Western Europe. Only by recognizing in them the characteristic fossils of the typical districts could their true geological horizon be ascertained.

By far the most important observation which they made was the discovery of the old red sandstone fishes in the same beds with true Devonian shells—a discovery the full import of which will be perceived if we remember the long and arduous struggle of Sedgwick and Murchison to show that the Devonshire *killas* answered in point of geological time to the old red sandstone and conglomerate of other districts. "If I had seen nothing more than this," Murchison writes, "it would have been a great triumph for myself and Sedgwick. When we contended that the limestones and sandstones of Devonshire were of the same age as the old red sandstone of Scotland, we were met with this objection, 'Show us a fish of the old red in Devon, or a Devonshire shell in the old red of Scotland.' Here, then, in Russia I have solved the

problem, for these shells and these fishes (species for species) are here unquestionably united in the very same flagstones."

This rapid tour was preliminary to a much more serious undertaking. He had resolved to strike across the Russian empire to the Urals, and his plan was welcomed by the Russian government with promise of support. Once more, in the spring of 1841, he bent his steps to the Neva, accompanied by his colleague, M. de Verneuil: they arrived at St. Petersburg during a festival held in honour of the marriage of the eldest son of the emperor Nicholas, and into its gaiety Murchison plunged to his heart's content. The emperor himself took considerable interest in the expedition, and from that time forward was numbered amongst Murchison's illustrious friends. On being joined by Count von Keyserling, deputed by the Russian government to join the expedition, they spent the next five months in exploring central and southern Russia, a work full of incident, for the details of which we must refer our readers to Professor Geikie. The results were subsequently published in "*Russia and the Ural Mountains*," a costly and elaborate quarto in which are treated not only the rocks of Russia, but those also of Scandinavia. In it we find the definition of a group of rocks occupying a considerable area in the kingdom of Perm, which is younger than the coal-measures and older than the secondary rocks, and is now recognized throughout Europe as the Permian formation.

Twenty years had passed away since Murchison had sold his hunters and come up to London to attend the lectures of Davy; twenty busy years during which his life was one of constant activity both of body and mind. At its beginning he was a mere idler without scientific tastes of any kind, at its end his energy and perseverance had landed him among the very first geologists of Europe. He first set himself to classify in their proper order the chaos of older rocks in Wales; and then, eager to apply his own principles of classification to other regions, he passed over to the Continent, annexing to his Silurian and Devonian kingdoms vast areas in Germany and Russia. His work had introduced him to the most eminent scientific men in Europe, and his fortune and social position gave him access to the highest circles of society. The publication of the "*Silurian System*," and his next great work on "*Russia and the Ural Mountains*," brought him prominently for-



ward even before the crowned heads of Europe. We read of him at Paris calling on Louis Philippe, and shrewdly remarking that the king of the French was not sufficiently reserved and fond of show to retain permanent hold of the French throne. We hear of him being fêted in Berlin and at St. Petersburg, and at Moscow he laid the foundation of a true and firm friendship with the autocrat of the Russias, which was only ended by the death of the czar. His merit, so universally recognized abroad, could no longer be ignored at home; and accordingly in 1846 he received the honour of knighthood in consideration of his distinguished services. Three years later he obtained the still higher honour of the Copley medal, from the Royal Society.

Murchison now had the thirst for distinction, which he had shown when a boy, gratified beyond his reasonable hopes, and there is no room for astonishment that these successes were almost more than he could bear without bringing prominently forward the vanity and imperiousness of his character, which had been hitherto to a large extent concealed by other qualities. From the time of his journey to Russia, as Professor Geikie has eloquently written, Murchison was a different man to what he was before. The success of that campaign and the applause which that success brought from all quarters, were so great that a more than usually well-balanced nature might well have felt the strain too severe to keep its equipoise. From this time forward characteristics which may be traced in the foregoing narrative became more strongly developed in Murchison's character. In his letters and in his published writings his own labours fill a larger and larger space. His friends could trace an increasing impatience of opposition or contradiction in scientific matters; a growing tendency to discover in the work of other fellow-labourers a want of due recognition on their part of what had been done by him; a habit, which became more and more confirmed, of speaking of the researches of his contemporaries, especially of younger men, in a sort of patronizing or condescending way. He had hitherto been, as it were, one of the captains of a regiment; he now felt himself entitled to assume the authority of a general of division. To many men who did not know him, or who knew him only slightly, this tendency assumed an air of arrogance, and was resented as an unwarranted assumption of superiority. But they who knew Murchison well, and had occasion to see

him in many different lights, will doubtless admit that these failings were in large measure those of manner, and at the most lay on the surface of his character. You saw some of them at once, almost before you saw anything else. Hence it was natural enough that casual intercourse with him should give the impression of a man altogether wrapt up in his own work and fame. Yet underneath those outer and rather forbidding peculiarities lay a generous and sympathetic nature which inspired many an act of unsolicited and unexpected kindness, and which was known to refuse to be alienated even after the deepest ingratitude.

Murchison had now done the main geological work of his life. There only remained to him the consolidation of his conquests, and the application of his classification to other regions. In 1854 the first edition of his popular octavo work entitled "*Siluria*" appeared, in which, as before, he availed himself of the co-operation of all the best men in their respective departments. His last piece of original research was finished in 1858. Sir William Logan and the officers of the Geological Survey of Canada had ascertained that under the Cambrian and Silurian rocks of Canada there were strata some thirty thousand feet thick, composed of gneiss, mica schist, serpentine, and the like, and containing the earliest known trace of life, the famous eoöoon; to this they gave the name of the Laurentian formation. Murchison in his task of unravelling the tangled history of the Highlands of Scotland, demonstrated the presence of the Upper and lower Silurians and the Cambrians, and these last he found to lie on a foundation of gneiss which he and Professor Geikie identified with the Laurentian of Canada. Henceforth there were no grand masses of stratified rock left for him to classify. The outlines of palæozoic geology had been sketched, and there only remained the details to be filled in, and work to be completed which he termed "pottering." Accordingly for the last twenty years of his life Murchison's energies were not wholly given to geological research, but shared among other kindred pursuits.

For thirty years Murchison had been free from the cares and duties of public duty. It was now his fate to be appointed director-general of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and of the School of Mines; a position which he held till the day of his death to the great advantage of the public service. The Geological Survey, which is now an important national



department, was originated in 1832 by the energy of Henry de la Bèche, who augmented the first grant of three hundred pounds out of his private fortune. He gradually gathered round him a band of able men, among whom were Ramsay, Logan, Huxley, Phillips, Tyndall, and Percy, and organized in connection with the survey a school for the scientific instruction of miners. On his death, Sir Roderick Murchison, then in his sixty-fourth year, was appointed to fill his place. The energy and business-like qualities of the new director-general at once made themselves felt in the order and method by which the survey was conducted, as well as in the uniform system of the publication of the memoirs, and the arrangement of the collections. His high social position and personal influence with the ministry, gave a prestige to the department which it had not possessed before, and prevented its dismemberment, or absorption into South Kensington. By his rare tact he kept it during the whole of his reign distinctively a school for geology and mining, as well as a centre from which the survey was carried on, in spite of repeated assaults upon it by the science and art department. He held that mining and geology go naturally together, and that teaching should be associated with the Museum, and that the latter formed an essential part of the National Survey. We take this view to be true, and join the president of the Geological Society\* in deprecating those changes which are contemplated at the present time. We should like to ask the advocates of the measure for removing the course of instruction in the School of Mines to the unwieldy omnivorous monster at South Kensington, what reasons they assign for it. It seems to us an unnecessary change, certain to damage the Geological Survey, and we hope that somebody will be found to do what Murchison would have done had he been now alive, to cause the subject to be fully discussed in the Houses of Parliament. The proposed changes are mischievous and unpopular, and if carried out will injure the mining interests of the country.

We turn now to Murchison's connection with the British Association. We have already seen him at the first meeting at York where he formed one of the chief figures. As head of the geological and geographical sections, as general secretary, and ultimately as president, he con-

tinued to fill a foremost place in it until the end of his life. He used every possible means of making it popular as well as scientific. At one time he would bring down distinguished foreigners who happened to be in the country, or he rejoiced in introducing the latest discoverer from Africa or Asia. At another, he would bring into his net as many people of rank as he could induce to come. No opportunity was lost for encouraging local genius. For example, at the Glasgow meeting he was the means of introducing to the world of science Hugh Miller, the stone-mason of Cromarty, and A. C. Ramsay, the present director-general of the Geological Survey. In fine, we can corroborate from our own personal experience the important part which Sir Roderick played in raising the Association to the high position it now enjoys.

To the great mass of Englishmen, Sir Roderick Murchison is chiefly known in connection with the Geographical Society, founded in 1830 by a section of the Raleigh Travellers Club to which he belonged. He was present at its birth, and he showed such interest in its welfare that in 1843 he was chosen president. From that time to his death he used every means in his power to increase its usefulness, and extend its prestige by bringing it into relation with foreign societies and by lending it the weight of his social influence. In his first address we see the germ of its numerous successors, a broadly stretched outline of the progress of geographical research over the world, with indications of what remained to be done, made with remarkable sagacity. In it he recognizes the intimate relation existing between geology and geography, and by that means gave a scientific meaning and interest to scattered and unconnected observations. His painstaking analysis of the work of foreign travellers, and a generous recognition of merit wherever it could be found, have undoubtedly done much to give the society the great weight which it possesses abroad.

The exploration of three regions in particular was watched by Sir Roderick Murchison and his fellow-geographers with keen interest—Central Australia, Central Africa, and the lands and seas lying round the North Pole. With regard to Australia he strongly urged on the notice of the government the importance of forming a settlement on the northern shore of that great continent. The intrepid Stuart forced his way across the continent and the settlement was established;

\* Presidential Address, Quart. Geol. Journ. 1875.



"an object which," Murchison remarked, "has long been a dream of my own, and which I rejoice to see thus realized in my lifetime." At his suggestion the Geographical Society gave a gold medal to the family of Burke, who had lost his life in the attempt to recross that continent, and a gold watch to his fellow-explorer King. To him also belongs the merit of causing the discoveries of gold to be more rapidly developed than they would have been without the prominence which he assigned to them. We cannot, indeed, allow that his prophecy of the presence of gold in that continent, before it was actually discovered by the Rev. W. B. Clark, was anything more than a happy accident, because it was founded on the mistaken idea that gold occurs only in the lower Silurian rocks, and that it was present in Australia because certain fragments of quartz rock, non-auriferous, were identical mineralogically with the specimens from the gold mines of the Urals.

Murchison's name will ever be associated with the history of the exploration of Africa. While Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, and others were pursuing their investigations, shut out from civilization, and thrown upon their own resources, he in England was ever looking after their interests with anxious solicitude. Even when the wilds of Africa had closed over an intrepid explorer for years, he was the last to lose heart in the success of the enterprise. In the pages of Grant, Speke, and Baker we find repeated reference to the support which the knowledge of his care gave them under their privations and difficulties. We need merely refer our readers to the "Last Journals" of Livingstone for a touching proof of what this was worth to that illustrious traveller in the malaria-stricken plains in which he died. Murchison had unbounded faith in Livingstone, and we well remember the delight with which his last return was welcomed, after an absence so long that it was currently believed he was dead; and the pride with which he was introduced to the public at the meeting of the British Association at Bath, will remain a pleasant memory to those who saw it. Travellers, however, were encouraged not only by moral, but by material support. The society itself contributed sums of money, and these were augmented by government grants from time to time, which were obtained mainly by the tact and influence of Murchison.

Looking back upon his life not far from its close, Murchison found no part of it

more pleasing in retrospect than his share in African exploration. Speaking of Livingstone he writes:—"I rejoice in the steadfast pertinacity in which I have upheld my confidence in the ultimate success of the last-named of these brave men. In fact, it was the confidence I placed in the undying vigour of my dear friend Livingstone, which has sustained me in the hope that I might live to enjoy the supreme delight of welcoming him back to his country." But this was not to be: he himself was taken away just six days before Stanley relieved Livingstone on the banks of Lake Tanganyika, and the great traveller, with his enterprise yet unaccomplished, received in the heart of Africa the tidings of his death. "The best friend I ever had," he writes in his journal; "true, warm, and abiding; he loved me more than I deserved: he looks down upon me still. I must feel resigned to the loss by the Divine Will, but still I regret and mourn."

We now pass on to Murchison's work in relation to Arctic exploration. The return of Sir James Ross, in 1843, after an absence of four years in the "Erebus" and "Terror," with a noble harvest of results, rekindled the passion for the discovery of the north-west passage. In 1845 Franklin and his brave companions sailed on their hapless voyage. When the ice of the frozen north had closed upon them, and the hope with which Murchison bade them God speed had gradually died away, he clung to the idea that some of the lost ones might still be alive among friendly Esquimaux. After having failed to induce the government to renew, in 1857, their search for traces of the missing ships, he appealed to his countrymen for their generous support in aiding Lady Franklin in the equipment of another vessel, the "Fox," which sailed that year under Captain M'Clintock. "My earnest hope," says Sir Roderick in his anniversary address for 1857, "is that the expedition of Lady Franklin may afford clear proofs that her husband's party came down with a boat to the mouth of the Back River in the spring of 1850, as reported on Esquimaux evidence by Dr. Rae, and thus demonstrate that which I have contended for, in common with Sir Francis Beaufort, Captain Washington, and some Arctic authorities, that Franklin, who in his previous explorations had trended the American coast from the Back River westward to Barrow Point, was really the discoverer of the north-west passage." This hope was realized on



M'Clintock's return in 1859 with proof that Franklin had really boated from sea to sea, and thus solved the problem of the north-west passage, which has 'cost the lives of so many brave men.' Nor from that time to the day of his death did he miss any opportunity of urging upon the government the importance of Arctic exploration; and though his efforts were not crowned with success during his life, there is every reason for believing that the expedition which left our shores last month would never have been planned had it not been for the pressure of public opinion excited by the Geographical Society and its late energetic president.

The success of his management of the Geographical Society, of which he was the president for fifteen years, may be gathered from his last address in 1871, after he had received the stroke of paralysis which ultimately carried him off:—

"I have now only, gentlemen, to offer you my heartfelt thanks for the unvarying heartiness with which you have supported your old president, whose name was by your kindness the only one inserted in the Royal Charter by which you are embodied, and who leaves you with feelings of just pride when he reflects that he has been thus identified with your past and future successes, and that your numbers, which amounted to six hundred only when he first was placed in the chair, have now risen to the large total of two thousand four hundred."

We are now approaching the close of the career of the veteran geologist and geographer. In 1869 he lost Lady Murchison, to whom he was so deeply indebted for guidance in finding his true vocation, and whose tact had contributed largely to make his house the resort of the aristocracy of science, literature, and art, as well as of rank. The bond of mutual help and sympathy, which had lasted for fifty-four years, was then severed, and he stood wifeless and childless alone in the world. To the mere casual observer the blow might perhaps appear to have fallen not very heavily, for he went into society and carried on his work much as before. But those who knew him well perceived how deeply it was felt. The news of her death touched a chord in the heart of Adam Sedgwick and broke down the estrangement which had unhappily severed the old comrades for many years. Thus he writes:—"You will, I know, believe me when I say that the first news of your beloved wife's death filled me with a very deep sorrow. For many many years Lady

Murchison was one of the dearest of those friends whose society formed the best charms of my life. How often was I her guest! How often have I experienced her kind welcome and been cheered and strengthened by it! In joy and in sorrow she was my kind and honoured lady friend. And have I forgotten those bright and to me thrice happy days when she and you were my guests at Cambridge? The present has comparatively little for me now." There is no sharper pang than to remember past kindnesses when it is too late to requite them.

After this event there is very little left to record of Murchison. He had reaped a rich harvest of honours. In 1860 he was elected corresponding member of the French Institute; in 1864 he received the Wollaston medal, and two years later his knighthood was exchanged for a baronetcy. He was also a K.C.B., and had received the Grand Cross of St. Anne from the Emperor of Russia. To him these were not the trifles which they would have appeared to some men, but a real source of pride and delight.

In 1870 he founded, in conjunction with the government, the Murchison Professorship of Geology in the University of Edinburgh, and in the winter of that year was struck down by paralysis. He rallied, however, sufficiently to prepare his last address in 1871, already quoted, but as the autumn came round he gradually grew worse until he could no longer speak, and in the middle of October he quietly and almost imperceptibly passed away, at the ripe age of seventy-nine.

We have already touched upon the salient points of Murchison's character in the course of this review. His scientific successes were not those of a man of commanding genius, but they were the results of indomitable industry and business-like method. He also possessed great tact and judgment and a keen insight into the ways of men. These qualities of themselves were sufficient to ensure success, as General Mackenzie shrewdly observed of him when a boy, "in any profession," and backed by the gifts of fortune, they raised him to the high position which he occupied. Of him it may be said that he drank the cup of life joyously to the dregs, that he succeeded in every great enterprise which he undertook, and he has left a name behind him imperishably connected with the science of geology. Long will be remembered in the *salons* of London the tall military figure and courtly though frigid manners of the



veteran, and long will the gratitude of some of his humbler friends follow him for numerous acts of kindness, done in the Scriptural manner, so that the right hand did not know the work of its fellow.

We cannot take leave of Murchison without a parting notice of some of his English contemporaries, who shared with him the honour of advancing geological science, though it is to be regretted that these volumes are defaced by hideous woodcuts of these great men, which are in truth mere caricatures. During the last four years we have lost not merely Murchison but his old comrades Sedgwick, Phillips, and Lyell; men of a different stamp to those of the present generation, and occupying to them the same kind of relation as that which exists between the *grand seigneur* of the time of George the Fourth and a gentleman of to-day. It may be that they were men of greater sympathies and larger ideas than their successors, and they did not lose sight of the beauty of nature as a whole as we moderns are in danger of doing. It is our lot merely to fill in the details of the picture which they outlined, and most of us are busy on our little piece of it without reference to what our fellow-workmen are about. They were philosophers, we are only scientific specialists.

Sedgwick was in most respects the antithesis of Murchison. He possessed genius and humour, and the art of pleasing in a high degree. He was full of fire, and his words winged their way to the hearts of those who heard him. He lacked, however, the robust health, the business-like qualities, and it may be added, the opportunity of pursuing his quest with a single eye, to make him a far greater geologist than Murchison. The work which they did between them was the classification of the older rocks. Murchison, in company with Geikie, was the first to identify the Laurentian group of strata in Europe. Sedgwick added the next chapter in the world's history by his investigation into the Cambrian rocks; Murchison carried it on in the Silurian. Their joint labours resulted in the addition of the Devonian, or old red, chapter. To the labours of both is due the classification of the Permian or magnesian rocks which overlie the carboniferous. Sedgwick survived his old comrade, dying at the ripe age of eighty-seven, leaving behind him the Woodwardian Museum, as an enduring monument of his labours in the University of Cambridge.

Professor Phillips, born in the year 1800,

at Marden in Wiltshire, was the son of an officer of excise who married the sister of William Smith, the revered father of English geology. His father died when he was seven years old, and young Phillips came under the care of his uncle. Before he was ten years old he passed through four schools, and laid the foundations of that wide culture for which he was so remarkable. In course of time he was transferred to his uncle's house in London. It was indeed Professor Phillips's lot to take up the work of classifying the secondary rocks where it had been left by William Smith. In 1829-36 he published the "Geology of Yorkshire," and had just finished a new edition of this work a few days before his death. In 1871 appeared the "Geology of Oxford and the Valley of the Thames," a book on which the changes in the life of the secondary period were treated with a masterly hand. These two works, together with the "Treatise on Geology," published in 1837, are those by which his name will be known in the annals of geology. If we owe to William Smith the classification of the secondary rocks, we undoubtedly owe to Phillips the details of their life-history. He brought to bear upon them a profound knowledge of zoology, gained, to some extent, as he used to be delighted to tell, at the feet of Cuvier. Early in life he showed great gifts as a lecturer, and, after gaining considerable experience in the north of England he held successively the professorship of geology in three universities, London, Dublin, and lastly Oxford. Phillips was active in more fields than that of geology only; he did good work in meteorology and astronomy, more particularly in the investigation of the planet Mars and in the examination of the surface of the moon. He was the first secretary of the British Association, and to his tact and genial manners the success of that almost national institution, as the phrase goes, is mainly due. In all his relations it may be truly said that he was a philosopher in the highest sense of the term, free from vanity and jealousy, with a keen appreciation of what may be termed the relative unimportance of things. The even tenour of his life was unruffled by either hopes or fears, and he looked forward to its end with feelings of perfect equanimity. In a conversation a few days before his death, after expressing his satisfaction at having completed the new edition of the "Geology of Yorkshire," he remarked, "My work is now done, and the rest of my time I intend to give to the study of the beautiful works



of nature in the Museum — the corals, the sponges, and the like." But this was not to be: within ten days of this he met with the accident in 1874 which terminated fatally. It is not a little singular that his predecessor at Oxford came also to a violent end. Hugh Strickland was killed by a passing train, Professor Phillips died from falling down stairs. The magnificent Geological Museum at Oxford is largely due to Phillips, and his name will always be associated with the wonderful gigantic fossil reptiles he discovered and described.

The most recent loss to geological science in Britain which we have to deplore, is that of Sir Charles Lyell, who died in February last, at the ripe age of seventy-eight, after the uneventful life of a student and a *littérateur*. From the time that he left Sedgwick in Provence, to the day of his death, he devoted himself to the task of collecting together and comparing observations which were made by other men, and more especially did he give himself up to the study of present causes and their application to the past history of the earth. His works, passing through many editions, have popularized British geology more than any others, and obtained for him the honour of knighthood, which was subsequently raised to a baronetcy by the favour of Prince Albert, who highly appreciated his society. The share which he had in the classification of the tertiary rocks constitutes, in our opinion, his principal claim to be remembered by posterity.

It remains for us now to sum up briefly our estimate of these four men. Murchison may be defined as the practical, shrewd, successful man. The noble Sedgwick had the divine gift of genius. Phillips was essentially the politic man; and of Lyell it may be affirmed that his chief characteristics were those of a retiring student. Each worked at the great problems offered by geology in his own way, and to their combined labours is mainly due the wonderful history of the changes which the earth has undergone. We close the memoirs of Murchison's life with a hope that some one will rise to tell the story of the other heroes as ably as Professor Geikie has done his part.

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From Temple Bar.

HER DEAREST FOE.

CHAPTER VIII.

KATE TRAVERS cut short all her lively friend's questions and conjectures when

they met the next morning by exclaiming, "There, Fanny, dear! ask me nothing, and say as little as possible. I am going up to town immediately. When I return I will tell you everything, and you shall ask fifty questions, if you like!"

"I am sure something frightful has happened," cried Fanny, the tears springing to her bright brown eyes. "You look as pale as a ghost, and as stern as if you were going to the block. I wish you would tell me just the least little bit. But, no, I will not tease you. I will wait till you choose. And, Kate," after a few moment's silence, "will you order dinner before you go? for I fancy Tom Reed will be here to-day; he neither came nor wrote yesterday."

"Oh, Fanny, I cannot. Besides, there is no time. You must be housekeeper for to-day; order everything nice. And now I must go, or I shall be late for Mr. Wall."

"Mr. Wall!" echoed Fanny. "It must be something terrible."

"Good-bye, dear Fan!" cried Mrs. Travers; "do not make yourself miserable. I have a sort of faith in my own fortune. I think I shall conquer in the end. Good-bye." And she ran away to put on her bonnet and gloves, summoning Edwards to walk after her to the station, as a tribute to the aristocratic prejudices of Hampton Court.

"How long shall I have a lacquey to follow me?" she thought, as the well-bred Edwards handed her her waterproof cloak and closed the carriage door, touching his hat. "And how long shall I be able to pay first-class fares?" For, in spite of her brave words to Fanny Lee, the young widow's heart sank within her. It was impossible to doubt that this new will was a very serious misfortune, even if, as she hoped, Mr. Wall's knowledge and experience enabled him to find some weak point into which he might insert the wedge of resistance. A long course of litigation! She shrank from the idea. Yet it was the best result she dared to hope for; and most resolutely she determined to fight it out, were it to cost her fortune and embitter her life, if — oh, potent monosyllable! — if there was a reasonable objection on which to ground resistance. But Kate Travers was too clear-headed to hope, save that Mr. Wall might perceive what her ignorance overlooked.

"It is a bad business, Mrs. Travers; a very bad business, I'm afraid!" was the wise man's dictum after more than an hour of anxious discussion and re-reading



of Mr. Ford's unlucky "trove." "I cannot understand it. Why my poor friend should suddenly withdraw the confidence he had always reposed in this firm, and in myself particularly, I cannot conceive, except—and this is one of the worst features in the case for you—that he was well aware I should never have assisted to draw up anything so unjust towards you. I was vexed, I acknowledge, that he should leave the man he once looked upon as his heir totally unprovided for; and so, I *now* believe, were you. But Sir Hugh Galbraith brought this upon himself. I could never have agreed to such an unjust will—never! Why, it lays you open to—to——" The lawyer, who was unusually moved, pulled himself up abruptly, and altered his phrase—"to refund all the moneys expended since the death of your late husband—all!" with emphasis. He paused, and met his client's eyes fixed earnestly upon him. A slight smile curved her lip.

"Lays me open to the most injurious suspicions, you were going to say," she rejoined quietly.

"I admit nothing of the kind. The realities of the case are quite enough, without adding imaginary hardships."

"But, Mr. Wall, you do not seem to take in my idea that this will is not genuine?"

"What are your reasons for that opinion?" asked the lawyer, severely, leaning back in his chair and thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets.

"My reasons!" repeated poor Kate, feeling how unreasonable they would appear to the legal mind. "Alas! they are scarce worthy the name, though very convincing to me. First, nothing could persuade me that Mr. Travers would make a will and never name my name; then, his employing some stranger to draw it—his keeping it a secret—the different handwriting in parts—the change in all his former dispositions—his——"

"My dear lady," interrupted Mr. Wall, removing his hands from his pockets, and running his finger along the lines of the fatal parchment which lay open on his desk, "the law ignores innate convictions. I observe the various names are filled in in a different hand; that is nothing, a very ordinary occurrence when there is a wish for secrecy. Now let me ask you, whose interest would it be to forge this will? No one's save Sir Hugh Galbraith; and I do not think, even in your present very naturally excited frame of mind, you could for a moment suspect a gentleman of un-

blemished honour, a soldier to whom no amount of fortune could atone for the slightest taint——"

"I have not suspected him," returned Mrs. Travers, in a low, concentrated voice, "though *he* did not hesitate to write his suspicions that I had suppressed a will favourable to himself."

"That was quite a different matter," said Mr. Wall, disposed, as men usually are, to pooh-pooh a woman's claim to stand on the same platform as themselves in a question of honour. "It was very wrong, of course, but he was in a passion, and, you must remember, he knew nothing of you."

"Nor I anything to Sir Hugh's advantage. But I am not in a passion, nor do I suspect him. Mr. Ford——"

"My dear Mrs. Travers," interrupted the lawyer, "your doubts surely cannot wander in *that* direction! The poor man loses his five hundred pounds, and probably will lose his employment into the bargain."

"You are too quick, Mr. Wall. I was not going to *say*"—with a slight emphasis—"that I doubted Mr. Ford."

"Well, excuse me. Now I must ask you one or two questions, which I entreat you to answer truthfully—I mean faithfully. More mischief is done and causes lost, through the impossibility of getting litigants to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to their advisers than from anything else."

"I have always tried to be faithful and true," said Mrs. Travers, sadly, tears welling up in her large dark-blue eyes, as she looked steadfastly into those of her companion. "Ask what you will—I have nothing to conceal."

"I believe you—I believe you!" returned Wall, quickly and earnestly. "Look back as clearly as you can, and, if possible, recall any quarrel, any little difference of opinion which may have arisen between you and your excellent husband; every trifle you can remember may prove important—differences will arise even between the most attached; and I am sorry to say the crotchets of testators are perfectly incredible, as well as the indolence which so often holds men back from undoing the wrongs into which temper, or jealousy, or heaven knows what, has hurried them."

"Latterly, no doubt from failing health, Mr. Travers was rather difficult," she replied; "but the only serious difference that ever arose between us was when, after the death of Miss Lee's grandfather, I sent



her a small present of money. My allowance was very liberal, and I did not require Mr. Travers's help; so I sent it without letting him know. Her letter acknowledging the money fell into his hands, and I was astonished at the anger it caused. He said much that I have forgotten and he did not really mean, but he did not get over the irritation for some time."

"Did you do your best to soothe him and make the *amende*?" interrupted the lawyer.

"I did my best. I told him I would never again repeat the offence, as it caused him annoyance; but I could not agree with him in thinking that I was wrong in doing what I had done; and I am of the same opinion still."

"Just so," returned Mr. Wall, in a cynical tone. "You stuck to your own opinion, cost what it might — a very womanish proceeding, excuse me."

"Yes, I excuse you," replied Mrs. Travers, colouring slightly; "only if you insist on women misrepresenting their opinions, do not quarrel with them for occasional departure from truth, which may not suit you quite so well."

"Anyhow," returned the lawyer, turning aside from this thrust, "your steadfastness has probably cost you a fortune! When did the altercation happen?"

"Some time in February last year — about the end, I think."

"And this is dated the 15th of March! I think that is strong presumptive evidence of the mischief you did yourself. No doubt Mr. Travers argued that, when a free woman, you would squander all his hard earnings on your own friends; and men contract a wonderful affection for money they have scraped together! Unjust as it is, I have known the disposition of large properties totally changed for a slighter cause. I fear you have yourself to blame for this," striking the parchment with his finger, and unconsciously finding a sort of relief in what he could not resist feeling was a certain palliation of his late client's cruel will.

"And can you believe this?" cried Mrs. Travers passionately. She had kept herself well in hand hitherto, and now broke out only for an instant. "Can you be so unjust to your friend as to imagine that, in the full possession of his reason, he could have lived on, treating me with seeming confidence and affection, and yet be conscious of the treachery that would leave me penniless at his death! I knew

him better, and nothing will ever make me believe this to be his genuine will!"

"It is not like him to have so acted," said the lawyer; "but," shrugging his shoulders with an air of superior wisdom, "if you knew as much of testamentary vagaries as I do, nothing would seem incredible. Nevertheless, I quite believe your late husband intended to change his will, and, as so many have done before him, put it off a little too long."

"He never signed this one," returned Mrs. Travers, sadly but emphatically; "and now what is to be done, Mr. Wall?"

"Ha — hum! It is really" — he began, hesitating, and looking again through the obnoxious document. "Gregory, one of the witnesses, is dead."

"Yes; he died last autumn. Mr. Ford says that Poole is under the impression the will was written out by poor old Gregory; but this is not his writing, so Mr. Ford says."

"Ah, that is nothing. I must see this man Poole, and try what I can make of him; but, my dear madam, I dare not flatter you with much hope. Everything tallies, you see, with the first report that another will was in existence. Poole mentioned the end of February or beginning of March as the period at which he was called upon to witness what he believed to be the will —"

"And then?" persisted Mrs. Travers.

"Well, then, if Poole is willing to swear to his own signature, we must inform Messrs. Payne and Layton, Sir Hugh's solicitors — a very respectable firm — and try to make the best terms we can for you. From all I have known of him, Sir Hugh Galbraith is not the man to —"

"What do you mean?" asked the widow, colouring very deeply, and opening her large eyes full upon him.

"That he must be induced to make you some allowance out of the estate; he ought —"

"Never mention such a thing!" cried Mrs. Travers, rising from her seat in her excitement. "I utterly forbid it! What! accept a compromise, and forego my right to dispute this base imposition — my chance of upsetting it! Never! I am young and healthy, and not uneducated; I will earn my bread somehow. But give up the possibilities of the future — never, never!"

The lawyer was a little startled by her suppressed vehemence.

"Very natural you should say so just now, my dear Mrs. Travers; pray sit



down again. We must reflect, above all things — reflect carefully, before taking a single step. Nothing need be done hurriedly; but I would advise your quietly collecting together everything poor Mr. Travers gave you in his lifetime; remember you are entitled to *every* thing he has ever given you — plate, pictures, furniture, jewels, books, etc. — and be careful in your expenditure. For how long have you that house at Hampton Court?"

"Six months longer. Ah, Mr. Wall, I see there is no hope!"

"I do not exactly say so —"

"I should like to see Poole myself," interrupted Mrs. Travers.

"Hereafter if you will. I must see him alone first."

"There is no more to be said now," returned the young widow, drawing down her veil. "I will go. Thank you for the friendly feeling you have shown. If there is the shadow of a chance you will fight, will you not?"

"Not for a shadow, my dear lady — not for a shadow. I would rather secure a little substance for you."

"I will have none of the substance you mean."

"Well, well! You must reflect calmly when you have cooled down. Nothing is a bad alternative."

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Travers, turning quickly away.

The lawyer followed her to the door.

"I will write the moment I have anything to communicate, depend upon that."

She bowed and was gone.

"An ugly business — a *very* ugly business," said the lawyer to himself, as he went back to his desk, and penned a note to Mr. Ford, requesting him to send up Poole immediately, and to call himself in the course of the afternoon. This he despatched by a special messenger.

Her present trial had in it elements of strength and bitterness totally dissimilar from Kate Travers's former experiences. There was nothing to touch her heart, for she exonerated her husband fully, utterly, from the cruelty and treachery of which Mr. Wall evidently suspected him. Impossible as it now seemed that she could ever prove it, or even find a plausible theory to account for her conviction, she was as certain that will was forged as though she had witnessed the operation. A vague idea that some one might have done it to obtain a hold upon Sir Hugh floated through her brain, and was dismissed

with a start, as it suggested another suspicion which seemed so preposterous that she strove to banish it immediately; yet it would not go, and haunted her for many a day and night, although she resolutely refrained from uttering it.

She was too natural and healthy a woman not to put a true value on the advantage of wealth — *i.e.* she was heartily sorry to lose it, but by no means overwhelmed with dismay at the prospect. The real sting lay in her adversary's victory — in the cause given to the malicious and the idly gossiping to shake their heads and cry, "Fie upon her! It is plain old Travers knew of something very disgraceful, as plain as if we saw it with our eyes." "After all" — she pondered, trying hard to keep fast hold of reason — "my possible errors and misfortunes will soon be forgotten! But what shall I do, and where shall I go? Not out of England — not too far from London. I will never lose the remotest chance of disproving that will."

The young widow had given up all hope for the present; four days had elapsed since her interview with the lawyer, and she had heard from him in the interim. Poole, he wrote, had recognized his own signature, and was quite willing to swear to it. He was also convinced that Gregory's was genuine, so that there was nothing for it but to submit, and the sooner the new will was communicated to the opposite party, the better chance of making good terms.

In the mean time, Mrs. Travers had gone through some trying scenes with poor Fanny Lee and the faithful Mills. The latter was cruelly disappointed, and strongly inclined to quarrel with every one, including her much-enduring mistress. But Fanny's grief and terror at the idea that she might possibly be separated from her tender protectress, touched her to the heart. "You will not send me away, dear. I will do anything — be the servant, and sweep, and dust, and cook! I can do a chop — chop nicely!" sobbed Fanny. "I know I am a selfish thing, and very little use, but I'll break my heart and die if I leave you and go among strangers again!"

"Dear child! you shall not go if I can possibly help it," replied Mrs. Travers, soothingly.

Mrs. Mills, with much significant headshakings and screwing-up of the mouth, hinted her opinion "that, if *her* advice had been taken, things might have been different. It was true she hadn't much 'edi-



cation, but she could see how things was going clearer than most, etc., etc."

Tom Reed, too, the widow's prime counsellor, had run down twice to see them, and even he was overwhelmed. At first he could hardly credit the misfortune, but after he had seen Mr. Wall, and perused the unlucky discovery, he, too, counselled compromise, and had gone away the evening before with *carte blanche* to agree to any suggestion of Mr. Wall's, except to ask for an allowance from the widow's triumphant foe.

Meditating on these unpleasant topics, Mrs. Travers strolled into the palace gardens, at the hour when luncheon generally left them very much deserted. She wanted the freedom of loneliness. She wanted the fresh air, and to enjoy the beauty of the place, feeling that beauty might be a rare ingredient in her future every-day life.

She wanted, too, to re-read one or two advertisements in the *Times* which had caught her eye, and suggested plans; so she took that famous broad-sheet with her, and, seating herself on a bench that encircled a large yew-tree, remained for some time in a sort of unconscious reverie—the nearest approach to stillness the waking brain can know. The delicate perfume of the early flowers, the first flush of tender green upon the trees, the joyous spring note of the birds, the delicious odour of the freshly-clipped grass, the high-bred beauty of the stately garden, filled her with a sad pleasure. To all this, and such as this, she must soon be a stranger, banished from the pleasant and lovely places of life by a caprice of circumstance! She knew how well suited to her taste, her nature, nay, even her outward presence, was all that is noble and beautiful, and she never seemed to have fallen into her right place. She never grew to be at home with the richly-dressed and fairly well-bred wives and daughters of Mr. Travers's city friends, or rather acquaintances—there was a lack of subjects in common between them. They dimly looked down upon her as a person of no connections, and she, too careless in her innate strength to recognize the wherefore, felt there was an indefinable barrier between them—an invisible fence, harder to clear than a stone wall. "The upper ten have certainly never taken kindly to me, if my Hereford Square acquaintance can be so classed. I suppose Sir Hugh would scarcely look on them as equals."

While she thus conjectured idly, steps

approached, and the scent of an excellent cigar reached her. Voices—men's voices—came nearer, and two gentlemen, one in undress uniform, sat down on the opposite side of the tree.

"It is a deucedly lucky turn for you, but hard lines for the other. I wonder what vexed old Travers, and induced him to cut her off?" said one of the voices; and Kate could not resist listening eagerly for a few moments.

"Heaven knows," replied the other—a harsh, deep-toned voice, somewhat monotonous in its strength. "He must have been crazy altogether—first to forget all that was due to his age, his station, everything, and marry the low-bred daughter of a lodging-house keeper; some bit of vulgar prettiness, whose highest ambition could not have soared beyond the owner of the general shop in her native village! Fough! Give me a fresh cigar, Upton! If in his old age poor Travers had such vagaries, could he not have been content to take her for a mistress? but to give her his name, and the fortune he once intended for me, and then to leave her penniless, dependent on my charity! It was insanity!"

"You had better not suggest the idea," said the other drily.

"It would be of no consequence," replied the second speaker. "It is no easy matter to upset a will. No lawyer would take up this female's case—but I shall not let the creature starve. By the way, she offered me a good slice of the property at the outset; depend upon it she knew there was another will somewhere. Travers had found her out in some delinquency—conscience had made a coward of her."

"I don't know," began the other; but Mrs. Travers, colouring with shame both at what she had heard and for having stayed to hear it, sprang to her feet, and stole swiftly, softly away.

But for omnipotent appearances, she would have ran at full speed to hide herself in her own room, to try and silence the cruel words that rang over and over again in her ears. All her worst and bitterest anticipations were realized. The basest of her sex could not have been spoken of with deeper scorn.

No spark of manly consideration tempered this *gentleman's* judgment of a defeated, and, for all he knew, friendless woman. And this was a man of the class and profession usually credited with chivalrous traditions! because he was reared in the purple of a higher caste he per-



mitted himself to believe there was no honour, no principle, no heart, among the unfortunates in whose veins flowed the blood of those serfs over whom this proud man's forefathers had tyrannized, and who, in spite of every disadvantage, had developed themselves into the strength and power of the nation. How she hated and scorned him, and almost prayed for a chance of putting her foot upon his neck. It would be no common revenge that would satisfy her. No more aristocracy or gentility for her. No! She would enrol herself in the ranks of the simple, undistinguished workers. Though far from being a crying, hysterical woman, Kate Travers, already a little strained by the resolute suppression of her feelings, could not control a violent fit of weeping, so helpless and humiliated did she feel under a sense of undeserved defeat. All around was so dark too! Not a gleam of hope in any quarter of the horizon! For more than the space of half an hour she felt beaten to the earth; and then her healthy, hopeful nature began to assert itself. She would rouse up and be doing something; and she had need to look round her quickly, for she was well-nigh penniless. And no stress of circumstances would induce her to accept Sir Hugh Galbraith's "charity."

At this point of her reflections there was a tap at the door, and Fanny's voice asked, "Are you there, Kate?"

"Yes."

"We have been looking all over the gardens for you. I did not know you had come in. Tom Reed is down-stairs and wants to see you."

"I will come directly."

But it took some time to bathe her eyes effectually, and she was vexed to see they were still red and swollen, when she felt ashamed to keep her visitor waiting any longer.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"DEAR MADAM,—I have had a long interview with Sir Hugh Galbraith's solicitor. He informs me he is authorized to offer you an allowance during your lifetime from the estate of your late husband of three hundred (£300) per annum, on condition that you agree to accept the will to which Sir Hugh administers as the true and final expression of the testator's intentions, and sign a declaration to that effect.

"I urged that the allowance was considerably disproportioned to the estate; and he very naturally replied that Sir Hugh was in no way bound to consider this, or to make any allowance whatever.

"Now, my dear madam, let me urge upon you the necessity of giving this offer due consideration. Both as your legal adviser and, if you will permit it, as your friend, I strongly advise you to accept. I do not see the most remote prospect of being able to dispute this very unjust will, and you are, I am sure, too sensible a woman not to recognize the wisdom of the old proverb, 'Half a loaf,' etc. Messrs. Payne, Sir Hugh's solicitors, are willing to renounce all claim for moneys disbursed since the death of Mr. Travers, as I have represented that you simply kept up the establishment as your late husband left it; and I must here warn you that rent, wages, etc., now due, should be paid by the executors out of the estate.

"Any further information you may require you can obtain from Mr. Reed, who is good enough to take charge of this letter, and with whom I would suggest your taking counsel; he seems truly interested in you, and is also a man of business.

"Hoping to see you in a few days,

"I am, dear Madam,

"Yours truly,

"F. WALL.

"Mrs. Travers, Hampton Court."

This letter was handed to the widow by Reed as soon as their first greetings had been exchanged. And she read it through steadily, without moving a muscle of her countenance, while Reed watched, with the keenest sympathy, the traces of tears and mental conflict upon her fair face.

"Well, Tom," she said, with a brave attempt to smile as she finished reading, "it is all over. There is nothing now to be done but to go forth into the wilderness."

"It is by far the most infer"—began Reed.

"Hush, dear old friend," interrupted Mrs. Travers; "do not rouse up the passion and bitterness I have scarcely succeeded in crushing down for the present."

"No, I will not," he returned, persistently. "But Wall commissioned me to mention one or two matters which he omitted to write"—and Reed paused abruptly.

"Disagreeable things, I suppose, Tom," said Mrs. Travers with a sigh. "But you need not fear to 'put a name' to anything. I fancy my thoughts have been before you. The strongest feeling I have is an ardent desire to leave this place, where I have now no right to be."

"Exactly," cried Reed. "That was the first point I was to speak about. The sooner you move the better. And Gal-



braith's solicitors, I was to tell you, are authorized to pay a quarter's allowance, annuity, or whatever it is,"—he stumbled a little over this part of his speech—"in advance, provided you can vacate at once."

"Do they think I must be bribed to give up what Sir Hugh Galbraith looks upon as his property?" said Mrs. Travers. "I am quite ready to go; but you must understand me, Tom! I take no money from my foe."

"A very natural reluctance," began Tom soothingly, and launched into a sensible and persuasive speech—for this was the point specially confided to his tact and eloquence by Mr. Wall.

Mrs. Travers listened quietly, without the smallest interruption; and when Tom Reed, having exhausted his subject, paused for a reply, she said in a low, firm voice, "Do not waste any more words, Tom. On this matter my mind is unalterably made up. Had I children, I would decide differently. As I am, *no* necessity shall compel me to touch Sir Hugh's money."

"Poor Fanny!" escaped almost involuntarily from Reed's lips. "She will be homeless again."

"She shall not," returned Mrs. Travers, glancing with a kindly smile at her companion, while tears stood in her eyes. "I could not bear to part with that dear, faithful, thoughtless child—for she is a child in many ways. But, Tom, I have a dim sort of project of which I shall speak to you presently. And I am not quite without resources. I have some jewels, diamonds, and other things which Mr. Travers bought for me, and which are distinctly mine."

"What are they worth? A mere trifle; nothing to reckon upon," replied Reed, in a disparaging tone.

"They cost seven or eight hundred pounds, if not more."

"And they would not bring half that money when sold," he rejoined. "Even if they did, what is the interest of seven hundred pounds?—not enough to buy you scented soap."

And again Tom urged the acceptance of Sir Hugh's bounty, and almost lost his temper at the widow's senseless obstinacy, as he termed it. Then she shed a few tears, which disarmed Tom; so they parted, Mrs. Travers's resolution still unmoved, and Reed refusing to consider her decision final.

"Tell Mr. Wall," were her parting words, "that the day after to-morrow he can hand over this house to Sir Hugh

Galbraith, or the owner. I shall leave it before noon."

"But, my dear soul! you will never be able to pack up your traps, and decamp by the day after to-morrow?"

"I shall. Poor Mills, Fanny, and myself have been preparing ever since I saw Mr. Wall. I only require to find a lodging somewhere in town. I can do that to-morrow; and then, Tom, you will still be my counsellor and familiar friend, though I am unfortunate, and stupid, and blind to my own interests, and everything else that is wrong?"

"Look here, Mrs. Travers," cried Tom, grasping her hand energetically; "right or wrong, I'll stick to you through thick and thin!"

"I believe you," she returned, trying bravely not to cry. "You shall have a line from me with the new address some time to-morrow; and you must come and see us very soon."

"Won't I? And now—excuse the question—have you any cash?"

"Yes; enough for the present. Go, and bid Fanny good-bye. I have too much to do to ask you to stay."

A couple of days later, Reed found Mrs. Travers and his cousin comparatively settled in a small street in that part of Camden Town which considers itself entitled to write Regent's Park on its addresses.

The change from the airy, stately, old-fashioned house to the narrow front-parlour struck him with a keen sense of pain; but he could not refrain from observing that Mrs. Travers looked brighter and Fanny less tearful than when he had seen them last.

It was evening when he reached their abode, and the little room was somewhat gloomy with the fading light; but Mrs. Travers lit the gas at once, and then he beheld a table laid for tea, with the addition of cold meat and watercresses. There were even tufts of primroses and violets on the mantel-shelf, and a general look of order and occupation inseparable from the presence of cultivated, thoughtful women.

"Oh, Tom, I am so glad to see you," cried Fanny, springing to meet him.

"And so am I," said Mrs. Travers, heartily; while Mills, who had been seated at table, rose, with a rueful countenance, curtsied, and made as though to leave the room.

"Do not stir, Mills. Tom, you will be pleased to have Mills at tea. We are all



companions in misfortune," said Mrs. Travers.

"To be sure," cried Tom cheerfully. "Sit down, Mrs. Mills. You look pretty comfortable. Tea! I am dying for a cup. Come, Fanny; I will let you sit next me, if you promise to cut my bread and butter."

And the friends gathered round the table with wonderfully cheerful exteriors, at all events; and for a while the talk flowed as if nothing had happened.

"There is no use in moping," cried Tom at last. "What do you say to a box at the Haymarket to-morrow night? There is a capital piece on there, and I think I can get you a box."

"Take Fanny, by all means," replied Mrs. Travers; "as for me, I do not pretend I should not enjoy it, but it would be most unseemly."

"If you think so, I can say no more; but you will come, Fanny? and I tell you what, we will take Mrs. Mills. I dare say her 'young man' has not treated her to the theatre all the time she was vegetating at Hampton Court."

"Ah, go 'long with you, Mr. Tom?" returned Mrs. Mills, slightly relaxing as Reed, raising his voice, addressed her. He was an immense favourite with the afflicted Mills, who remembered him in his schoolboy days of tatterdemalionism.

"Yes, yes, Mills, you must come!" cried Fanny. "It will do you all the good in the world."

"Well now, Miss Fanny, I *did* think you would be the last to leave my poor dear lady all alone in her trouble, to fret and break her heart; but you go and amuse yourself, I'll stay and keep her company."

"But, Mills, you are so miserable yourself you won't do her one bit of good," returned Fanny at the top of her voice. Then suddenly lowering it, and in deep penitence, "There! what a stupid I am! I have done it," watching Mills, whose face assumed an awful expression.

"You needn't tell me so, Miss Fanny, I know well enough I am no good now; but you needn't tell me so."

"I do declare, Mills, I never meant anything of the kind."

"No, no," said Tom, cutting a tempting thin slice of bread and butter; "Miss Fanny only meant to say you and Mrs. Travers would do each other no good if you were left together. A little more bread and butter, Mrs. Mills?"

"I am much obliged to you, I have had enough. No good, indeed!" and Mills,

refusing everything, comfort included, made her exit, stating she had plenty to do.

"And now, Tom," said Mrs. Travers; when the table was cleared, "let us have a committee of ways and means; bring over my writing-book and the ink, Fanny, while I get all my worldly goods for Tom's inspection."

"Oh, Tom!" cried Fanny, as Mrs. Travers left the room; "do not let her send me away! I cannot tell you how miserable I am sometimes when the possibility of such a thing comes across me. I shiver and turn cold, and I know I look blue. I suppose I am very selfish and good-for-nothing to feel so; I ought to be brave and go away and earn my own bread, but I can't, dear Tom, I can't indeed. It was so horrible before; I could do anything with her — but alone —"

She broke down abruptly. Poor Reed's heart was at his lips, he caught her hand in both his own, his keen black eyes softening with the tenderest sympathy. "Dearest, sweetest cousin!" he exclaimed, in such an unusual tone that Fanny looked up startled, "you must not fret yourself. I think Mrs. Travers will manage to keep you with her still; and if she cannot — why, you had better come and manage my housekeeping." And he kissed the hand he held lovingly.

"Oh! Tom," returned Fanny, with a vivid blush as a consciousness of his meaning dawned upon her; "that is nonsense."

"I am afraid it is, just at present," said Tom, with a sigh and a smile, as he slowly relinquished her hand. "But if ever" — interrupting himself, "Fanny! I must never indulge myself in such talk till it ceases to be nonsense. Eh, Fanny darling?"

"Nothing short of the profoundest sense should ever be addressed to such a sage as I am," returned Fanny, arranging the writing-materials a little nervously; "so no more nonsense 'an you love me, Tom."

"As I love you, no!" said Reed with unwonted seriousness.

Mrs. Travers re-entered at that moment, perhaps fortunately for Tom Reed's self-control. "I have restored Mills' equanimity," she said, smiling, "which kept me a little. Here, here is all I possess!" and she placed sundry morocco-covered cases on the table.

"Ah, now for an examination," cried Tom; and the three friends drew in their chairs. "What have we here?" he con-



tinued, assuming a solemn and magisterial air. "Three diamond stars! By Jove! they are sparklers!"

"How lovely, Kate. Why did you never show them to me before? Is it not cruel to have to sell them?" said Fanny.

"Here are the earrings to match," said Mrs. Travers. "Poor Mr. Travers bought them after the first great dinner-party we went to together, when he observed I was the only lady present without jewels; the stars cost two hundred and fifty guineas, and the earrings one hundred."

"Put that down, Fanny; and mind you make nice figures. What next, madam?"

"These bracelets, opal and diamond, and emeralds. Mr. Travers gave seventy pounds for one, but I do not know how much for the other."

"The stones look very fine; but I am no judge," said Reed. And so they went through the whole array — bracelets, rings and lockets, jewelled hair-pins and earrings; the prices of but few were known to Mrs. Travers, and Reed tried to guess at their probable cost, always telling Fanny to put down considerably less. Yet on examining the list, he found a sum total of six hundred and thirty-five pounds.

"A decent little capital, if you could but realize it," cried Tom. "We must not hope for that, I fear. You may get something near the value of the stones, if we can find an honest jeweller. The diamonds ought to sell well, if we could find a private purchaser. My own experience in such matters is extremely limited — limited, in short, to small transactions in days bygone, with a relative whose natural and acquired sharpness, quite unsoftened by any kinsmanly consideration, was more than a match for my inexperience." Mrs. Travers laughed, and Fanny opened her eyes. "We must do the best we can," resumed Tom. "I shall take advice. Perhaps," insinuatingly, "when you find how little these pretty things will produce, you will give more favourable consideration to the offer——"

"If they only bring me twenty-five pounds, or nothing, my determination will be still the same; do not mention that man or his offer," said Mrs. Travers in a low voice.

"Do you know I have seen him!" exclaimed Fanny with mingled horror and triumph.

"You! impossible!" cried Mrs. Travers and Tom together.

"Yes, I did. It was that day, just before we left, when I went to look for you,

Kate, in the palace gardens, I saw Colonel Upton walking with a great, tall, ugly, red-looking man. I felt in some extraordinary way that it was — him," continued Fanny, suppressing the name. "And in the afternoon, when I was paying the bills, you know, Kate, I met that horrid Mrs. Danby, and she cried out, 'Has Sir Hugh Galbraith been to see you? for he is down here to-day with Colonel Upton.'"

"How has the charming Mrs. Danby become horrid?" asked Reed, looking up from his figures, to change the conversation.

"Oh, she was so prying and unfeeling, and ——"

"But," resumed the prime counsellor, turning to Mrs. Travers, who kept silence, "suppose you succeed in getting, say, half the value, or rather the cost of these pretty things. What is your scheme? for I see you have one."

"Read that," replied Mrs. Travers, opening her pocket-book and taking out a slip of newspaper; "read it aloud."

Tom took it and read as follows:

"To be disposed of, on moderate terms, in consequence of the owner's death, the goodwill and stock-in-hand of a first-class fancy-work and stationery business in a thriving town on the seacoast, not far from London, much frequented by summer visitors, and surrounded by resident gentry. The lease of the house (old fashioned and commodious), seven years unexpired, to be included in the purchase. Address C. P., Messrs. Hook and Crook, Size Lane, City."

"Why, what in heaven's name has this to do with it?" cried Tom, when he finished, looking up with a bewildered air.

"Everything," returned Mrs. Travers quietly. "If, on inquiry, it turns out a promising speculation, and I can get money enough, I shall buy it and turn tradeswoman — you know I am partly 'to the manner born,' Tom."

"Keep a shop! you!" exclaimed Fanny in open-mouthed amazement, and then became silent, too stunned to talk.

"Well, this is quite in keeping with your refusal to accept the tolerable means of existence to which you have an undoubted right. I never heard anything so preposterous," said Tom, with some heat. "What would poor old Travers say, if he could look out of his grave, to see his name over the door of a miserable shop! — and you always say you respect his wishes."

"His name was long enough on a door-post; but it shall not be over any shop."



Have patience, Tom, hear all my scheme ;” said Mrs. Travers with much sweetness, and then went on rapidly, “I have thought of everything. I must work to live — the question is how? There are only two lines open to women, teaching or business in a small way. I leave the miserable indefiniteness of ‘companionship’ out of the question. If I adopt teaching I become at once a homeless waif, and Fanny the same ; while Mills will have to be provided for somehow. True, I might attempt a school, where they would be of use to me ; but I cannot find that I have courage for such a hopeless struggle as working up a school. Now this ‘business’ will give me a home and evenings to myself. I have already written for particulars. If they are satisfactory I will risk it, Tom ; but one thing I promise you, unless I can pay the whole purchase money at once, I will give it up. I will not begin with a burden of debt on my back. Fanny shall be my assistant, Mills our housekeeper, so the old home shall not be broken up, and trust me I will put heart and soul, energy and pluck into my new career.”

“Career !” echoed Tom, “I never heard such insanity ! you will lose your money, and your position into the bargain. Fancy *you* behind a counter, and Fanny matching wools ! I can never consent to such degradation.”

“Is that a suitable word from the sub-editor of a ‘high-class Liberal paper’ ? For shame, Tom ! do not be false to your principles. My career shall not be degrading ; but listen to me. I do not want any one save yourself to know where I am. I want to lie in wait for some evidence about this will. I shall never rest until I know the truth, — there is some unaccountable mystery about it.”

“Not much, I am afraid,” said Tom, shaking his head.

“I always think that horrid Mr. Ford made it up to worry us all,” exclaimed Fanny, at the last speaking with her tongue.

“I see I shall have to secure berths for both of you at Hanwell,” said Tom resignedly. “Mrs. Travers wanting to keep a shop, and you, Fanny, accusing that poor fellow, Ford — who has lost his legacy, and will no doubt lose his situation, who has always been Mrs. Travers’s most devoted servant — of forging a will directly opposite to his own interests ! Really, you are a pair of very charming madwomen !”

“Do not be so ridiculous, Tom ; I never could bear Mr. Ford.”

“Ah, then, I dare say he has committed a couple of murders, and forged no end of things,” said Tom, with an air of assumed conviction.

“Do not talk such nonsense, Fanny dear,” added Mrs. Travers absently.

“Now, let us say no more about this wild project,” said Tom rising. “You will think differently when you have reflected a little more. It is getting late. I will make all the inquiries I can to-morrow as to the best course to be pursued with the jewels ; and perhaps have something to suggest when I come for Fanny to go to the Haymarket ; for we must not lose our expedition because we quarrel — eh, mesdames ?”

“No, certainly not,” replied Kate. “One word, Tom, before you go. Your word of honour, that you keep this project of mine a secret from every one, especially Mr. Wall and Mr. Ford.”

“Trust me ! I would not mention your temporary insanity to any one. By the way, Ford was with me to-day — and deucedly cut-up he looks — to ask your address. I said I did not know if I was at liberty to give it ; but that I would forward any note. He told me he heard old Mr. Gervais had refused to act as executor.”

“Then everything is absolutely in Sir Hugh’s hands,” exclaimed Mrs. Travers. “Time, and time only, can unravel this web ! Good-night, Tom ; bear with me, yet.”

“Good-night, Fanny,” squeezing her hand ; on which the mischievous little witch cried, “Oh, you hurt me ; see the mark my ring has made !” whereat Mrs. Travers laughed good-humouredly, and Tom, also laughing, disappeared.

“Tell me, Fanny,” said Mrs. Travers thoughtfully, when they were left alone, “would it break your heart to keep a shop with me ?”

“Oh, to tell the real truth, I do not like the idea of a shop at all. I always fancy the Honourable Mrs. Danby turning up to buy two-pence-halfpenny worth of wool, and her polite well-bred surprise at finding you and me there. But, Kate, dear, rather than be parted from you, I would help you to keep a rag-and-bone shop !” cried Fanny heartily, falling on her neck and kissing her. “Only you must mind what Tom says. He knows everything ! and, Kate — I did not like to mention it before him — but there is that beautiful



pearl locket and the turquoise bracelet you gave me. You do not suppose I am going to keep them? There!" taking two cases from her pocket. "I got them out when I heard you say you were going to look over your things; and," continued Fanny, blushing, "I have five pounds left of what you are pleased to call my quarter's salary—there it is! I am ashamed to have so little, and I would not even have that, only it is so soon after quarter-day."

"I think, dear Fan, we may spare my little gifts—at least, at present. But I will gratefully accept the money. Keep a sovereign, just to prevent your being peniless!"

"Oh, I am nothing of the kind. I have five shillings left. More, Kate—dearest Kate,—than I had when you took me in!" Another hug.

"Well, go to bed, dear," returned the young widow. "We can do no more at present. I believe, Fanny, there is a happy future before you; and for myself, somehow, I cannot fear, so long as I can work in my own way."

Fanny disappeared; but Kate Travers sat long alone, and in profound meditation.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE PROPHET'S END.

WHY the failure of the ordeal by fire, narrated in a former chapter, should have brought such ruin upon the party of San Marco it is hard to say. The failure was in no sense their fault; their champion was ready, and more than ready, anxious for the trial—while his challenger skulked invisible. They had not provoked the strife, yet they came forth in the sight of all Florence to maintain it. The tedium and weariness and disappointment of the day had borne not less but more heavily upon them than upon the enraged and baffled spectators. Yet Florence unanimously laid upon their shoulders the guilt of her *spectacle manqué*. And not only mediæval Florence in the *cinquecento*, but many an enlightened modern commentator, has echoed the enraged disappointment of the crowd. Why did not Savonarola do this deed himself? they cry; why neglect these easy means of proving the divinity of his mission, or at least the divinity of

his belief in it? Had he done so, he would have been denounced as a madman and fanatic—a man whose wisdom in word and counsel was neutralized by the tragical grotesque folly of his ending. He lived like a prophet but died like a mountebank, we should all have said; and instead of the spectacle it would have been the man who was a failure. I do not doubt that only the noble good sense, which is in most cases a component of genius, fortified Savonarola himself from that impulse of heroic weakness which was the strength of Fra Domenico; and that afterwards, in the melancholy self-questionings of conscious ruin, he must have asked himself many a time whether it would have been better for his mission and God's truth if he had left his higher ministrations and taken that meaner desperate office upon him? God knows what were the real thoughts in the forlorn heart of the fallen ruler. Everything was against him within the city and without—and God himself, out of those clear, unanswering skies, vouchsafed no sign, such as so many fainting souls have looked for. To serve unacknowledged, to serve for nothing, to receive as wages anguish and tribulation and tears, is not this the pay we have been told of, since the first soldier of Christ took service? Was not this the recompense in our lower world of the Master himself? He saved others, therefore himself he could not save—most splendid of all reproaches that ever mortal tongue has spoken. But with every new claimant who receives this payment of agony there is a struggle, before the sufferer can realize that once more it is to be so—that good has not yet overcome evil, nor heaven begun to reign on earth. Savonarola, like his brethren, had believed that a new Jerusalem was to be revealed in Florence, with streets better than those paved with gold of the Apocalyptic vision, full of honour and truth. He had held to this hope strenuously, desperately, as long as a man might. Now he knew that it was to be with him as with the others that had gone before him. He must have learned this final lesson on the night of that disastrous Friday when he withdrew all alone and silent to his solitary cell.

He had not long to wait. The following Sunday was Palm Sunday, the day which commemorates one of the most touching events of the gospel, and which has always a certain pathos yet hopefulness, so near the crisis of the Saviour's woes, so near the moment of His victory. Two years before, on that same day, Fra Giro-



lamo, in all the glory and joy of an apparent public reformation, had trodden the stony streets, following the long procession of white-robed children who marched from quarter to quarter of the old city, "like beautiful angels just come out of Paradise," establishing the *Monti* in each district of Florence. The streets which had resounded then with the hymns chanted by all those fresh sweet, childish voices, were alive now with dark groups full of menace and wrath. Florence, preternaturally tranquillized for a moment by one great influence, had returned to her old use and wont, and felt herself at ease in it, breathing flames and slaughter more easily than blessings, and longing for a victim. Savonarola preached sadly in the morning, bidding a kind of farewell to the people. In the evening a brother of San Marco, Fra Mariano, who was one of those who had offered himself for the fire, was to preach in the cathedral. This the authorities of the Duomo, moved by the Compagnacci, determined to prevent. The enemies of San Marco gathered in crowds about the doors and corners of the streets on the way to the cathedral, and assailed with gibes and insults, sometimes with showers of stones, sometimes with blows, the faithful followers who, in spite of everything, took their way to the evening sermon. Fra Mariano was finally assailed and driven away as he was in the act of ascending the pulpit; and this first open breaking-out of the incipient riot set the population on fire. Shouting "*A San Marco! a San Marco!*" ("*Assamarcho, assamarcho col fuoco!*") writes one literal chronicler) they precipitated themselves upon the convent. The monks were singing vespers in the calm of the April evening. All the chief members of the party were in and about the church, full of fears and foreboding. Outside, while the mad multitude hurried on with shouts and clamour, little bands of the Compagnacci took possession of the corners of the narrow streets, preventing the Piagnoni from any sudden rally. Some of the incidents of this terrible evening carry us back to similar accounts of mad revolt against religion in our own country. A young man of the noble family of the Pecori was going quietly along, not even to San Marco, to hear vespers at the Annunziata, saying over to himself some pious prayer or couplets. "Oh, villain, still psalm-singing!" some one cried, and the frantic crowd, making a rush at the helpless lad, hustled him from hand to hand, till struck through with a

lance, he died on the steps of the Innocenti, the great orphan hospital which still stands in the piazza of the Annunziata. At another point in the way, a spectacle-maker, a good man, came rushing out from his door, his slippers in his hand, to remonstrate with the rioters and endeavour to restrain them, but a blow on the head with a sword soon made a conclusion of his appeal. When the mob reached the church vespers were over, and the worshippers, sad and alarmed, were kneeling to say their final prayers before leaving this beloved centre of their faith, not knowing what might happen ere to-morrow. Many were surprised at their devotions by the tumult outside in the piazza, and by a sudden shower of stones, before which the women and helpless persons took to flight.

Then the peaceful church with its few lights, the kneeling silent worshippers, the still monks flitting here and there, all at once gave way to the sudden excitement of a castle besieged. As the congregation fled, the doors of the church and convent were hastily shut upon the infuriated crowd, and the few laymen within took hasty counsel and prepared for defence. Savonarola does not seem to have been in the church at the moment, but as soon as he was aware of what had happened, he hastily put on his priest's robes, took a crucifix in his hand, and crossing the cloisters, directed his steps towards the door. Here, however, his adherents threw themselves in his way, and held him back, entreating him not to expose himself and them to instant death. Among these men was the impetuous old Francesco Valori (killed that night in the streets in a vain attempt to bring help) and other noble and trusty soldiers. While these warlike citizens restrained his first impulse to yield, Fra Benedetto, one of the brethren, a skilful and delicate illuminator of manuscripts, came up under the dim arches hastily armed and full of warlike zeal. Even with the roar of the crowd outside the wall ringing in his ears, Fra Girolamo bade his faithful brother put down the unseemly weapons. Then he called the monks together, and led them singing through the cloisters, which were darkening into night, and into the dim partially-lighted church with its deserted area and closed doors; there he placed the sacrament on the altar, and kneeling with his black-cloaked and white-robed brethren round him, awaited the issue. When Valori and the rest (there were but thirty of them, with a few old



halberds, crossbows and guns) entreated permission to defend the convent, he said no; but probably already engrossed by a consciousness of the end which had visibly begun, does not seem to have paid any further attention. Fra Domenico, stout soul, who no doubt would have liked but too well to join them, bade them, on the contrary, defend themselves, before he joined his master at the altar.

And then there ensued a scene as striking as it was tragical. Through the dust and smoke and tumult of the brave but hopeless defence, a few rude heroic figures gleam, coming and going, apart from, yet belonging to, the still kneeling group round the altar. The young friars, men like others, and Florentines, with warm blood in their veins, could not keep up the passive attitude to which their superiors called them. One by one they began to defend their sacred citadel, fighting with lighted torches, with crosses, whatever they could lay hands on. Young Fra Marco Gondi, a novice, broke a great wooden cross on the heads of the assailants of the choir, meeting dauntlessly, with that weapon only, the naked swords of his enemies. Another novice, Giovanni Maria Petrucci, "of great soul and robust frame, dressed like an angel (in the white robe of the Dominican novice) and of beautiful countenance," broke the lances with his strong young hands "like matches" (*solfanelli*), says the simple narrator; and the German, Henrico, with his fair locks, appears half angelic, half demoniac, in the smoke and din, armed with an old arquebuss, and shouting "Save thy people, O God!" the refrain of the psalm the peaceful brethren had been chanting, at every shot he fired. This Henrico was *così animoso*, so dauntless in youthful valour, that he rushed through the crowd of assailants who now filled the church to get his arquebuss, and fought his way back again to the choir, which he defended like a young Saint Michael, flaming in generous wrath, at the doors of the sanctuary. The gates of the church had been fired to admit the crowd, and the place was full of smoke, of fierce cries and tumult. Inside the choir for which these brave novices fought in their angel robes, another noble lad, one of the Panciatichi, lay dying on the altar steps, receiving the last sacrament from Fra Domenico, and breathing out his soul joyfully with the light of enthusiasm on his face. "I have never been so happy as now," he cried with his last breath. This valiant defence daunted the multitude, and there was

evidently a pause, during which some dried figs and wine were brought to the exhausted monks. Savonarola took advantage of the pause to send his brethren out of the church in decorous procession as before into the dormitory. At this moment there arrived a commission from the Signory, begging Fra Girolamo, Fra Domenico, and Fra Silvestro to go at once to the Palazzo, and thus save the convent from further attack. While Savonarola considered this proposal, another embassy arrived hastily with more imperative orders to bring the three friars at once, but with a written promise, says Burlamacchi, that they should be brought back in safety when the tumult was quelled. "When he heard this he said he would obey, but first withdrew with his brethren into the great library, where he made them a beautiful address in Latin, exhorting them to continue in the way of God, with faith, patience, and prayer; telling them that the way to heaven was by tribulation, and that none ought to deceive himself on this point; and quoting many ancient examples of the ingratitude of Florence for benefits received from their order . . . and that it was no wonder if he too, after so many labours and troubles, should be paid in the same money; but that he was ready to accept all with satisfaction and gladness for the love of his Lord, knowing that the Christian life consists in nothing else than to live godly and endure evil. And thus, while all around him wept, he finished his sermon. When he went out of the library he said to the laymen who waited for him outside, 'I expected this; but not so soon, or so suddenly,' and comforted them, bidding them lead a good life, and be fervent in prayer."

Nothing can be more touching than the sad calm of this leave-taking after the din and tumult with which the air was still echoing. Withdrawing into the first library Savonarola confessed to Fra Domenico, and received the sacrament; then ate something, the weeping monks again crowding round him, and kissed them one by one, answering with gentle words their endeavours to detain him, their prayers to go with him. Benedetto, the miniaturist, he who had armed himself at the first sound of warfare, yet shame-faced had put away his weapons at the word of the prophet, would scarcely be restrained, and pushing aside the officers, struggled to accompany his master. It was nine o'clock of the April night when this sad scene was over, and out of the convent,



leaving all this love and sorrow, the two devoted brothers went forth into the raging sea of mad enemies, breathing fire and murder, which had been beating for all these hours against the walls of San Marco. They were immediately swallowed up in the hoarse roar of the furious crowd, which pressed so around them that their conductors could scarcely save them from its violence. The officers joined their weapons over the heads of the prisoners, making "a roof of arms" over them to keep them from murder at least; but were incapable of defending them from the insults shouted in their ears, the stones thrown at them, even the blows of the crowd. Thus Savonarola, his hands tied behind him, and every insult that vulgar cruelty could devise heaped upon him, made his last progress through these Florentine streets. It is also his last authentic and certain appearance in this life, until, after falsehood and torture had done their worst, he emerged once more six weeks after into the May sunshine in the great piazza and died there, like his Master, for the love of those who murdered him.

I have said nothing of the third monk who was associated with these two nobler and greater men. Fra Silvestro Maruffi was one of those weaker beings, by whom, chiefly, the mystical visions and raptures which form a distinct class of phenomena by themselves, and which no reasonable person can regard without interest—come. He represents the clairvoyant, the medium of modern life, the nature sensitively alive to occult influences, which in all ages has been the wonder of the sane and thoughtful, yet has rarely failed of a certain influence upon high-toned and imaginative minds. All dreamers of dreams and seers of visions are not of this type, as witness Girolamo Savonarola himself and Saint Theresa, a man and a woman of the greatest mould possible to humanity. I do not attempt to explain these noble persons, or to follow them through the mysteries which to some critics seem mere aberrations of mind; neither indeed can I explain the much lower and more common character of Fra Silvestro, and trace out how his weaker visions and ecstasies at once filled out and stimulated those of Savonarola. He was a good man, it was apparent at the last, but his nerves were in a pre-eminently excited and hysterical condition, and his organization of a very peculiar kind. His inspirations were not those great ones which Savonarola believed to be communicated to himself, those intimations of evil to come and

of reformation to be accomplished, which were as true as the daylight; but revelations much more practical and matter-of-fact. It was Silvestro, for instance, who directed how Domenico was to enter the fire, carrying the sacrament, and laid down all the conditions of that act of faith, as if they, and not the faith itself, gave safety. Such detail of prophecy is always impressive to the crowd; and Savonarola himself had received undoubtingly, and given credibility, by his own faith in them, to those minute prophetic indications of what was to come. It was for this reason that a being so much inferior to the others had the honour of sharing in the condemnation of his master and the faithful Domenico. Fra Silvestro, timid and nervous, hid himself while the siege of San Marco was going on; he had not the courage to take his place in the choir with his brethren, a mark for the stones and arrows of the assailants. But when the morning came after that awful night, and stealing from his hiding-place he found the monks weeping over their lost leader and desolated sanctuary, the better soul awoke in poor Silvestro. So at least Burlamacchi says, according to whose narrative the repentant brother set out at once for the Palazzo and gave himself up. There is unfortunately however another account of the occurrence, which would seem to show that he was carried there by force, his hiding-place having been betrayed. In any case he was a poor companion for the two nobler and greater men who had preceded him there.

I have said that this night's progress through the crowd was Savonarola's last authentic appearance till the moment of his execution. He disappears here out of the common daylight, and from the eyes of honest onlookers, to the torture-chamber and prison where his fiercest enemies were about him, and worse than enemies a professional liar, Ceccone, the notary, found a place by his side as his sole historian, bribed to furnish a record which should justify the murder upon which all were bent. The Signory, no longer restrained even by a shadow of that public opinion to which Savonarola had given form and power, appointed on their own responsibility a council of seventeen citizens to try him, among whom were his most implacable enemies, that Dolfo Spini, captain of the Compagnacci, from whose sword he had been again and again rescued with difficulty among the others. But not even this furiously prejudiced and unjust tribunal, not even the



tortures to which his quivering frame was subjected, are so great a stigma upon the government of Florence, as the wilful falsification of the records into which, by universal consent, they are acknowledged to have fallen. The miserable chronicle of lies was printed, then with the precipitation of shame withdrawn from circulation; but various copies exist in various stages of elaboration, some ungrammatical, incoherent, and betraying in every line, the gaps left and the additions made, some pared and shaped into an appearance of unity. The reader who is interested in this dismal chapter of history will find a careful examination of the whole in Professor Villari's book, which our space does not permit us to follow. On the whole it would seem to be allowed that Savonarola's fortitude at some moments yielded to the torture, and that in the delirium of pain he now and then rejected his own pretensions to prophetic insight, and confessed himself to have founded his predictions, not upon direct divine revelation, but "upon his own opinion, founded upon the doctrines and study of the Holy Scriptures." Apparently this was the only distinct "confession," so called, which even the rack could bring from his tortured lips. But the trial altogether is so involved in doubt that it is impossible to put faith in any part of it, except perhaps in those portions which are wholly in Savonarola's favour, and in which with a melancholy pride he defends himself, his purity and honesty, against his adversaries, for this it is evident could not have come from their hostile hands.

These tortures of mind and body continued for eleven days; through all those memorial days of a still more divine passion, which he could have commemorated less fitly in the services of his church had he been at liberty. He was entirely separated from his companions, being imprisoned by himself in the Alberghettino, a small chamber in the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, that proud *rocca* which hangs suspended over Florence. There for about six weeks, in the "little lodging" which Cosimo dei Medici had once occupied before him, the great prophet lay, sometimes crushed and bleeding, sometimes perhaps with miserable self-reproaches in his mind, not knowing what words the torture might have wrung from him, a severer torment than the rack. But his confessions, if he made any, must have been meagre enough, since the Signory were compelled to write to the pope in the following words:—

"We have had to deal with a man of the most extraordinary patience of body and wisdom of soul, who hardened himself against torture, involving the truth in all kinds of obscurity, with the intention either of establishing for himself by pretended holiness an eternal name among men, or to brave imprisonment and death. Notwithstanding a long and most careful interrogatory, and with all the help of torture, we could scarcely extract anything out of him which he wished to conceal from us, although we laid open the inmost recesses of his mind."

The other friars were dealt with separately. Domenico, as brave and straightforward as he was devoted, never wavered for a moment. They told him that his master had recanted and owned himself a deceiver, but the mind of this simple hero never deviated. His body wrung by torture and his heart by this more terrible sting, he still declared his faith in Fra Girolamo's inspiration, and his certainty that it was the work of God which they had undertaken together. Silvestro did what might have been expected from his weakness; he succumbed altogether to the influence of the rope and the boot, and uttered in his torments all the blasphemies suggested to him, although even his evidence seems to have added to the irresistible weight of testimony in favour of Savonarola's absolute uprightness and honesty of faith. Thus the miserable process went on through those last dark days of Lent, through the triumphant gladness of the Easter. On one side torture, suffering, human weakness sometimes failing, yet brightened by the heroic simplicity which could not fail, and the patience and magnanimity which regained their sway as soon as the terrible pangs were over; on the other, cruelty, oppression, falsehood, basest of all; while outside the vile story worked, exciting the wicked to blasphemous rejoicing, and torturing the souls of the good and pious with many a doubt and fear. Even Benedetto, true brother, who had struggled so hard to go with that company of martyrs to the death that awaited them, was so overcome with shame and miserable doubts that he describes himself as "like a thrush that had been struck to the ground." Sore and sick at heart this faithful soul shrank away, hiding his face, to Viterbo; where in the stillness his courage and faith came back to him, and his conviction that the master whom he knew so well could have been no deceiver. And it is to this conviction, and his unwearying search into all



the facts connected with the false record, that we owe a great part of our knowledge of the truth. The monks in San Marco as a body were less noble; wholly noble and faithful in such a dire emergency no body of over two hundred men, I suppose, ever was. They made their submission to the pope, abjuring Savonarola in the first sting of his supposed retraction, and were received back into the paternal favour of Alexander. Thus the poison worked at once, the minds of the bystanders being too much bewildered by the terrible tragedy going on in their midst to be able for the moment to separate falsehood from truth.

Savonarola, after his first "examination," had nearly a month of quiet in the little prison, which, after all, was not less spacious or comfortable than his cell. This was owing to the negotiations between the pope and the Signory, the latter being anxious to exact a price for their services, a tax upon clerical property; and Borgia, on the other side, being desirous to have his prey in his own hands at as cheap a rate as possible. This resting-time the victim employed in a manner befitting his character and life. He wrote two meditations, one upon the *Miserere* (51st Psalm), and the other on the 31st Psalm, in which he poured out his whole heart in communion with God. With the right hand which had been spared to him in diabolical mercy that he might be able to sign the false papers which were intended to cover him with ignominy, he still had it in his power to leave a record of that intercourse with his Heavenly Master in which his stricken soul found strength and comfort. Between the miserable lies of the notary Ceccone, over which those Florentine nobles in the palace—magnificent Signory not skilful in such lies, to do them justice—were wrangling; and the stillness of the little prison hung high in air over their heads, where a great soul in noble trust yet sadness approached its Maker, what a difference! Lover and friends had forsaken him, honour and credit were gone from him, his very brothers had lifted up their heel against him, and God had not owned, as once he had hoped, his devoted service. But yet God was true, though all men were liars; God was true though He hid His face. The soldier of Christ had been overborne in the fight, broken and cast down; but not less did he trust in his leader and his cause, which one day should overcome.

This quiet lasted till the pope's commissioners arrived, who were at last to

give a good deliverance, on Florentine soil, to the three prisoners. They came into Florence on the 19th of May—Rmolino, a bishop after Alexander's own heart, and Torriano, the general of the Dominicans—boasting that they had the sentence ready, and were about to make a famous blaze (*un bel fuoco*). Notwithstanding this foregone conclusion, as his enemies still hankered after something to justify themselves, Savonarola was again "examined" before them, and all the tortures which he had already gone through were repeated, the answers given by him in this case being entirely falsified, and bearing no trace or show of reality. The minutes of this last examination were not even signed or acknowledged by any one, being too bad to obtain even a pretence of belief. On the 22nd of May the sentence of death was published, and that same evening was communicated to the condemned. It was their last night on earth. Domenico received the news as if it were an invitation to a feast; poor Silvestro was full of agitation; but Savonarola took it with perfect calm, expressing neither pleasure nor reluctance. No doubt the three days' torture which had intervened had deadened every bodily feeling in him. The record of this last night is very full. One of the penitents of the order of the Temple, by name Jacopo Nicolini, came to Fra Girolamo's cell, according to the vow of that brotherhood, to comfort the doomed man during his last hours—a veiled figure, like one of those merciful brethren of the Misericordia who are still to be seen about the streets of Florence, covered from head to foot in a black robe and hood which conceals the face. To this man Savonarola appealed to procure him a last interview with his brethren—a request which was with some difficulty granted. Strangely enough this meeting was appointed to take place in the great hall of the Consiglio Maggiore, the hall built under Savonarola's influence for the council which had been established by his advice, and which a few years before the admiring populace had declared must have been built by the angels, so quickly did it rise. His own work! And here it was, in the darkness of the great hall, in the soft May night, that the three tortured prisoners, their limbs contorted out of shape, their hearts transfixed with many an arrow, met again. Savonarola's companions had both been made aware of his supposed confession, but no word of reproach, no question or explanation seems to have passed be-



tween them. If they had ever believed these slanders, the sight of their master's worn countenance was enough to give them clearer insight. At once he took his old place, their father, their ruler. Domenico he chid gently for his desire to be burnt alive, bidding him remember that to choose the way of death was not for them, but to endure it firmly; and Silvestro he warned against his intention to speak to the people from the scaffold, reminding him that our Lord made no vindication of His innocence on the cross; then on their knees they received his blessing. After this, Burlamacchi tells us, they were separated from each other in different corners of the hall; and Savonarola, weary and worn out, begged of his benevolent attendant, Nicolini, to sit down and make a pillow of his knee, where he might rest his head. Lying down, apparently on the floor, with this support, he fell asleep, and in his sleep spoke and smiled, his kind supporter looking on awe-stricken and reverential, while the night dispersed slowly out of all the dim corners, and the blue morning stole upon the world, and the great barred windows grew light; strangest midnight watch surely that ever that good brother held. On the marble overhead were the warning verses which Savonarola himself had written:—

If this great council and sure government,  
Oh people, of thy city never cease  
To be by thee preserved as by God sent,  
In freedom shalt thou ever stand, and peace.

The dawn that slowly made these lines legible, lit the worn face of him who wrote them—of him who had made this stately chamber rise and that “sure government” stand fast—a face now worn and scarred with torture, though smiling in the soft ease of momentary childlike sleep; while outside in the piazza the pile was rising, the cross being erected, on which this very morning he was to die. If art should ever rise again in Florence, such a picture as this might well stir the old heart in the city for which Savonarola died.

When the sleeper woke, he thanked warmly and cordially the good man whose knee had served him for a pillow; and, Burlamacchi tells us, to reward him for this good office, warned him that all the distresses prophesied as coming upon Florence should come in the days of a pope called Clement—a prophecy which was noted down. Then, the sun being now risen and their last day begun, the three friars once more drew together and celebrated their last sacrament. Here

Savonarola made a final confession of his faith:—“Having then in his hands his Lord, with much gladness and fervour of spirit he broke forth in these words: ‘My Lord, I know that thou art that Trinity, perfect, invisible, distinct in three persons, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. I know that thou art that Eternal Word who didst descend into the womb of the Virgin Mary, and didst rise upon the cross to shed thy most precious blood for us miserable sinners. I pray thee, my Lord, I pray for my salvation. I entreat thee, Consoler, that this precious blood may not have been shed for me in vain, but may be for the remission of my sins, of which I ask thee pardon, from the day when I received the waters of holy baptism till now; and I confess to thee, Lord, my sins. And I ask thee pardon for everything, spiritual or temporal, in which I may have offended this city and all this people, and for every offence of which I am unaware.’” The three companions said these words together, then received the holy communion; and so went out to the piazza, where the messengers of death were waiting for them. Here a change came over the weak brother Silvestro such as happened to the Feeble-minds and Ready-to-halts of the old Puritan fable. All at once his weak frame erected itself, his timid countenance lighted up. He went down the stairs with this new light in his eyes, saying that now was the time to be strong, to meet death with gladness. And so the three went out into the open daylight after their long confinement, into the fresh air of the May morning. I will not describe over again that well-known scene; how the bishop who unfrocked Savonarola, trembling and confused by his office, declared him to be separated from the Church militant and triumphant; but was corrected by the calm victim who said, one cannot but think half in pity for the error and the agitation, “From the Church militant, yes; but from the Church triumphant, no; that is not yours to do:” how thus disrobed the three brothers passed on to the seat of the pope’s commissioners who gave them absolution; and then to the tribunal of the civil power, by whom they were given up to the executioner; and how, one after another, they died; Domenico, forbidden to speak loud, chanting under his breath a *Te Deum*, while Savonarola himself repeated the Creed as he went slowly along towards his death. He raised his eyes when he had ascended the ladder, and, pausing for a moment, looked the multitude in the face.



Many among them still expected him to speak to them, to vindicate himself, to crush his enemies by a miracle; but by this time miracles and self-vindications were far from his mind. He looked at them, with what thoughts God knows — most likely with but a vague consciousness of their presence, his soul being already hid with Christ in God, and all unworthy passions and thoughts gone out of him. Christ did not vindicate Himself upon the cross, or make any plea of innocence — why should Christ's servant have done so? His boat of life had already jarred upon the soft shores of the eternal land: what was it now to him that tumultuous ocean of faces, as tumultuous, as fickle, and as uncertain as any sea?

So died the great preacher of Florence, the great prior of San Marco, the most powerful politician, the most disinterested reformer of his time. Florence learned after he was gone that her only chance for freedom lay in taking up again and tardily following the system he had instituted; but did it, one is almost glad to know, too late; and so fell under the hated sway of the Medici, and out of one tyranny into another, till recent events have given her back a better existence. And Rome and Christendom found out what it was to have crushed the good genius within the Church when the ruder German revolt burst forth, and tore the Christian world asunder. The faithful in Florence kept up a secret memory of the martyrs as long as there remained a Pagnone in the city, and strewed flowers in the stony square where he died, and burned lamps before his picture in their houses. Fra Benedetto, after that momentary pause of miserable doubt and dismay which we have recorded, threw aside his palette and his brushes and gave himself up to the examination of all the false documents of the trial, and to the clearing of his master's fame. So did Burlamacchi, from whom we have quoted, also a Dominican brother of a noble family of Lucca; and others of Savonarola's followers, for whom henceforward the great object of existence was to vindicate his memory. Even in the city of Dante, no greater figure has its dwelling. The shadow of him lies still across those sunny squares and the streets through which in triumph and in agony he went upon his lofty way; and consecrates alike the little cell in San Marco and the little prison in the tower, and the great hall built for his great council, which in a beautiful poetical justice received the first Italian parliament, a

greater council still. Thus, only four hundred years too late, his noble patriotism had its reward. Too late! though they do not count the golden years in that land where God's great servants wait to see the fruit of their labours — and have it, sooner or later, as the centuries come and go.

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MONSIEUR BEDEAU.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE streets of La Tour de Peilz — never very crowded at the best of times — were utterly empty. There was nobody lounging beside the low doorways; no head was to be seen thrust out between the rough wooden outside shutters that are half closed, all the summer through, to keep out the blazing sun; nor was a single semi-intoxicated peasant in sight stumbling along the dusty highroad that leads to Vevey. And La Tour de Peilz could scarcely give a more convincing proof of desertion than that.

Yes; you might have walked from one end of the village to the other and met never a soul, on that hot autumn day; for it was vintage-time, and almost every man and boy in the place, and great part of the women too, had been hard at work, since the early morning, in the vineyards.

Looking up above the tiled roofs and the squat church-spire, with its mantle of ruddy Virginia creeper, you might have seen them yonder on the hillside, swarming among the green-leaved vines like bees in a flower-bed. And when, every now and then, a puff of wind swept down from the swelling hills, you might have caught some faint echo of the jests and laughter that were going on among the workers; for vintage-time is a merry season in those parts, and the Vaudois, albeit a grave and sullen people in general, are at that time of the year given to indulge in jokes, which, if not refined, are at any rate not obscure, and in hilarity of which the heartiness may in some measure excuse the discordance.

There was not an adult inhabitant in the streets; but on the shores of the lake, down by the little port, a few broad-faced, plain-featured women were on their knees, washing linen and gossiping; pausing from time to time when the harsh angry tones of a man's voice, which had been audible for some time, through the open window of a neighbouring house, in



a steady, scolding monotone, took a louder and more indignant pitch.

"Ah, that poor Madame Honorez!" sighed one of them. "It is to-day that she will learn not to thwart M. Bedeau."

"And quite time, too," returned another. "She has escaped long enough. Have we not all passed a bad moment with him before now? And yet I ask you, would any one of us have dared to set herself up against his will as she has done? She must learn her lesson, and M. Bedeau is the man to teach it her."

"Bah!" exclaimed fat Madame Bassy, throwing herself back from her stooping posture, and sitting upon her heels, the better to get her breath; "you make me sick with your servility, Charlotte Curdy. Who is this Bedeau, that we are all to bow down before him? After all he can't eat us — though I daresay he would if he could, the old Jew! If I were in Madame Honorez' place, I would say to him neither more nor less than this — 'Be off with you, you old brute! Aren't you ashamed to speak like that to a poor widow with no husband to break your bones for your insolence? Go your way, and let me go mine. Do what you will with your own, and go about making everybody miserable, till it pleases *le bon Dieu* to remove you to wherever He may think fit to put you, but don't come asking *me* to help you. Why, if there was a man in La Tour who was not a coward, he would take you by your neck, and souse you in the lake! As for me, I spit upon you!'" And Madame Bassy, whose round face had become crimson with excitement roused by her own eloquence, concluded her speech with a resounding snap of her finger and thumb.

Madame Curdy glanced nervously over her shoulder, for, indeed, the tirade of the last speaker had been delivered in no subdued key, and M. Bedeau's ears were proverbially acute. "Ah, you speak at your ease," she said, with a sigh, as she bent down again over her washing, "you do not owe him money — you —"

"No, thank God! I don't", replied Madame Bassy, in the same loud, aggressive voice; "and wouldn't, so long as I could beg a crust of bread in the streets of Vevey. Ah, old miser! — old Jew! — old —"

She broke off suddenly, seeing a look of consternation in the faces of her friends, and wheeling round, found herself face to face with the subject of her complimentary remarks. A stout, thick-set, red-faced man of sixty or thereabouts, with close-

cropped white hair, and busy, twinkling little eyes, under a frowning brow. He looked at Madame Bassy's flushed moon-face with a satirical smile, though he never ceased to frown.

"Rattle, rattle, rattle," he said. "A woman's tongue and an avalanche. A child can set either of them going, but the devil himself could not stop them. What do I care? I never did you any harm, Madame Bassy — but what do I care? You, Curdy!" he continued, with a swift turn in the direction of that trembling person, who was now scrubbing away at a ragged shirt with a great show of preoccupation, "where is your drunken pig of a husband, hey?"

Madame Curdy's pale face flushed a little, but she did not look up from her washing. "He is working with the *vignerons*, M. Bedeau," she said, sullenly.

"Aha, that is good! That brings in money; and when a man is in debt he should make haste to get money. Two thousand francs is a large sum, my good Charlotte, a very large sum for such as you."

"But not to you, M. Bedeau," said the woman, with a scared look. "Dear M. Bedeau, you will not be too hard upon us. I have saved two hundred and fifty francs, and soon it will be more. If you will consent to receive two hundred and fifty francs to begin with —"

"See here," interrupted M. Bedeau, roughly; "I do not want two hundred and fifty francs from you or anybody — what are two hundred and fifty francs to me? You owe me eight times two hundred and fifty francs, and that sum the law will help me to take from you, whenever I choose. Do you understand?"

"But, M. Bedeau, it was only a thousand francs at first, and if you will allow us —"

"What signifies what it was at first? It is two thousand francs now. I could turn you and your dog of a husband out into the streets without a rag to your backs, if I liked. Have I got you in my power, hey? Am I a man to offend, hey?"

Madame Curdy shivered, and made no answer.

"Listen to me," went on her persecutor. "Your husband, like the empty-headed drunken sot he is, has offended me to-day. He has lent his boat to my son, that he might aid him in his folly and disobedience. Very good. He will not do so a second time. To-morrow I take that boat, and sell it. There is some news for



you to give to Henri Curdy when he wakes up sober in the morning.

Madame Bassy was sitting on her heels, sniffing indignantly. The other women had stopped washing, and were listening to the dialogue with as much sympathy for the oppressed in their faces as they dared to show. Poor tremulous Charlotte Curdy took heart of grace, and, encouraged by the moral support of her companions, turned upon her tormentor like a wretched little half-starved cur upon a great bullying mastiff.

"You are a hard, cruel man," she began, in a shrill treble. "Why did you ever come to La Tour to ruin us all? Is it not enough that we must pay you double what you have lent us, but you must abuse and torment us every day, till we wish we had never been born? And what you say of my husband is not true. He never was a drunkard. From time to time, during the vintage, I do not say—but a drunkard, never! Poor man, where should he find the money to get drunk upon, and we so poor?" she added, with comical pathos. "And now you will take away our boat, and we shall be poorer than ever."

At which prospect Madame Curdy broke down, and burst into noisy weeping. Bedeau turned and walked away. He did not like to see women in tears; and with regard to this particular woman he had no intention of carrying out his threat. But he was a bully by nature, and could never resist attacking those who were afraid of him. On that morning, too, he was in a furious temper, and felt that he must fall upon somebody. So he had descended in his wrath upon Madame Honorez first, and then, finding, as by the special grace of Providence, this offending Charlotte Curdy in his very path, he had vented some of his superfluous rage on her. Having done so, he went away a trifle relieved, though still in much anger and vexation of spirit.

About twenty years before, this man Bedeau, then just left a widower, had made his appearance in La Tour, with his only child, a boy of two years old, and had set up a small general shop in the village. Nobody knew anything about him except Pierre Honorez, who spoke of him as an old schoolfellow, and who, up to that time, had kept the only shop of the same description in the place. It was at Pierre Honorez' that the villagers were accustomed to buy their candles, soap, calico, tobacco, and snuff; and it was thought not a little strange that any old friend of his should enter into competition with him

where the field was so small. But the Honorez themselves did not seem to look upon the matter in this light.

Bedeau was forever in their house; their children, Pierre and Suzanne, were inseparable from the little Jean; and in the evenings, when business was over and the shops closed, the rival dealers might generally be seen smoking an amicable pipe together before the door of one of their respective houses.

"Every man for himself," good, easy-going Honorez used to say. "I have my own *clientèle*—why should I wish to prevent another man from making money, if he can?"

Before very long the neighbours too fell in with this view. "A man is the best judge of his own affairs," they said. "*Le père* Honorez is getting old. Perhaps he has saved money, and does not care about making more." And soon this theory of Honorez' having made his fortune became an acknowledged fact among the villagers, and one which they would not hear disputed without protestation, and even anger; for the truth was that many of them had begun to deal with Bedeau; and they had the grace to be somewhat ashamed of themselves, and to feel that they must put forward some reasonable excuse for their desertion of their old friend.

And yet, in their inmost hearts, they must have known that careless Pierre Honorez, with his muddle-headed way of managing his affairs, his good-natured aversion to press any man for his money, and his numerous bad debts, could scarcely have made a profit out of his small business, even before Bedeau set up in opposition to him. But in La Tour de Peilz, as in most other places, people are apt to think what suits best with their interest; and there could be no doubt that Bedeau's merchandise was better, newer, more varied, and even cheaper than Honorez'.

And then by degrees it came to be known that M. Bedeau was willing to advance small sums at a reasonable rate of interest; it being understood that those whom he obliged in this way were to deal exclusively with him for the future. Unhappy were the people who took advantage of this means of procuring ready cash. Bedeau's reasonable rate of interest turned out to be something very like twenty per cent. per annum; and every centime of this he would rigorously exact from his debtors; or—and this was what he preferred—he would keep them under his thumb, extracting small amounts from them, in part payment, when money was comparatively



plentiful, and making use of them in fifty different ways, all profitable to himself, when there was no prospect of their being able to pay up in full.

So it came to pass that, as the years went on, Bedeau got rich, while Honorez became poor. The latter still kept his shop open; but his customers were so few that it would not have been worth his while to renew his stock, even if he had had the necessary funds for so doing. But in truth he had no money now but what Bedeau chose to advance to him. He was completely in his rival's power; and all the village knew it. There was no longer any pretence as to his having saved money, nor did he himself attempt to disguise that things had gone badly with him. Those who had left him in the beginning would gladly have returned to him now, had such a course been possible to them; but they also were, most of them, under the dominion of the money-lender, who was by this time a landed proprietor and the richest man in the place.

Oddly enough, as the gossips thought, this change of circumstances produced no diminution of the intimacy between the two families. Honorez always spoke of Bedeau as his best friend; nor could it be denied that the sharp practitioner appeared to have kept a soft corner in his flinty heart for the simple old man whom he had so remorselessly robbed of his means of subsistence. During Honorez' lifetime his family always lived in tolerable comfort; and when, stricken by sudden paralysis, he died, Bedeau astonished everybody by behaving with a generosity that no one would have expected of him, and which he certainly was never known to exhibit on any subsequent occasion.

Old Honorez, lying helpless and tongue-tied on his bed, had struggled hard to say something to his old schoolfellow and creditor, but could not. Bedeau must have understood him, however, for he just touched the prostrate man's shoulder with his hand, saying, "*Ne craignez rien*;" and then, without further words or leave-taking, left the room.

Bedeau paid the expenses of the funeral, freely forgave the widow the heavy debt owing to him on the part of her late husband, and even allowed her to realize what small sum she could out of the sale of the stock. He did not, however, become himself a buyer, being a man who, though he might, upon occasion, give money away, could not bring himself to make a bad bargain.

Mme. Honorez, a worn, nervous woman, who feared the usurer more than any mortal,

was quite overcome by this unexpected liberality. She went down on her knees to thank and bless the man who had achieved her husband's ruin. Then she sold her small property, hired the second floor of a house by the harbour, and there, partly by taking in washing, partly by working with her needle, managed to keep body and soul together, and avoid debt.

At this time Pierre Honorez was in his twentieth year, Jean Bedeau was eighteen, and Suzanne Honorez seventeen. The three of them had been brought up like children of the same parents, and as such they continued to live, spending all their spare time together, and seldom letting a day pass without seeing one another. Pierre, however, had now but little spare time. He was a tall, muscular young fellow, hard-working and sober, earning enough by this time, as a *vigneron* and in other ways, to keep himself and give some aid to his mother, who often stood in great need of help.

Jean Bedeau, on the contrary, had more spare time than he knew what to do with; for though he might have employed himself—and indeed would have liked to do so—in his father's vineyard, that eccentric personage would never allow him to do a stroke of work. Himself a man who could not exist without unremitting labour of one kind or another, he was never so pleased as when he saw his son standing idly by while others toiled. "Jean does not need to work," he would say, with a grim smile of satisfaction; "his fortune is made." He encouraged the lad to dress in a style superior to that usually affected by persons of his station, and nourished I know not what vague dreams of seeing him, some day, the owner of a spick-and-span villa on the shores of the lake, and of a smart equipage.

Such a course of training would have been fatal to nine young men out of ten; but it did not prove so to Jean. He read a good deal, slipped off his coat and worked among the vines when his father was not by, and, for the rest, devoted a great part of his days to wandering about the country with Suzanne Honorez, a pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, who, for her part, found the happiness of her life in these long strolls. She would take her sewing with her and stitch away, sitting under the shade of some spreading chestnut-tree, while Jean lay on the grass beside her, and told her of the strange and beautiful things he had read of in his books.

That two young people thus circum-



stanced should fall in love with one another was not very extraordinary; but neither was it, perhaps, surprising that their parents should be altogether without suspicion as to the probability of such a result of their companionship. Mme. Honorez, anxious and troubled about many things, had scarcely yet given a thought to the fact that Suzanne was no longer a child; and even if she had done so, it would never have occurred to her to look upon Jean as anything but what she had for years been accustomed to regard him as — her children's brother. As for M. Bedeau, the idea that his son, for whose future he entertained such ambitious projects, could marry a pauper, and one who, as he had taught himself to believe, was his inferior in social standing, would have seemed to him so preposterous that any one who should have suggested such a thing to him would probably only have got laughed at for his pains. But a rude awakening was in store for this arbitrary gentleman.

There is in the outskirts of La Tour a deep *fossé*, which probably was in former times part of a moat surrounding the village; but which now, being a grassy place, and cool with the shade of walnut-trees, is as quiet and pleasant a spot for two lovers to loiter in as could be wished for. Turning in here, one day, from the dusty high-road, with his note-book in his hand, and a pencil between his teeth, and being anxious to work out some calculation without fear of interruption, M. Bedeau became aware of a male and female figure pacing slowly under the trees before him. The man's right arm was round the girl's waist, her head was resting on his shoulder, and as they passed from light to shade and from shade to light again, M. Bedeau could see that he kissed her forehead more than once. It was a pretty picture enough, but Bedeau was not one who cared much about pictures. He grinned sardonically at the folly of the two unknown lovers, and returned to his accounts. But happening presently to glance up again, and catching sight of the young man's profile with the sun streaming full upon it, he gave vent to a sudden and unholy exclamation, and hurried after the pair.

M. Bedeau, in the course of business, had had occasion to cultivate the art of treading noiselessly. He now approached near enough to the delinquents to overhear a part of their conversation before they had had any warning of the presence of a third person. "We shall be rich when

we are married, *ma petite Suzanne*," Jean was saying; "for my father is a wealthy man, you know; and then we shall cross the Alps, and see Venice and Florence and Rome, and all the beautiful places I have told you of. And when we come back, we will —" The remainder of the programme remained unuttered, for at this juncture the speaker's arm was gripped tightly above the elbow from behind, and a strong hand made him perform an involuntary pirouette on his heel, and face to the right-about! There, within a few inches of his own, was his father's face, scarlet with passion, and frowning savagely. Jean's heart leapt into his mouth, and then for an instant stood still. Suzanne gave a faint cry, and leant against the nearest tree.

Bedeau never looked at her, nor did he give utterance to a single word, good, bad, or indifferent; but keeping a firm hold on his son's arm, he pushed the young man before him, and marched off, at a sharp pace, out of the *fossé* and into the high-road. In the same somewhat ludicrous fashion he crossed the street, gained his own house, plunged through the dark shop where the apprentices, who were measuring out calico for a couple of customers, stared open-mouthed, threw open the door of the sitting-room beyond, slammed it behind him, thrust Jean from him with a force that sent the lad staggering into an arm-chair on the other side of the room, and then, with his hands in his pockets and his back to the door, stood scowling at the astonished offender.

For a few moments there was silence. Then the father, as his habit was, burst into a storm of furious words: — "Have I been a good father to you, *vaurien*? Have I toiled and sweated and heaped up money that you might spend it, you ungrateful dog? Have I ever refused you anything? Have I clothed and fed you like a prince, and kept you in luxury and idleness, hey? Answer me!"

"Yes, father," faltered Jean.

"Then how dare you talk of marrying a beggar girl from the streets, and spending my money upon her? How dare you? Hold your tongue, you insolent rascal, and listen to me! You shall go to her tomorrow, and tell her that all this nonsense must end at once and forever. Never let me hear a syllable of such rubbish again, or, as sure as you sit there, I will curse you and turn you out of my house. Do you hear?"

Jean rose slowly from the arm-chair. He was pale, and trembled a little; for he



was a quiet, rather nervous lad, and he was afraid of his coarse, bullying father. But he had a will of his own, for all that.

"I cannot do what you wish," he said in a low voice.

"Cannot! *Parbleu*, you *shall*!" shouted the other. "Do you know that you have not a centime in the world but what I give you? Do you know that I can make you work for your daily bread, if I like? Do not drive me too far."

Jean spoke more clearly and firmly now. "I am very sorry, father," he said, "but you must do what you think best about that. As for me, I mean to marry Suzanne Honorez as soon as I shall have a home to offer her."

Bedeau positively reeled. For years past he had been so much in the habit of hectoring and browbeating everybody with whom he came in contact; he had become so accustomed to see people shrink and wince at the first tones of his rough, loud voice, that the spectacle of this pale-faced boy coolly defying him almost deprived him of his senses. For a moment he thought he would carry out his threat of cursing his son and turning him adrift. But it was only for a moment. In the whole wide world he had no single thing to love but this boy. For him, half consciously, half unconsciously, he had laboured all through the best years of his life; for him he had robbed and oppressed the poor, and had made himself hated far and wide. He had told nothing but the truth when he had spoken of toiling and sweating and heaping up money that Jean might spend it. And now if he should lose Jean, what good would his life be to him? He saw that he must use other means to gain his point. Bullying, it seemed, would not do here. With a great effort he commanded his passion, gulped down the words that were struggling to escape from his lips, and sat down beside the table, motioning to his son to take a chair opposite to him.

"*Voyons, mon garçon*," he said, "let us be reasonable. What you wish for is impossible. If ever you marry Suzanne Honorez, not another sou of my money shall you see. Be sure of that. But you are young and hot-headed; you do not know the world, nor what is best for your own happiness. There—I can make allowances—I have been young myself. See now; I will go to Madame Honorez myself, and tell her this thing is not to be—she will understand. For the rest, you are too young, much too young to think of marriage yet. Believe me, *mon garçon*,

a wife may be taken at any time of life; and the later the better. Now I do not ask you to quarrel with the Honorez. Heaven forbid that we should quarrel with our old friends! You shall walk, and row on the lake, and what you will with Pierre and Suzanne, just as of old. Only one thing you shall promise me—that never again will you speak to Suzanne of love or marriage. Come now; am I forgiving? Am I generous? I will not distrust you—I will not spy upon you; all I ask for is your word. Come!"

But Jean shook his head. He could only repeat what he had said before. He was very sorry; but he intended to marry Suzanne Honorez, sooner or later, and he could give no promise that he would refrain from speaking to her on the subject. Upon this his father broke into another tempest of indignation. A long and stormy discussion followed, during which each of the disputants arrived at a more clear appreciation of the other's strength of will; but in the end a compromise was agreed to. Jean gave his word that he would abstain from paying his addresses to Suzanne for the space of one year; and though the father would not admit that he could, under any circumstances, be brought to give his consent to such a marriage, he allowed it to be implied, by the very fact of his imposing a period of silence upon his son, that if Jean remained in the same mind at the expiration of the twelvemonth, he might be disposed at least to allow the matter to be discussed.

"Twelve months," thought M. Bedeau, as he took his way down the narrow street leading to the port; "that is a long time. If I do not get that girl married before twelve months are over, I am a greater fool than people are kind enough to think me."

He had recovered his equanimity, and was looking, for him, almost amiable, when he reached Madame Honorez' humble dwelling. He climbed the steep staircase, and rapped sharply with his stick on the second-floor door.

"*Entrez*," said a rather tremulous voice.

M. Bedeau opened the door, and entered a scantily furnished, but scrupulously clean room. There was a bird singing in a cage beside the open window through which the sunshine streamed; there were flowers in pots on the sill; and beyond could be seen the deep blue lake and the dusky Savoy mountains on the opposite shore. Madame Honorez jumped



up, letting her work fall on the floor, and stood twisting her fingers together nervously, as her visitor showed himself.

"Well," said Bedeau, abruptly; for it was not in the nature of the man to be conciliatory to any living creature that was afraid of him—"I suppose you have heard all about it, hey?"

"Believe me, M. Bedeau," began the poor woman, in great trepidation, "I knew nothing—I suspected nothing—till a few minutes ago. Heaven is my witness——"

"Yes, yes, yes," interrupted Bedeau. "I know—I know. Is it likely that you, the widow of my old friend Honorez—to whom I venture to think that I have been of some service in my time—I say, is it likely that you would deliberately conspire to injure and insult me?"

"Oh, M. Bedeau!"

"It is all very well to throw up your hands, and say 'Oh, M. Bedeau!' but that does not alter the fact that our children have been making fools of themselves. Not that I blame you. I am perfectly assured that you have never dreamt of so impossible a match; and that being the case, let us talk things over amicably. My boy has given me his word that he will think no more upon this subject—at least not for a long time; and that you know is much the same as saying he will give it up. Youth is hot, my good Madame Honorez; but fickle—very fickle. Now you, upon your part, must make your girl understand that the matter is at an end. Do you see?"

Madame Honorez inclined her head.

"I regret that my son's folly should have caused her any annoyance; but she will soon forget it—soon forget it. Now, Madame Honorez, I am not so hard a man as I am made out to be. You yourself may have some cause to know this."

Madame Honorez bent down over her work. "You have been very generous, M. Bedeau," she said.

"I am always generous to those whom I respect," went on that unconscionable old Bedeau. "As to your daughter, who is, as far as I have observed, a modest and sensible young person, I wish you to understand that she shall lose nothing by this foolish affair. I interest myself in her future. It is I who charge myself with finding for her a suitable husband."

The air of affable condescension with which M. Bedeau made this gratifying announcement was too much for the patience of even poor, timid, Madame Honorez. She became very angry; and though her

dread of her formidable visitor was too great to allow her to put into words the thoughts that were passing in her mind, she did contrive to express some amount of indignation in her reply. "You are very good, M. Bedeau; but you are quite mistaken in thinking that Suzanne is in a hurry to get a husband. As to her marrying Jean, that, I know, is out of the question, and it is not I who would encourage her to listen to a man who approached her without his father's consent. But we want no suitors here (though it is very kind of you, M. Bedeau, to interest yourself about us). They will come soon enough, without doubt. It is not every man who looks for a large *dot* with his wife. But—you may believe me or not, as you please—the day of Suzanne's wedding will be a sad day for me."

M. Bedeau made a gesture of infinite disgust. "You women are all the same," he said. "I know you—I know you. You never wish your daughters to marry—oh, no! You never throw them in the way of young men who have money—you would be incapable of such a thing! But when you find that your child's happiness is at stake, then you weep, and give way. Is not that it?" And M. Bedeau grinned at his own wit. "Well, well," he resumed; "have it your own way. After all, what is it to me whether your daughter starves or not? Good morning to you." And getting up abruptly, he left the room, slamming the door behind him. As soon as he was quite gone, Suzanne crept in from the adjoining room; and then the two women had a hearty cry together.

But it must not be supposed from the suddenness with which M. Bedeau had cut short his interview with the widow that he had in the least abandoned his project of getting Suzanne safely married before the year was out. On the contrary, he was more than ever determined that this matter should be speedily accomplished; nor did he entertain any doubt as to his success. Failure was a thing with which he had but slight acquaintance.

And so, from this time, began a drama in which the chief parts were played by the Bedeau and Honorez families—a drama which to lookers-on might have had a tolerably strong spice of the comic element, but which, to the principal personages concerned, was serious enough, and even tragic, at times.

The truth is, that Bedeau, sharp man of business and acute observer of his fellow-men as he was, was the worst diplomatist in the world in any matter where the feel-



ings were concerned. He had studied human nature from one side only, and was now incapable of comprehending that man or woman could ever be actuated by any higher motive than that of self-interest. Basing all his calculations upon this assumption, he made so complete a fiasco of his plot for removing the obnoxious Suzanne from his son's path, that his worst enemies might have found some grain of pity for him. In his conversations with Jean he never alluded to the cause of disagreement between them, but he would dwell much upon the advantages secured to a man who married a woman of good position and connections, drawing, at the same time, a piteous picture of the fate of one who, depending upon his own manual labour for his daily bread, should take to wife a penniless maid. According to Bedeau, two terminations only were possible to the career of such an unfortunate — suicide or the gallows. To Suzanne, on the other hand, whom he now for the first time began to take notice of, this astute intriguer would often represent that the first duty of a girl who is unable to support herself is to marry a well-to-do man, and so be of use and assistance to her parents. Not, of course, a man dependent upon his father's bounty, nor one whom his relations did not wish to marry; but a kind-hearted, middle-aged man of tolerable means; such as M. Bertrand of Chexbres, for instance. And, by-the-by, was it not strange that M. Bertrand had never yet married?

Poor Suzanne used to listen to these harangues with dread, for she knew that each of them was the prelude to a formal visit from M. Bedeau, accompanied by a friend whom he would gravely present to her mother, and who, as it was immediately understood, was a candidate for her hand. In this manner M. Bertrand of Chexbres, M. Joly, the confectioner from Vevey, M. Guex of St. Saphorin, and many others were presented, made their wishes known to Madame Honorez, were humbly but firmly rejected, and went their way, fuming and wrathful. Not one of these men would have dreamt of seeking a bride in so obscure a spot as that where Madame Honorez had fixed her abode; but all were under obligations to Bedeau, and seeing that it might be dangerous to offend him, and that Suzanne was really a pretty and attractive girl, they consented to sacrifice themselves. But to be refused by "*une fille de rien*," as they politely termed her, was an affront for which they had not been

prepared, and which they found it hard to swallow.

The suitors departed in anger, and Bedeau was as much puzzled as he was annoyed at the turn things were taking. In truth, he could hardly have adopted surer means to defeat his own object. All women, many men, and most children could have told him as much; but Bedeau was not given to asking counsel of others, nor did any one think of proffering him unasked advice.

By the end of the winter the net result of the unfortunate schemer's line of action was this:—Firstly, the boy-and-girl attachment between Jean and Suzanne being strengthened by opposition, and inflamed, on the one side by the violent attacks of jealousy with which Jean was wont to be seized on the arrival of each fresh *prétendant*, and on the other by Suzanne's weariness of her persecutors and longing to confide her sorrows in her old playmate, ripened into a deep and lasting love. A love, too, that each recognized, in some sort, in the other; for though the lips may be silent the eyes can speak, and we may presume that Jean did not consider an eloquent glance, or even an occasional hand-pressure, as a violation of the promise he had made to his father. Secondly, the influential names of MM. Guex, Bertrand, Joly and the rest went to swell the already long list of M. Bedeau's enemies. Thirdly, the inhabitants of La Tour de Peilz were now in possession of the whole history of Jean's and Suzanne's love-affair, and had been for some time watching with infinite glee M. Bedeau's abortive attempts to separate the young people. It is needless to say that the usurer got no sympathy from any member of the little community. Independently of the popularity that both of the lovers had acquired, by their universal unselfishness and readiness to help their neighbours, the hatred and fear of the old money-lender were so general and so strong that the mere fact of one of his designs being defeated was in itself sufficient to set the whole village chuckling with delight.

Thus it came about that, when the first warm days of April were melting the snows of the lower mountains, and the meadows of La Tour and Blonay were gay with crocuses and jonquils, M. Bedeau determined to try another plan. He would send Jean across the Alps, to Italy. The boy should visit Venice and Florence—even Rome and Naples also if he desired



it. He should have plenty of money, and should travel like a gentleman. He should see the ruins, the statues, and the pictures of which he was wont to read so eagerly in the long winter evenings. And in this new and attractive world, among the Italian olive and orange groves — yes, and among the dark-eyed Italian women, too, thought M. Bedeau, with a short laugh — would he not soon forget the little fair-haired beggar girl he had left behind him? This scheme had suggested itself to M. Bedeau much earlier in the business, but he had hesitated, for two reasons, to put it into practice. In the first place, in spite of his wealth (and he was far richer than his neighbours imagined), he hated spending money. To him, capital laid out on a journey to Italy appeared to be absolutely unproductive. He would as soon have thrown his napoleons into the lake as expended them on such a purpose. And then, odd as those who knew him best would have thought it, he shrank from parting with his son. Jean was his only companion, his only friend. When the boy should be gone, whom would he have to exchange a civil word with? What should he do with himself when his day's work was over?

But these objections must now, M. Bedeau felt, be overruled. The money, if it ensured the safety of Jean's future, would be well spent; and as for the separation — well, that also was a means to an end, and must be submitted to. So he made his proposition known to his son, by whom it was received with unmixed joy. Forbidden to speak to Suzanne upon the subject nearest to their hearts, and feeling sure enough of her fidelity to leave her without alarm, the lad was only too glad to seize upon any means of passing away the time till the long year of his enforced silence should be at an end. His adieux were soon made; and so it came to pass that M. Bedeau found himself standing, one fine morning, in the little station of La Tour, looking regretfully after the train that was bearing swiftly away all that made his life worth having. "He is glad to get rid of me," thought M. Bedeau, with a sigh. "Bah! who cares for anything but himself in this world?" Then he went back to his business, and bullied his debtors rather more than usual.

Long letters came to him from time to time, telling of the wonders in which Jean was revelling beyond the Alps; of the melting blue skies, of the wide, free Mediterranean, of the palm-trees of the Riviera,

and who knows what other strange and beautiful sights. Long letters also reached the little house by the port, addressed to Mlle. Suzanne Honorez, and signed "*ton dévoué frère Jean*." For correspondence had not been forbidden to the young wanderer, to whom, indeed, his father had never once spoken on the all-important question of his marriage since their quarrel in the dingy *salon* six months before.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
THE ZUIDER ZEE.

THE north and very low-lying coast of Holland has on several occasions been inundated in an extraordinary manner by invasions of the German Ocean; and indeed the history of this part of the Netherlands narrates a continuous effort to keep out the sea, and to reclaim the land for serviceable purposes. Of the recovery of a large tract of land from an old inundation, the most notable instance is that of drying up the Haarlem lake or sea, by means of steam-pumps and an ingenious system of engineering, and which has been effected within the last twenty years. The Haarlem Sea was a bad case of destruction by water, but nothing to compare to that of the Zuider Zee, which began its dreadful work of intrusion in 1312, and continued to widen the sphere of its operations until 1476. A vast extent of country was submerged, by which flourishing towns and villages were destroyed and the lives of hundreds of human beings were sacrificed. When the sea had done its worst, a productive district of country measuring about fifteen hundred square miles was covered with salt water, and became absolutely useless.

Even after an interval of four hundred years, the Zuider Zee does not look like a part of the regular ocean. It appears a limitless extent of dull brooding waters, with low marshy borders; so that in many places its shores are imperfectly distinguishable, while attempts to navigate its surface are often attended with extreme danger. Submarine shoals extend to the verge of the horizon, and banks of yellow sand covered by a foot deep of water communicate a peculiar colour to the sea. Add to this the green flat shore, varied only by a steeple or a windmill, and there arises in the mind an impression of deep repose. You have no occasion either to think or to act; you fall into the charm of



a calm sweet reverie, and can understand how a race which has had such a landscape before its eyes for centuries, has laid aside its natural impetuosity for the phlegmatic character of the Dutch.

There are, however, few who have circumnavigated this sea; probably not ten persons in Holland; it is in truth one of the most difficult and dangerous passages. On an ordinary map, nothing looks more easy; but there are banks of sand extending on all sides, and leaving a very narrow channel between them. If a mistake occurs in steering, or a blast of wind throws the vessel on to one of these banks, all is lost. Sad stories are told by sailors, and the wrecks lying about the coast shew plainly the perils of the voyage. A French writer, who is also an artist — M. H. Havard — undeterred by these difficulties, determined to visit the ruins of the old towns before decay had effaced the remembrance of former capitals, like Medemblik and Stavoren, and his "*Voyage aux Villes Mortes du Zuiderzée*" presents us with an interesting account of these out-of-the-world places.

His first object was to choose a suitable boat, drawing very little water, and yet sufficiently commodious to hold six persons, and to carry provisions for twenty-five days. With the exception of bread and a few fresh vegetables, no dependence can be placed on the resources of the country. Water even must be taken, for throughout the north of Holland it has a most objectionable salt flavour, and is injurious to those unaccustomed to its use. It was no easy task to find a captain, but at length one who had never been, but had all the desire, was found. "With the help of God and a good wind," said he, "we shall prosper. I make two conditions: to be the judge of the weather, and not start when it is bad; and not to work on Sunday."

The crew was of very modest proportions, composed of the captain, his wife, a boy, and a sailor; all were young and agile, and sufficed to handle the little craft. They lived a curious existence, rarely going on land, never sleeping there, but preferring to keep to the waters. The centre of the boat was divided into three compartments; one for a dining-room, which was adorned with old tapestry, a carpet, four chairs, and a table; silver and glass shone from some shelves, and by degrees M. Havard's sketches were hung, as taken, on the walls. The second served as a kitchen; and in the third two hair mattresses were spread on boards,

and made admirable beds; the crew were lodged fore and aft. There are few spectacles more striking than the sea on a lovely summer's night, and on the Zuider Zee, nature seems to reach perfection of beauty. Our author is enthusiastic in his admiration, and assures us that such a sight can never be forgotten: the rippling waters reflected the stars in their pearly tints, while three or four lighthouses glowed on the scene with rosy tints. The captain promised us fine weather on the morrow, but he was mistaken; on awaking, the boat was rocking violently, the wind blew furiously through the ropes, and the rain flooded the deck. "It is well," said he, "that we got into port last night, or we should have been wrecked on the Lady's Sandbank; the ropes have been broken like a bit of thread, and the flagstaff is in three pieces." But with these little variations the voyage was successful and pleasant; and when the time for parting came, all were sorry to bid adieu, thanks to mutual concessions and similarity of feeling.

One of the prettiest as well as most curious of towns is that of Hoorn. Landing at the pier, which is commanded by a picturesque old tower, a worthy study for the artist, the traveller finds himself in a clear basin of water, bordered by masses of shrubs, large trees, and flowers. Over these peep the belfries and gables of the houses. All are old and striking, covered with carvings and bas-reliefs, the pointed roofs finishing with a spiral staircase, to give a view over the sea. Everywhere are wide porches and granite steps: sculptured wood and chiselled stone alternate with bright-coloured bricks, giving a character of gaiety and freshness, which contrasts singularly with their great age and old-world forms. It seems ridiculous to traverse such streets in modern costume; the wide beaver hat and feather, military boots, and a rapier at the side, would be more in keeping. There are, alas, but few to frequent these deserted streets. Formerly, Hoorn covered the sea with its merchant vessels; a thousand carts, bringing mountains of cheese weekly, appeared at its market; whilst the yearly fair of cattle attracted multitudes of strangers from France, Germany, and the north.

The walls and deep ditch which defended the town still remain, some of the towers are standing, and the rampart is converted into a promenade, covered with trees and gardens. The two gates are magnificent in size and details. One named the Keepoort, or Cowgate, testifies to the



gratitude of the Dutch to the source of their riches; it is surmounted by two cows lying down, as if contemplating their grazing sisters in the fields beyond; others also decorate the façade. Through another, called Westgate, there arrived, in 1573, a poor child worn out with fatigue and privation. On a hastily constructed sledge he had, with filial affection, laid his old sick mother, and fled before the Spaniards. Twice he had been arrested on the way, and twice, touched by his pious devotion, he had been permitted to proceed. The people of Hoorn perpetuated the remembrance of this heroic act in a bas-relief carved on the gate.

The weekly market is still held; for, after Alkmaar, the largest cheese-trade is carried on here. *Boer-wagen*, covered with carvings and bright-coloured paint, drive in to the *waag*, or weighing-house; a pretty building of gray stone, with a graceful roof pierced by dormer windows. The cheeses are piled up, their yellow rind shining like gold; and all round walk the calm, silent peasants, dressed in black. Then two will speak a few words, strike the hand several times, bending one or two fingers, and then striking them quickly out — private signals only known to themselves — and thus arrange the purchase. The price is only indicated by the pressure of the hand. When this is concluded, the porters of the *waag* come forward, dressed in white, with a blue, red, or green hat, according to the scales which belong to them; the cheese is then laid on a hand-cart, and officially weighed.

The trade of Holland is chiefly confined to agricultural products and fish. The wide pastures of the island of Texel feed two thousand horned cattle, a thousand horses, and thirty thousand sheep, which are celebrated throughout Europe. Every year twelve thousand of the last are exported, and the quarterly fair is very picturesque, when these flocks of sheep and lambs are shipped off to the continent. Through the basins of Harlingen, the port of Friesland, pass oxen and sheep, pigs and fowls, with mountains of cheese, fruits, and eggs for this country: here resort the provision-dealers of London, to carry away butter-barrels, which are piled up on the docks like cannon-balls in an arsenal. The canals are filled with the heavy-looking *tjalks*, or market-boats, which bring the good things of the country down to the port. Flax is a very important article of cultivation in Friesland; the market of Dokkum is one of the largest in Europe. The chief houses of

England, Germany, and France have agents in this little town. The soil is incredibly rich; the peasants are well off; and there are few farmers who do not own some property in addition to the land they rent. It is rarely indeed that a tenant is turned out of his farm; families hold them for centuries, yet the lease is only for five or seven years, and stipulates how many head of cattle are to be fed on the meadows, and how much manure is to be laid on each acre; thus the soil is kept up to a wonderful state of fertility.

When De Ruyter tied to his mast the broom, as an indication that he had swept his enemies from the North Sea, and sailed up the Thames, his squadron had several vessels fitted out by the city of Hoorn. On one were two negroes, who had the boldness to carry away the figure-head from a ship lying in the river. The trophy was brought to Hoorn, and as a remembrance, an escutcheon was carved, and placed on a monument supported by two bronze negroes. Among the notabilities who were born here may be mentioned Abel Tasman, who discovered Tasmania and New Zealand; Jan Koen, who founded Batavia in 1619; and Shouten, who doubled Cape Horn, calling it after his native city.

The peasants of North Holland shew a great passion for colour; the red brick houses have yellow shutters and pale-green window-frames: not content with this, they paint nature itself; up to the lowest branches the trees are covered with white or blue; whilst the walks in the garden are straw-colour, with two red stripes at each side, which do not harmonize well with the closely cut hedges and gay flower-beds. In the village of Opperdoes many of the houses open into the stables, clean as any drawing-room, paved with tiles, and sanded with different colours, where the black and white cows stand on fresh litter, and the pails and buckets shine like gold and vermillion. Through this is the sitting-room, where handsome fresh-coloured girls, in the large cap and golden helmet-shaped head-dress, engage in charming fancy-work.

There are usually two doors to the house: one small one for daily use; the other sculptured, ornamented, and gilded, only to be opened for baptisms, marriages, and funerals. All these are the occasion of interminable feasts. When the master of the house dies, he is dressed in black, with a white cotton night-cap on his head, and laid in his coffin, the face being uncovered. On the following day the fam-



ily assembles; the widow, covered with a large black hood, sits at the foot of the corpse, and the religious service begins. When the preacher has ended, she bursts into a loud wail; the coffin is taken up, carried out of the ornamented door, and placed on a car, the widow seating herself on the coffin. Every peasant-woman cuts off her hair on her wedding-day, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her husband. Ornaments of all kinds are put on to cover up this act of vandalism; frontals of gold which are worth twenty or thirty pounds. The origin of this device is said to be, that the Dutch in former days loved the bottle too well, and the feast often terminated in violent quarrels, ending in a regular battle; and the women, wishing to save their heads from these conjugal attentions, adopted a metal helmet. This may be a doubtful interpretation; but it is certain that in many municipalities where conjugal scrimmaging was not unknown, it was the law to charge a husband who beat his wife with the payment of a ham, and two hams when the wife struck her husband.

Medemblik, the old capital of western Friesland, would be a charming city if animation could be restored to it, but is now like a vast cemetery; a mortal sadness creeps over the solitary traveller as he passes over deserted quays, wide streets, and promenades. Long before Enkhuisen and Hoorn existed, it sheltered kings and their armies. Here resided the famous King Radbod, whom Pepin and Charles Martel did their best to convert to the Christian religion by armies and lances. He even consented to be baptised, but when his foot was in the baptism, he hesitated, and asked the bishop if the kings his ancestors were in heaven or hell. The bishop replied that they were doubtless in the latter place, seeing that they had not been baptised; then said the king: "I would rather go where my friends are, than follow the few that are in Paradise."

One by one the old houses are dropping to pieces; the walls are rent, and the centre of the town is alone inhabited. Formerly, it had the privilege of a mint; fleets were armed; and around its magnificent docks splendid buildings still exist, but are deserted. Black and white cows graze peacefully on the green, which is surrounded by the grandest building in Holland for the construction of ships, now empty; and the former garden belonging to the admiral, once containing the finest

collection of plants in Europe, is planted with potatoes.

Unfortunately, the people do not care to preserve their relics. The Stadhuis possessed a remarkable hall, but the wood-carvings have been taken down, and sold to an amateur. The castle, one of the oldest in Holland, where Radbod held his court, has been partially demolished. The remains are very interesting; here was placed the statue of the Friesland goddess Medea, to whom human sacrifices were offered. As it was gilt, and the sun shone upon it, the city received its name from this circumstance — *Medea blinkt*, or shines.

Among the other old towns, that of Kampen possesses many antiquities. Of its seven gates, the four best are still standing. The Brothers' Gate, in the midst of a lovely flower-garden, is one of the finest specimens of the architecture of the sixteenth century. It was named after the monastic order of the Brothers of Common Life, who did a good work in copying and preserving manuscripts. Gerard Groot was their founder, and they lived in absolute poverty, giving all they received to learned clerks who assisted them in their literary labours. There are some remarkably fine churches; but the gem of this old imperial city is the town-hall, which is a real feast to the eye of the artist. It has a façade of brick and stone, high roof pierced with dormer windows, and between every window are pinacled niches filled with statues of the sixteenth century.

Within are two halls, just as they were when built; decorated with exquisite wood-carving and carved stalls, and seats fastened to the wall. Flags, pikes, halberds, partisans, witnesses to the struggles of old times, garnish the walls, and some formidable syringes of polished brass, shining like gold, which were used to throw boiling oil on assailants who approached too close to the walls. Nothing can give a better idea of a hall of justice in the sixteenth century than the second chamber, with its superb balustrade, stalls divided by Ionic columns, and the chimney-piece of four stages, unequalled in Europe for its fine statues and bas-reliefs.

Happily, the people have preserved their old municipal documents, instead of selling them for waste-paper; now they are priceless. A good library, pictures, and goldsmith's work, belonging to the ancient guilds, are interesting. There is a small gold box, called the bean-box,



containing twenty-four beans, six of silver-gilt, and eighteen of polished silver. When the members of the council were chosen for particular work, these beans were handed round; those who drew the gilt beans entered on their duties, the rest being rejected.

The island of Marken is entirely occupied by fishermen, and is extremely singular, for, owing to the perfectly level soil, and consequent inundations, the people have raised mounds of earth on which to build their seven villages. The houses are of wood, only one story in height, and painted green, blue, or black, with red-tile roofs; some are raised on poles, and look like immense cages suspended in the air. Of the thousand inhabitants only women and children are to be met with on weekdays — their intrepid husbands being far out on the Zuider Zee, fishing for plaice or herrings. Habituated from infancy to go through danger and fatigue, they are a fine race of men; content with the perfect equality which prevails over the whole island, and wishing for no luxuries, they become small capitalists. The houses are divided into as many rooms as the family requires, the bedroom being the largest and most adorned. The bed is a box in the wall, difficult to get into, and inclosed by curtains. The sheets and pillows are embroidered in open work, forming a kind of guipure lace peculiar to Marken, and really elegant in design. The walls are covered with blue china, Japanese porcelain, and curiosities: a Friesland cuckoo clock; old brass chandeliers, shining like gold; and the oak cupboard, filled with large glasses and delft ware, complete the picture. Madame Klok, the confectioner of the island, has a splendid collection of china and pictures, as well as six beautifully carved cabinets, equal in style and preservation. These wonderful relics of old Dutch art enjoy a real celebrity, so that the queen of Holland came last year to see them.

As the island is one huge meadow, the grass is made into hay. Twice a year, mowers come from the continent to cut it; they are called "green Germans," with their small helmet-shaped hats and large pipes. Their work ended, they depart, and the young girls turn the hay, and when dry, fill their light barques, then traverse the canals which cross the island in every direction to the port, where it is to be shipped. Nothing is more picturesque than these handsome women in their national costume of red, with large white head-dresses, working in the green fields, their

fair hair — for they do not cut it off — fluttering in the breeze. On Sunday, all the boats are in shore; long, brilliantly coloured processions wend their way to church; after which all enjoy the weekly family gathering. Up to midnight, the houses are lighted up, and lanterns flit about; the boats are filling, lovers are parting, wives accompany their husbands, and soon the sea is covered with what resembles a cloud of glow-worms. Quietness settles down, for there is no trade; furniture, dress, beer, and even bread, all come from the mainland.

Though many of the churches were formerly fine examples of Mediæval architecture, the hand of the iconoclast has destroyed much of their beauty; they are now, as a rule, whitewashed, and look cold and bare. That of Wester-Kirk has preserved its marvellous wood-carving in an old pulpit, which was once supported on columns of silver, now exchanged for bronze. The descendants of the Anabaptists or Menonites still flourish at Harlingen; and though once so violent, are only noted for their mutual and rather exclusive Christian love, as forming one large family. In the church of the Old Catholics at Enkhuizen, the ancient sacerdotal vestments are preserved from the time when the archbishop of Utrecht, their first head, was excommunicated by the pope in 1725.

This is probably the only country where skating races are held. Young and old, rich and poor, enter the arena, which is a long straight canal, and nothing can give an idea of the dizzy rush of the competitors. The prize is always a piece of valuable plate, a trophy which is preserved in the family with great care, for to obtain it the owner must have striven with eighty or a hundred others. When the race is over, every one puts on his or her skates, and crowds cover the canal; here twenty, hand in hand, form a long chain; there an elegant little sledge is pushed by a brother or husband; or the grand carved sledge, gilded and painted with bright colours, is drawn by a fine horse, adorned with red rosettes and bells.

Whether it would be possible, with any practical advantage, to drain the Zuider Zee, and dyke out the ocean, we are unable to say. The Dutch are a most indefatigable and calculating people, and if the thing could be done, or were worth doing, they would do it; thereby adding largely to their available territory. The drainage of the Haarlem sea or lake has, we understand, succeeded commercially. The first time we visited it was in 1838, when we



saw a stretch of twenty miles of water. On revisiting Haarlem in 1862, we saw a wide-extended series of green fields dotted with farmhouses, and possessing all the indications of rural prosperity. The expulsion of the Zuider Zee would, however, be a much more serious undertaking; but it would not surprise us to learn that steps at least were taken to greatly circumscribe its dimensions.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
IN MY STUDY CHAIR.

ALL kinds of wise sayings have been uttered and recorded about books — how they are the means by which we make the great minds of other generations our personal friends, and so forth. But these grand reflections, with all their undeniable truth, are meant of course to apply to the contents of books, and then only in a limited degree: for a good deal of print and paper was employed by the small minds as well as great minds, in ancient times as in modern. But books themselves, after long companionship, come to have an actual personality, for many of us. They are to me “a substantial world,” in more senses than Wordsworth's. The material tangible volume becomes a personal friend,—like the familiar walking-stick, or well-accustomed pipe. The very leather and lettering form themselves into a countenance—sometimes quite as expressive as some of those which belong to our human flesh-and-blood companions. Such distinctive physiognomy is not patent to any one except the owner. The casual bachelor finds an embarrassing family likeness in all babies: but to the mother's eye there lies a world of individual expression in the winking and staring eyes, and the pimple which represents a nose, in the face of her own particular offspring. I could pick out any one of my own books, which has any claim to old acquaintance, from the bottom of a pile of strangers, almost at a glance. The very stains upon their backs and sides are known to me, and in some cases have a history of their own—scars which tell of more or less honourable warfare. There are many such volumes whose loss would be out of all proportion to their actual value in the book-market; and the idea of their being replaced by a smart new edition would be an outrage to their owner's feelings the same in kind, if not in degree, as an offer to make up to a

mother the loss of a pet child by the importation of a bran-new baby.

Few modern books are of a character thus to take rank as personal friends. Many are pleasant enough companions for the hour: but, for the most part, we go our way and forget them. Being a respectable household, and feeling our literary duties and responsibilities accordingly, we subscribe to “Mudie's.” Down comes by rail the monthly box, and the red and blue volumes strew the tables in the women's quarters, and frequently find their way, it must be admitted, to the study of this present writer. Well, here and there, no doubt, a very pleasant volume comes to hand, which makes a perceptible addition to our stock of ideas, and shows us something either of the world without us or the world within us in new and interesting aspect. But how unfortunately rare are such books, now as ever! and how much more difficult it is, in the present inundation of printed paper, to pick out of the heap of rubbish the one or two—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—which it is really worth while to sit down and read! As to being guided in such selection by reviews, in the first place, tastes in literature, as in other things, honestly differ; and it is by no means certain that the book which interests the reviewer will interest you; and in the second place, everybody knows how a good deal of this reviewing is done. It is not that a favourable notice of any volume is matter of bribery and corruption,—our periodical literature is far too respectable for that; nor yet that a truculent critique is often the mere indulgence of a personal grudge. Such unwarrantable abuses of what ought to be considered a public trust are not unknown in literature, but they are of rare occurrence. But the converse practice is common enough, and notorious enough, and threatens to degrade professional criticism to the level of an auctioneer's advertisement. An author's book finds its way mysteriously into the hands of a personal friend for review, and the critical notice becomes a mere laudatory congratulation. “*On arrive quand on a des camarades.*” The obligation is possibly repaid in kind: and it would be amusing, if it were not irritating, to trace in some patent cases the working of this “*cameraderie.*”

In these days, when everybody reads, or at least thinks it becoming to have books lying on the table, it is not wonderful that books of all kinds should be manufactured; and therefore not at all won-



derful that many of them should be so bad. There seems no hope of any improvement in this respect. The general spread of education and of the power to read (one can hardly say the taste for reading) has this effect amongst others: that the great majority of readers now do not know a good book from a bad one. Nay, in many cases they prefer the inferior article, if it appeals successfully to some of their lower tastes. There are people who honestly relish a quartern of gin more than a glass of Rœderer's champagne; and it is mere folly to submit the finer flavours of your *chef* to the palate of a man who can enjoy a garlic stew. It is all very well for your delicate Horace to anathematize the iron stomachs of the reapers; they can laugh, in their turn, at the squeamish fancies of the poet. Even in decent society—in conversation with people who from habit and education might be presumed to have had their taste in reading decently cultivated—one is startled from time to time at being called upon to admire some new book which one has cast angrily aside for its utter folly or stupidity. It is embarrassing to one's politeness (especially if you are helping to make talk with a fair neighbour at a dinner-table), and risks the being set down as cynical or conceited, to assert conscientiously that the thing is utter rubbish; it would seem to imply an incapacity on the part of your neighbour to discern good from evil. Yet something might be done in the way of discouragement of such trash by pronouncing against it courageously, and even fiercely, in society. A good many people order books very much as they would order an article of dress or furniture—the last new thing which is talked about, or which they see in other people's houses.

But what would fairly be ground of surprise, if we did not all feel almost equally guilty in the matter, is, that we should be so eager to read indifferent new books, when we have so many excellent old ones which are rarely opened. Even in an ordinary book-room, which the possessor would hardly care to dignify with the name of "library," how much is there which would far better repay the reader, even in point of interest, for the time expended than the modern red and blue volumes which are shovelled in upon us, month after month! The most voracious literary appetite cannot keep pace with the current supply, even after the heap has been carefully sifted, and the large residuum of rubbish got rid of. The con-

sequence is that very much of our best English literature of the past is becoming less and less known to general readers. Southey says that if he had to cut down his library of (fourteen thousand volumes) to nineteen authors, he would retain Shakespeare, Chaucer, Spenser and Milton, Lord Clarendon, Thomas Jackson, Jeremy Taylor, South, Isaak Walton, Sir Philip Sidney, Thomas Fuller, and Sir Thomas Browne. Southey's taste may be said to be somewhat severe, and some whose judgment is at least equal to his would have made more than one substitution in the list; but, taking it as it stands, with the exception of Shakespeare, and perhaps Milton, how much is known, beyond the names, to average readers of the present generation, of the authors who are thus selected by high authority as representatives of English literature? I am partly shocked and partly ashamed sometimes, when, in the course of conversation with some of my younger friends I venture to make reference to some book of the past which would have seemed to me the common property of all educated Englishmen, to find that I am speaking as it were in an unknown tongue. A young lady of my acquaintance, who was really in other respects fairly well-informed, had never heard of any "Spectator" except the modern newspaper which bears that name. It was impossible to tell her that she ought to be ashamed of herself; so that one felt one's self rather ashamed at having ventured on the allusion. It is true that on the other hand I have been somewhat discomfited by my own ignorance in the matter of such modern standard literature as "Happy Thoughts" and "The Comic History of England."

I confess to a feeling, which I suspect is shared by other book-owners also, that the mere possession and ownership of a volume involves the right to consider one's self in some sense master of its contents. The adepts in mesmeric science have professed, by placing a book under their pillow, or on the top of their heads, or even on the pit of their stomachs, to know as much about it, or possibly more, than people who have read it in the common old-fashioned way. [If this system of study were at all communicable by teaching, it would surely make rapid fortunes for its professors at either of our universities.] Is it not much more reasonable to suppose that the intimate relation between a book and its owner places them, at least to some extent, in intellectual *rapport*? Can a man be utterly a reprobate, for instance,



who keeps Jeremy Taylor on his shelves in any decent kind of binding? If it was something for the meaner flower to have lived near the rose, is it nothing for a man's moral improvement to have drank in, from time to time, the delicate russia-leather fragrance of a St. Chrysostom in folio? I remember once walking with a friend through his library (he, like myself, held that books were very good company even while they stood upon their shelves) when he remarked somewhat apologetically, nodding towards one of the compartments, "I want to strengthen my divinity." I knew perfectly well what he meant. It was not that he was troubled by any speculations of our modern rationalists or materialists. It was simply that in his literary parliament he felt that special interest was not adequately represented. By the next time we met he had become the possessor of Matthew Poole's "Synopsis" and the "*Critici Sacri*"—a magnificent line of vellum folios. "Those," he remarked, pointing to them with the evident satisfaction of a want supplied—"those I call solid divinity." I doubt whether he had read or ever would read much of them, but I feel sure he was the better for them. He must have felt that there he held the key to all Bishop Colenso's arithmetical puzzles, and that Mr. Voysey's "Sling and Stone," and all such small heretical artillery, would rattle harmless against the seven-fold shield of that orthodox vellum. To have an author on your shelves to whom you *can* apply for help in case of need, is something like the comfort of having a doctor sleeping in the house during the critical period of a fever; you may not want to call him up in the night, but there he is, ready and able, if wanted. I am no geologist myself, and should be puzzled to answer off-hand, if asked, whether I am living on the oolite or the blue lias; but I have the most perfect confidence in the last edition of our county history, with its special supplements, and should not feel my ignorance half so much when I have this member of my literary family to represent me. I feel like the father whose son has taken a first-class at Oxford, or whose daughter is the belle of the season, and who is conscious of a distinct share, as proprietor, whether in the beauty or the scholarship.

Let me confess, therefore, that I have a distinct affection for my books wholly independent of any literary gratification to be derived from them. Some of those which I could least bear to part with are books which I never have read, and know

that I never shall read, in the flesh. Just as one can sit in silence with an old and intimate friend, or walk by his side with a quiet satisfaction, without caring to be continually chattering, and the feeling of companionship is none the less real because each is pursuing at the moment his own separate line of thought; so it is with some of the occupants of my study-shelves. I look lovingly at their honest faces (I have already said that a book's face lies in its back), wearing the same familiar aspect that they have worn for years; I know that there is good stuff there within, should I ever have occasion for its use, and am perfectly content with this kind of inheritance *in posse*. Good heavens! how many dear old friends have we all, from whom a three days' visit would be utterly insupportable, if they were bound to give utterance, and we to listen, during all that time, to all that is in their excellent hearts; or if we were bound to keep them incessantly in conversation! And what a thinning there would be both of books and booksellers, if no one was allowed to possess or hire a book which he did not mean to read!

So it becomes an increasing delight to me, the lazier I grow in the matter of actual reading, to sit in my arm-chair in the little room which is called my "study," and look round at the faces (miscalled the backs) of my old friends who are ranged round its four walls. My eye wanders along that shelf of Greek and Roman classics, drawn up there in a decent and comely order, now rarely broken by an invading hand. There they repose, in a sort of honourable retirement—a company who have seen service, like the Roman *emeriti*, and are like to see it no more. I do not profess to be among that crowd of English gentlemen who (as we are told on excellent authority) constantly read their Horace; nor am I in the habit, like some modern statesmen, of beginning every day with a tonic morning-draught of Homer. Still, the inside of those volumes is not entirely unfamiliar to me; and there are occasions—say, when the rare advent of an old college friend raises the question of a disputed quotation,—when some one of the veteran battalion is called to the front and put through his facings. But those shelves contain for me much more than the history and the poetry of Greece and Rome, interesting and important as those may be. Bound up in those worn volumes there lies for me the history, and a great deal of such poetry as there was in them, of my earlier years. If I were to



range them in the chronological order in which they came into my possession, they would serve quite as a *memoria technica* to me in the way of autobiography. I have often thought of so arranging them; but the line would dress so very badly — fat duodecimos coming in between tall octavos — that I cannot make up my mind to such an unsightly order of parade. Even in a library, one has to sacrifice something to appearances. So, as in the case of biographical records, I keep the shabbier and less reputable-looking, as much as may be, out of sight, in the top shelves and the dark corners. I know where they all are, but it is not necessary to force them into the glaring light, and so call the attention of my friends and of the public to their unprepossessing features. I can still, in my own fancy, marshal them consecutively according to the date of our first acquaintance, and gather under the head of each volume a more or less pleasant set of reminiscences.

There lurks in that farthest corner, only dimly perceptible even to my experienced eye, a dirty and broken-cornered copy of the "Colloquies of Erasmus." That was my first Latin text-book; the combined torment and interest of my earliest school-days. For I had a high idea, when I first set foot on the ladder of classical learning, of the dignity of beginning Latin, as approximating me in some degree to that manly status which all small boys earnestly aspire to. The difficulty of the thing did not in the least diminish this feeling — it was something like getting up on a very tall horse; the pony, of course, was much easier and safer, as was the English history-book compared with the Latin declensions; but the pony and Mrs. Markham were also accessible to girls, which, in the days of innocence to which my memory goes back, was not the case with Erasmus' Latin. The old churchman's "Colloquies" are little known to modern schoolboys, and indeed it was an unusual text-book even in my youngest days. But it chanced that my earliest preceptor was of an old-fashioned type, and apt to forget that the world of letters had moved forwards since his own school-time. Yet when I now take down the little shabby volume, and turn over the dog's-eared leaves, I very much incline to question whether we have moved in the right direction in teaching Latin to children. The quaint dialogues in which my old master used to take the one part himself — spouting out his Latin phrases with a sonorous twang which would horrify modern ears,

while he made me boggle and shuffle through the other — made me acquainted with some of the vocabulary and idioms of the language more rapidly, I think, and perhaps quite as accurately, as the repetition on paper and *vivâ voce* of those disjointed sentences which make up a modern Latin "Delectus" or "Palæstra," or the monotonous and tantalizing utterances of a very popular exercise-book which I find in the hands of my own youngsters, in which one Balbus seems to be perpetually admonishing some unknown boy, and Caius arriving with the news that it is "all over with the army."

Boys have, or used to have, a good deal of natural curiosity; and to any but the veriest intellectual dunce some kind of cohesion in the story — whether it be history, dialogue, or fable — tends to excite the interest, and put some spirit into the task: and this dealing with Latin words and phrases as though they were mere counters to be moved by certain rules into certain places, seems to be making Latin, if it ever is made by such a process, in a very mechanical fashion. I have been appealed to sometimes — as the benevolent parent in the domestic drama — to help in the manufacture of this kind of patent Latin, during the holidays: and having contracted in my younger days the not unreasonable habit (as it was then considered) of trying to understand what I read, I have caught myself sliding into a weak curiosity as to what that wall was which Balbus was so constantly building and never seemed able to complete, or what was the private history of "the boy" whose name I could never find mentioned, or what army it was that met with that terrible disaster.

Now the dialogues of Erasmus generally contained a little drama of their own, not the less amusing from its quaint contrast with the sayings and doings of modern life. Look at this dialogue between Nicholas and Hieronymus, two schoolboys of the day, who are mustering up boldness to ask the master for a holiday. With all its antique quaintness, it is surely at least as likely to coax a boy into Latin as the drier food which is given him now.

*Nicholas.* Our feelings, and the weather, and the day, all invite to play.

*Hieronymus.* They do invite us, verily: it is only the master who gives no invitation.

*Nich.* We must hire an orator, to extort a holiday from him.

*Hier.* Extort indeed! You may twist the club out of the hand of Hercules before you



twist a holiday out of him. Yet nobody was fonder of play than he was once.

*Nich.* True—but he has long forgotten that he was ever a boy himself. He is very ready and liberal in the matter of caning, but on this point he is miserably stingy.

*Hier.* Well, we must put forward some fellow as our "*legatus*"—somebody with a good amount of cheek—whom he won't frighten with his savage answers.

Cocles is asked to undertake the office, and rather unwillingly consents.

*Cocles.* Good morning, master.

*Master.* What does this nonsensical fellow want now?

*Cocl.* Hope you are well, worshipful master.

*Mast.* A very suspicious politeness.—I'm well enough.

*Cocl.* Your whole flock desires leave to play.

*Mast.* You do nothing else but play, leave or no leave.

The ambassador promises, on behalf of himself and fellow-scholars, that they will "make it up" again: that cheerful delusion, still common to men as to school-boys, by which we so liberally discount the future. The master asks what pledge they will give for this repayment. Cocles, in true classical phrase, offers to pledge his head. The master, with a grim wit which the late Dr. Keate would have highly appreciated, suggests that his "other end" would be more appropriate. But the holiday is given, which makes the lesson end quite pleasantly.

There is an amusing dialogue again between Silvius and Johannes, who are going up to lesson with the miserable consciousness that they don't know it, and discuss the probable result—the more terrible in prospect because most likely "the squint-eyed usher" will take their form that particular morning. And there is a lively scene in the playground, where a French and a German scholar play a game of bowls together, and the French boy, who is beaten, is sentenced by the umpire as a penalty to shout three times successively—"Floreat Germania!"—a more terrible sentence to a Frenchman now.

Erasmus has led us into a wandering and perhaps heretical discussion, and must go back to his corner. If the scholastic world goes round like the world of fashion, our grandchildren may possibly be found learning his "*Colloquies*" again, just as our wives are wearing their grandmothers' hats and farthingales.\* I am almost tempted now to take down that

thin volume that stands very near him, and see whether "*Phædrus' Fables*" would still amuse me as they used to do. I remember that the book actually has pictures in it—fancy a modern Latin school-book with illustrative woodcuts! It was none the less useful as a means of instruction on that account, so far as I see. If you did not know that *simia* was Latin for an ape, you had him there bodily in the cut, which was quite as likely to make you remember him as if you had looked the word out in half-a-dozen dictionaries. Sometimes, indeed, the pictures were more obscure than the text, and were chiefly of service in exciting the youthful curiosity as to what they could possibly mean. One was tempted to work out the fable as a key to the hieroglyphic that headed it. The viper and the file, and the old lady screwing up her nose to inhale the scent of the empty wine-jar, were wholly unintelligible by any light of nature; and the translation or "crib," to which every small schoolboy resorts in these days of cheap literature, was a very rare luxury then: so that there was no clue to the mystery but through the Latin itself: and I shudder now when I remember how hard that Latin was. But the sense of the fable stuck to the memory when one *had* got a notion of what the words meant; and there was even a feeling of a small literary conquest having been made, a positive result of one's work, which surely our modern small boys can never have after droning through a dozen lines of a delectus or "*First Latin Book*." It is all the difference between an hour on the treadmill and a job of useful work.

It would be too much to introduce here all my old friends—and enemies—who line those two or three shelves. But those two octavo volumes of Brunck's Sophocles, clad in the peculiarly hideous binding in which old R—, the school bookseller and binder, rejoiced, mark a kind of birthday in my literary history which makes them interesting, in spite of their unnatural ugliness, to my eyes. That second volume was the first book put into my hands at a great public school. The strange irrationality of the whole proceeding strikes me now with a sort of ludicrous wonder. I think it struck me even at the time, almost child as I was, and went nigh to sow in my mind the seeds of that dangerous heresy that I had "more understanding than my teachers." To be plumped down at once into the middle of a Greek tragedy, merely because the form in which I was placed happened to have

\* Since writing the above, I see with satisfaction the announcement of a new school edition of the "*Colloquies*."



left off work at that particular point, at the end of the half-year, was surely a curious instance of school red-tapism. Nearly half of my fellow-disciples of the "Upper Fourth," let it be borne in mind, were either new-comers or promotions, and therefore in the same difficulty as myself; without the faintest notion of the structure or character of the Greek drama, of the metre of the verse, of the subject of the tragedy itself, or of the previous scenes and action; and having had no opportunity, had we been ever so studiously inclined, to make any acquaintance with these matters beforehand; for the list of necessary books had been only put into our hands the afternoon before, with an "order-note" to the school bookseller. And thus I and my fellow-victims were launched into the "Philoctetes," of all plays in the world, at the 676th line, as I can remember now, even if the network of pencil-marks in the old book were not before me as unquestionable evidence. What it was all about I never had the remotest comprehension when we finished it. A good-natured class-fellow, to whom I appealed for some explanation of the continual shouts of "*Pap-pap-pap-pai!*" on the part of the hero, was good enough indeed to inform me that it was all "because he had a bad foot;" but curious questions of this kind, on the part of a "new fellow," were not by any means encouraged in those days, as savouring either of "cockiness" or of an undue inclination to "sap;" and my informant, having been in the form two years, was evidently not much of a literary inquirer himself, or at all inclined to encourage such pursuits in others. I shuffled through my four or five lines about as well or as ill as the others, when I was "put on" to construe; and I can see by the book, where the pencil marks and other traces of occupation cease, that we got about half through the "Ajax" also before I was promoted into the form above. Such was my introduction, and such the whole of my acquaintance, until some years afterwards, with the "sweet singer of Colonus;" and it may be in some measure owing to the unfavourable circumstances under which we were first thrown together, that I have never been able thoroughly to appreciate the beauties which other readers — certainly better judges than myself — profess to find in him. For in my new form we took to *Æschylus* at once. There the old tragedian stands — in very decent preservation; for with the young gentlemen of the shell it was rather the fashion to take

care of one's books, and even to bestow upon them, when they began to fall to pieces (as was very soon the case with the wretched half-cloth in which they were done up), some kind of more or less ornamental binding. Half-russia, with the top edge gilt and the other leaves uncut, seems to have been the style most fancied; and I confess I think the public schoolboys of the present day have worse taste. It was very common also to have one's working copy of an author interleaved, for notes and illustrations: a most convenient arrangement for those among us who had any talent for original drawing, or a knack of caricature. The fair white pages were very tempting for this purpose; and the pencil which ought to have been noting some less obvious derivation of a word, or other philological matter, was often busy in producing a likeness more or less happy of old M — trudging down from his house to first lesson on a rainy morning, in tucked-up gown and Hessian boots, or of the sharp features and negro-like hair of his more awful chief. My copy of *Æschylus* contains, I see, by way of frontispiece, an original sketch of the Furies in full cry after Orestes. It does not at this present time strike me as equal to the conceptions of Blake or Flaxman. Yet it enjoyed considerable popularity in its day, and caused an amount of sensation, when handed along the form during lesson, which drew down from old M — a peremptory demand that the book should be handed up to him for inspection. The judgment of that sound scholar and conscientious teacher was not so appreciative, I well remember, as that of my younger critics. "You will write out the chorus three times — Greek and English" — was M — 's judicial sentence on my picture. But the public feeling of the form ran so entirely in my favour, as the promoter of new and cheerful views of Greek tragedy, that half-a-dozen volunteers came forward after lesson, each offering to relieve me of one-third of the imposition. Let me be excused if I look at the old scrawl, after so many years, with a modest self-satisfaction. I have filled one or two sketch-books since, with much sober painstaking, but nothing in them has attracted the same public attention. An odd volume of Homer's *Iliad*, which I take down from the same shelf, is illustrated in similar fashion. Fancy portraits of Helen, such as no Greek artist ever conceived — but possibly quite as like her, seeing that she must have been above a hundred years old when Troy was taken;



also of "ox-eyed" Juno and "owl-eyed" Athenè — the latter a kind of anticipation, I am proud now to observe, of Dr. Schliemann's late discoveries of little owl-faced images among the ruins of Troy; the fight between Menelaus and Paris, in ample-crested helmets, and very little besides (those were the days of the prize-ring, be it remembered, when Tom Cribb and Spring, stripped to their drawers, were heroes in the eyes of sporting schoolboys); Jupiter and Juno holding their little domestic dialogue — Juno very "ox-eyed" indeed (rather like a mad ox), on this occasion; and various other sketches of gods and heroes, treated in a free and familiar style. The companion volume was carried off, as I discovered long afterwards, by a school-fellow who once shared my limited *pénates*: we occupied together what was called a "double" study, holding two arm-chairs, two tables, two bookcases, and one very hard-stuffed bench called a sofa. I heard from him, some years afterwards, saying that he had found the better half of my Iliad in a box of books which he had carried off to India; and I heard again that it had been looted, with other valuables, by a runaway kitmagar, or some such person. No doubt it figures now in some bazaar or Hindoo gentleman's library, as one of the curiosities of English literature. But the widowed volume serves as a link of kindly remembrance, whenever I look at it, between me and the old friend whom I shall most likely never see again.

The shelf below contains a copy of the orations of Demosthenes, in no less than eight volumes, on which I never had the heart to bestow even a decent half-binding, so that there they stand in all the bareness of their whitey-brown boards, as they came from the school booksellers'; untouched, for the most part, save only the second volume, whose unhappy back is threadbare. That also recalls the absurdities of a system which one would imagine could only have been devised in the interest of the said booksellers. Three of the so-called "private" orations were all I ever read, out of that one volume. Yet we had all been told to order, and our parents had to pay for, those three heavy octavos, Reiske and Schaefer's edition, containing the whole of the orator's works. More than this — there are five additional volumes, comprising what is termed an "*Apparatus Criticus*" — a farrago of notes in horrible German Latin. These latter, I remember well, we were only "recommended" to get by the authorities: but the word "notes" conveys to a schoolboy's ear the notion of

some help under difficult circumstances — a sort of shove to indolent and backsliding scholars: and an "*Apparatus*" of that kind seemed to promise largely. Therefore, — more especially as the cost of the additional volumes was only "put down in the bill," and did not come out of our private pockets, — all the more aspiring geniuses of the Upper Fifth naturally possessed themselves of a property which at any rate looked learned, and might be useful. In the latter hope we were grievously disappointed. Not only was the Latin at least as difficult of interpretation as the Greek of Demosthenes; but the whole aim of the German critics seemed to be to contradict, discredit, and abuse each other. When we had waded with some difficulty through a long and involved explanation of some passage given on the authority of "Reiske," we had the satisfaction of finding it supplemented by a brief but emphatic rider from the pen of his brother commentator and editor. "*Nihil horum probandum*" (Not a word of truth in all this); "*Falluntur Wolfius Reiskiusque*" (My learned friends are both in the wrong); or even more curtly — "*Inepte*" (Stuff). Well, this was not encouraging to a schoolboy in search of classical knowledge; and the "*Apparatus Criticus*" was soon loudly voted a humbug. Some copies of that erudite work found their way into the hands of the fags whose duty it was to tear up "scent" for the school paper-chase: but the abominable German paper was so flimsy that complaints were made that the scent "didn't lie" — whatever the commentators did. My own copy escaped; for even in those schoolboy days I had, as I have still, a respect for a book as a book, without any intention of reading it. One result these disappointing volumes had with some of us, as we rose higher in the school, which the master who recommended them to us assuredly never contemplated. It was the custom, in the majestic and erudite Sixth Form, which celestial estate it was not given to every one to reach, to take down notes of every lesson; and for this purpose each of us was furnished with a little square table of his own (holding a small leaden inkstand, which was continually coming to grief), and was expected to provide himself with a note-book wherein to record the *obiter dicta* of the headmaster. He took occasion, soon after my arrival in the form, to suggest that it would be good practice for us to make our notes in Latin. Immediately there occurred to more than one of us recollections of our old friends Reiske



and Schaefer. To imitate such great scholars must be the correct thing. We wrote — some of us — quite as good Latin as they did — which is not claiming much for its elegance. But the great delight was that, when we had rendered into such Latin as we could muster impromptu the observations of our instructor upon some special word or phrase, or his rendering of some difficult passage, we could have the satisfaction of adding, like our old friend and mentor, Schaefer, our own little criticism on the great critic. "*Sic pessime A——*" (This is A——'s very bad version) — "*Ineptissime*" (Most absurd), did not take long to write, and were felt to be a most satisfactory assertion of freedom of opinion — more especially if one had been called up to construe, and floored, in that particular lesson. Once, when this fashion of commenting was just in its bloom (for we soon got tired of it), we were considerably startled at A——'s requesting some half-dozen of us, when the lesson broke up, to show him our note-books. It was done in perfect innocence — probably just to see whether any of us did take notes in Latin, and what sort of Latin it was. He glanced cursorily over one or two of the books, and then took up mine. The lesson had been in Thucydides; and my last-written note contained the translation given us by the master of a passage whose meaning was obscure and disputed. I had added my mite to the controversy — "*Sic vertit A——; perperam certe*" (This is A——'s version — wrong decidedly). A slight frown and then a more perceptible grin, passed over his countenance; but both had cleared away when he gave me back the book, and said, "Thank you," in quite his usual tone. Of course he had too much sense, and was too much of a gentleman, to take notice of a bit of schoolboy satire, never intended for his eye, and our note-books might, in some sense, be considered private; but he got all the more credit from us at the time, because he knew, and we knew, that Thucydides was not his strong point, and my impertinent criticism was very likely true.

There is a row, again, of small volumes, rather of the nature of classical playthings than tools for serious use — an almost complete set of Latin authors, in the beautiful Paris type of the brothers Barbou, which even now seem, to my eyes, the very prettiest books that ever were printed. But the tenderness with which I handle them — it would spoil the smooth gilt edges to read them — springs from a

deeper root than their outward charms. Most of the series were bought with my own pocket-money as a schoolboy, and were picked up from time to time, as the volumes came into the market, and as I could afford the cash, out of a miscellaneous collection of old second-hand books which R——, the school bookseller before-named, had accumulated from past generations of departing boys and masters during half a century of business. They had long lain in a back-room in dust and darkness, when suddenly there sprang up amongst a certain set of the boys a mania for old miniature editions of the classics, which was absurdly violent while it lasted. One particular friend of my own had caught the taste from his father, and was really, for his years, somewhat of an authority in the matter of type and edition. But most of us were as ignorant on such points as old R—— himself, who had not the least idea of the value of this old literature, and never knew what prices to ask, which made the process of bargaining for the little volumes we coveted all the more interesting. Both parties got more cunning in time; and a little Elzevir Horace, which had been bought for half-a-crown at the first hunting over the old stock, changed hands more than once at considerable advances. For we young bibliomaniacs bought, sold, and interchanged with each other continually, without which excitement the pursuit would, I suspect, have soon become dull; and great was the rivalry in the display of new bargains and acquisitions. This diminutive copy of Aristophanes — the eleven comedies packed into one tiny 48mo volume, printed by Raphalengius in 1660 — was always an object of admiration, and passed through more than one owner's hands before it rested finally in mine. Its attraction consisted not only in its beautiful old gilt vellum dress, but in the marvellously complicated contractions used in the old type, which defied any of us to read it. Towards the end of the half-year, when small bills and cricket-subscriptions became over-due, and funds ran low, some *dilettanti* collectors were glad to realize; and then great were the opportunities for the happy few who had strength of mind enough to husband their resources. I was at least able to hold on with my few treasures; and though the passion for such old ware has worn out with me since, I should be almost unhappy to miss any one of my quondam favourites. The almost necessity for some sort of classification of one's books according to



their subjects has dissociated from their old companions some few volumes which ought, on the biographical principle, to stand side by side. So, indeed, they very nearly did on my limited school bookshelves, where it was thought more conducive to the harmony of appearances that the volumes should be ranked, like soldiers, according to height. I have to cast my eye now from case to case, to note the few volumes here and there which were the parting gifts of school friends. It was not the fashion with us to indulge very largely in such testimonials. We had not so much money to spend in "leaving-books" as our Etonian contemporaries — and perhaps not such indiscriminate friendships. My own memorials of this kind are not numerous; but there are some which are valuable as all that remains to me now of the givers. The original owner of that small copy of Burns lies in some neglected grave in the Crimea; but he is still in my mind's eye the same fine tall fellow as when I said good-bye to him before he sailed. The edition is a vile one: but it was in that my first acquaintance with the poet was made, and the words would hardly read the same to me in any other. So it is with those three volumes of "Percy's Reliques." They opened quite a new world of literature to me, when the friend to whom they once belonged brought them with him from home at the beginning of one school half-year. The work was then somewhat scarce, not having been often reprinted, and few of us had ever seen it. The swing of the old ballads, and their rude repetition of phrases, has the same kind of attraction for boys, and for the same reasons, that the *Iliad* has. We very soon knew many of them by heart, and used to astonish and rather disgust our less poetical schoolfellows by the occasional shouting aloud, in season and out of season, of fragments which were to them uninteresting, and more or less incomprehensible.

Our first affections naturally laid hold on the more heroic and stirring ballads. We learnt, with great delight, how

More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,  
He slew the Dragon of Wantley.

But the especial favourite was the ballad of "St. George." It contains — as may be remembered by the reader, if he is skilled in such lore, or seen, if he cares to refer to it — a kind of epitome, in more than one version, of the exploits of ancient heroes, which commended itself greatly to our tastes — especially by the

quaint way in which they were jumbled together. Abraham and David, King Arthur and Lancelot, Gideon and Jephtha, Alphonso of Spain, "Cutlax the Dane," Valentine and Orson, — all were mere nobodies, says the poet, when compared with St. George of England. One verse especially we used to chant forth, loudly and triumphantly — possibly attracted by its classical associations: —

Hannibal and Scipio in many a field did fight;  
Orlando Furioso he was a worthy knight;  
Romulus and Remus were they that Rome did build; —

But St. George, St. George the Dragon made to yield.

St. George he was for England, St. Denis was for France —

Sing "*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*"

Our schoolfellows were not the only persons who were startled by our new acquirements. Boys in those days were by no means so luxuriously fed as are their successors; and very often the *pièce de résistance* on our boarding-house table on Saturdays was a meat-pie, or scrap-pie, as we preferred slightly to call it. I have no doubt now — looking back upon things with the calm judgment of graver years — that the pies were excellent: but we despised and abused them as containing the relics of the week's dinners — as no doubt, in some measure they did. Judge then the effect produced upon the feelings of the good lady who presided over our dinner-table by the quotation, which struck us as neat and appropriate, from the old ballad of "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy:"

O then cried out the scullion boy,  
As loud as loud could be,  
"O save her life, good master cook,  
And make your pies of me!"

The staid præpostor who sat at the head of our table, charged with the maintenance of order, was nearly as much shocked as the dame herself. He knew much more about Greek iambics than English ballads, and thought the lines were a profane composition of our own. Fortunately we were too high in the school to be subject to any corrective discipline on his part, and a grave remonstrance was all that followed, so far as we were concerned. But some of the small boys who rashly took up the same parable, without in the least knowing what it meant, on the following Saturday, got a pretty sharp taste of the præpostor's cane.

The "Reliques" were bequeathed to me by my friend when he went off to col-



lege, in memory of the many pleasant hours we had spent together in making acquaintance with their contents. Pleasant sunny hours, lying under the trees in the school-close on half-holiday afternoons, with the sharp crack of some score of cricket-bats ringing cheerily in the distance—or hardly in the distance, since a ball would come hopping from time to time within an inch of our heads as we lay there; and hours no less pleasant in the long winter evenings, when we sat together in that snug though limited apartment before-mentioned (to a half-share in which he had succeeded), when next morning's lesson had been got more or less ready, and we were free to follow our own literary devices. We have spent pleasant hours together since, sometimes not uncheered by desultory gossip about old books; but no after-reading has ever renewed the charm which lay in making first acquaintance with those treasures of old English poetry. I should have been converted into a royalist at once, even had not my natural instincts lain that way, by the "Loyalty Confined" of Sir Roger L'Estrange, and the charming address of Colonel Richard Lovelace "To Althæa from Prison;" although that brilliant cavalier died in neglect and poverty just before he might have seen "the king come to his own again," while L'Estrange, scarcely more fortunate, lived on under that ungrateful Restoration, "with no other reward than the consciousness of having suffered." Surely no one could ever forget their first introduction to Raleigh's grand apostrophe to his soul—"The Lye"—especially when read in the belief that it was written (as it certainly was not) the night before his execution. It may be true that these old poems teem with quaint conceits, and betray in almost every line the careful polish of their composition; but, where the result is so perfect, the recognition of the art employed in their structure does but add to the reader's enjoyment. Are they more artificial, when all is said, than Tennyson's carefully-sought epithets and cunning alliteration? It is only when the art of the poet has nothing to recommend it beyond its artificiality, that it fails to please.

It was in those volumes, too, that my eyes first lighted on many another well-known gem of old English song, the music of which has chimed in my ears ever since. How could it be otherwise with that delicious canzonet of Carew's, bearing the prosaic title of "Unfading Beauty,"—

He that loves a rosie cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires;

that grand song of George Wither's,

Shall I, wasting in despair,  
Dye because a woman's fair?

or the charming little epistle of Lovelace "To Lucasta on going to the Wars,"—it is but these three verses,—

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
That from the nunnerie  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,  
To war and arms I fly:

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field,  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield:

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, shall adore;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

[It might seem to Lucasta a less adorable inconstancy when he went over to Althæa—but let that pass.]

The sentiments have been imitated often enough by modern song-writers; but what imitation comes up to the grace of the first, or the fire of the second? Or again, to take a somewhat different class of compositions; that must musical dialogue between "Ulysses and the Syren," by Elizabeth's poet-laureate, Daniel; or the remarkable stanzas, famous even in Ben Jonson's day, though they have preserved no fame for their unknown author,—

My mind to me a kingdom is.

With all our modern philosophical poetry, when has philosophy been clothed in a more sweet and graceful shape than in these lines:—

I wish but what I have at will;  
I wander not to seeke for more;  
I like the plaine, I climb no hill;  
In greatest storms I sitte on shore,  
And laugh at them that toil in vaine  
To get what must be lost again?

Such poetry is no doubt open to the grave objection that it is perfectly easy to understand, and stands in no need, as some modern poems do, of what old scholars called a "perpetual" commentary for its elucidation.

Let me not put the old volumes back into their place without a mental act of gratitude to the good Bishop of Dromore. If in his case a taste for literary antiquities led to a bishopric, many men have been raised to that right reverend bench



for worse reasons. But it will not do, I find, to go on taking down these gift-volumes of past days. The "In Memoriam" is in some cases a painful one. Of the friends who gave them,—

Some are dead, and some are changed ;  
and though even in the latter case I have no desire to discard the volumes, they had better rest on their shelves with the associations of the past.

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From The Athenæum.  
COWPER.

By the favour of Mr. Crawford J. Po-  
cock, of Brighton, we publish the follow-  
ing letter from the Rev. John Newton to  
Lady Hesketh, relative to Mr. Greathead's  
sermon on Cowper, which we believe not  
to have been hitherto printed :—

MY DEAR LADY, — I should have waited  
upon you with my condolence at the proper  
time, had I known your address.

I am at some loss how to answer your  
letter, because I love and respect you, and  
would not willingly grieve, much less of-  
fend you ; yet, as I think differently from  
you on the subject, I must, if I say any-  
thing, express myself with freedom and  
simplicity. I am accountable to the Lord  
for what I write ; and as I am advancing  
in my 76 year, I know not but this may  
be the last letter I may write before I  
appear in the presence of the Great Judge !

When I saw the sermon inscribed to  
your Ladyship, and with your permission,  
I could not but take it for granted that  
you had previously read it, and therefore  
I was the more unreserved in expressing  
my approbation of it ; and I secretly ad-  
mired your Ladyship's disinterestedness,  
in permitting several things to be men-  
tioned (some of which I should have sup-  
pressed) which you thought might not be  
pleasing to *all* his family, because you be-  
lieved the publication might be useful.

If dear Mr. Cowper had been confined  
for an equal number of years by the Gout,  
or Stone, it might have been mentioned  
without offence ; I confess I cannot see  
why a Nervous Derangement, which is no  
less under the direction of the All-wise  
Providence of Him in whom we live and  
have our being, and to which we are all  
*equally liable*, should be deemed a shame  
and reproach to a whole family more than  
an habitual headache. Mr. Cowper's char-  
acter and case were so very extraordinary,

and so suited (and, I believe, appointed)  
for the instruction and consolation of the  
people of God, that I always thought a  
judicious publication would be desirable,  
after his dismissal. And I could find  
little to except against in Mr. Greathead's  
sermon ; but the passage your Ladyship  
notices, from page 39 to 41, which I told  
him I wished he had omitted, because I  
thought it might be misunderstood. I am  
sorry your Ladyship has misunderstood it,  
or otherwise I think you would not have  
charged Mr. G. with "pursuing him be-  
yond the grave." I verily believe few  
people who know themselves, and the  
Grace of the Gospel, will form an unfa-  
vourable judgment of him from *the whole*  
of Mr. G.'s sermon. I acknowledge that  
Sceptics and Libertines will gladly try to  
persuade themselves, or rather to tell one  
another, that his admirable poems were no  
more than the effusions of a distempered  
brain. The Spider will draw poison (ac-  
cording to its own nature) from the flower  
which affords the Bee honey. But were  
we to suppress, for their sakes, what ought  
to be declared to the praise of the wonder-  
working God, we should imitate the Jesuits  
in China, of whom it is said (I do not  
vouch for the truth of the report) that they  
spoke highly and honourably of our Sav-  
iour, but they were *ashamed* to tell the  
people that He had been crucified.

After all, Mr. Greathead has said noth-  
ing but what is very generally known. I  
have been in many parts of the Kingdom,  
but in no considerable town where the se-  
rious people did not seem almost as well  
acquainted with Mr. C.'s case as those of  
Olney or Weston. Nor is it to be won-  
dered at, for, some time before his illness,  
he lent his manuscript account of himself  
to a Mr. Molesworth, who carried it into  
Yorkshire, and I believe it was a twelve-  
month before we received it again. He  
was not aware then of his dreadful ap-  
proaching trial ; but it seems that when he  
was in health and peace he was willing  
that anybody, or everybody, should know  
what God had done for his soul. For Mr.  
Molesworth only spent two days at my  
house, and he was never seen by either of  
us, before or since.

Many of my most judicious friends have  
thought me the most proper person to  
write a Memoir of Mr. Cowper. I have  
been applied to from many quarters, both  
by word and letters. And I made a be-  
ginning when at Southampton lately. My  
eyes fail, and here my leisure is small ;  
but if the Lord whom I serve is pleased to  
enable me, I mean to carry it on, because



I believe in my Conscience, that a whole Century seldom affords a case more worthy of being recorded for the Glory of God and the Consolation of His people than dear Mr. Cowper's. But I dare not promise to submit it to all his family.

When I think of your kindness and resolution, in shutting yourself up, so long at Weston, with Mr. Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, I am willing to give place to your Ladyship; but excepting yourself, and my late dear Mrs. Cowper, I cannot readily believe that any one of his family had a more cordial affection for him while living, or has a more tender regard for his memory now he is gone, than myself. I always placed him *First* in the list of my many friends; for more than twelve years, we were seldom separate seven hours at a time, except while he waited at Cambridge upon his Brother; for when I went abroad he always went with me. The first six years I account among the happiest of my life, the latter six were no less distressing. Yet I was no less, but rather more constantly with him by day and by night. You may depend Madam that I shall do what I can to prevent any other publication; yet I shall not wonder if some busy, well-meaning, but ill-informed writer should take it up; and to prevent the ill impression such a publication might make, is one motive to me for undertaking it.

I think with pleasure of the wonderful transition my dear friend experienced on the 25th April. Then he suddenly passed from Despair to Glory, from being harassed by the black temptations of the power of darkness to the Congratulations of Angels and the Spirits of Just Men made perfect. In an instant his groans were changed into songs of praise. If such a friend as Lady Hesketh would not forsake him in his distress, much less would his Lord and Saviour, whom he loved and served to the utmost of his Power. He loved the Saviour while unseen, he now sees Him as He is, he is like Him, and will be with Him forever. It is the prayer of my heart for your Ladyship and myself, that we may be preserved thro' life from the agonies which he felt, and that we may depart hence resting upon that Atonement and mediation which was Mr. Cowper's only ground of hope and source of joy, so long as he was master of his own thoughts. Then we shall stand with him before the Throne, and join with him in songs of everlasting praise to Him who loved us, and redeemed us to God by His own blood. I heartily commend you, my dear Madam, to His gracious care,

guidance, and support, praying that you may be fully reconciled to His wise and holy will, and possess thro' Him that peace which passeth all understanding, which the world can neither give nor take away! I am, very sincerely, your Ladyship's affectionate and obliged Servant,

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 6, Coleman Street Buildings, 20 October, 1800.

From The Spectator.

#### THE THRIFTLESSNESS OF PROFESSIONAL MEN.

MR. W. E. FORSTER, in his speech at Otley on Saturday, said that, excepting the capitalists and trading class,—the class of “men of business” of various kinds,—there is probably no class in England which is more disposed to thrift,—to saving,—than the so-called working-class, the class which lives by wages, and that it would certainly bear favourable comparison with the class of professional men, who are less thrifty and frugal in England than any other class of society. We believe that to be quite true. Unquestionably there are no people in England who spend so freely what might be saved as what Mr. Forster means by the members of the professional classes,—in other words, those who live by educated labour of a high kind,—clergymen, lawyers, surgeons and physicians, artists, literary men, civilians. Considering how small the margin of income is out of which working-men could save as compared with the margin of income out of which professional men might save, there can be little doubt that the professional classes are as much less thrifty than the working-classes, as the trading or capitalist classes are more thrifty than they. Nor is the reason, we think, very recondite. First, it is easy enough to see why the most disposed to save of all classes should be the capitalist classes. For a capitalist properly means a man all whose gains are, to him at least, reckoned and measured by the proportion they bear to the capital he has invested in his trade. Of course economists tell us that a good part of these gains ought not to be so reckoned,—that a very large part of them are as much the wages of educated labour, and of a very exceptional sort of talent, as is the fee marked on the barrister's brief or the guinea deposited in the hand of a physician. The sagacious trader will probably gain a great deal more by his sagacity than he ever could



by his capital only. The shopkeeper who is master of his business will turn over his capital twice, where the shopkeeper who is not master of it cannot turn it over once. But though this is so, the capitalist always weighs what he is worth by the *proportion* which his gains bear to his accumulated property. The unit by which he measures is the property with which he started. By the rate at which that increases, and by that alone, he gauges his success. Unless he adds to his property, he does not really add to his prosperity; unless he adds largely to his property, he does not add largely to his prosperity. The scale on which he measures his success, is a scale of which his accumulated property furnishes the unit. He cannot do well without seeing the way to extend his operations; and he cannot extend his operations without sinking more capital in them. Hence, to the capitalist, saving is as much the essential condition of gaining as gaining is of saving. Unless he can save much, he has not the means of gaining more; and thrift becomes to him as much the condition of success as success is of thrift. But this is not at all true of the professional man, the man who makes a hundred guineas by an able legal argument, or by a journey of one hundred and fifty miles to see a patient of whom the local doctor despairs. In cases like these, the measure of success is not the profit on capital invested, but the yearly income earned. No fresh investment of capital will, as a rule, procure the professional man larger gains. The lawyer's learning and brains are his capital; and money saved will not extend his learning or improve his brains. The doctor's experience, his quickness of sight, his half-unconscious appreciations of the meaning of particular symptoms, and his knowledge of remedies, are his capital; no money-savings will sensibly increase the value of these qualifications. Again, the literary or artistic touch of the author or the painter is in general altogether beyond the reach of the magic of thrift to improve or to spoil. These men know that the qualities which bring success are not qualities the yield of which can be doubled by saving, or halved by failing to save. In all these cases, the measure of success is not capital, but income; and it is not by the increase to his capital, but by the increase to his income accordingly, that the professional man gauges his position. This may sufficiently explain why the capitalist is so much more thrifty than the professional man. If the former makes twenty

per cent. on his capital, the motive for investing at least ten per cent. of it in the extension of his operations is overwhelming. But if a barrister makes £5,000 a year, there is no motive at all of the same kind for saving £2,500 of it. For in the transactions with the utility and profit of which to himself he is most familiar, the saving of this money would be of little or no use to him; it would not bring him numberless fresh opportunities, as it would to the trader, of displaying his professional skill; it would not get him new clients, or raise the estimate of his medical opinion. It would be simply provision for his family, or for his own old age, and nothing more. Now nothing is more certain than the limitation of men's imagination by their individual experience. What a successful author thinks of is how to gain a new success of the same kind as his last; and if saving would help him in that, as it does the banker, he would save. But as it will not do so, but only help him in a quite different way, with which perhaps his thoughts are seldom engaged, there is no constant force pressing upon him which induces him to save.

Well, but how has the working-man any more motive to save than the professional man? He, too, measures his success by his wages, not by his invested capital. He, too, knows that it is increased dexterity and skill which will bring him a larger income, rather than any addition to the sum standing in his name in the savings-bank. This is indisputable, but it is also true that as a rule, the step from the work of the skilled labourer to the work of the employer of labour of the same kind, is a very obvious and natural step, which it must enter into the mind of every ambitious workman of real ability to take; and that there is no such step from a less profitable to a much more profitable mode of employing the *same order of faculties*, possible in the case of the professional man. The labourer who has saved money is better fitted perhaps than any one to employ to advantage the kind of labour in which he himself is versed. But the lawyer or the author who has saved money has no way open to him of turning, at the same time, both his knowledge and his money to account by the successful employment of the talents of other lawyers or other authors in undertakings like unto his own. Perhaps, indeed, something of this kind happens when a very popular author like Dickens turns editor, and collects round him a staff of clever writers, who admire his genius and are



even disposed to copy his mannerisms. But the case is exceptional, and as a rule it so seldom turns out that the very successful author happens to have the qualities of a successful editor and journalist, that exceptions of this kind may be put aside as irrelevant. No doubt one of the great reasons why professional men are, on the whole, so thriftless in proportion to their gains is this,—that the occupation which absorbs their energies is not one the gains of which can be extended by the help of judicious saving and investment. A man cannot be successful in commerce, nor, indeed, very successful even as a skilled labourer, without a strong motive for saving in order to secure more success either of the same sort or at least of a closely analogous sort. But a professional man who is very successful rarely has a strictly professional motive for saving. The more his heart is absorbed in his work, the less he thinks of providing for himself in directions which are in no way bound up with his work.

And no doubt there is still another reason why professional men are, in proportion to their chances of saving, relatively even less thrifty than the working-classes themselves. The tastes of professional men are sure to bring them into close and equal intercourse with very much wealthier men, and not unfrequently to give them even some advantage in delicacy of judgment over these wealthier men, and so to present temptations to them to which if they once fall into the error of measuring their resources by their income, and not by their accumulated property, they may fancy themselves justified in yielding. Working-men, on the contrary, have this great advantage, as far as the growth of thrift is concerned, that if they resist the temptations to extravagance peculiar to their class,—which are no doubt much more urgent from the very fact that hitherto the limits of their pleasures and tastes have been so contracted,—they have hardly any temptation at all to live up to the standard of a richer class. If they are proof against the temptations of the gin-palace and the beer-house, they are by no means likely to be much beset by the temptations of the book-hunter or the china-collector. Professional men, on the contrary, are always being tempted by their association with intellectual equals of much greater wealth, but probably not always greater income, to spend at least as large a proportion of the income which has no accumulated wealth behind it, as

the capitalist spends of an income all of which has accumulated wealth behind it.

Further, it is, we imagine, one reason why professional men do not usually save, in proportion to their means of saving, anything like as much as artisans, that the former, of all classes, are most accustomed to lay stress on those elements of success in life which no sort even of thrift or education will buy. The skilful workman has, no doubt, also much in him which no education will buy; but the elements of his success are so much simpler, and so much more nearly attributable to good teaching and training, that he is much more apt to look at education, which can be bought, as the only investment needful to command success, than is the successful professional man, who is perfectly well aware that very many indeed of the greatest failures of his profession, are men who had been just as well educated, and perhaps just as earnest in their efforts to turn their education to account, as himself. It is the habit of dwelling on "luck" which makes the gambler, and it is the habit of seeing large fortunes earned by qualities which no investment of money, or time, or training can at all secure, which makes the lavishness of the professional man. He sees clearly that his peculiar gains come not from saving, not from careful foresight and what the economists call abstinence,—since those who save more, and forecast more, and abstain more than he has ever done, are often comparative failures,—but from the possession of a monopoly of special qualities the origin of which is hidden from all eyes. And so, the proverb which says what is easily gained is lightly prized, probably explains as much of the comparative lavishness of successful professional men as any other consideration to which we have adverted.

---

From The Spectator.

#### THE BIG TORTOISE.

(*Testudo Indica*.)

HE lives in the Zoological Gardens, and his residence has the common suburban fault of being too near the road. It lacks seclusion, with its attendant dignity, and its dimensions are too small for so distinguished a foreigner as a giant tortoise from Aldabra Island, in the Indian Ocean, with a name almost as hard as his shell. Mr. Darwin, by-the-by, says it ought to be *Tes-*



*tudo Nigra*, not *Indica*, but perhaps it is as well to abide, like Sam Weller, by what is "wrote up." He has been in his present quarters since July, and he strikes an observer as being anything but comfortable. He bears a great deal of observing. The volatile young people who resort to the Zoological Gardens for purposes of flirtation; who say the tenderest things to each other while the hippopotamus is bathing, the seal is kissing his keeper, and the kangaroo is hopping forlornly on straw which imperfectly represents his native "runs;" who have harrowing misunderstandings as they follow the elephants in their melancholy exercise, and touching reconciliations in the comparative seclusion of the reptile house,—these inconsiderate triflers know nothing about *Testudo Indica* and his tidy-looking, comfortable wife. No more do the business-like, mind-improving visitors who take boys and girls to see the animals (one has actually heard them called "specimens"! ) on half-holidays, and who go round with a guide-book, so that they remind one uneasily of Sandford and Merton. You may "have a look" at the lordly lions, and the restless tigers, or the lower feline creatures who are merely fidgety; you may only "just glance" at the monkeys, and be merely indistinctly aware of those especially distressful prisoners, the bears—more suggestive of penal servitude than any of the other captives—and by so doing you may have, at least, a good general notion of what these creatures are like. But *Testudo Indica* cannot be taken in at a glance; no one with the most ordinary perception of the fitness of things would propose to "have a look" at him, or if he did, he would feel the impropriety of the expression, when the quaintness, the hugeness, the incongruity, and the ancientness, retrospective and prospective, of the creature should have revealed themselves with his first glimpse of him. There is, however, no such thing; he is too big and too slow for a first glimpse. If there were any way of expressing the lapse of time which was consumed in an antediluvian wink, that would be the phrase to employ in describing one's earliest impression of the giant tortoise. To sit down deliberately in front of the rails of his dreary domain—it is such a dry and dusty bit of the gardens!—and concentrate one's mind upon him, is to become gently benumbed, to feel by degrees immense age stealing over one's comprehension, and with it a sense of oppression, because of the unreasonableness, the cumbersome-

ness, and the general discomfort of the animal in its present situation.

Somebody said this actual tortoise is seventy years old,—that is to say, he is in his first youth. Authentic information on the point is not attainable, but he certainly looks that or any other age. Looking at him, trying to trace all his likenesses to ever so many animals, for he seems to be compounded of the clumsiest bits of several lolloping creatures, carries one's mind back to the strangest pictures of the ancient world, when the like of him had it all their own way, and a railed-in and labelled tortoise, with a tiled tank and a litter of lettuce-leaves, was an undreamed-of possibility. His ugliness, which is marvellous, is not so depressing as his great weight, and the sense which it conveys that he is a dreadful burthen to himself. To look away from him to the pretty and active little tortoises in a second enclosure within his railed prison, is to have a notion of the feelings of, let us say, the Claimant, with the perpetual spectacle before him of Leotard, Romah, and the Bounding Brothers of the Prairie. There is a delicate little animal, rather puzzlingly described as a Persian tortoise from Morocco, who is quite charming; one might even discern something coquettish in her demeanour, so delightfully does she scuttle about under her decorated carapace,—it is beautifully spotted with golden knobs, scalloped like a lady's petticoat, and looking like the housings of a miniature elephant,—so archly does she protrude her slim head, and turn her bright, dark eyes in the direction of her huge neighbor, the grandfather of all tortoises. It is comparative scuttling, of course; but when one has observed *Testudo Indica* for a while, one would name her as the favourite for the St. Leger of the reptiles, and stand to win. She must have been a Roman woman in a former state of existence, cruel to her slaves, given to have her chariot driven furiously, and to the wearing of much blood-stained jewellery. Perhaps *Testudo* was Vitellius. He looks sufficiently uncomfortable to have been ever so wicked, and to have deserved his present fate ever so much, if there be anything like justice in such matters. He has no suggestion of Chingachgook, and Uncas would repudiate him. His enormous shell, covered with uneven bosses, with a lump in one of them as if he had come in for a thump when the Titans took to stone-throwing, fits him about as pleasantly as the bucking-basket fitted Sir John Falstaff; and its merciless weight reminds one of the delightful old Dutch picture which



represents the miraculously-healed paralytic of the gospel narrative staggering off under the burden of a four-post bed, with tester and plumes complete. His legs labour under every kind of complicated deformity, and are a trial to the contemplative student of Testudo, because he cannot make up his mind what it is they resemble. If his hind-legs, with which he crawls in a horrid way, as if he must tear off his nails, which are doubled under him, were not scaly, they would be like short chunks cut out of the legs of an elephant; if they were splay-footed and webbed, they would be like those of a crocodile; and his fore-legs are horribly suggestive of the peculiar human deformity which used to be known to the street youth of bygone days — may perhaps be known to them still — as “Billy in the bowl.” They have just the same round, jointless roll over the doubled-in toes as that with which the poor “Billy” used to propel himself in front of his inseparable bowl, and just the same appearance of dwindling to a cartilaginous string at the shoulder, only that Testudo has no shoulders, and his legs come right out of his body, apparently clad in dirty black indiarubber attire. His head is of the serpentine order, like the brazen serpent in the children’s story-books, as smooth as a Chinaman’s, and his eye is quite benignant. Indeed he is altogether childlike and bland about the head and face, and he mumbles his lettuce-leaves with a pleasant expression, getting them well into his smooth mouth all at once, and swallowing them with surprising celerity, and a quivering motion of his fat, red tongue. His movement is stupendously slow, and he never seems to be able to get real rest from that terrible carapace, which one hears clashing and creaking; the hind-leg or the fore seems to be always strained in an effort to support it, and when he waddles up along the side of the wretched imitation of a bank which borders his drinking-tank and lies on his stomach, his carapace looks like an enormous dish-cover from a giant’s kitchen, under which an unsightly mass of animal matter is imperfectly extinguished. Suddenly he puts his head out, and one likes him. He has a wise look, as he would say, — “Why should you despise me for my slowness? I’ve such a lot of time behind me and before me, and I have nothing particular to do. When all the children who are bothering the kind soul, worried with dreams of the jungle, out of the elephant, over there, have been respectably buried by their

grandchildren, I shall be here. Ah, ha, think of that! and consider what object there can possibly be to me in saving the sixtieth part of an hour, or getting over an inch or two more ground in my day!” He must have seen a great deal in those seventy years of his, down Galapagos way, and in his own mute fashion he must be homesick, one would think. To live seventy years on an island in the Indian Ocean, with a delicious sky over one’s shell, with plenty of nice, deep, refreshing mud to wallow in, when the sun is too hot to be pleasant, with succulent cactus to eat when one is far from sweet, running water, and berries and boughs in abundance, which hang close to one’s mouth; to have been an esteemed member of the tortoise community, with lots of society, and in the habit of visiting the fashionable watering-places regularly, travelling on the broad, well-beaten paths with one’s friends, and meeting one’s mere acquaintances — people not in one’s own set — on their way back; to have been the responsible head of a family of many thousands of eggs, a large majority having probably emulated himself in the matter of shell, and to have come to *this*! To a hard, horrid patch of arid ground, with a meagre hedge, through which intrusive strangers, who have not paid their money for the privilege, may get furtive peeps at him, with a narrow space for a trail — it isn’t a walk — a few scrubby shrubs, a tank, — undisputed, indeed, but what is the best-contrived of tanks in comparison with the sweet wells of Aldabra Island? — and to the constant inspection of a crowd of ridiculous creatures who actually *run*, and hurry themselves generally?

To have been caught by men, turned over on one’s back, dragged away to a ship (accompanied by one’s wife, indeed, but it’s very likely they carried off the wrong one — the lady in the Zoo looks sulky, and there was a decided coolness between the couple on a late occasion), and brought to a cold country where tortoises are small and saucy, this was a hard fate. What could Testudo have thought about during the voyage? Did he begin a thought when he started, and has it lasted him ever since? And when it is completed, will he begin another, to the effect that he does not see any precipices about, and as it is well known that down Galapagos way the old tortoises never die, except from falling down precipices, he is sorry for it?



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## PASSAGE BIRDS.

So hot shine the sunbeams the Nile waters  
o'er,  
And palm-trees there give not a shadow more;  
Then longing for fatherland urges us forward,  
Our troops then forgather: To nor'ward, to  
nor'ward.

And deep underfoot then we see like a grave  
The green-growing earth and the blue-coloured  
wave,  
Where fresh stir and tempest to each day is  
given,  
While we fare so free 'mid the cloudlets of  
heaven.

Far off amid mountains, a meadow is there,  
Where lighteth our flock, where our bed we  
prepare.  
Our eggs in the chilly pole's regions we lay  
there,  
And hatch out our brood in the midnight sun's  
ray there.

On our peaceful valley no fowler can chance,  
The gold-winged elf-people hold there their  
dance;  
The green-mantled wood-nymphs at even are  
lurking,  
And dwarfs in the mountains the red gold are  
working.

His stand on the mountains Vindevale's son  
takes;  
His snow-covered wings with an uproar he  
shakes.  
Hares whiten; the quicken with berries is  
smothered;  
Our troops then forgather: To southward, to  
southward.

To green-growing fields, to a temperate main,  
To shade-giving palm-trees our mind turns  
again.

There rest we ourselves from our airy flight  
forward;

There long we again for our world to the  
nor'ward.

From the Swedish of Tegnér.

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

YE fugitive guests on the far foreign strand,  
When seek ye again your own dear native  
land?

When flowers coyly peep out,  
In native dales growing,  
And rivulets leap out  
Past alders a-blowing.  
On lifted wings hither  
The tiny ones hie;  
None tells the way whither  
Through wildering sky,  
Yet surely they fly.

They find it so safely, the long sighed-for  
north,  
Where spring both their food and their shel-  
ter holds forth,  
The fountain's breast swelleth,  
Refreshing the weary;  
The waving branch telleth  
Of pleasures so cheery;  
And where the heart dreameth  
'Neath midnight sun's ray,  
And love scarcely deemeth,  
'Mid song and 'mid play,  
How long was the way.

The fortunate blithe ones, they build amid  
rest,

'Mong moss-covered pine-trees, their peace-  
able nest.

And tempest and fray, too,  
And care and its powers,  
They find not the way to  
The warderless towers.  
There joy needs no charming,  
But May-day's bright brand,  
And night to sleep, calming  
With rose-tinted hand  
The tiny wee band.

Thou fugitive soul on a far foreign strand,  
When seek'st thou again thine own dear  
fatherland?

When each palm-tree beareth,  
In fatherworld growing,  
Thy calm faith prepareth  
In joy to be going,  
On lifted wings thither,  
As little birds hie.  
None shows the way whither  
Through wildering sky,  
Yet sure dost thou fly.

From the Swedish of Runeberg.

## THE LITTLE CHURCH BY THE SEA.

ART'S "tender strokes" in thee I seek in vain,  
The polished corner, and the gaudy pane;  
The walls are whitewashed, and the altar bare,  
Yet how I love thee, little house of prayer!  
Type truer of the One who stooped so low,  
Than the grand minster with its stately show;  
In whose high soaring pinnacles I trace  
Little which tells us of the lowest place.  
But, lowly house of God, I read in thee  
The winning smile of true humility—  
And I am touched—I long to lift the latch,  
And bow my knees beneath thy roof of thatch.  
The proud may sneer, but God does not dis-  
dain

The want of splendour in this meagre fane,  
Nor does He wish to sweep thy stones away—  
True witnesses for Jesus Christ are they:  
Despised, unseen, such lowly churches preach  
A lowly Christ within a sinner's reach.

Sunday Magazine. GEORGE S. OUTRAM.



From The Fortnightly Review.  
THE HISTORY OF A PAVEMENT.

THERE are few among the works of man's hand that stand alone in their kind. You prefer one church to another, or doubt which to admire the most among a hundred; and the same of pictures, statues, and all the usual inventions of art. But art sometimes strikes out an invention which is unique, so that you can compare it with no standard, but have to study and take it in by itself. Such an invention is the pavement of the metropolitan church of the Virgin in the Tuscan city of Siena. It is a marble floor wrought, every part of it, with curious engraving or inlay, or a mixture of the two. Day by day, sauntering, praying, the people have worn the surface with their feet or knees, except where certain compartments, being more esteemed than the rest, are protected with boards and uncovered only on great occasions. Some places have been restored, where generations of feet and knees had left too rude a mark. To restore commonly means to exchange old work, priceless in its ruin, for new work worthless in its gloss. When will the Italians respect their monuments enough to feel that this vulgar falsification is worse than honourable decay? The municipal passion for restoring has done almost as much harm at Siena as at more central and frequented cities. They have taken down the statues of their famous Fonte Gaia, they have taken down the statues of this very cathedral front, and swept them into the museum or magazine of the cathedral works. Much renewal of the pavement has taken place from time to time. Much more is in contemplation. However, it is to the credit of the authorities that before the last improvements were put in hand, tracings were taken from the designs on the pavement as it then was. And a set of drawings faithfully reduced from these tracings has been brought to England, so that of the monument in question, whatever happens to it in future, there will exist among us a genuine record.\* My purpose is to show how in

this singular and famous pavement may be read the whole artistic history of a brilliant community for nearly two hundred years.

Such a floor to walk upon, I say, wrought all over with imagery in engraved and inlaid marble, is like nothing else in the world. It is quite different from mosaic, as we shall see. The only thing it brings to mind is a certain dream of Dante's in the twelfth canto of the "Purgatory." Dante there describes the ledge that winds round the mountain of expiation between the circles of Pride and Envy. Virgil bids him look down as they go, and see how their path is paved with imagery of God's own workmanship. I quote from Mr. Cayley's translation, venturing to change a turn here and there:—

As, to preserve their memory from decay,

The tombs of earth above the buried show  
Tablets that each one as he looked pourtray,

Which make afresh the gazer's eyes to flow  
From the compulsion of remembrance old,

Whose stings the tender-hearted only know;  
Thus all the part which jutteth to enfold

The mount as causeway, was delineated  
With shapes that of their holier Author told.

Then we hear what the delineations are. They are examples of pride and its punishment. It was characteristic of Dante no less than of those who came after him — characteristic of the Italian genius from the first hour of its freedom — to think of scripture and the classics together. Accordingly classical examples alternate in this passage with scriptural. The overthrow of Satan is matched with the overthrow of Briareus; the consternation of Nimrod with the despair of Niobe; the death of Saul is followed by the metamorphosis of Arachne; the flight of Rehoboam by the chastisement of Eriphile; the murder of Sennacherib by his sons comes next to the vengeance taken by the Scythian queen upon Cyrus; the rout of the host of Holofernes is side by side with the sack of Troy. All these subjects Dante sees upon the pathway, in such lineaments that

Living the living, dead appeared the dead,

Who sees the fact can see no more than I,  
So long as I advanced with down-bent head.

Observe Dante's comparison of the workmanship with that of portraits on tombs.

\* The drawings, by Sigr. Leopoldo Maccari, *scultore dell' opera del duomo* at Siena, have been acquired by the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. The following essay is condensed from a course of lectures given by the writer in connection with these drawings.



Clearly what he has in his mind is the common type of stone or metal slab let into the floor of a church, engraved or incised with the likeness of the deceased, and the engraved lines filled in with a black paste after the manner of niello. Now, that is part of the method actually employed in the Siena pavement. In the case of figure subjects, a slab of white marble has been cut to the size and shape of its destined compartment; the main lines of the composition have been strongly engraved or incised upon it, and then filled in with black; and so the subject lies boldly outlined under your feet. As you examine the area, you will find it contains not only Scripture scenes, and among them one at least corresponding to the very text of Dante —

how Asshur's army was dispersed  
When Holofernes fell, and the defaced  
Remains of carnage —

but also mystical allegories and the lineaments of pagan sages. You will find it said by Vasari, the popular gossip and historian of these things, how the pavement was begun "in a new manner" by the early Siennese painter Duccio. Duccio lived at the same time as Dante; and so, putting two and two together, you may naturally ask whether, in his imaginary pavement of purgatory, Dante had not in view this real pavement of Siena cathedral. The answer is, no; Dante cannot have taken his hint from the workmen of Siena; but they may possibly have taken theirs from Dante.\* For Vasari's remark about Duccio turns out to have been made, like so many of his remarks, at random. It is ascertained that this new way of enriching the pavement was in fact not thought of till after Duccio and Dante had both been dead nearly half a century. The historical origin of the work was this.

\* I press this point, because so good a worker as Mr. J. A. Symonds has noticed the coincidence, and asked ("Sketches in Italy and Greece," p. 49) whether Dante had ever seen the Siena pavement; concluding, "That is what we cannot say." Whereas we can say very well. I am sure Mr. Symonds will not take it ill in a fellow-student if I say, that neither the paragraph above cited, nor that on Siennese political revolutions in his comprehensive new volume ("Renaissance in Italy," Smith, Elder & Co., 1875), seems to me to give quite a just impression of its subject.

## I.

At the end of the thirteenth century, as all students of Italian art and history know, Siena was one of the most illustrious of the Tuscan commonwealths. Crowned along her three-divided hill with towers the colour of the rose, guarded with her massive circuit of rose-coloured walls, she was the chief city of a great territory between Thrasimene and the sea. She was mistress of near one third of old Etruria. She was the neighbour and rival of Florence. Like Florence, she had little by little acquired practical independence and self-government during the two centuries while the struggle raged between pope and emperor. She had taken the Ghibelline or emperor's side in that struggle, Florence the Guelf or pope's side. But, Guelf or Ghibelline, the growth and organization of such a city followed the same law. A great centre of exchange and production, a great population of merchants, manufacturers, and artisans had to constitute and maintain itself amidst an order of things theoretically feudal. Franchises had to be openly or covertly acquired; imperial officers had to be defied, or transformed into a republican executive. Territorial nobles had to be assailed in their strongholds, and compelled to take on the duties and responsibilities of citizens; smaller towns had to be brought under, and a whole district to be thus subjected to tribute and military service. At first each city was led along this course of aggrandisement by a governing oligarchy of great families. As the industrial and commercial spirit grew stronger and more confident, a share in the magistracy had to be conquered by the trading guilds. All this had happened at Siena, as at Florence, by the time the final struggle of Guelf and Ghibelline was fought out, between 1250 and the end of the century. Both republics were in the first pride of their strength. It was their heroic age. The hearts of men beat high with liberty; their thoughts were set on great things; there was greatness in their looks and words, greatness in the monuments they founded, greatness in their hatreds and divisions.

The names of Guelf and Ghibelline,



afterwards the mere pretext of rancour, were now war-cries with a meaning. Siena was the inland as Pisa was the maritime fortress of the Ghibelline cause. She was the refuge of Ghibelline exiles from other cities. Therefore the Guelfic league resolved that she should be brought low. In the year 1260 Florence led out the league and encamped before Siena to destroy her. On a memorable September afternoon her armed citizens and the exiles within her gates, with some German auxiliary horse, poured out against the foe. That night the Arbia ran red with the blood of Florentines. There had been treachery in the Guelfic ranks; their horse had given way before the German onset; the best manhood of Florence had fallen fighting round her sacred car; the sun had gone down upon the slaughter. Siena never won such another victory. The day of the Arbia is her great day. Her triumph had indeed no lasting political consequences. The sword of Charles of Anjou came into the scale on the papal side; within a few years the Ghibelline cause was irretrievably lost again; and Siena herself passed over quietly to the Guelfic name. Her government became more democratic. The magistracy of twenty-four priors, chosen half from the nobles and half from the people, by which she had been governed since 1232, was replaced, after several experiments, by a magistracy of nine from which the nobles were altogether shut out. But the exhilaration of the victory did not pass away. The city had become glorious in her own eyes. Her temper and enterprises put on henceforward that character to which Dante points once and again, calling the Sieneſe the vainest of all people. Her vanity lay in two things, an extravagant patriotism and an extravagant greatness of conception in her public works. To love your home and be proud of it was common to these early republics, but love and pride of home were nowhere so fanatical as at Siena. Imagination claimed for the city an august and legendary antiquity, and showed her badge of the she-wolf and sucklings in warrant of the claim. Religion claimed for her the special favour and protection of the Virgin. She was a venerable city,

for she had been founded when Rome was founded; she was a holy city, for to the Mother of God she had been from of old time consecrate. The coin struck by the people after the battle of the Arbia asserts the double claim in the legends *Sena vetus*, Siena the ancient, and *Civitas Virginis*, city of the Virgin. To raise great public monuments was common also in those days; but no other state planned monuments so colossal, in proportion to her power and revenues, as this one. Her crowning monument is the cathedral or mother church, dedicated to the Virgin of the Assumption, and standing on the highest ground within the walls. To its splendour the whole population contributed. Whatever factions tore the commonwealth, whatever bloodshed stained the streets, here rose above the strife the visible symbol of an ideal unity and of a common worship. The maintenance and enrichment of the building constituted one of the first duties of the magistracy. In that very year of victory, 1260, the chief of the executive on taking office had to swear to a long series of articles binding him to take proper measures for this purpose. And at all times, it was his business to see that contributions to the cathedral fund were duly paid, that a qualified superintendent of the works was appointed and his orders obeyed, and that moot questions of art or construction were submitted to commissions of experts elected according to certain forms.

The great source of the revenues of the fabric consisted in wax candles. Every male inhabitant of the town between eighteen and seventy was bound to offer one — of the best wax — on the eve of the festival of the Assumption in August. Every tributary town or village was rated for the same purpose, and compelled to contribute in the same kind according to its wealth. Besides this, the several trade guilds or corporations had to offer gifts of candles, each on the anniversary of its patron saint, without prejudice to the general offering on the eve of the Assumption. These offerings were readily converted into money, the demand for candles being permanent and steady, for purposes of private devotion. The considerable rev



enue thus realized was augmented by pious bequests and donations; and a special law-officer was appointed for the purpose of summarily deciding all disputes in case of estates thus devised, in order that the works might not be kept waiting for their due. But all these sources of income were not enough. It often happened, as the summer came round, that all the proceeds of last year's offerings and of incidental receipts had been exhausted; and then it was customary for the superintendent of the works to petition the officers of the exchequer for an extraordinary grant of public money, which they would, if times were prosperous, furnish either on their own responsibility or on the authority of a special commission. Whenever the superintendent had a balance of so much as ten lire in hand, he was bound to expend it in the preparation of further materials. Every possessor of a beast of burden might be called upon to give the labour of his beast, two days in each year, for the transport of materials from the quarries to the works, and for this service he received an indulgence from the bishop.

And so, by the unanimous will of a community agreed in this when it was agreed in nothing else, the building grew. The outlines of its architectural history, long very obscure, have been cleared up since the publication of archive after archive by the industry of local and foreign scholars. I have said that in 1260 great additions were undertaken to the church then existing. It was the hour when the Gothic style, with those adaptations and compromises which suited the Italian genius, was beginning to be seen in Tuscany. The new religious orders of Francis and Dominic preferred this style and it was in the building of their conventual churches that the pointed arch came into use south of the Alps. The round arch, however, still prevailed in the dome and vaultings added to the existing Romanesque fabric at Siena between 1260 and 1264. But two years later there came to the city an artist from whose school the Italian Gothic was destined to go forth and take full possession of the architecture of the peninsula for the next hundred and fifty years. I mean Niccolò Pisano, the father of art in Tuscany, who at this time initiated with one hand a great classical movement in sculpture, and with the other a great Gothic movement in architecture. Niccolò Pisano came with his son and pupils to Siena in 1266, and wrought there the famous pulpit

which is to this hour one of the chief glories of the cathedral. Under the influence of the Pisan school the building was gradually transformed, extended, and decorated according to the pointed system. Giovanni, the son of Niccolò, and far more of a Gothic than his father, was in charge of the work between the years 1284 and 1299. To him is due the plan of the façade, the richest piece of carved and fretted architecture in Italy, in which the southern fashion of striping white marble with black goes along with an almost northern depth of relief and projection, and an immense display in gables, arcades, and pinnacles. For some eighteen years after that, the progress of the building was slow and its revenues fell off, owing, as it seems, to the pressure of other important public works. Then there was a great renewal of activity, which for four or five years was chiefly directed to extending and enriching the choir or space behind the transept. The ground at this part slopes suddenly away, and there is a church, or rather baptistery, built against the slope; the floor of the cathedral choir was run right out upon the roof of this baptistery. In 1322 a committee of native and foreign artists reported that these extensions were structurally insecure and would spoil the proportions of the cathedral, and recommended that they should be discontinued. And in a supplement to their report, the committee advised that —

To the honour of God and the blessed Virgin Mary his most Holy Mother, who was, and is, and shall forevermore be the head of this state of Siena, there should be begun and built a new, great, and beautiful church, which should be well proportioned in length, height, and breadth, and in all the dimensions proper to a beautiful church, and with all the splendid ornaments which attach and appertain to so great and honourable and beautiful a church; to this end, that our Lord Jesus Christ and his most Holy Mother and her celestial court may in the said church be praised and blessed in hymns, and the said commune of Siena may by them be evermore protected from evil and held in perpetual honour.

In spite of this recommendation, the old expedients were pursued for fifteen years more. But at last, in 1337, a certain goldsmith-architect of the city having matured a plan "of great beauty and usefulness and convenience for the said work," the chief magistrate for the year rang the bell of the tower which called the great council of the people together, and put the new scheme to the vote. So daringly



imagined was it that, even in Siena, the city of daring imaginations, many were found to shrink from it; but when the vote was taken, there were 212 ayes to 132 noes; the scheme was carried, and the first stone of the new church laid. It was more like a dream than anything real. The plan was nothing less than to turn the whole of the mighty existing church into the mere new transept for a new church to be built at right-angles to the old. Conceive what the new itself needed to be — the length of nave, the strength of pier, the height of vault — the dimensions, indeed, of temples built in dreams, but scarcely of architecture to be raised in real marble and roofed by living hands. As you stand at this day on the south side of the cathedral square of Siena, it is long before you become aware of a fragment of wall which hangs alone, like a cliff, high away above some buildings behind you. That wall is pierced by a great pointed window; presently you find other lofty portions of a like architecture running from it in the direction of the cathedral; and it dawns upon you that the cathedral as it stands, and that distant cliff of uncompleted wall with its window, were one day meant to be joined together as parts of the same enormous building. So it was; the first stone of the new scheme was laid; the outer wall and some piers of one long aisle were raised; the vast front began to hang in heaven; that was ten years' work; and the work of those ten years was all. For at the end of the ten years a great visitation came upon the city. The plague, which made havoc in Florence and all over Italy in 1348, was nowhere so fatal as at Siena. Dogs pulled the dead about the streets. When the mortality was stayed, scarce one man was found where three had been before. The mortality was followed by anarchy. Old factions, so far from being healed, broke out anew, and new factions came up and complicated the old. The population by degrees broke up into a system of sections or castes each hating and plotting against the other with incredible animosity. The city had the strength to remain brilliant, gifted, vain-glorious, fierce in the defence of her liberties, for two hundred years yet; but her best days were over. She had not the strength to carry out in marble that dream she had dreamed to her own and the Virgin's honour. Five years after the plague, we find the superintendent of the cathedral works complaining that the revenues still fail to come in, and petitioning the

chief magistrate to insist upon the customary grant from the exchequer. A year or two after that, another difficulty presents itself; certain structural defects are apparent in the new work; a Florentine architect is called in to examine them, and reports that several arches and piers will have to be taken down. And last, in 1356, two native artists being consulted give their opinion frankly, and advise the discontinuance of the new church begun twenty years before. Not only, say they, does this extravagant new scheme involve the destruction of the existing dome and campanile; but the part of it actually done is defective; to complete it would take a hundred years or more, and cost more than a hundred and fifty thousand gold florins. Upon this, the council conclude to give it up, to pull down what has been begun, and henceforth to spend all their resources upon finishing, enriching, and beautifying the original fabric. The first resolution was not carried out, or else we should not find those mighty ruins still in their place. The second was, and thence it comes about, that of all churches the mother church of Siena is, within, the richest treasure-house of art; having been in the following generations finished, enriched, and beautified with a thousand precious things in colour and stone and metal and wood-work, but rarest of all, with this pavement like the pavement of no other floor but that which Dante trod by the side of Virgil in his vision.

## II.

UP till this crisis when the people, abandoning the impossible, determined to perfect and adorn the church they already had, its floor had been simply paved with brick. At least, we find entered under date 1362 a payment to a bricklayer for new bricking a part of it. And it is seven years later, in 1369, that we have the first record of a compartment laid down in figured marble. From that date until 1547 — a few years only before the city lost her last remains of independence and fell after a fierce resistance beneath the power of Charles V. and the Medici — we can trace, entry by entry, the continuance of the work. And there the work remains, and verifies, with no important discrepancy or hitch, this testimony of chronicles and ledgers. I have said how the way they wrought was, for figure subjects, by vigorously incising the lines of the composition upon a surface of white marble, and filling in such lines with black paste. That method, not unlike the workmanship cus-



tomary on tombs, may properly be called *intaglio* or engraving. For ornaments and borders to those figure subjects, they used another method, laying together pieces of black, white, or variously coloured marble exquisitely cut according to the design. That is the method of *tarsia*, or inlay; and the whole secret of the Siena pavement is the combination of these two methods — engraving and inlay — in a manner simple at first but by degrees becoming more and more artificial. The general name *commesso* was given to the combined art.

They began with the central nave leading up to the transept. Here the earliest subjects are not religious, but allegorical and political, and first of all the wheel of Fortune. That familiar moral can indeed have come home more nearly to no people than to the Sienese at this hour. Three men are tied to the wheel, one is up and another down and another half-way; and in the four corners of the compartment are half-figures of heathen sages, Euripides, Aristotle, Epictetus, and Seneca, each of them exhibiting on a scroll some maxim of fortune's instability. Siena was the seat of a very famous university, and a scholiast spirit, a love of classical examples and quotations, had shown itself in her art earlier than in that of any other school. Her painters did not wait for what is usually called the Renaissance, the great antiquarian movement, that is, of the fifteenth century, to fill their work with ideas borrowed from Aristotle, and to cover walls and vaults with figures of Mars and Pallas, Camillus, Fabricius, and the Scipios, Cicero and Pompey and Cæsar. Here we have this same spirit declaring itself in the earliest ornaments of the cathedral floor. Technically, it should be said, we cannot judge of the style of this subject, as it has been restored in the worst manner. Next to allegory come politics. A second among the five compartments of the nave shows the she-wolf and sucklings, the emblem of the city, inlaid in a round, and all about it on a smaller scale the emblems of her allied and tributary cities, — including some who were far oftener her enemies than her allies, and others whom she had desired but not been able to make tributary. There is the Guelphic lion for Florence, the hare for Pisa, the hawk for Volterra, the horse for Arezzo, the pelican for Perugia, the unicorn for Viterbo, the goose for Orvieto, the griffin for Grosseto, the lion and lilies for Massa Maritima, the spotted leopard for Luna. The other compartment bearing upon politics, and

done as it seems about the same time, shows an eagle set in the centre and a number of columns radiating from the eagle like spokes from an axle. The eagle is no doubt the emblem of the Holy Roman Empire, and the columns (a shield and column are always put into the hands of personified Strength, or Fortitude) indicate the strength, as their arrangement within a circle indicates the unity, of the ideal government men had dreamed of and looked to find realized in that empire. One can fancy some jurist of the university suggesting this device, and the council of the cathedral works adopting it in compliment to an emperor; for Siena, though she had long ceased to be numbered among the Ghibelline cities of the peninsula, had not so far forgotten her past as to lose her sentimental devotion to the power beyond the Alps; and whenever an emperor came down through Italy to be crowned at Rome, she was very ready to entertain and do him homage handsomely, provided always she suspected him of no designs against her state and liberties.

The first regular figure subject that occurs upon the pavement is in a triangle beneath the dome, where the story of one who sees the mote which is in his brother's eye, but not the beam which is in his own eye, was wrought (1374) in simple outline and with the naïf and dignified manner of the great Sienese painters who had flourished fifty years earlier. The beam is a sharp splint a foot and a half long, complacently ignored by the goodly youth in whose eye it sticks. Next, and covering, as it seems, an interval of nearly fifty years, come five great single figures laid in rounds, one of them at the end of the choir and two in each of the choir aisles.\* These are allegories of the grave and earnest sort with which Italy had been made familiar at the close of the thirteenth century by Giovanni Pisano, and after him by Giotto. The first four are cardinal virtues. Temperance, in close dress and coif, mixes water with her wine. Prudence holds up the serpent which means wisdom, and with her three faces surveys past, present, and future. Justice wields her sword. Fortitude grasps her column, for strength in sustaining, and her shield, for strength in withstanding. In the fifth round at the end a woman of sweet and charitable mien kneels with folded hands. This is the

\* I pass over the figures of the theological virtues Faith, Hope, and Charity in the south transept, which may have been wrought in the same interval, but which two successive restorations have entirely transformed.



figure of Christian Mercy or Compassion, and in the whole series there is not a nobler conception. This compartment is also to be noticed for the richness of its Gothic border, and as being the first, or nearly the first, in which a background of black marble has been employed within the border to throw up the white figure.

And now we get to figures no longer single and symbolical, but grouped several in a field for the expression of life and action; and with that, to a more complicated and ingenious technical treatment. A great master in the art of wood-inlaying, Domenico di Niccolò, having finished the stalls and woodwork of the magistrates' chapel in the town-hall in a manner "pleasing to the eyes and minds" of his fellow-citizens, is engaged for the cathedral works. There he turns his experience of wood-inlaying to account for the art of marble-inlaying, and does such wonders in beautifying the choir as to earn the surname *del Coro* — Dominic the son of Nicholas, of the Choir. He made a colossal figure of David seated with his harp, and his musicians round about him; and he encircled them with a wonderful ornament of acanthus leaves twined or rolled about a great hoop — Gothic decorative forms giving place to classical. In a separate panel on one side a young David has fitted the smooth stone to his sling; on the other a huge Goliath flinches vainly from the missile. And round all this part, a brother of Domenico's, with help from an artist of Florence, made a fanciful and brilliant border in the new grotesque taste of scrolls and Cupids. And now the fashion of the work ran for a long while chiefly upon subjects of Old-Testament history, with rich tessellations and classical arabesques bordering each compartment. Domenico di Niccolò was succeeded as chief designer by an artist of the city named Paolo di Martino. Between 1424 and 1425 Paolo designed for the spaces about the junction of choir and transept three figures of judges and leaders of the Jews — Moses, Joshua, and Judas Maccabæus — and two subjects of Jewish triumph, Samson with the jaw-bone of an ass, and Joshua's vengeance upon the Amorite kings. The background is by this time made of brown or reddish marble for earth, and black for sky, with the figures still always thrown out in white marble, and the details upon them engraved and filled in with a dark paste. Paolo di Martino is not a very accomplished designer; his mail-clad Philistines are small and limp, as they strew

the ground or cower stiffly helpless in the clutch of the colossal Samson. Yet he knows how to go to the root of the matter, and express his meaning with a quaint and serious energy, both here and where the Lord has discomfited the Amorites before Israel, and slain them with a great slaughter at Gibeon, and chased them along the way that goeth up to Bethhoron, and smitten them to Arekah and unto Makkedah. The cave of Makkedah, and men rolling great stones to the mouth of the cave, and the five kings hanging upon five trees till the evening, are all there, expressed in the same quaint fashion, half helpless, half intense. I pass over an interesting subject in the pure outline manner, showing a mother with her child meeting and vehemently talking with an old man who carries a purse, because I can get no clue to its meaning, and am puzzled by both the date and the authorship assigned it (Domenico di Niccolò, 1433). The next year interrupts the series of Old-Testament subjects with a subject prompted by contemporary history. It happened that the emperor Sigismund in 1432 conceived the desire of coming down to Rome and receiving from the pope the crown of the Holy Roman Empire. Sigismund's father, Charles IV., had been the last emperor to go through this ancient ceremony, indispensable in earlier days, but by this time often neglected. And when Charles IV. had passed through Siena on his way to Rome and back from thence, the people had caught him fomenting their anarchy, intriguing against their liberties, and endeavouring to make himself master of their government. Instantly they rose and rabbled him in the market-place, pelting to death four hundred horsemen and twelve hundred horses of his German retinue before they forced him back in dismay to his quarters and presently out of the city. And now, when more than half a century later Sigismund his son was on his way to Rome, and proposed to stop at his faithful city of Siena, the people feared he might intend some revenge for that insult offered to his father. So they sent him a cold message, merely saying he was free to come, and would be received. But, before Sigismund's entry, a turn in Italian politics and alliances had taken place which seemed to show that Siena might really count on his imperial friendship. So when he did come he was splendidly entertained. He stayed ten months in the town, attempting nothing against its franchises, nay, solemnly re-



newing them when he went away, and having in the mean time honourably done his best to give peace to Tuscany by compounding his own quarrels with the pope, and those of Siena with Florence. At this the old loyalty of the people waxed warm within them, and they resolved to commemorate the visit of the emperor in their precious cathedral pavement. Just south of the centre of the transept you will find the likeness of him enthroned, and at the steps of his throne on either hand three figures of his ministers and counsellors—a man of war, two men of law, two astrologers, and another whose calling I cannot define. This group is one of the best and purest in design among them all.

Then the artists of the cathedral went back to the Old Testament. In 1447 one Pietro di Minella designed, in the compartment of the pavement next to Sigismund, the story of the death of Absalom. The boughs of two oak-trees, a bold piece of abstract foliage design, sweep and meet in the upper field. From one of them hangs Absalom, his hair wound about the branch, his eyes starting and hands extended; the hind-quarters of his disappearing mule are seen beside the foot of the tree; Joab and his young men have come and thrust the three darts, or long spears as they are represented, with deliberation into the region of his heart. A figure of Solomon, and an illustration of the blind leading the blind, with some emblems inlaid on the pavement outside the entrance to the building, are all that fill the next five-and-twenty years. And then, about 1473, begins a period of immense activity. One little set of emblems in the south transept, defaced but singularly beautiful, belongs to this period, and differs strangely from all the other work done in it. The seven ages of man are shown in single white figures set in squares or diamonds of black. These ages are not divided as usual: four divisions are given to the time before manhood, as if to draw out as much as possible that season when life is life indeed. There is no mewling and puking, nor any whining school-boy: *Infantia* is a naked child playing among flowers; *Pueritia* an Italian boy in short cloak and cap walking in the fields; the season of youth is spun out, always among flowers, through *Adolescentia* and *Juventus*; manhood is not a soldier full of strange oaths and bearded like a pard, but a studious citizen walking with open book; *Decrepitas* moves, over a land flowerless at last, on crutches to

his open grave. The pretty quiet and simplicity of this, I say, is very unlike the quality of other work that was going on at the same times. For, in four vast irregular compartments to right and left of the central space under the dome, artists of the city now designed and inlaid multitudinous scenes of battle and slaughter. First that scene which tallies with Dante's vision—the death of Holofernes and overthrow of his host. The advance of the Renaissance spirit is shown by the way in which the designer has treated the beleaguered city. He has delighted his imagination with piling up an infinity of classical temples and corridors and statues upon columns; he has inscribed the ramparts with the word BETVLIA writ large, and adorned them with two great medallions copied from the antique, one, I think, from the portraits of Scipio Africanus. He has shown a great desire to express the actions of men and horses in strong movement, but no very great power. The men-at-arms look curiously steady and benignant as they thrust at and overset each other with their long spears. Judith and Holofernes are minor personages, and the passage showing the act of vengeance within the tent is almost destroyed. Next we have to do with an artist of stronger and more individual temper. Matteo di Giovanni was one of the best painters of Siena at this time; and his favourite subject was the horrible one of the Massacre of the Innocents. He painted it in colours three or four times, and here it is in marble on the cathedral floor. A villainous Herod sits at one end of an arcaded court, to express the architecture of which Matteo has put forth his best science, and taxed all the resources of the inlayer in the cunning use of grey and red-yellow marbles. Above the arcades he has represented a Bacchanalian frieze, pierced here and there with round windows to which those of Herod's household come to look grinning down upon the slaughter that goes on before their master. Many pitiful figures of dead babes are tossed face downwards or anyhow upon the floor, and these are designed, singly, with extraordinary force and feeling. But in the straggling medley of women and children that fills the hall, the force is wanting, and the feeling is brutally ignoble. Matteo means to make the soldiers look wicked and ferocious, he only makes them look fantastically grim and debased. He means to make the mothers look desperate and agonized, he only makes them look fantastically grim and debased too. How



this character was an essential part of Matteo's genius you may judge by seeing what the lovely rhythm and blitheness of a Greek frieze has become in passing through his imagination. His carved mænads and silenî, above, have in their frenzy the same ugly intensity, the same ignoble grimness, as his Jewish mothers and Roman soldiers below. Not so astonishing a specimen as this is of the richness of combined engraving and inlay, but a far nobler design, is the opposite subject of the sacrifice of Jephthah, the work of an otherwise unknown artist, Francesco da Bastiano. Here again the romantic part of the story, Jephthah's daughter coming out to meet him with timbrels and with dances, Jephthah sacrificing his daughter (in a round classical temple), are only by-episodes in the distance. The main point is the fighting; the main matter is that Jephthah should smite the children of Ammon from Aroer even until thou come to Minnith, even twenty cities, and unto the plain of the vineyards, with a very great slaughter. And so he does. He rides, a really noble and pre-eminent figure, and before him his horsemen pursue the enemy. Francesco da Bastiano has not the distinctness of the Florentines, not their art and grandeur in massing and distributing groups; he has much of the feverish Siennese passion to seize motion at the quick and expression at the most poignant; but he does this better than his fellows; his foreshortenings of fallen horses and hurrying riders have immense force as well as vehemence; there is one rider and his horse who fling up their faces and yell in the passion of pursuit, there is one who flees with his arms about his horse's neck, that would be masterly figures in any composition. Last and weakest of these crowded battle-scenes is a defeat of Herod by his brother-in-law, with a long quotation from Josephus. Let us not dwell upon it, but turn to the second kind of subject that was being done upon the floor at this busy time.

Among the countless personages of Christian and pagan mythology that occupied the imagination of the Renaissance, none had for this age a greater attraction than the sibyls. Men lived under the Christian law and believed in the Christian revelation; but also they revered antiquity and yearned towards the pagan past. Hence they loved to think of aught that seemed to establish a link between the old world and the new. And such were the sibyls — wise women of old, as they were conceived, who in the midst of

paganism had known the true God, and in dark sayings foretold the coming of Christ. Inspired women uttering oracles or offering prophetic scrolls to kings, had been not unknown in the real mythology of later Greece or Rome. Greece knew of a Delphian and an Erythræan sibyl. Rome knew of the Tiburtine sibyl whose name was Albunea, and of that Cumæan sibyl into whose mouth Virgil has put the prophecy of a child about to be born and of a reign of peace to come. To the Roman world after its conversion, the prophecy recorded in Virgil seemed a manifest inspiration; the child whose birth it foretold was manifestly Christ. In the first two or three Christian centuries, tales of other prophetesses and their prophecies took shape. Voices testifying to the oneness of God were declared to have spoken from of old in all the corners of the earth — in the mystic East, in the African desert, in the isles of Greece, along the shores of Troy. The number of sibyls increased from four to ten. There came to be a Persian sibyl, a Cimmerian sibyl, a Samian sibyl, a Phrygian sibyl, a Libyan sibyl, and a sibyl of the Hellespont. Greek writings purporting to be the books of the sibyls came into circulation. By the early Church in general these writings were accepted, and pointed to as evidences for the new faith. But gradually these texts reputed sibylline disappeared; and the Middle Age almost forgot the sibyls. So soon, however, as men's thoughts turned again with yearning towards antiquity, they remembered, again, these antique prophetesses and loved to celebrate them. After the fourteenth century their lineaments occur again and again in art. We all know under what august varieties of type Michael Angelo conceived them, expressing in his sibyls of the Sistine chapel whatever of passionate foreboding and denunciation, whatever of loving and brooding wisdom, whatever of exalted contemplation, whatever of mystic dread and desire, can find their seat in the souls and upon the countenances of women. Well, in these years between 1480 and 1485, the Siennese besides their great battle-scenes laid down great figures of the sibyls, five of them in the floor of each aisle, and beside each sibyl a tablet carrying her name, and generally another upon which is written some fragment of Christian prophecy; in all this making considerable display of a learning chiefly borrowed, so far as I can ascertain, from Lactantius. The figures are by different hands, some of them of great



beauty and power, several unluckily altered by restoration. And in the same vein they wrought yet another subject, filling the first compartment of the nave as you come in with a figure of Mercurius Trismegistus delivering his prophetic books to a disciple. Mercurius Trismegistus was supposed to have been a great sage of Egypt in the time of Moses, and to have been one with the Egyptian Thoth. He too is thought of as having been among those who in far-off antiquity knew and foretold the true God. In astrology and the occult sciences his personage assumes immense importance. He is here represented as a bearded Oriental in a tall turban; the man who reverently receives the book from him and a third figure standing by are likewise in Oriental attire. The compartment is somewhat grimly conceived and coarsely executed. And here, in 1488, ends the series of subjects done by native artists of Siena in the traditional manner of their school.

### III.

THE series, we have seen, had been begun towards the close of the fourteenth century, in 1370, and continued through nearly the whole of the fifteenth. Many of the designs had been furnished by masters whose profession was painting, others by professed inlayers. Upon the whole the designs represent well the state of the Sienese school during this period. In the old great days of Siena, she had had a school of painting second to none in Italy. About 1300, and from then till the middle of the century, the glory of Giotto and his school at Florence had been fairly rivalled by the glory of Duccio, Simone Martini, Pietro and Ambrogio Lorenzetti at Siena. Mystical grace and passion, the characters of life and truth, sincerity and loftiness of conception, none of these had been wanting to the members of this group. They had gone a long way in the direction of complete technical mastery as well. Artists from Siena went out to other districts, and the city became the teacher of architecture, sculpture, and painting to half Italy. Then came the plague, and the time of depression and disaster. The anarchy that came on the top of the mortality was of this kind. For more than sixty years the city had been governed by that magistracy of nine, chosen exclusively from merchant families of a certain fortune and standing, who thus became a kind of ruling caste. In spite of much hot blood within the city and nearly constant feuds, chiefly between

the great houses of the old Guelf and Ghibelline following, the authority of this merchant caste had not been shaken in town or territory. But a vast amount of hatred had accumulated against them on the part of those excluded from the government—the great houses on one side, the smaller traders and artisans on the other. Soon after the plague, this hatred exploded. The nine were dispossessed. Twelve magistrates were chosen from families of another fortune and standing. These quickly became a caste too, and were as bitterly hated as the nine. A new order called reformers got possession of power; and successively other and yet other orders down to the lowest. Each of these hardened quickly into something like a hereditary clan or caste, with a deadly hereditary rancour against the rest. As one caste got power, the members of the others were banished and persecuted. The great families, excluded from the government, were always intriguing with the populace against the order momentarily in power. In one revolution, the most ruinous of all, four thousand artisans were driven out and emigrated for good to other cities. The enemies of the State were always encouraging the exiles to conspire. Add to this intestine anarchy an almost incessant drain from border warfare against neighbouring states, and the depredation of the territory, almost every summer, by armed hordes of mercenaries plundering either on their own hand or at the orders of some hostile neighbour. How could a community existing under such desperate conditions recover again from a great visitation? At Florence, indeed, for thirty years in the middle of this same fatal fourteenth century things were almost as bad. But, after the great crisis of her popular insurrection of 1378–81, Florence did recover. Under fifty years of a firm and wise aristocratical government, and then under sixty years more of a so-called popular government beneath the veiled despotism of the Medici, she experienced not only a recovery, but a great and prolonged political expansion, a vast increase in strength, wealth, territory, numbers, and genius. Siena knew no such change. Her troubles within and without went on from bad to worse. She was able, such was the prodigious inherent force with which these democracies set out from the Middle Age, such their indomitable spirit and brilliant gifts—she was able despite the worst to hold her own among the states of Italy to the end; but no more.



Corresponding to this difference in the political destinies of Florence and Siena, there is a difference in their artistic destinies. In the depressed latter half of the fourteenth century, Florentine art was but an echo of the art of Giotto; followers of his carried on his tradition without energy and without improvement. But about 1400 came the immense revival, the immense and glorious expansion of Florentine art in the hands of Donatello, Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, Masaccio, Paolo Uccelli, and the rest. Siennese art undergoes the same depression, but does not share the same revival. Siena has one great sculptor in the beginning of the fifteenth century, Jacopa della Quercia; but her painting goes on as it was before. There is a prodigious activity; the proportion of artists and skilled artificers to the rest of the population was probably at all times greater here than in any other community. But the inspiration, the science, the noble ardour of the time, scarcely communicates itself to them. Nay, for all their numbers, their activity and devotion, it seems as though some curse were upon them. The old mysticism gets to look weak and affected in the Siennese paintings of this age; the old intensity of character and passion to look strained and extravagant. And all this can be read, more clearly and in firmer lines than anywhere else, in the designs furnished by the school to be pierced and graven in solid marble on their cathedral floor. The earliest work, as we saw, the parables and allegories designed between 1370 and 1406, had in them much of the strong gravity and thoughtfulness and pure design of the great school that had lately flourished. The only advance afterwards was in mechanical ingenuity and richness of borders and ornaments. And, with that, came a choice of subjects and a mode of executing them in which it was impossible not to see some reflection of the evils of the time. These reiterated scenes of warfare and foray from the Old Testament, these vengeance and massacres, these fields covered with multitudes of angry spearmen and desperate fugitives — were not the madness and violence of living men disturbing with a like havoc all the corners of the fair city and territory? might not Valdichiana and Montignola and Maremma testify from every hamlet to the ruin of their husbandry? was any heart free from hate and terror? any life not subject to the vengeance of a faction or the lawlessness of the lance? Nay, the sight that feasted the eyes of Herod

himself — women grasping soldiers by the hair and snatching their babes from the sword's point — babes dashed dead upon the floor and steps — need a painter of Italy in those days trust wholly to his imagination for such a thing? Volterra knew, and Cesena knew, and Sinigaglia knew, and a hundred towns and villages beside, what was meant by a massacre of the innocents. And if Siennese art thus shows itself haunted by horrors and violence, it shows also that something of depression or exhaustion has prevented it from acquiring all the power and science needful if you are really to represent horrors and violence with mastery. Hence that mixed character of grim and bitter sincerity, of intensity, together with something of a quaint and straining helplessness, which we have noticed in all these compositions, and for which in Matteo di Giovanni we have found no other words but fantastic and debased. Matteo di Giovanni, the most powerful artist of Siena, was the contemporary of the great Ghirlandaio and of Botticelli at Florence. Think of that, and you will realize the different strength and standing of the two schools at this hour. The one has gone on from strength to strength; the other has remained almost where it was. From the parable of the mote and the beam done in 1375 to the story of Hermes Trismegistus done in 1488, there has been within the Siennese school no serious advance in science or power, there has been a falling-off in nobleness and serenity of conception.

And now for a while the school seemed to show itself exhausted altogether. It was nearly twenty years before another compartment of the cathedral floor was wrought with figures, and then not by a Siennese hand. About the year 1500 art in the rest of the peninsula was approaching its last perfection, the perfection that immediately preceded ruin. The school of Florence was the mighty and central school of all. But Venice, but Milan, and the Lombard cities between the two, and the cities of the Romagna, and the cities of the Umbrian Apennines, all these had schools whose work was near perfection. Only at Siena things remained where they had been a hundred years before. A Siennese amateur of this time, desirous to furnish his palace or adorn his chapel with paintings worthy of his taste, his piety, or his pride, had to send for artists from other parts of Italy. And about this year 1500, it happened that there were great amateurs at Siena. There was Pandolfo Petrucci, a patriotic and unscrupulous merchant who



had won himself a political position almost like that of the Medici at Florence. There was the Cardinal Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius III., whose family, always one of the first in the state, had redoubled in power and splendour since one of its members had filled the papal chair forty years earlier. Men like these were bent on having the best artists of the day in their service. As it chanced, the artists they took into their service were men from the new Umbrian school—Luca Signorelli from Cortona for one, Pinturicchio from Perugia for another. A hundred years ago, Siena had sent out artists to those very towns among the Umbrian Apennines, to paint for the people and teach them how to paint themselves. And the people of the Umbrian towns had learnt to surpass their teachers. A great school had sprung up there. Signorelli was one mighty master of the school, Perugino with his pupils, of whom Pinturicchio was one, formed its central group. And now these came to Siena, who had been standing still meanwhile herself. She had cast her bread upon the waters, and found it again in this way after many days. The work done by Signorelli and Pinturicchio between 1500 and 1510 is among the most interesting that is to be found in the city and district of Siena. Signorelli, the potent delineator of physical life and strength and motion, made a cartoon for the pavement of the cathedral; but it was never carried out, and we do not know what was its subject. Pinturicchio, on the other hand, whose frescoes make radiant the walls of a famous chamber, the library of the Piccolomini family, which opens out of the cathedral—Pinturicchio not only designed but saw executed a compartment of marble-work for the floor. It is the fourth as you walk up the nave, and one of the most beautiful of all. The people call it the story of Fortune. It is rather an allegory of the excellence of Wisdom and the vanity of Pleasure. Beneath a sky which is pure black, a field of grey marble engraved with dark lines gives the effect of a desolate sea. In the middle of the sea rises a steep island; on a flowery platform at the top of the island sits Wisdom or Sapience, crowned with flowers and bearing a palm-branch in her hand. On her left hand a philosopher, labelled with his name Crates, spills into the sea from a basket a collection of necklaces and other trinkets. On her right stands Socrates with a book. Lower down a company of pilgrims, men and women, climb towards the seat of Wisdom up a steep path set with stones

and thistles and crawled upon by lizards and serpents. One struts complacently like a Pharisee. Another, having girded himself for the ascent, before he starts shakes his fist in reproach at the figure of Pleasure by whom he has been hitherto beguiled. Pleasure, a fair and naked woman, has one foot upon the rolling ball of fortune; with the other she steps into a boat, rudderless, dismasted, in which she is about to put forth upon that sea without a pilot. One young man bound on his upward pilgrimage turns to look at her regretfully.

Meanwhile things were going fast. The Signorellis, the Peruginos, and Pinturicchios were themselves being eclipsed by younger men. Italian art was hastening to its climax, at the moment when the independence, the genius, the whole civilization of the Italian states were about to perish and be transformed. The young Raphael and the young Michael Angelo wrought such things for Julius II. at Rome as astonished all beholders; the influence of their work went out all over Italy; the original characters of local schools were transformed in the endeavour to adopt and imitate their perfections. This influence of Raphael and Michael Angelo, radiating from the focus of the new art at Rome, soon made itself felt at Siena too. She had had no artists who shared the progress of the fifteenth century, but during the forty years that preceded her surrender to the Spaniard, she had artists who shared these new and last perfections of the sixteenth.

The three great artistic names of Siena in the first half of the sixteenth century are Baldassare Peruzzi, Giovann' Antonio de' Bazzi called Il Sodoma, and Domenico Beccafumi called Il Mecarino. Baldassare Peruzzi, the architect and painter of the Farnesina palace, worked chiefly at Rome and need not concern us here. Sodoma was originally of the school of Leonardo, and came from Vercelli in Lombardy. But he spent the best of his life at Siena, and there was something in his dissolute habits and capricious fantastic bearing that pleased the people and made him popular. He had, at his best, an extraordinary facility, an infinite grace and charm, if not of the most wholesome order. For some reason he is singularly obnoxious to Vasari, who is never tired of talking of his bad habits, and the money he used to squander on his menagerie of pets—badgers, squirrels, monkeys, marmozets, donkeys, barbs for the race-meetings, fancy poultry, turtle-doves, every



kind of living curiosity he could lay his hands on. He, too, was employed to make for the cathedral pavement a design that was never carried out. But he had a rival who for thirty years, from 1417 to 1447, was constantly engaged upon this work; and the rival was Domenico Beccafumi. Domenico had been a peasant boy; his surname Beccafumi is that of the master under whom he studied, and his nickname *Il Mecarino* signifies the littleness of his stature. When the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael at the Vatican were uncovered in 1510, he went to study them, and inflamed himself, like all the rest of Italy, with the desire of imitating the manner of those mighty masters. When he came back to Siena, he found Sodoma in the height of his reputation, and delighting all the people with his mad pranks. Beccafumi, on the other hand, was a retired and sober liver, says Vasari, always at work. He painted numberless pictures, besides his works at the cathedral. These consist, first, of a great series from the story of Ahab and Elijah on the floor of the transept under the dome, and next, a second great series, including the sacrifice of Abraham and the adventures of the Israelites in the wilderness, in front and at the sides of the high altar. These are the compartments of the pavement which posterity treasures, and which are kept carefully covered except on great occasions and for the satisfaction of the curious. Beccafumi, like other artists of that age in which art rose to its perfection and fell, has learned the language of the highest art perfectly, but has nothing particular to say in it. He is an excellent draughtsman and composer; he knows his anatomy, and groups his figures in beautiful attitudes with appropriate drapery; he has science and style: but he has no inspiration or intensity; he has lost the old way of going straight to the root of the matter, and expressing the spirit of his subject vigorously and directly, with whatever grimness and uncouthness. Thus in the scene where fire came not down in answer to the prayer of the prophets of Baal, and Elijah mocked them, and they cried aloud and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them—in this scene, one handsomé prophet stands in an attitude of perfect elegance while he pierces his arm with two inches of cold steel, and the blood spouts from the wound in an elegant arch; another having wounded his arm holds his two hands over his head in a graceful agony which

bespeaks the man of skill, but not the man of mind. And so on all through the work.

Beccafumi was above all things an improver, or what the time considered an improver, in the technical process of marble-work. In these scenes from the story of Ahab, green marble is let in for grass, yellow for earth, dark blue for negro slaves, parti-coloured fragments for jewellery and ornaments. I do not know that this is going too far; and the effect is certainly very beautiful in one, the best of the compositions, where Elijah meets Ahab on Mount Carmel, and challenges the prophets of Baal to the trial of the sacrifice without fire. But if the method here may be allowed, Beccafumi certainly goes beyond the resources of his material in the later scenes of the sacrifice of Abraham and the Israelites in the wilderness. In these he gives up colour altogether, and aims at imitating exactly the effect of a black and white cartoon. It is done with amazing skill—the half-shadows laid down in grey marble, the light in white, and the dark in black, the joints most artificially concealed, and the transitions from light to dark shaded with engraved lines exactly as you might shade in a drawing. Then, the landscapes are filled with incident, and highly finished. The severity, the decorative abstractness, which the old designers had maintained, and which seem dictated by the conditions of the material, are defied. The consequence is a surprising and entertaining performance, but scarcely a true work of art. It was, however, precisely a performance of the kind to delight Beccafumi's contemporaries. Vasari is as petulantly partial to his Mecarino as he is hostile to Sodoma, loving to pit one against the other, and decide it in favour of Mecarino.

I have found another testimony to the fame of these works which comes more nearly home to ourselves. A writer of patriotic biographies at Siena in the seventeenth century winds up his account of Beccafumi thus—

“If he had done nothing else but that so famous pavement of the Duomo at Siena, begun long before by Duccio” [this, we have seen, is the old mistake of Vasari], “that alone would be enough to make him live forever in the memory of persons of taste. It is wrought of marble in *chiaroscuro*, and is so beautiful and so delightful that it has been published on paper by first-rate engravers, and whoever has a copy holds it right dear.” [These huge wood-engravings after Beccafumi's compositions may be seen in



the print-room of the British Museum.] "But more fortunate still has been Pandolfo Spannocchi, a Sienese lawyer of family, for he has had the luck to come into possession of the cartoons, by Mecarino's own hand, from which he executed that work. And he holds them so dear, that when there came to Siena certain English painters, sent by that Majesty to hunt all over the world for pictures and drawings by great men—to the offer of five thousand scudi which they made him for these drawings when they saw them, he returned them a refusal which did him honour, esteeming himself richer and better off with such a noble treasure in his own house than with the addition of those thousands of scudi to his fortune—to the shame of others who for even the paltriest prices have dispossessed themselves and their country of very noble paintings."

"That Majesty" is Charles I., whose agents, it seems, were anxious to buy for the Whitehall collection the original cartoons of Beccafumi's work. Well, we have got no original cartoons of the Siena pavement in this country. But we have got this set of drawings which helps us to know what the pavement is like from entrance to altar-steps, and to enter into the spirit of the work both of the accomplished Beccafumi and of men of a grimmer mettle. I cannot say that this unique invention seems to me altogether a happy one, or that the floor under your feet is the best place for great pictorial compositions to be set out. And I cannot say that either in the simplicity of its beginnings or in the ingenuity of its decline, this engraved and inlaid marble imagery stands among quite the noblest work of the noblest schools. But it stands alone. It calls for the most careful study. For every strongly furrowed line and every subtly fitted figure of it all are characters in which is written the history of a people—the history of that city of the rosy walls and rosy towers, the beloved and ungovernable, with her glorious rise and promise, her passionate piety, her heroism, her vanity, her madness, her mortal diseases of anarchy and rancour, her fiery independence, her daring imagination, her love of beauty and colour and pomp, her cunning indefatigable craftsmanship, the brightness of her genius, and the long delay of her inevitable doom.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

From Temple Bar.

HER DEAREST FOE.

#### CHAPTER X.

TIME seemed very long to our dispossessed heroine and her dependents. While Tom Reed sought, with all the energy and shrewdness for which he was remarkable, to do the best for his friend. Of the three, Fanny seemed to bear the lingering days best. Mrs. Travers noticed that since her visit to the theatre under her cousin's escort, there had been a remarkable look of quiet happiness in her eyes, a little less of flightiness in her conversation, from which she drew her own conclusions, though she asked no injudicious questions.

Meantime the reply to her inquiries respecting the fancy-work business duly arrived, and seemed satisfactory and straightforward. The last possessor had maintained an invalid husband and a daughter besides herself upon the proceeds. The daughter was married and in easy circumstances, so was not disposed to carry on the undertaking. She therefore wished to sell it as soon as possible, and sink the money and some small savings in a life annuity for her father. The sum asked (four hundred pounds), though not large, was the difficulty, as Mrs. Travers found the prices offered for her jewels were far below what she had anticipated.

If she had any other scheme within the bounds of reason on foot, Reed said, she might take council with, and obtain assistance from, Mr. Wall, though he was deeply incensed by her refusal of Sir Hugh Galbraith's offer.

But one of Mrs. Travers's objects, indeed, her chief object, seemed a desire to vanish from the scene into obscurity, at least for the present. "And," she thought—for she was pondering these things as usual, while dressing one morning, a few days after the interview last described—"I must not forget Mrs. Bell, poor old Gregory's daughter. I daresay she knows nothing of the changes that have taken place. I must let her know that it is out of my power to fulfil my promise of a further gift. What a disappointment it will be to her! I will call upon her to-day; and I will also see Mr. Wall, and ask him to intercede with Sir Hugh, and induce him to make her some small allowance or present. I dread seeing that severe lawyer, but I must, and this is a topic that will nerve me."

Mrs. Travers's expectations of a chilling reception were amply fulfilled. Mr.



Wall was expressively silent on the subject which was uppermost in the thoughts of each, though he slightly relaxed the terrors of his countenance, as the young widow, her violet-blue eyes suffused with tears, thanked him, in her low, clear tones, for the friendly interest he had shown in her.

"I could have done much more for you had you acted with the same common sense you have hitherto shown," he replied gloomily. And Mrs. Travers remarked, with an inward smile, the subtle change in his tone. It was far from being careless or disrespectful; but it was perceptibly more familiar than in the days so short a time ago—yet so infinitely far back—when she was surrounded by the halo of that divinity which doth hedge the owner of real and personal property.

"And have you formed any plans?—though perhaps you do not care to divulge them to a person whose advice was so unacceptable."

"I cannot fix anything until some jewels I have are disposed of. I have thought of going on the Continent. I know German and Germany tolerably; and it has been suggested that I should try and establish a school for English girls in one of the Rhine towns," returned Mrs. Travers hesitatingly.

"Ha! not a bad idea. And the jewels—may I ask their probable value?"

"Seven or eight hundred pounds. At least, they cost that sum. Do you think you could assist me to dispose of them?"

"I do not think I could. I *don't* think I could; but you might let me see them," added the worthy lawyer, melting more and more.

"I will. And now, Mr. Wall, I have a great favour to ask," began Mrs. Travers, and proceeded to unfold her benevolent plan of representing poor Mrs. Bell's case to Sir Hugh Galbraith.

But this proposition had a most unfortunate effect in rousing Mr. Wall's indignation at the idea of asking that consideration for another which she rejected for herself; and he absolutely refused. "The application, if it be made, should come through Mr. Ford," concluded the lawyer, in a chilling voice.

"But may he not be dismissed by this time?" asked Mrs. Travers.

"I should say certainly not. Ford is too essential to the winding-up of the business, if it is to be wound up. I should not be surprised if Sir Hugh Galbraith bestows upon him the five hundred orig-

inally bequeathed. If he is wise, he will; and I daresay *he* will not reject it."

"Then I shall ask Mr. Ford's assistance," replied Mrs. Travers, with some spirit, and rising as she spoke. "I need not trespass any longer on your time. If we should not meet again, pray remember I shall always be grateful for your friendliness; and I consider your displeasure proves a high degree of friendliness," concluded the young widow, holding out her hand with a smile half sad, half playful.

The old lawyer, slightly thawing once more, began, "I shall always be happy to be of use to you." Then, checking himself, added, "But, excuse me, no one can be of use to a wilful woman."

"Good-bye," returned Mrs. Travers, declining the combat; and she hastily left the room.

It surprised her to feel such a choking sensation in her throat when she found herself once more alone and in the street. Was her courage going to fail? That must not be. Yet it was rather appalling to look round and see every one against her—Tom, Mr. Wall, Fanny, and last, far from least, Mills. Could she only be right and all these wrong? How hard it is to have faith in one's own convictions, especially for those frank minds who can believe heartily, and are yet free from obstinacy. "Nevertheless, I will persevere. If I can muster money enough for this purchase, I will make it. What a grand triumph it would be to make a business pay! to prove myself the best judge of my own affairs, even if my other 'dim religious' hope be unfulfilled. Yet I risk and resign much."

So thinking, she persevered in a hot, dusty walk, and a still hotter, dustier "ride" in an omnibus, in order to reach Mrs. Bell's abode.

It was past four o'clock, and she was delighted to see quite a stream of little girls, bag or satchel in hand, issuing from the door. The whole aspect of the house was changed, as was also that of Mrs. Bell and her daughter.

"I am sorry to be the bearer of what is bad news for us both, Mrs. Bell," she began, and at once plunged into the narrative of her changed fortunes; her listener's countenance fell as she proceeded.

"Dear me," she observed, when Mrs. Travers stopped, "I can hardly believe it! It *is* a shame, and you can do nothing? Surely the law can stop such a will as that?"

"I fear not, Mrs. Bell. Pray have you



ever heard your father speak of having written out a will at Mr. Travers's dictation?"

"I have heard something about it, but I forget what. What was it now?" striving painfully to remember, while she mechanically pleated up the edge of a large black stuff apron which covered her dress. "It was something I heard my father say one evening, not long before my brother sailed last time, nearly a year ago, about working after hours for Mr. Travers, and that he thought he ought to have a rise when Mr. Travers trusted him to do private business he did not give even to Mr. Ford. I think those were his words."

"Do you think your brother would know anything more?" asked Mrs. Travers eagerly.

"He might, and he might not. You see John has a great deal on his mind; but that is all I remember."

"When do you expect Captain Gregory back?"

"I do not exactly know. He was to have been home next month, but my sister-in-law had a letter last week, and he is taken up to carry rice somewhere in India, and he does not seem to know when he will be home."

"You will let me know whenever he returns, will you not?" said Mrs. Travers impressively.

"You may depend upon me."

Mrs. Travers then proceeded to tell her downcast *protégé* of her intended application to Sir Hugh Galbraith, with what success she could not pretend to foresee, and after some kindly, friendly talk, left Mrs. Bell somewhat cheered, and giving her own address to Reed's care.

It was late, and she felt greatly wearied when she reached her lodgings; and although Mrs. Mills met her with many half-testy, half-sympathetic expressions of regret that she should go and just wear herself out, she was wonderfully disappointed to find that Fanny had gone away with Mr. Reed for a walk in the park.

But she was not left long alone: by the time tea was prepared the cousins returned, and Mrs. Travers fancied there was the promise of something cheering in the expression of Tom Reed's countenance. He said nothing, however, till the tea-things were removed, and they were once more in committee.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I think I have found a chance for disposing of the diamonds at last, Mrs. Travers. A friend of our 'chief,' a young fellow from Lanca-

shire, who is up in town spending his money and seeing life, wants to present a lady with some diamonds—I suppose his *fiancée*. I overheard him ask Pennington (that is our editor) what a regular turn-out would be likely to cost? He said, 'Oh, eight hundred or a thousand pounds.' This seemed to stagger our young rustic; so I put in my oar. 'I could get you a first-rate set for four hundred, good as new, from one of the first houses in London'—yours were from H——, were they not? He pricked up his ears at this, and, in short, I have agreed to show him the jewels, if you will trust them with me."

"What a good fellow you are, Tom," cried Mrs. Travers. "You never lose a chance."

"And be sure you make him pay four hundred guineas!" exclaimed Fanny.

"Oh, you greedy creature! No, Tom; I shall be quite satisfied if I can get what they cost."

"Diamonds is 'riz' since these were bought," returned Reed solemnly. "The young man shall have them at a trifle below the present value—if he will buy them. You will please to remember there is an 'if' in the case."

"I am quite aware of it," said Mrs. Travers. "There, Fanny, is the key of my dressing-box: bring down the three red morocco cases." Then, as she left the room, she added, "How well Fanny looks, and what a comfort she is to me! I do hope, Tom, you will not, as her next of kin, raise any serious objection to her joining me in business. I would not feel justified in deliberately opposing you."

"I do not think she would mind me if I did," returned Reed, smiling and shrugging his shoulders. "But I have no right to interfere—at present. Remember, this admission is without prejudice to any future interference I may feel entitled to."

"I understand," replied Mrs. Travers, smiling kindly upon him.

"For the present we must only think of you, and how best to help you," he resumed; "and though your scheme at first seemed the maddest idea, I begin to think it might be managed if you had the least knowledge of business; but I am afraid you will come to grief."

"I think I shall manage it," said Kate Travers thoughtfully, "if I can only get a margin, after the purchase, to live upon for the first year, and make the business feed itself."

"And what margin would you require?"



"Well, the rent is low, and we have plenty of clothes: I dare say a hundred and thirty or forty pounds."

"A hundred and thirty pounds!" echoed Tom. "You will never do it."

Here Fanny returned with the diamonds. They were again examined and admired. The high preservation of the cases was pointed out as a most favourable circumstance. Then Tom Reed put them in his breast-pocket, buttoned up his coat, and swore melodramatically that whoever attempted to take them would first have to rifle his mangled corse.

"Talking of mangling, Tom," said Fanny, "I saw that dreadful-looking man you spoke to at Waterloo Station the day I came from Yorkshire in the park to-day, sitting under the trees near the canal; but I would not tell you, for fear you would speak."

"You saw him, then? So did I; but said nothing, lest you should do anything to attract his attention. Poor devil! he looks worse than ever. I wonder who he has got hold of — a well-dressed, respectable-looking fellow."

"Yes, he was," replied Fanny, "and I have an idea I know his face!"

"Nonsense, Fan!" cried Mrs. Travers. "You are always fancying you remember people."

"I have a wonderful memory for faces," said that young person, shaking her head gravely.

"And now farewell, and peace be with you," said Tom rising.

"One moment," exclaimed Mrs. Travers. "I had almost forgotten. Have you given Mr. Ford my address?"

"No, I never thought of it."

"I will write to him myself, then. I must see him about that poor woman, Mrs. Bell, though I would much rather not. Remember, Tom, should you meet him, not a word of my plans."

"Sovereign! to hear is to obey."

Writing to ask a favour of Mr. Ford was an especially distasteful task to Kate. She felt it must lead to the unpleasantness of an interview, there was so much to be discussed between them. Moreover, she was anxious not to show anything like resentment for the troubles he was the innocent means of bringing upon her; and, with the effort to compose a suitable note, came a curious train of thought. Old feelings of distrust and undefinable, unreasonable aversion came back upon her; suspicions she could not drive away, and was ashamed to express, thronged her mind, thick, shapeless, like

volumes of vapour, too vague to be combated, too pervading to be resisted.

Yet, if she did not speak her thoughts, how was she ever to make an onward step in her progress towards unravelling the mystery of the will? "Ah, there is no use in thinking about it now. I must wait — I must wait," said Mrs. Travers, with a sigh, resuming her pen and hastily finishing her note, not at all to her satisfaction; but she could do no better, so she let it go.

It was speedily answered. Mr. Ford stated, in the best possible English, that he had been somewhat seriously indisposed, or he should have made an attempt to see Mrs. Travers before; and, as it was impossible to discuss the matter mentioned in her note except in a personal interview, he would do himself the honour of calling on Mrs. Travers on the following Thursday evening.

Mrs. Travers laid down the note with a sigh, and opened one from Reed, which informed her that "the Lancashire lad" was favourably disposed towards the diamonds, but wished to look about him before purchasing them.

"So there is still an 'if' in the case," wrote Reed, "but it is no longer in italics."

. . . . .

Mrs. Travers was positively startled at the change in Mr. Ford's appearance when he presented himself on the appointed evening. He looked years older, greyer, thinner, less erect, and ghastly pale.

"You must have been ill indeed, Mr. Ford," said the young widow kindly as she gave him her hand.

"I have been somewhat seriously unwell, which was very inconvenient, as my services were much wanted. But, Mrs. Travers, to see you here — here, in this mean abode. It is more almost than I can bear!" His voice failed, and he sat down hastily as if unable to stand.

"Dear me! Have a glass of wine, or a little brandy and water," cried Fanny, quite melted from her hardness of heart by the evident feeling of the obnoxious Mr. Ford.

"Nothing, I thank you — nothing. And, Mrs. Travers, it is astonishing to see how well you bear yourself under such a reverse! And how well you look!"

"I am quite well, and far from hopeless."

"May I ask if you intend to remain here, or —"



"I have made no plan as yet," returned Mrs. Travers quickly. "In fact, I cannot until Mr. Reed has made some arrangements which he has kindly undertaken for me; but we think of going on the Continent."

"On the Continent!" he repeated; and then went on with a sort of deprecatory smile and slight catch in his voice which Mrs. Travers always thought an indication that he was forcing himself to say something he knew to be disagreeable. "It has been some slight consolation to me to reflect that at least you possessed jewels of considerable value. I well remember filling up the cheques to pay for them. And it has struck me that my services might be useful in disposing of them."

Mrs. Travers coloured vividly. This determination still to interfere in her affairs roused a degree of indignation quite disproportioned to the cause; but she carefully restrained herself.

"You are very good, Mr. Ford; but Mr. Reed has undertaken that matter; so I need not trespass on you. You must be fully occupied, and I fear not equal to much exertion."

Ford looked down and wiped his brow. "I felt obliged to crawl back to the office the day before yesterday," he said, "and there I saw Sir Hugh Galbraith. I cannot say he made a favourable impression upon me. He is a cold, haughty, overbearing man, who, though passably civil, evidently looks upon all the employes of the house as infinitely beneath him. Even if the firm is still kept on, nothing would tempt me to continue in his employment."

"And is the old firm to be broken up?" asked Mrs. Travers, with deep interest, remembering sadly her own dreams on this subject.

"I do not know certainly; but I think so. The refusal of Mr. Gervais to act under the will has, I believe, greatly annoyed Sir Hugh. He is, I understand, anxious to realize, and cut all connection with the City. I had an opportunity of speaking to Sir Hugh Galbraith to-day. When, though much against my inclination, in obedience to your wish, Mrs. Travers, I mentioned Mrs. Bell's case to him, he listened not unfavourably, and said he would consult his solicitors on the subject, and added some remarks very favourable to myself, which yet," added Mr. Ford fervently, "did little to reconcile me to the terrible change of rulers. Sir Hugh Galbraith in your place, my dear lady, is an hourly living torture I—I—

cannot stand"—and Mr. Ford again pressed his handkerchief to his brow.

"I trust this man will have some respect for your interests," replied Mrs. Travers, feeling a little puzzled how to reply.

"My interests," he returned, waving his hand, "are of small importance if I only could"—he paused abruptly.

"They are of importance to yourself, at any rate," observed Mrs. Travers, to break the awkward pause which followed.

"Will you excuse me?" said Ford, with a sort of desperate effort to Fanny; "but I have a few words to say to Mrs. Travers, which are for her ear alone."

"Certainly," replied Fanny rising.

"But, Mr. Ford, I have no secrets from Miss Lee," exclaimed Mrs. Travers.

"Nevertheless, I trust you will grant me a few moments," said that gentleman, his brows slightly contracting as he marked the young widow's substitution of "Miss Lee" for "Fanny," when she spoke of her friend to him.

"Oh, as you will," returned Mrs. Travers, and Fanny left the room. Then a painful silence ensued. At last Mr. Ford began in a tremulous voice, and evidently contending with some strong emotion. "My dear Mrs. Travers, my head is in such painful confusion I scarce know how to express the thoughts that throng upon me. I have known no rest since the discovery of that hateful will. Over and over again I have regretted not destroying it—not leaving matters as they were! But to have injured you—to have benefited that haughty, contemptuous fellow! Can you forgive me?" He clasped his hands together in an attitude of entreaty, quite carried away beyond his ordinary conventionality and studied phraseology by the force of his feelings.

"Pray do not speak in this way, Mr. Ford! I have nothing to forgive. You have simply done your duty—your unavoidable duty," said Mrs. Travers. Then, fixing her earnest eyes full upon him, she added in a lower, graver tone, "and I pity you—pity you deeply."

Ford, with a rapid, involuntary motion, pressed one hand over his eyes, as if to shut out hers; but recovering himself immediately, asked quickly, "Pity me? Why? I know I am wretched, but why do you compassionate me?"

"Because you have been the means of causing mortification and loss to one whom you profess to like and respect."

"You are very cruel," cried Ford, his pale face flushing.



"I do not mean to be so," returned Mrs. Travers quietly, and still looking at him.

"Perhaps not; but hear me. One purpose of my visit to-night is to inform you Sir Hugh Galbraith has expressed his desire that the legacy of five hundred pounds originally left me by Mr. Travers should be paid over at once. He is pleased to say that I have amply deserved it, and he cannot understand why it was struck out. Now, Mrs. Travers, I consider this ought to be yours. It is yours. I will never touch it. By all that I hold sacred, I will never touch it. You will take it, will you not?" he urged feverishly, rising from his seat and clasping her hand in a burning, trembling grasp.

Mrs. Travers was much moved, but instantly withdrew from his touch.

"It is a very kind, generous impulse that prompts you, Mr. Ford. I shall always remember your offer with gratitude; but when you are stronger and better able to reflect calmly, you will yourself see the impossibility of my acceptance."

"I do not see it. The money is of no value to me. I have lived sparingly. I have saved. I have money enough—more than people think; and I am alone—alone!"

"Yes, at present," said Mrs. Travers kindly but firmly, with the indefinable tone of superiority which always subdued, yet maddened Ford. "But you are quite young enough to form the closest ties—to create a home for yourself; and hereafter, when you may want to push the fortunes of your children, you will be glad of the money you would now give away."

"Never," he cried, walking up and down the room. "Nothing is of value to me except so far as it is of use to you. I have injured you! I mean, I have involuntarily been the means of injuring you. Let me atone. All that belongs to me is yours—my whole life, if it can be of the slightest use."

"Mr. Ford, these are expressions I cannot listen to. You are unnerved; you are not yourself. You must understand that it is impossible I could entertain such a proposition for a moment. I cannot listen to such wild words."

"But I will speak out for once," said Ford, greatly agitated. "Why should you despise and turn from me? What is the difference between us? When first I knew you, mine was the best position of the two. I always loved you. I strove and saved to make you my wife; but my master"—with much bitterness—"stepped in and robbed me. And do you

think I did not watch how he spoiled your life, and felt nearly mad between a sort of joy to think he was leaving your heart for me, and the bitterest sorrow for you. And then to find you—you that I had always dreamed of as in a measure dependent on me—assume the mastery, and treat me as a favoured servant. Oh, Mrs. Travers! Oh, Kate! God pardon you for the suffering you have inflicted. Now it is all over. You are poor and alone. I am wealthy compared to you. Take it all! take my whole existence—be my wife. There, I have broken through the strange spell you have always laid upon me. That is my hope—my heart's dearest wish; nothing short of it will satisfy me."

He paused out of breath, his heart heaving, yet not brave enough to diminish by a step the distance between them.

Mrs. Travers was greatly moved; half frightened, half revolted.

"You give me infinite pain," she exclaimed after a moment's pause. "Do you not see how distressing, how shocking it must be to a woman so lately widowed to hear such words from any man? They are almost an insult."

"Then," cried Ford, interrupting her, "when may I speak? Some months hence? Oh! I will wait if —"

"*Never* dare to address me in the same strain," said Mrs. Travers, her curious antipathy to the unfortunate Ford flaming up into a sudden activity that quite overcame her self-control. "I do not mean any disrespect to you. I know that your position was as good as my own; but I now represent my late husband, and your words are an unseemly anomaly. More. However worthy of regard, it is not always given to men to meet with reciprocity. Position out of the question, you should have seen there was no chance for you with me. We can never meet again. I—I do not want to be harsh or unfeeling, but you have brought this on yourself. How *dared* you think of me with such feelings during your master's life! We must never meet again."

"Enough," cried Ford; "you have finished your work and restored me some strength. Good evening, Mrs. Travers. In all probability your wish will be fulfilled. We may never meet again; but you may regret it."

With a ghastly pale face and gleaming eyes, full of rage and hatred, Mr. Ford snatched up his hat and departed.

Mrs. Travers sat down to collect and recover herself before meeting Fanny Lee. She was considerably puzzled by her own



emotions. Here she was, a democrat by conviction, recognizing the right of men to work their way up from the lowest rung of the social ladder. Why should she be so indignant with her husband's managing clerk for raising his eyes to her? Had it been Tom Reed, or another Mr. Travers, or even that starched Mr. Wall—her acquaintance with gentlemen was very limited—she would no doubt have refused them all, and thought they were rather premature; but she would have done so with tenderness and sympathy, and certainly without indignation. Why, then, did she feel so angry and degraded in her own eyes? Is it because nature has her own nobles, amid which Mr. Ford certainly held no place? But then, did Tom, or Mr. Wall, or even Mr. Travers? Yes; these men had reached manhood. They were straightforward, and gifted with the average pluck of every day. Mr. Ford was not unkindly or uncultivated; he was very nearly a gentleman. It was the sort of nameless moral slinking—a constant soreness at the non-recognition of claims he dared not uphold—a serpent-like mingling of the crawl and the sting, from which Mrs. Travers shrank revolted and antagonistic.

"And perhaps this is all owing to some defect in the circulation, or the nerves, or some of the marvellous mechanism by which the inner self works," she thought. "Why, then, do I feel disgust instead of compassion? Is this instinct in me wrong or false, and ought I to control it with reason? Heigho! I shall find no time for such puzzles when I am matching wools and tracing patterns at Pierstoffee. I wish I was there now."

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE next morning brought a welcome distraction to Mrs. Travers's thoughts in the shape of an answer from the agent to whom she had written for further information respecting the fancy business. He stated that the price asked included furniture and fittings, which were certainly worth two hundred pounds, and suggested a personal interview, as there were other parties making inquiries, and she had better not lose time.

This communication sent her in haste to try and catch Tom Reed before he left his chambers for the day; but she missed him, and she was obliged to wait with what patience she could till evening brought him in reply to an urgent note.

"Four hundred pounds," said their kindly mentor; "four of my teeth sooner!

Look here, Mrs. Travers, I have been making all sorts of inquiries, and I imagine the seaside party will jump at three hundred; if not, an additional ten or fifteen will clinch the matter,—that is to say, unless you take my advice and give it up. And I have seen my Lancashire friend. He has been making inquiries, too, and is willing to give three hundred for the diamonds; that is not so bad, and I think you had better take it. You would not get so much from any jeweller."

"Oh, what a mean, stingy creature your Lancashire friend must be. Did you tell him what they cost?" cried Fanny.

"Indeed I did not, or he would not have offered so much."

"Tom!" exclaimed Mrs. Travers. "I have a sudden inspiration. I will not sell any more. The diamonds are your friend's at his price. Get the money as soon as you can, but all the rest I will take to those people you call 'relatives.'"

"*I Lombardi?*" asked Tom; "pawn-brokers—not to be unintelligible?"

"Exactly. They may give me more than the jewellers, thinking that I will release them."

"Relatives of that class are not given to flights of imagination," remarked Tom.

"At any rate I shall have the chance of redeeming them; and if I disprove that will, I shall," said Mrs. Travers.

Tom shook his head; while Fanny observed parenthetically, "And you will! as sure as I see Tom shaking his head, and making himself ridiculous." Mrs. Travers went on, not heeding the interruption.

"At the worst, they can but go. Then I need not part with all at once, you know. Will you help me in this too, Tom?"

"It is not such a bad idea," said her chivalrous counsellor; "and in your cause I'll beard every 'uncle' in London in his own particular den."

"You are a darling," said Fanny.

"You're another," retorted her cousin. "And remember, Mrs. Travers," he continued, "you are on no account to go near those Sise Lane people without me. It would be the spider and the fly over again."

The progress of a transaction such as Kate Travers, with Reed's help, was now trying to bring to a conclusion, though deeply interesting to the parties concerned, is not exciting to read about. Suffice it to say, the bargain was accomplished with the proviso that Mrs. Travers was to inspect the shop and house herself, and personally test the business by resid-



ing on the premises for a fortnight, before paying over the price, which was to be, as Tom suggested, three hundred pounds for all.

"Pierstoffe, Maltshire," read Tom Reed from a "Guide-Book," the evening after matters had so far been arranged. "Population, 4372 1-2,"

"You have added the half yourself, surely, Tom."

"Silence, Fanny, do not interrupt the lecture. A picturesque and rising town, in much request as a bathing-place. It commands a fine prospect of cliff and sea, and several blocks of commodious houses have lately been erected. Hotels: 'The Marine Hotel,' 'The Queen's,' and 'The Robinson Crusoe.' Objects of interest in the neighbourhood: Colnebrooke Castle, the seat of Sir Hervé Brooke, Bart., D. L.; Acol Court, the residence of Colonel Craycroft, J. P.; Weston, formerly a moated grange; and the ruins of St. Olave's Priory, all within an easy drive. Distance from London, four hours and fifteen minutes. Express, three hours and a half."

"I shall always travel express when I come to see you," said Tom, shutting up his book. "But I am afraid a population of 4372 will not supply custom to the extent of twenty pounds a week, as that man asserted were the trade returns of the 'Berlin Bazaar.'"

"No; I do not expect so much as that," observed Mrs. Travers. "But remember—he said in the season. By the way, I am glad our future abode has a title already. I would rather not have an assumed name over the shop."

"Yes; by the way, I observed Hook addressed you as Mrs. Temple."

"I do not intend to resume that of Travers until I regain the property that ought to go with it," said Mrs. Travers, closing her mouth tightly. "So begin to practise at once, Fanny."

"I am sure I shall never remember."

"Is it wise to change your name," asked Reed.

"Yes, dear Tom; I want to be altogether lost for a while. I shall be happier for feeling I have left no traces."

"And who would trace you?"

"Oh, I do not know—Mr. Ford, perhaps. And then that horrid man is tormenting me to accept his miserable offer of an allowance. I had another note from Mr. Wall to-day: I am sure Sir Hugh feels insecure, or he would not press the matter."

Tom shook his head incredulously.

"I should not be surprised if he induced Mr. Ford to persecute me about it," Mrs. Travers went on. "And now, Tom and Fanny, for my latest scheme. I am to go down to Pierstoffe on Wednesday—this is Saturday—Monday our week in these lodgings expires. Fanny and Mills must live somewhere while I am studying trade under the excellent young lady whom Mr. Hook describes as left in charge. I propose that we all go over to Boulogne. I know it a little; I was at school there for a few months before I went to Germany; apartments are cheap; I shall leave Fanny there with Mills until I am ready to receive them, and return on Wednesday to go down to Pierstoffe. You see" (drawing a paper from her pocket) "a steamer sails for Boulogne from London Bridge on Monday evening at six. I will thus give every one the slip, and will be able, when writing to Mr. Wall, to say with truth that I leave London for the Continent on Monday. You will keep our heavy boxes, Tom, and guard my address religiously."

To this, after some discussion and remonstrances from Fanny, who strongly objected to be left alone with Mills, all agreed.

Monday was a close, damp day, with an occasional drizzle of rain, most depressing to the spirits, and poor Fanny's were at the lowest ebb. Mrs. Mills was calm and resigned. Her beloved mistress had talked long and confidentially with her, and succeeded in piercing the rough and bristly exterior husk of the old woman's nature, and touching the sound, good heart that lay within; so for a while Mills was lifted above her crotchets and ill tempers, and graciously promised to take care of Fanny. Mrs. Travers was the unflagging leader of the expedition, for Tom Reed, in his ardent sympathy and efforts to console his cousin, was less efficient than usual.

"I'll come and see you, Fanny, in a week or ten days—I will, indeed. I will run over next Saturday, till Monday, and by that time you and Mrs. Mills will be qualified to lionize me all over 'our French watering-place,' as Dickens calls it."

"But it will cost you such a heap of money," said the tearful Fanny.

They were now somewhat tightly packed in a cab, and somewhat painfully crawling through the city.

"Who is that man?" cried Tom, sharply, to Mrs. Travers.

"What man?"



"The man that just passed now, and crossed under the horse's nose—you bowed to him."

"Oh, that was one of poor Mr. Travers's clerks—Poole—the witness to the will."

"Yes, I remember him now."

"Why, that was the man we saw the other day in the park, speaking to your shabby friend," said Fanny, "was it not, Tom?"

"I think you must be mistaken."

At last they reached the steamer, Tom Reed exerting himself to the last to secure what comfort he could for them in that abode of misery, the ladies' cabin. He bid Fanny a private adieu at the foot of the companion ladder, and then followed Mrs. Travers, who had gone on deck. "Good-bye! God bless you! You are the best of good fellows, Tom," she said, holding his hand in both her own.

"And you—I can only say you are no end of a brick. Good-bye; you will be off in another moment," and Tom hurried on shore.

Pierstoffe was not unfaithfully described, in the advertisement which had fascinated Kate Travers, as a thriving town. Originally a fishing and smuggling village, the latter line of business had created a certain degree of wealth, and the style of houses which the successful owners of the various schooners and luggers plying between Pierstoffe and the coasts of France and Holland built for themselves in later years were of a very superior description from the lowly cottages which used to cluster round the "point," as it was emphatically called; the point being the southern promontory in which a bold range of cliffs ended, and which sheltered the wide open bay from the prevalent winds. But the cottages, the original nucleus from which Pierstoffe had sprung, had been pulled down more than ten years before, and an enterprising builder had erected in their place, and on the very verge of the shore, a huge, square, hideous marine hotel, with a sea-wall and a terrace, a ladies' bathing-place at one side, and, screened from observation, a gentleman's on the other. Having accomplished this patriotic work, he smashed up, and other men entered into his labours.

Pierstoffe began to look up, and a row of lodging-houses was built close down on the sea, and in front of a little, narrow, tortuous street of shabby shops which crept along the base of the overhanging cliffs, to where they sunk somewhat suddenly into a valley which widened as it ran inland, and

where the sweep of the bay compelled the new houses to cease, and permit some of the better and later edifices of old Pierstoffe still to face the sea, and a wide slip on which the pleasure-skiffs lay drawn up for hire, where the fishing-boats came in, and the weather-beaten fishermen disentangled their silvery, scaly treasures from the dark-brown nets.

Here the old coach-road turned inwards, and, a few furlongs further on bifurcated, one line ascending by steep zigzags to the northern heights, the other leading away down the valley to where the open country, rich in cornfields and pastures, with patches of woodland sheltered by the high cliffs from easterly gales, afforded first-rate sport to a fox-hunting gentry. Further on, past the slip, were the most genteel, the most costly, and the newest houses in Pierstoffe, called the North Parade, behind which the cliffs again rose to a great height. Many improvements were being carried on. A branch line from the "East Mercian, Stoneborough, and Barmouth Junction" had been brought by a tunnel almost to the door of the Marine Hotel, and a small pier was being built also near that favoured spot, where summer sailors might more conveniently land from their pretty vessels. There was a library and a reading-room also, where a visitors' book was kept, and there was talk of a yacht-club; but they had got no further than erecting a flagstaff before the library on the esplanade, whence the flag of the club was to float whenever the one and the other had been called into existence.

Such were the principal features of the residence Mrs. Travers had chosen. She was very weary, and consequently dispirited when she reached her destination by the last train. It was dusk, but not quite dark, and she could trace the outlines of the cliffs and bay as she stood on the open space before the hotel, while a porter called a cab—or, as it is usually called out of London, "a fly" (will some Max Müller of the future account for this variation in the growth of language?). The soft salt breeze (it was a lovely April night), came to her cheek like a caress. The breath of the sea seemed to call back her scattered forces, and she had roused herself from the weariness of spirit which hung upon her since she had parted with Fanny and Mills, by the time a very stuffy conveyance had rattled her over some rough pavement, and through a street so narrow that she wondered the jolting did not overturn her vehicle into a shop window on the right hand or on the left.



Then she felt once more in the open, and heard the gentle dash of the waves as the driver drew up at a corner house.

"This is it, ma'am — 'The Berlin Bazaar.'"

"Will you please stop at the private door round the corner?" said a shrill, treble voice, and a dim figure, tall and narrow, appeared at the shop-door.

A small boy was putting up the shutters (the early "closing movement" had always been moving at Pierstoffs), who hastily desisted and ran round to carry up the luggage. The next moment Mrs. Temple (as we must call her in future) stood in a short, wide, low, panelled passage, where a thin, angular female, with flat bands of hair secured by a couple of rows of narrow black velvet and a high back-comb, held a tall, thin candle in a brass candlestick. She was evidently an elderly young lady, with a sweet simper, which displayed very large teeth — in fact, her bony system was largely developed. She produced on Mrs. Temple a general impression of being brown. Her dress was brown merino, so tightly and accurately fitting, that it conveyed the idea that she had been melted down and poured into a brown mould. Her neat collar was fastened with a brown bow of ribbon, her hands were covered with brown leather mittens, and her complexion was not many shades lighter.

"Mrs. Temple, I am sure I am very glad you have arrived," she said with a gracious bend, which made the composite grease of her candle drip over. "I expected you somewhat earlier."

"Miss Potter, I suppose?" returned the young widow pleasantly. "I hoped to have been here earlier, but I have had a long journey."

"Dear, dear, I daresay you are quite overcome with fatigue. Here, Sarah, take up Mrs. Temple's box. Perhaps you will step into our little sitting-room at once." And Miss Potter, with the most scrupulous politeness, and holding the candle above her head, opened a side door and ushered her guest into a long, low room, also panelled, with a narrow door at the opposite angle from where they entered, and beside it, stretching towards the fireplace, was a long window, not more than one pane in height, but many in width, across which hung a muslin curtain.

A small fire burned in an old-fashioned grate, with wide hobs and extensive "cheeks," to limit its dimensions, and before it stood a three-legged iron stand, or "footman," supporting a carefully cov-

ered dish. A table set with tea-things stood near the window, and a small copper kettle hummed upon the fire.

"I am very thankful to be here," said Mrs. Temple, looking round her, not displeased by the aspect of things, as she untied her bonnet and laid it aside. "I hope my late arrival has caused you no inconvenience."

"Oh, none in the least, I assure you, ma'am," said Miss Potter, bustling about actively to get the tea. "And I think you will like the place and the business. Poor Mrs. Browne, the late owner, as nice a woman as ever lived, did not make it what it might be, as I have told her times and times; but it is steady, and regular, and particularly genteel." Miss Potter, when not excited, talked in a loud impressive whisper. "It is like keeping a stall at a fancy fair, in a manner of speaking. Indeed, I tell my brother — my brother is in Australia in a very large way of business, and I am going out to him. I should have done so long since, but that I could not leave Mrs. Browne; for as she said to me over and over again, 'If you leave me, Maria' (my name is Maria), 'my whole dependence is gone; for Mrs. Penny' (that is her daughter) 'is not exactly the sort of' — but there, censoriousness is not my line. Poor dear soul, I was her whole stay." By this time Miss Potter had wandered through so many parentheses, that she had forgotten what she had told her brother, so wisely dropped the subject, and allowed Kate to take her tea in comparative quiet.

Although her acquaintance with Miss Potter soon came to an end, and she dropped out of her life altogether, Kate Travers never forgot the relief which the even flow of her unoffending though very small talk proved on that trying night. It gave a welcome tinge of the ludicrous to the awful strangeness of her position; it held back the rising tide of sorrowful, half-indignant recollections that threatened to engulf her courage and composure, as gently sloping sandy beaches hold back the ocean. Then the bird's-eye view of the "business" which her ready intelligence gathered from this chatter, roused her interest in what had now become her career, and so the first evening, in what was to be her new home, passed over less painfully than she expected.

She woke early the next morning, and soon was up, and dressed. A fresh breeze from the south-east was crisping the bay into short, tossing, foam-crested waves, and dashing them with a sound, full of haste



and vigour, upon the slip before described, and which her window overlooked. The bright clear sunshine, the wide stretch of open sea, the tall cliffs which sheltered the little town to the north, and of which she caught a glimpse on her left, all seemed to her very good. Her spirit roused itself in response to the tumultuous activity of the nature she gazed upon, and seemed to promise her success. To succeed in a "Berlin Bazaar," is not an "o'er-vaulting ambition," scarcely in accord with the idea of "deep calling unto deep," which certainly suggested itself to the young widow, as she stood gazing at the wild play of the waters, and conscious of the sympathy between her inner self and the speechless world without; the "voice" of which is yet to articulate. But *not* to succeed in this humble enterprise, implied so terrible a defeat, such an incapacity on her part to judge for herself, and to stand alone, that success was thrown up into colossal proportions by the depth of shadow behind it. Shaking off her thought-fit, Mrs. Temple, as she schooled herself to think she was, descended to the parlour, where she had partaken of tea the night before, and found a small girl in a long sort of linen bib that reached from her throat to her insteps, setting the breakfast-things; she stopped short and dropped a staccato courtesy, when she perceived the strange lady, continuing to gaze at her with a scared expression and without moving.

"I suppose you are the housemaid?" said Mrs. Temple, good-naturedly, seeking to break the spell by the charm of speech.

"Yes 'm, — and I does the cooking, too 'm; only mother comes in twice a week to help clean up. Leastways, she used — but I does all for Miss Potter, now," said the small statue, restored to consciousness.

"Is Miss Potter up yet?" asked Mrs. Temple, measuring the child in her mind, and conjecturing whether she might do for an assistant to Mills — for Mills could not manage everything quite alone.

"Oh, yes 'm! Miss Potter is dusting of the shop. I was to tell her when you comed down, — I'll just get the kettle."

Though April was drawing to a close, a fire was not unacceptable in the chill freshness of a seaside morning, and Mrs. Temple had placed one foot upon the fender, when Miss Potter came in through the narrow door, which led into the shop.

"Dear, dear, I did not know you were down. I hope you have not been waiting long." Miss Potter held a feather-broom and a duster, and another cleaner duster

was tied over her head. She was attired in a print morning-wrapper, washed out to a dim ochre tint. "I told that girl to let me know directly you were down; but she is so stupid."

Mrs. Temple exonerated the girl, and Miss Potter went on:

"I am glad you are an early riser — I always was — and it's a great thing *here*. You see, ours is that sort of a genteel business, that there is no need to open much before ten. Indeed, for that matter, before eleven, only for the appearance! and one can get a deal done between an eight o'clock breakfast and ten — as you will find. I think you said you never were in business before?"

"Never," said Kate.

Miss Potter shook her head gloomily as she made the tea. "Business is uphill work for them that haven't been brought up to it."

"Yet, it cannot be so mysterious that a woman of my age cannot learn it," replied Kate; and added, smiling, "with your good help."

"Oh, I am sure I am willing to do the best I can; but I can't help thinking that a little outlay would fetch up the business wonderfully. I always told poor dear Mrs. Browne that she starved it! Indeed, at one time, when I thought of taking it myself, I used to be rather annoyed. Then, poor Mrs. Browne had heavy expenses. Now, you see, you have no husband," as if this was an enormous advantage in an economic point of view. "At least — you'll excuse me — I understood you were a widow?"

"I am," said Mrs. Temple smiling; while her eyes filled with tears at the recollection of the husband who had so carefully guarded her from all of pain, save what his own jealous love inflicted.

"Poor Mrs. Browne suffered a deal with hers. I am sure I little thought she would go before him!" in a slightly injured tone, as if Providence had made a decided mistake. "But, though I do not mean the least disrespect to you, I can't say I have any right to like widows!"

"I am sorry to hear it! May I ask why?"

"Well," with a deep sigh, "if it wasn't for one, I would be in a very different position to what I am." Whereupon Miss Potter plunged into a very lengthy parenthetical history of certain love-passages which had passed between herself and one of the assistants at Mr. Turner's, — this was *the shop par excellence* of Pierstoffe, — a most elegant young man from Lon-



don — quite a “millintary”-looking man ; but a designing widow (nothing at all to look at), the widow of a small farmer in the neighbourhood, had won him from her, and they were now married and established in quite a large business in Stoneborough. “She had a little money,” concluded Miss Potter, with a deep sigh, “and I believe he has never regretted it but once, and that was always.”

“Probably it was the widow’s money, not the widow, which attracted him,” began Mrs. Temple in a consolatory tone ; but she was interrupted by a sharp click and the convulsive tinkle of a little bell, whereupon Miss Potter started to her feet, exclaiming, “Dear, dear, I had no idea the time was running on so,” and darted into the shop. Mrs. Temple, wondering at the revelations she had just heard, almost as much as if one of the wooden dolls of a past generation had opened its vermilion lips to speak of a heart within, could not resist looking with some curiosity through the wide, low window from which the blind was partially withdrawn. A small child in hobnailed shoes, whose snubby nose was scarce on a level with the counter, was holding up a penny in a paw as brown as the coin, and Miss Potter was drawing forth two skeins of black wool from a carefully papered parcel.

“My first customer,” thought Kate, “and a specimen of the gentility of my business ! I shall do away with that bell ; it reminds me of poor old Sally Martin’s sweetie shop at Cullingford, where Tom used to spend so many pennies.” Here Miss Potter returned, and proposed to show her over the house before any one else came.

It was a better sort of abode than Mrs. Temple had hoped for. Only two stories high, it was larger than it looked ; for being built on a corner piece of ground, its depth was greater than its frontage. The centre was divided into good square rooms, leaving snippets of space to form curious little crooked chambers, and three-cornered cupboards with odd, unexpected steps leading to them. The furniture was scanty but clean, the best things being placed in a sitting-room upstairs, which possessed a large window over the front door, commanding the Stoneborough Road and the new North Parade houses. Next to this was the bedroom which had been prepared for Mrs. Temple. Behind these, somewhat shut in by the high ground at the back, were three other bedrooms. Below, the shop and parlour before described, at the other side of the hall a

pleasant, retired sitting-room, with one large window opening on a neglected garden, which lay between the house and the lower cliff, which there sloped steeply down to the roadway. The kitchen came next, with various convenient offshoots in the shape of sculleries and washhouses. “If the business will only answer, I have not made a bad bargain,” thought Mrs. Temple.

Once or twice in the course of their inspection, Miss Potter had been called away by a shrill yell of “Shop !” from the diminutive girl, and had each time returned breathless, exclaiming at the unusual number of early customers.

“Poor dear Mrs. Browne was rather fortunate latterly in letting the up-stair rooms. Dr. Shade was a very good friend to her in that way, though he is rather peculiar ; but he used to recommend invalid gentlemen — two guineas a week for the season.”

“Oh, she let lodgings ?” asked Mrs. Temple, smiling to herself at the turn of fortune’s wheel which had brought her back to the point from whence she had started.

“I think I shall do the same ; it will lighten the rent.”

“Oh, considerably, I assure you ! but we had better go into the shop now.”

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From Blackwood’s Magazine.  
ELEGIES.

BARDS have, from the earliest ages, bewailed in death the chieftains whose prowess they had celebrated during their life ; the muse of poetry, from her very first youth, has had to prepare not only bay-wreaths for conquering, and roses for festive brows, but rue and rosemary for biers, and chaplets of cypress for tombs. Side by side with the epic — long before the drama — the elegy makes its appearance. The “Iliad” is full of battles and councils, of life in vigorous action ; but in its close it busies itself not with life, but with death. Hector lies outstretched before us ready for burial, and three mourners in black raiment, Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen, come forward to lament him. The earliest and most pathetic of extant elegies is to be found in Holy Writ — the lament of David over Jonathan — the model for all succeeding outbursts in song, whether of patriotic or of private sorrow. And ere that grand cry of grief arose over “the mighty fallen,” the daughters of Israel had



bewailed, in elegies which have not come come down to us, the maiden victim of the rash judge's vow. The later books of the Old Testament resound with the inspired grief of the prophets. True, the song which mourned the slain Josiah has not been preserved with its sad burden, "Ah, Lord! ah! his glory;" but Ezekiel and Jeremiah unite in poetic lamentations over the sins and misfortunes of his sons, and over Zion's abasement and misery. More than one prophet too has sung, trembling, but not with pity, the downfall of his country's foe; as did Isaiah in that unspeakably sublime strain, in which he raises all Hades to marvel at the great oppressor's downfall, while earth exults at her deliverance; and the pale spectres of defeated and slaughtered kings gather to gaze on the proud monarch of Babylon made at last as weak as he made them.

"Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? . . . They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms?" (Isaiah xiv.)

The same chords have been struck again and again in all succeeding ages, though by weaker hands than those of the inspired singers of Israel. It is true that prose has invaded the old domain of poetry; the office discharged in earlier times by the epic has been in later days assigned to history, and some of the functions of the elegy to the funeral oration, which, from Pericles down to Bossuet, has rolled its majestic and sonorous periods over the fallen heads of the brave and noble; but when men's feelings are most deeply moved, they instinctively recur to verse for their expression; and so, side by side with the efforts of the orator to commemorate departed worth and greatness, poetry has been ever ready to answer the question —

A requiem! and for whom?  
For beauty in its bloom?  
Or valour fallen? a broken rose or sword?  
A dirge for king or chief,  
With pomp of stately grief,  
Banner and torch and waving plume deplored.

Pindar's odes on the Greek victors in the games have come down to us; his threnes or elegies over the dead have

perished. But we learn from Horace something of the nature of his task —

*Flebili sponsæ juvenemve raptum  
Plorat, et vires, animumque, moresque  
Aureos educit in astra, nigroque  
Invidet Orco.*

Beside the funeral pyre — or on the ninth day after, at the solemn feast in honour of the departed — the flutes sounded a wailing measure, to which the mourners' feet kept time; and as the sun went down over the stately mansion of some newly-dead Theban, his friends chanted, as Pindar\* bade them, how "he now inhabits, near a grander city than Thebes, a loftier and nobler dwelling: round which grow abundance of purple roses, and trees bearing incense and golden fruitage, where he passes his time in great plenty, for which he makes his grateful offerings to the gods; having day when earth has night, being lighted by the same sun as living men, which is even now forsaking us to shine on him." For the doubter of the soul's immortality, Pindar had an answer ready: "Look," he says, in effect, in another fragment of a funeral ode, "at the soul's activity when sleep has only partially liberated it from the weight of the body; and judge by that what its powers will be when death shall have delivered it completely. Then shall its night-dreams of reward or punishment prove true in the everlasting day. Happy then the good who die, since death releases them from labour, and gives them a happiness which abides forever."

But it is a later Greek poet than Pindar — Moschus — who in his lament for Bion has bequeathed to us an elegy which has reached our hands complete, and affected his remotest successors. In it, as we may well believe, the sense of public loss was quickened by a personal sorrow; the departed friend, not merely the dead poet, aroused in the Sicilian singer's heart the anguish, which he has expressed in imperishable words, at the contrast between the herbs awakening in spring from their winter's sleep and (what he calls) the long unawakening slumber of the tomb. So has it ever been; as in the typical Scripture instance, the elegies which make us weep have been bathed first in their writer's own tears. A love, like Petrarch; a friend, like the author of "In Memoriam," have (as time's healing hand enabled them) unveiled more and more of their own grief with the certain result of awakening ours.

\* Threnoi, Frag.



Who can tell how much of the pathos of tragedy and fiction springs from the same source—the domestic sorrows of the writer? How many gifted poets or great novelists have laid those offerings of their genius on an imagined grave, which circumstances, or the sacred reserve befitting a recent and agonizing bereavement, forbade their laying publicly on a real one! The Trojan damsels whom Homer depicts as wailing and beating their breasts over the slain Patroclus, while they seemed to mourn for another, wept, we are told, their own private griefs. Can we doubt that they have met with many followers? Genuine sorrow is timid, and shrinks from the rude gaze of men; yet, like the fabled nightingale singing only the louder and the sweeter for the thorn that pierced her breast, there are hearts which in their anguish feel irresistibly impelled to song. What more natural then, in such cases, than for poets to shroud the “suffering” while “they teach in song” what it has cost them so dear to learn? An actor once, we read, moved a vast assembly to tears by the fabled sorrow of the Greek princess over her brother’s urn. There were, unknown to the audience, real ashes in the urn which that actor held, and they were the ashes of a beloved and only child. So, doubtless, the applause which age echoes after age, has been purchased for many a tragic masterpiece at a vast expense to its writer: he could waft his hero’s bark over Acheron (to use the language of *Æschylus*), “stirred by winds of wailing sighs,” because his own breast had been recently shaken by a very deep one: he could depict with a mighty effort of genius

Sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts.

because he had himself been lately parted from the desire of his eyes. There are few things which the most diligent study of Shakespeare’s dramas enables us to affirm with any certainty about their writer’s own private feelings; but there is one thing which surely no reader of *Hamlet* can have ever doubted, and that is, that before Shakespeare wrote that great play he had known and felt what it was to lose a father.

These things being so, we cannot wonder that the elegies over ordinary kings and queens, although the most numerous, are yet in general the least satisfactory, specimens of this style of composition, for few tears have blotted the paper on which they are written. Kings have fared worst

of the two; for a queen, being still a woman, rouses tenderer feelings in a laureate’s breast, even when surveyed by him at the respectful distance enjoined by the etiquette of courts, than her consort. Our English kings have had, many of them, exceptionally interesting careers; not a few of them have died singularly tragical deaths; yet from Gautefrid down to Southey—from the unsuccessful Latin hexameters in which the former bewailed Richard Cœur de Lion, down to the unsatisfactory English hexameters devoted by the latter to the memory of George III.—in what respect would literature have lost had a decree of the court of chancery enjoined a respectful muteness on the poet-laureate of the period, at the demise of each of our sovereigns? Even our royal martyr Charles I. (the nature of whose death, as it silenced the courtly strains of accustomed panegyric, so it might well seem to open a free course for the high poetic genius which this country then contained to expatiate in) obtained no worthy threnody. The youthful Dryden remained dumb: the matured powers of Milton were employed in justifying the king’s execution in prose, instead of bewailing it in verse. Cowley sang (but after the Restoration) the monarch

To whom alone was given  
The double royalty of earth and heaven,  
Who crowned the kingly with the martyr’s  
crown.

And Andrew Marvel devoted some fine lines to celebrate Charles’s royal demeanour on the scaffold—

He nothing common did or mean  
Upon the memorable scene,  
But, with his keener eye,  
The axe’s edge did try;

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,  
To vindicate his helpless right;  
But bowed his comely head  
Down as upon a bed.

But these verses form no part of a professed elegy. They occur in an ode in honour of Cromwell.

Cromwell, too, fortunate in death as in life, obtained the honour missed by Charles; the first-fruits of the splendid powers of Dryden were consecrated to his tomb. In words which their writer forgot in after-years,\* the young poet first fixed the *death* of a great man as the prop-

\* It was in the lifetime of the unworthy Charles II. that Dryden showed himself only too ready to

“Heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the muse’s flame.”



er time for his praise, and then honoured Cromwell's greatness by a singularly appropriate simile —

And now 'tis time ; for *their* officious haste,  
Who would before have raised him to the sky

Like unwise Romans, ere all rites be past,  
Would let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

His grandeur he derived from God alone ;  
For he was great ere Fortune made him so.  
*And wars, like mists that rise before the sun,  
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.*

And if Cromwell, the usurper, who died in peaceful possession of the power his strong arm had snatched, could stir the muse, how much more the usurper of our own century, whose career, more striking than his to the imagination, closed, as his did not, in a tremendous downfall ! The sea-girt isle, with its willows weeping over Napoleon's tomb, might well prove irresistible to the poets of fifty years ago. Byron sent a fierce gale of denunciation to waft the dethroned tyrant's bark thither.\* Lamartine, with feelings of mingled horror for Enghien's murderer, and awe at the vast powers which had worked selfishly, yet heaven-guided, for the chastisement of mankind, stood in spirit beside the broken sceptre which ivies and brambles covered : —

Tu grandis sans plaisir, tu tombas sans murmure,†

Rien d'humain ne battait sous ton épaisse armure.

Sans haine et sans amour, tu vivais pour penser.

Comme l'aigle, régnant dans un ciel solitaire,  
Tu n'avais qu'un regard pour mesurer la terre  
Et des serres pour l'embrasser.

Tu mourus cependant de la mort du vulgaire,  
Ainsi qu'un moissonneur va chercher son salaire,

Et dort sur sa faucille avant d'être payé !  
De ton glaive sanglant tu t'armas en silence,  
Et tu fus demander justice ou récompense  
Au dieu qui t'avait envoyé.

But it was a countryman of Dante, Manzoni, who, in the "*Cinque Maggio*," the finest Italian ode since Petrarch's time, best expressed the compassion and the fear, the sense of man's nothingness and of God's greatness, which the lonely island death-bed of the destroyer of the nations roused in every thoughtful mind.‡

\* Ode to Napoleon.

† Far from true.

‡ "*Napoleon's Midnight Review*," by an anonymous German poet, is very striking. And our own Lockhart, too, pictured well the calm after so many storms in the lines which begin —

Napoleon's great adversary, our own great duke, was followed to his resting-place in St. Paul's amid the tears of a grateful nation, by a wise and thoughtful ode of our best living poet's. Had he fallen at Waterloo, Byron or Scott might have produced something in his honour, to be, as Tennyson's ode never will be, a household possession, a familiar strain to the ears and hearts of old and young. For such a dirge was suggested to Wolfe, a far less distinguished genius, by the death of Sir John Moore at Corunna. Yet who can say ? The very greatness of the opportunity seems sometimes to paralyze the muse. Where she would fain sing her best she cannot. Nelson fell in the hour of victory, and in the lifetime of the writer of the "*Battle of the Baltic*;" yet Cowper's lamentation over the respectable old gentleman who was drowned in the "*Royal George*," is familiar to every school-child, while the "*Song of Trafalgar*" has never yet been written, — never can be now, in the sense in which we mean it ; for an elegy is essentially the effusion of contemporary sorrow. And if it has fared thus with great commanders by sea and land, whose exploits are of the express nature which most naturally awakes the lyre ; if Alexander sighed in vain for a Homer to record his deeds, and spared Pindar's house, but could not wake the Theban eagle from the dust to prepare an ode for the funeral pile of the world's conqueror — early as it was kindled — who can wonder that great statesmen, whose work is less visible to the vulgar

"The mighty sun had just gone down  
Into the chambers of the deep ;  
The ocean birds had upward flown  
Each in his cave to sleep.

"And silent was the island shore,  
And breathless all the broad red sea,  
And motionless beside the door  
Our solitary tree.

"Our only tree, our ancient palm,  
Whose shadow sleeps our door beside,  
Partook the universal calm,  
When Buonaparte died !"

Beside that lonely palm he paints the one weeping veteran, last of so many followers : —

"His soul was as a sword, to leap  
At his accustomed leader's word ;  
I love to see the old man weep,  
He knew no other word."

Then at last he leads us from the stillness without to the deeper stillness within, to the death-chamber : —

"He was not shrouded in a shroud,  
He lay not like the vulgar dead,  
Yet all of haughty, stern, and proud  
From his pale face was fled.

"He had put harness on to die,  
The eagle-star shone on his breast ;  
His sword lay bare his pillow high,  
That sword he liked the best."



eye and stirs less the imagination of men, have been seldom fortunate in the strains which have commemorated them? A passing tribute, like that paid so well in the introduction to "Marmion," to the memories of Pitt and Fox, has been oftener successful than more elaborate efforts.

We have said that the funerals of queens have been more favoured by the Muses than those of their royal consorts. Yet here again the search is for the most part disappointing. What elegies might have been expected on ill-fated queenly beauties like Marie Antoinette or Mary Stuart! But the poets missed those grand opportunities. The headsman's axe scared the lyric muse from their scaffolds, as from those of Katherine Howard and of Ann Boleyn.\* There is a satisfaction in observing that poor Ann's heartless successor, Jane Seymour, affecting as was the nature of her death, did not profit by securing the elegiac services of the court poet who kept silence over her predecessor's fate. At least the only line of his effusion with which we can present our readers —

In black were her ladies, and black were their fans —

leaves, we may surely affirm, something to be desired in the way of pathos. But when a better woman than Jane Seymour dies, as she did, in childbed, she awakens, queen though she may have been, memories of his own mother in her poet's breast which have more than once poured themselves forth in a truly forceful lament. The Latin lines, with their strange jingling metre, in which the Jesuit Balde deplored such a death of the young wife of the emperor Ferdinand, bear witness to genuine feeling, and contain some sublime thoughts. Here are four of the best stanzas of the ode: —

Cum falcibus ageret æstas,  
Est et hæc succisa majestas;  
Ah, aristæ purpureæ sors!  
Sicne dira te messuit mors?

Quo more vulgaris urtica,  
Jacet hæc quoque regia spica;  
Suo condidit horreo mors,  
Brevi posuit angulo sors.

Ut bulla defluxit aquosa,  
Subsedit, ut vespere rosa;  
Brevis omnis est flosculi sors,  
Rapit ungue celerrima mors.

\* Some rude but touching lines beginning, "O death, rock me asleep," are attributed to this last hapless woman. She was wise in singing her own swan-song; and not relying for a requiem on such contemporary poets as Cavendish.

Quam manibus osseis tangit,  
Crystallinam phialam frangit;  
O inepta et rustica mors!  
O caduca juvenulæ sors!

Leopoldina (such was the young empress's name) died in the bright harvest weather of the August which succeeded the peace of Westphalia. Well might her sudden removal from the returning prosperity of her country strike a poet's mind, and give him new views of that terrible and indiscriminating might of death, which, as he says in a subsequent stanza, cares not whether it gathers the lily or the burr, the violet or the thistle! The worthier of our two English queens who died in childbirth, Elizabeth, wife of Henry VII., the White Rose of York, had first enjoyed for many years the peace which her union cemented; and though she had mourned her eldest son's death, left children entering on public life, besides her own noble sisters, to lament her loss. Her grave matronly farewell to them, and to her wedded lord, was written by Sir Thomas More in a measure familiar to readers of the "Canterbury Tales." These juvenile verses of that famous chancellor and thoroughly good man, are marked by the piety which was the noblest distinction of his after-years. Here are some of the stanzas: —

Adieu, mine own dear spouse, my worthy lord;

The faithful love that did us both combine  
In marriage and peaceable concord,  
Into your hands here do I clean resign,  
To be bestowed on your children and mine;  
Erst were ye father, now must ye supply  
The mother's part also, for here I lie.

Where are our castles now? where are our towers?

Goodly Richmond, soon art thou gone from me.

Of Westminster, that costly work\* of yours,  
Mine own dear lord, now shall I never see!  
Almighty God, vouchsafe to grant that ye  
For you and children well may edify;  
My palace builded is, for lo, now here I lie!

Adieu, Lord Henry, loving son, adieu.  
Our Lord increase your honour and estate:

Adieu, sweetheart, my little daughter Kate.†  
Thou shalt, sweet babe, such is thy destiny,  
Thy mother never know, for lo! now here I lie.

Lady Cecily, Lady Anne, and Lady Katherine,  
Farewell, my well-beloved sisters three.

\* Henry VII.'s chapel.  
† The poor little infant whose birth cost its mother her life.



O Lady Bridget,\* other sister mine,  
Lo, here the end of worldly vanity !  
Now are you well who earthly folly flee,  
And heavenly things do praise and magnify, —  
Farewell, and pray for me, for lo ! now here I  
lie.

Adieu, my lords, adieu my ladies all !  
Adieu, my faithful servants every one ;  
Adieu, my commons, whom I never shall  
See in this world ; — wherefore, to Thee  
alone,  
Immortal God, verily Three in One,  
I me commend ; Thy infinite mercy  
Show to Thy servant ; — for now here I lie.

It is interesting to compare with this  
artless and pious poem, the lines, in the  
not very dissimilar Spenserian measure of  
"Childe Harold," in which Byron ex-  
pressed his own and his country's grief at  
the loss of their future queen ; incompar-  
ably the finest of the class of elegies which  
we have been just considering : —

The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the  
chief  
Seems royal still, though with her head dis-  
crowned ;  
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief,  
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields  
no relief !

168.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art  
thou ?

Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?  
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low  
Some less majestic, less beloved head ?  
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still  
bled ;

The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy  
Death hushed that pang forever : with thee  
fled

The present happiness and promised joy  
Which filled the imperial isles so full it  
seemed to cloy.

169.

Peasants bring forth in safety. Can it be,  
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored !  
Those who weep not for kings shall weep  
for thee,

And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease  
to hoard

Her many griefs for *one* ? for she had  
poured

Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head  
Beheld her Iris. Thou, too, lonely lord,  
And desolate consort — vainly wert thou  
wed !

The husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

170.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding-garment  
made ;

Thy bridal's fruit is ashes : in the dust

\* The daughter of Edward IV., who became a nun.

The fair-haired daughter of the Isles is laid,  
The love of millions ! How we did entrust  
Futurity to her ! and, though it must  
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deemed  
Our children should obey her child, and  
blessed \*

Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise  
seemed

Like stars to shepherds' eyes : — 'twas but a  
meteor beamed.

171.

Woe unto us, not her ; for she sleeps well :  
The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue  
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle

Which from the birth of monarchy hath  
rung

Its knell in princely ears, till the o'er-stung  
Nations have armed in madness, the strange  
fate

Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and  
hath flung

Against their blind omnipotence a weight  
Within the opposing scale, which crushes  
soon or late, —

172.

These might have been her destiny ; but no,  
Our hearts deny it : and so young, so fair,  
Good without effort ; great without a foe ;  
But now a bride and mother — and now  
*there !*

How many ties did that stern moment tear !  
From thy sire's to his humblest subject's  
breast,

Is linked the electric chain of that despair,  
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and  
opprest

The land which loved thee so that none could  
love thee best.

In these grand stanzas, the full pathos  
of the most pathetic of the situations inci-  
dent to human life, is made to strike the  
mind with all its weight : the young wife  
vanishing with her babe in her arms from  
the busy stage of life ; snatched suddenly,  
without warning, from the embrace of the  
husband who adores her, from the nation  
of which she is the hope : while her royal  
descent forms the grand historical back-  
ground of the picture, and the crown that  
awaited her, with the fair roseate vistas  
which opened before her into a hopeful  
future, are used as the accessories which  
heighten the effect of the main group on  
which our eyes are fixed. Yet one thing  
is wanting. The poet who used his simple  
skill over the bier of Elizabeth of York,  
knew of a Father and a Friend to whom  
the soul, suddenly parted from husband

\* A bad rhyme ; but Lord Byron had better have  
placed one as bad as that at the end of stanza 168, than,  
for the sake of using the correctly sounding *cloy*, im-  
ported into it the unsatisfactory, and indeed impossible,  
idea of a satiety caused by a joy which was yet only  
*promised*.



and children, might commend itself. The great genius whose majestic strains accompany the mourners over Charlotte of Wales, on their way to St. George's chapel, there to lay

Her comely head  
Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings,

can only speak of her death as an escape from possible evils, as an end of sorrow. She has passed out of his sight within a gloomy portal; and of the light which has shone from heaven to irradiate the darkness within it, he knows nothing.

The same sad defect makes the "Adonais" of Shelley no unmixed delight to thoughtful minds. It is natural to pass from the elegies spoken over crowned heads to those which mourn the heirs of the kingdom of genius; and, among these, Shelley's lamentation over the untimely bier of Keats stands pre-eminent. It is the third in descent from the wail of Moschus over Bion, the intermediate place being held by the "Lycidas" of Milton.\* Many a poet has come forward in the course of the intervening centuries with an affectionate tribute to the memory of a departed brother; many a skilful hand has twined the bay-leaf with the cypress for the tomb of genius; but none has been able to hang his garland so high as these three.

True, as we all know, the "Lycidas" of Milton has been severely handled by Dr. Johnson; and we ourselves remember hearing a distinguished writer, now deceased, express his full concurrence with that unfavourable judgment. But Dr. Johnson, admirable judge of many things as he was, was (as his strictures on Gray show) no great judge of poetry. And the true and most enchanting poetry of "Lycidas" is wholly ignored by his criticism, which spreads itself on minor points of detail; and which, even granted more fully than we should be willing to do, would not much impair the poem's effect as a whole. When he calls its "numbers displeasing," he merely shows the deficiency of his own ear for music. He objects to its pastoral imagery as old and as unreal, and fails to observe the spirit which has rejuvenated the antique masque and the truth which directs its movements:

\* This last poem approaches even yet closer, in at least two famous passages, to the lament for Daphnis in the first idyll of Theocritus; in each case improving on its original. Shelley imitates Moschus more directly; borrowing from him his address to the mourning goddess of poetry, whom he reminds of her earlier tears for Milton's death, just as Moschus recalls to her those she shed for Homer.

the Spenserian admixture of sacred thoughts with classic forms (no invention of Milton's, but a characteristic of the whole Renaissance) meets with his just disapproval on moral grounds; but this censure is scarcely relevant to the question whether the two last sections of the poem (commencing with "Return, Alpheus," etc.) are not, in spite of it, resplendent with a truly exquisite beauty.

The "Adonais" is the outpouring of a sorrowful spirit, whereas "Lycidas" comes from an habitually cheerful mind made sad only for a season. "Lycidas" breathes the faith of a Christian, ready to doff his quaint mythological disguise instantly before a diviner presence. Pantheism is the inspiration of the "Adonais," though it is a pantheism feeling after a better creed, and willing ever and anon to use its language.

The "Adonais," like "Lycidas," has its strain of tender sorrow interrupted by an outburst of indignation, which each poem could well dispense with; for Shelley's wrath against Keats's critics is unreasonable, while Milton's rebuke to the clergy of his day always strikes the ear as irrelevant.\* And like "Lycidas," the "Adonais" dwells in an ideal region; but it is one peopled by forms, for the most part, of the poet's own invention; the shadowy abstractions of his gloomy creed embodied for a moment by the strong force of his imagination, and gaining a transitory life from his glowing passion of woes.

The "mighty mother," Poetry, is summoned by Shelley, at the outset of his song, to weep over her youngest, dearest son: he groups round the dead poet the ethereal shapes of the fair fancies of his verse —

Who were his flocks, whom near the living  
streams  
Of his young spirit he fed,

mourning as they droop beside their shepherd's bier.

### XIII.

And others came, Desires and Adorations,  
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,  
Splendours and Glooms, and glimmering  
Incarnations  
Of hopes and fears and twilight Phantasies;  
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,  
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the  
gleam  
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,

\* There is one point in which the "Adonais" might well have been reformed after the example of "Lycidas," and that is its length, which is about twice as great, and some compression of which would have greatly added to the force of the poem.



Came in slow pomp; the moving pomp  
might seem  
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

## XIV.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,  
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet  
sound,\*  
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought  
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair un-  
bound,  
Wet with the tears that should adorn the  
ground,  
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;  
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,†  
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,  
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in  
their dismay.

## XV.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,  
And feeds her grief with his remembered  
lay,  
And will no more reply to winds or fount-  
ains,  
Or amorous birds perched on the young  
green spray,  
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;  
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear  
Than those for whose disdain they pined  
away  
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear  
Murmur between their songs, is all the wood-  
men hear.

## XVI.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she  
threw down  
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,  
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is  
flown,  
For whom should she have waked the sullen  
year?  
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,  
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both  
Thou Adonais; wan they stand and sere  
Amid the faint companions of their youth,  
With dew all turned to tears; odour to sigh-  
ing ruth.

In this splendid passage, how soon, and  
with how great advantage, the abstract  
gives place to the concrete, Shelley's own  
mythology to the old yet fresh mythology  
of Hellas; in order to depict, with the  
loveliest and most speaking of images, the  
sorrow of nature for the man who, while  
he lived, had loved her so well!

It is a descent in the poetic scale, how-  
ever beautifully executed, when after these  
Titan-like yet lovely impersonations of na-  
ture, a later page presents us with three

contemporary poets — Byron, Moore, and  
Shelley himself, mourning over their slain  
brother,

The mountain shepherds came,  
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent.  
But Shelley's self-portraiture, his account  
of himself, as

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift —  
A love in desolation masked — a power  
Girt round with weakness,

is wonderfully true; nor could any hand  
but his own have painted so well his  
strength as the poet, his weakness as a  
man, as he has done in these touching  
lines:—

His head was bound with pansies over-  
blown,  
And faded violets, white, and pied, and  
blue;  
And a light spear, topped with a cypress  
cone,  
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses  
grew  
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,  
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart  
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of  
that crew,  
He came the last, neglected and apart,  
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's  
dart.

A third group remains; but this time not  
of mourners. The preceding description  
of the lamenting poets was ushered in by  
that magnificent image of the sorrowful  
Urania on her way to the chamber of  
death:—

She rose like an autumnal night, that springs  
Out of the east, and follows wild and drear  
The golden day, which on eternal wings,  
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,  
Has left the earth a corpse.

Well may she shroud herself in such  
gloom; for the poet's cheerless creed sees  
in death the extinction of all personality,  
notwithstanding that his better instincts  
revolt against the apparent injustice to ex-  
claim:—

Nought we know dies. Shall that alone  
which knows  
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath  
By sightless lightning? the intense atom  
glows  
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold  
repose.

## XXI.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,  
But for our grief, as if it had not been,  
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!  
Whence are we, and why are we? of what  
scene

\* How well what has been called the "sensuous  
character" of Keats's verse is here marked!

† A bad rhyme, but one which passes scarcely no-  
ticed amid such exquisite melodies, as does likewise the  
too speedy recurrence of "lay" and "day" in the next  
stanza.



The actors or spectators? Great and mean  
Meet massed in death, who lends what life  
must borrow.  
As long as skies are blue, and fields are  
green,  
Evening must usher night, night urge the  
morrow;  
Month follow month with woe, and year wake  
year to sorrow.

But before the poet unveils to us his third  
company, his song undergoes that transi-  
tion from sadness to joy which is marked  
in "Lycidas" by the well-known lines —

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no  
more,  
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead.

The language of Shelley is very similar,  
his meaning, alas! very unlike, to Milton's.  
He can say of the departed —

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not  
sleep —

He hath awakened from the dream of life:

but, as appears from the context, what he  
means is, that that bright soul has been  
reabsorbed into the soul of the universe;  
to be immortal in its immortality, to kindle  
and animate (as it does) the nature which  
it once could contemplate; but to have no  
more a distinct individual existence. Such,  
stripped of the beautiful poetry in which it  
is clothed, seems the true sentiment of the  
stanzas following the fortieth, which every  
heart assents to as an account of what  
early death *should* be:—

## XL.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;  
Envy, and calumny, and hate, and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not, and torture not again;  
From the contagion of the world's slow  
stain

He is secure, and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in  
vain;

Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to  
burn,

With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

## XLI.

He lives, he wakes — 'tis death is dead, not  
he;

Mourn not for Adonais. Thou young Dawn,  
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee  
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;

Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to mourn!  
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and  
thou air,

Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst  
thrown

O'er the abandoned earth, now leave it bare,  
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its  
despair.

## XLII.

He is made one with nature; there is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet  
bird;

He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and  
stone,

Spreading itself where'er that power may  
move

Which has withdrawn his being to its own;  
Which wields the world with never-wearyed  
love,

Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

. . . . .

## XLIV.

The splendours of the firmament of time  
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;  
Like stars to their appointed height they  
climb;

And death is a low mist which cannot blot  
The brightness it may veil. When lofty  
thought

Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
And love and life contend in it, for what  
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live  
there,

And move like winds of light on dark and  
stormy air.

This vague survival as an influence, as a  
renown, when the *man* who knew, and  
who loved, has ceased to be, is very cold  
and dreary (grandly poetic and imaginative  
as is Shelley's way of depicting it) when  
compared with the warm light of the close  
of "Lycidas," and its hero's blissful re-  
pose, listening to

The unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

Accordingly, the companions who there  
welcome him live with the life which is  
everlasting. They are

Saints above  
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move.

But those who rise to receive Adonais  
into his unsubstantial kingdom (a thought  
borrowed from the sublime fourteenth  
chapter of Isaiah) are dim forms, very  
shadowy in their grandeur, and not at all  
well selected; for of the three representa-  
tives of fame, which no early death has  
blighted, Chatterton has enjoyed a re-  
nown disproportionate to his merits, and  
Lucan reaped as full a harvest as the long-  
est life could have obtained for him.  
There is, however, scarcely another draw-  
back to the majesty of the forty-fifth  
stanza.



## XLV.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown  
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought  
 Far in the unapparent; Chatterton  
 Rose pale, his solemn agony had not  
 Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought  
 And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,  
 Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,  
 Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved;  
 Oblivion, as they rose, shrank like a thing re-  
 proved.

## XLVI.

And many more, whose names on earth are  
 dark,  
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die  
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,  
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.  
 "Thou art become as one of us," they cry;  
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has  
 long  
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,  
 Silent alone amid a heaven of song.  
 Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of  
 our throng!"

From the nebulous grandeur of this unreal apotheosis, the poet turns to stand inspired beside his friend's grave outside the walls of Rome. There, amid ruins telling of man's mortality, and grand recollections speaking of his immortality, arise Shelley's aspirations towards death—aspirations which the succeeding years fulfilled. This last confession of so richly endowed a genius, that neither art nor nature can satisfy the soul, that the bright changeable hues of earth derive all their beauty and all their significance from the purer light behind them, which man cannot see and live—yet cannot live happily till he does see—is well worth pondering. It is the language of one "not far from the kingdom of God."

## LII.

The One remains, the many change and  
 pass;  
 Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's  
 shadows fly,  
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.—  
 Die,  
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou  
 dost seek!  
 Follow where all is fled! Rome's azure  
 sky,  
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are  
 weak  
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to  
 speak.

## LIII.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my  
 heart?  
 Thy hopes are gone before: from all things  
 here

They have departed; thou shouldst now  
 depart!

A light is past from the revolving year,  
 And man and woman; and what still is dear,  
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee  
 wither:

The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whis-  
 pers near:

'Tis Adonais calls; oh hasten thither!  
 No more let Life divide what Death can join  
 together.

Will our readers blame us for having quoted so much from this exquisite, but far from new, poem? We trust not; for no one who does not know its musical stanzas by heart can object to read them over again. Would it were somewhat more compact to make it more easily read through by our impatient generation. And would, for our sake, but much more for his own, that ere he wrote it Shelley had done groping his way through the mist, and reached the sunlight. This is much to be wished even with a view to the lower interests of art; for the new mythology is neither so tangible nor so graceful as the old: nothing but the poet's strong faith in it could have galvanized it even into that semblance of life which it here possesses. Still a strong belief even in a falsehood is better, for poetical purposes as for some others, than a languid acquiescence in a truth; witness Lucretius (if our modern professors will allow us to say so) among the ancients; witness, in our own day, "Adonais." The matured product of its great writer's genius, this marvellous elegy, in one point of view the most original of modern poems, pays yet a graceful tribute of imitation to the elder poets: most of all to that "sire of an immortal strain," that "third among the sons of light," on whose school-exercise, as the irreverent have called his "*Lycidas*," it condescends to model itself,—*Matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*: and yet not so; for who can call the "Adonais" a more perfect gem than "*Lycidas*"? But it excels it by virtue of its deeper sorrow, of its wilder passion, of its awful yet most instructive glimpses of man's despair, without revealed truth. In "*Lycidas*" we watch the first flight, and hear the first notes of that genius whose after-course suggests to us Shelley's own "*Skylark*"—

Higher still and higher,  
 From the earth thou springest  
 Like a cloud of fire;

The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever  
 singest.



But the gifted yet unhappy author of the "Adonais" felt a rankling shaft weigh down his wings from the flight to those untroubled regions of pure air:—

*He looks before and after*

*And pines for what is not;*

*His sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought.*

And of these songs, the most sustained, the sweetest and the saddest, is this which he sang beside a poet's grave at Rome.

It is well known that Milton, in the "Lycidas," was to some small extent an imitator of a beautiful pastoral by Spenser. Who the lady bewailed in the "November" of his "Shepherd's Calendar" was, is unknown; but the fair maid of Kent, there celebrated under the name of Dido, was evidently dear to the young poet's heart. Spenser's version of the complaint made by Moschus of man's mortality is worth quoting from this poem:—

Whence is it that the flow'ret of the field doth fade,

And lieth buried long in winter's vale:

Yet soon as spring his mantle hath displayed

It flow'reth fresh, as it should never fail:

But thing on earth that is of most avail,

As virtue's branch and beauty's bud

Reliven not for any good?

O heavy herse!

The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must quail;

O careful verse!

Seven more stanzas follow after the same pattern, containing one noticeable line, which may have been suggested by Albert Durer's engravings,—

All music sleeps where Death doth lead the dance;

and a resolution (like the well-known words of Dante and Petrarch) to trust earth no more, after such an example of its instability as Dido's death,—

For what might be in earthly mould,

That did her buried body hold;

and then follows the retractation, in the four last stanzas, of laments misplaced. Here are two of them:

Why wail we then? why weary we the gods with plaints,

As if some evil were to her betight?

She reigns a goddess now among the saints,

That whylom was the saint of shepherds hight

And is installed now in heaven's height.

I see the blessed soul, I see,

Walk in Elysian fields so free.

O happy herse!

Might I once come to thee (O that I might!)

O joyful verse!

Unwise and wretched men to weet what's good or ill,

We deem of death as doom of ill desert;

But knew we, fools, what it us brings until,

Die would we daily, once it to expert:

No danger there the shepherd can asert;

Fair fields and pleasant layes there been;

The fields aye fresh, the grass aye green:

O happy herse!

Cease now my song, my woe now wasted is,

O joyful verse!

Spenser had an opportunity for a grander elegy than this pretty pastoral (sung on a drear November day by a shepherd whose summer joys have departed), when his gallant and poetic patron, the young Sir Philip Sidney, fell before Zutphen; but it cannot be said that he made any great use of it. Perhaps his own feelings were too deeply engaged to enable him to put forth his full strength. For whatever reason, "the mournful muse of Thestylis" strays about from heaven to Olympus in a somewhat bewildered style; and there are not many stanzas deserving quotation in the "Astrophel." These, however, (supposed to be spoken by "Sidney's sister" over the dead brother from whose blood a beauteous flower has sprung), deserve it well. She asks in them, but she also answers, the same question as that put in those beautiful lines in "Maud" which begin, "Oh, that 'twere possible."

O death! that hast us of such riches reft,

Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it done?

What is become of him whose flower, here left,

Is but the shadow of his likeness gone?

Scarce like the shadow of that which he was,

Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

But that immortal spirit which was decked

With all the dowries of celestial grace,

By sovereign choice from th' heavenly choirs select,

And lineally derived from angel's race,—

Oh! what is now of it become, aread?

Aye me! can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah, no! it is not dead, nor can it die,

But lives for aye in blissful paradise,

Where, like a new-born babe, it soft doth lie

In bed of lilies wrapt in tender wise,

And compassed all about with roses sweet,

And dainty violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestial brood,

To him do sweetly carol day and night,

And with strange notes, of him well understood,

Lull him asleep in angel-like delight;

Whilst in sweet dreams to him presented be

Immortal beauties which no eye can see.

This lament, written for a sister by a personal friend of the brave and accomplished



Sidney, may fitly introduce the last great division of our subject—the elegies sacred to private grief, sung often over gentle heads which no worldly distinction ever crowned; heads like hers of whom Wordsworth said—

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh!  
The difference to me!

And here, how variously the same sort of sorrow has found expression! An accomplished satirist and statesman like Canning mourns a dear son's memory by a few lines of unwonted gravity; an amiable divine like Young breathes forth his sorrow at the death of a beloved daughter in "Night Thoughts" (instructive always, often poetic) on the great last things; a son is led by an honoured father's death to the grave and solemn meditations on the instability of earthly things, which find utterance in the "*Coplas de Manrique*;" or, again, the picture of the mother he lost in childhood excites in Cowper's gentle breast those tender recollections which have poured themselves forth in one of the best known and most touching poems in the English language.\* Husbands have consecrated the holy memories of their wedded love by verse,—never more imperishable than in Milton's sonnet on his night vision of the wife who, happier than her predecessor, died ere she had vexed him.~ Such cries of the heart always carry a note of distinction from the elegy, however well written, of the professional mourner. Pope's on an unhappy suicide, with whom he probably had not been personally acquainted, ends in vague generalities; Virgil's splendid panegyric on the young Marcellus is indeed all but tender enough to have been spoken by the bereaved mother, who swooned when she first heard it. But elegies like the eleventh of Propertius's fifth book are too stately to have been measured out by a throbbing breast, beautiful as is its expression of the love of the dignified and chaste Cornelia for the husband and children she has been forced to leave,—a love that survives those funeral fires which have

made her ashes (as she sadly says) "a light burden now, which can be borne with one hand," to commend its objects to one another's affection with the tender wish

Quod mihi detractum est, vestros accedat ad annos!

So, too, with friendship. Milton must have loved as well as venerated the friend to whose "religious memory" he has dedicated one of his finest sonnets; and Petrarch the Colonna of whom he speaks so fondly as the joint refreshment of his weary thoughts with his adored laurel-tree (and surely a safer resting-place for them than Laura). And how dear to the heart of our greatest living poet was he whose dust now rests in a quiet churchyard overlooking the Bristol Channel; how inappeasable his longings for

The touch of that vanished hand,  
And the sound of the voice which is still,

of the friend who was unto him as his own soul, is testified by the book which will, in all probability, prove its great author's most durable title to fame.

We have no space here for a detailed examination of "In Memoriam;" and it is too well known to our readers to make a brief extract or two from it acceptable to them. Besides, our business to-day is scarcely with living poets.

We therefore turn from Tennyson to Petrarch, from the nineteenth to the fourteenth century, for our examples of verse expressing a wholly private sorrow, and propose to conclude our somewhat discursive survey of elegies by offering our readers a few original versions with one exception never before published, of the far-famed "Book of Odes and Sonnets," consecrated by Petrarch to the grave of the lady whom he loved, and in whom he found a friend discreeter and holier than he deserved. There are affectations and absurdities in the poems which he addressed to Laura while she lived, not to speak of graver errors. Yet, though Petrarch was born in days when the Church had fallen short indeed of her high calling, and though he personally was far from exemplifying in his life the faith of which he was a professed guardian, yet the night of adversity seems to have recalled him to loftier and better thoughts than those with which he sported in his prosperous days. Readers of Propertius will remember the seventh elegy of his fifth book—not assuredly, however, for the pleasure that it gave them. Now,

\* It is a woman's hand very fitly which has erected the fairest monument to that good son. "Cowper's Grave" is one of Mrs. Browning's best poems:—

"O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!  
O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!  
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,  
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!"



let us compare with it (the contrast is instructive) the ode in which Petrarch depicts a similar theme — the apparition of a dead lady to the man who had loved her in her lifetime. The love of Propertius and Cynthia had been unhallowed — of the earth earthy. Such, too, is the vision of her which scares him in the night season. The well-known features, and the ornaments with which he used to toy, carry with them in an unexplained but ghastly manner the tokens of the funeral pile. The dead lips utter fierce reproaches against the living lover's ingratitude, who has forgotten his Cynthia in the pursuit of fresh pleasures. She bids him make up for that ingratitude by showing kindness to her nurse and to her favourite handmaid; she bespeaks her epitaph, and tells him to free her tomb from the strangling folds of the ivy. Then, as the spectre's allotted time is shortened by the approach of morning, come the last embrace and the ominous farewell:

Nunc te possideant aliæ; mox sola tenebo;  
Mecum eris et mixtis ossibus ossa terram.

It is a powerful, but a horrible picture. The image which it exhibits is that of a wretched ghost rising from beneath to summon the partner of its former guilty pleasures to follow it into the shades below. The Christian poet's vision is of a far different order to the heathen's, — weak and imperfect Christian as he has been, and perhaps still is. For Petrarch has found in Laura his good, as Propertius in Cynthia his evil, genius; refusing, in the love which he offered to her, all that would not stand with her own and her lover's hopes of heaven. Therefore, his dream of her is as of a descending angel stooping from her own bliss to chide and console her lover's sorrow, to bid him emulate his Laura's victory over self, and seek to share the bright crown she now enjoys. Cynthia leaves Propertius for her legacy a remorse and a terror; Laura bequeathes to Petrarch a gladness and a hope. This is the canzone; in the original one of the most beautiful in the Italian language, as readers conversant with it will remember — a thing to be believed rather than seen (it is to be feared) by means of such rendering as we can give it: —

#### CANZONE VI.

(*In Morte di M. Laura.*)

##### I.

When comes my faithful, gentle comforter,  
To give my wearied life a little rest —

When by her form my bed's left \* side seems  
pressed,  
And words most wise and tender sound from  
her,

I, pale while love and fear my spirit stir,  
Say — "Whence, oh happy spirit, com'st thou  
now?"

She draws a laurel-bough  
And a palm branchlet from her bosom fair,  
And says — "From heaven's calm air  
Th' empyrean; from that holy place returning  
Only to comfort thee, thy grief discerning."

##### 2.

By gesture and by words I humbly pay  
My thanks to her; then ask, "How didst thou  
know

My state?" And she — "The mournful  
waves that flow,

These tears of thine, without a stint or stay,  
With windy breath of sighs, have forced their  
way

Far up to heaven, and trouble there my peace;  
Thee does it then displease

So much, that I have left earth's misery  
For better life on high?

When it should please thee, if for me thy love  
Were such as looks and words once seemed to  
prove."

##### 3.

I answer — "For myself, not thee, I weep,  
I, who am left in darkness and in pain;  
Yet sure, as of a thing seen close and plain,  
That thou of heaven hast scaled the toilsome  
steep.

For, how should God and nature grant to keep  
Virtue so great, its place in one young heart,  
Yet not ordain its part

In endless bliss for deeds so good and fair?  
Rarest of spirits rare,

Whose life was lofty here 'mid men below,  
Who then to heaven on sudden wing didst go.

##### 4.

"But I, what can I else but weep and wail,  
Wretched and lone, yea nothing, reft of thee?  
Would I had died in cradled infancy,  
Nor lived to feel love's pang's my heart as-  
sail!"

And she: "Why, weeping thus, in courage  
fail?

Were it not better lift thy wings from earth,  
And things of mortal birth,  
And thy sweet tales of love's beguiling play  
In faithful balance weigh;  
And follow me, if true thy love indeed,  
Plucking henceforth a branch like these my  
meed."

##### 5.

"I wished to ask of thee," I answer then,  
"The truths those leafy boughs might sig-  
nify?"

And she: "Thou to thyself canst make reply,

\* "Che m'avea

Da quella parte, onde il core ha la gente."

Dante, *Pur. c. x.*



Thou who dost one\* so honour with thy pen.  
 The palm means victory; and I vanquished,  
     when  
 Still young, the world and self. Of triumph  
     sign  
 Are laurels; they are mine,  
 Thanks to that Lord who gave His strength  
     to me.  
 Thou, when the enemy  
 Assaults, turn to Him, and His help implore,  
 That, thy course sped, we meet His face be-  
     fore."

## 6.

"Are these the bright locks, this the knotted  
     gold,"

I say, "that binds me yet, these the fair eyes  
 That were my sun?" "Err not with fools,"  
     she cries;

"Speak not like them, nor yet their credence  
     hold.

Pure spirit am I in heaven's blissful fold;  
 What thou now seekest has been dust for  
     years:

But yet, to dry thy tears,  
 'Tis granted me to seem so; such to view  
 I shall be: fairer too,  
 And dearer to thee for resistance grave,  
 Which both thy soul and mine had power to  
     save."

## 7.

I weep; and she my face  
 Dries with her hand, and after softly sighs;  
     Blames me with words that rise  
 Mighty to melt a rock; and then alone  
 She leaves me, she and sleep together gone.

This ode was written many years after  
 Laura's death. In the poems which pre-  
 cede it, Petrarch expresses a yet more  
 despairing sorrow; speaking of himself  
 as a storm-tossed mariner who has lost  
 the pole-star that guided his course, as a  
 blind and disconsolate wanderer bereft of  
 the light which alone cheered him before.  
 In more than one sonnet he marvels at  
 his own dulness of apprehension at his  
 last interview with Laura. When he took  
 his leave of her for that fatal journey, in  
 the course of which he was to receive the  
 tidings of her death, how was it that her  
 sad yet tender look did not warn him that  
 this was the last of his happy days?

## SONNET 6.

Alas! of all my happy days the last  
 (Few have they been in this brief life of woe!)  
 Had come; and made my heart like melting  
     snow,

Perchance by presage of dark hours o'ercast.  
 As sickened nerves and pulses, thoughts  
     aghastr,

Warn of hot fit whom fever has brought low,  
 So felt I; yet the cause I might not know,

\* The laurel, Laura's emblem; *nomen et omen* in  
 her case.

End of my bliss unstable hastening fast.  
 Those beauteous eyes, in heaven made glad  
     and clear  
 Now by that Light whence life and safety  
     pour,  
 Forsaking mine, left poor and wretched here;  
 By flashing of pure rays unseen before  
 Said to them: Rest in peace, companions  
     dear!  
 Here, never, but elsewhere\* we meet once  
     more.

Many sonnets express his longing for  
 the death which is to re-unite them. The  
 following one was written on the third  
 anniversary of Laura's death:—

## SONNET 10.

In her life's fairest and best flowering prime,  
 When love hath most of empire on the mind—  
 Leaving her earthly shell to earth resigned,  
 My life, my Laura left me, rose sublime,  
 A living, beauteous spirit, to heaven's bright  
     clime,

Thence at her will to loose my soul or bind.  
 Why me from out this mortal to unwind  
 Comes not that last day, first of better time?  
 That, as my thoughts still follow her, so may  
 My soul pursue her, lightsome, swift, and glad,  
 And I from so great anguish flee away.  
 What can I reap but hurt from more delay  
 That makes me to myself a burden sad!  
 O how fair Death was three years gone to-  
     day!

Here is another of the sonnets which as-  
 pire to death:—

## SONNET 32.

How much I envy thee, earth, miser grown,  
 That dost my love lost from my sight embrace;  
 And bar me from the influence of that face  
 Where, after wars, I found my peace alone!  
 How much I envy heaven, that makes its own  
 And eagerly close locks in safest place  
 The spirit loosened from that form of grace;—  
 Heaven which so seldom opened man has  
     known!

How much I envy souls whom fates allow  
 Her sweet and saintly presence to obtain  
 Whom I with strong desire still sought to see!  
 How much hard Death and pitiless, who, now  
 That in her life my life he, too, has slain,  
 Makes her fair eyes his rest, and calls not me!

In this third sonnet he speaks of the work  
 of honouring his dead lady as the only  
 consolation of that prolonged absence  
 from her which is at last drawing to a  
 close.

## SONNET 59.

Go, mournful verse, to that hard stone which  
     hides  
 My dearest treasure in the earth; there cry

\* *Elsewhere* is the proper translation of "*altrove*."  
 Perhaps, however, "*above*" might better convey the  
 true meaning to some minds. Compare, nevertheless,  
 the *Εὐδαιμονοῦτον ἄλλ' ἐκεῖ* of Euripides.



To her who from her heaven will make reply  
 Although her dust in low, dark place abides.  
 Tell her that I am weary of life's tides,  
 Of sailing where waves rage so horribly :  
 But that, her scattered leaves up-gathering, I  
 Still follow step by step as on she guides,  
 Of her alone, alive and dead, still singing  
 (Rather alive and now immortal made)  
 To bid the world to know her, and to love.  
 Pray her, when hence my soul its flight is wing-  
 ing,  
 Which soon must be, revealed in light, to aid,  
 And call, and draw me to her side above.

It is time to cite one or two of the sonnets which, in some sort, justify this profound sorrow,—Petrarch's noble panegyrics, and not altogether vain efforts to make the world understand its own loss in the death of this unique beauty. Here is a fine sonnet of this description:—

## SONNET 66.

Death, thou hast left the world without its  
 sun,  
 All dark and cold; Love blinded and dis-  
 armed;  
 Grace stripped and bare; beauties grown weak  
 that charmed;  
 Me, to myself hard load, with comfort none;  
 Courtesy banished, goodness wrecked: nor  
 one  
 Laments, save I, yet all should groan alarmed;  
 For thou hast virtue in its best shoot harmed.  
 What second good remains, the first undone?  
 Tears from the air, the earth, the sea are due,  
 To wail man's race, which is of her bereft,  
 Like meadow without flowers, or gemless ring.  
 Her the world, while it had her, never knew:  
 I knew her, who am here to mourn her left,  
 And heaven, where through my tears fresh  
 beauties spring.

Here is another, yet more tender:—

## SONNET 31.

Where is that brow, which by its lightest sign  
 My heart this way, or that, at once could turn?  
 Where those fair eyes in which two stars did  
 burn,  
 Lighting along its course this life of mine?  
 Where the worth, knowledge, wisdom pure and  
 fine;  
 The speech sage, good, meek, mild, whence all  
 might learn?  
 Where all those beauties that I could discern  
 In her, which ruled me long by right divine?  
 Where is, of that kind face the shadow dear,  
 Rest and refreshment of my weary mind,  
 Face where my every thought was written  
 plain?  
 Where, where is she, whose hand my life held  
 here?  
 How much has this sad world lost, ne'er to  
 find!  
 How much mine eyes that none shall dry  
 again!

All seasons remind the poet of his loss,

but most the spring; all hours, but most  
 of all the night. It is thus that he listens  
 to the nightingale:—

## SONNET 43.\*

That nightingale which doth so sweetly plain  
 Perchance her children, or her well-loved  
 mate,  
 The sky and fields fills with melodious rain  
 Of many notes clear and disconsolate.  
 All night my grief accompanies her strain,  
 And to my memory brings my cruel fate:  
 Who only for myself prepared this pain,  
 By thoughts: Death reigns not o'er a god-  
 dess' state.  
 Ah! how soon cheated is security!  
 Who ever dreamed to dark and dull dust turn  
 Those two lights brighter than the sun, to see?  
 Now know I that mine evil destiny  
 Wills I should, living on and weeping, learn  
 How nought below can loved and lasting be.

There is a companion sonnet even prettier  
 than this one. It is addressed to the  
 latest warbler of the autumn:—

## SONNET 89.

Dear little bird, that flying still dost sing,  
 Or rather weep, thy days now done and past,  
 Seeing at hand dark night, and winter's blast,  
 But day behind thee, and the months of  
 spring;  
 If, as thou knowest thine own sorrow's sting,  
 So thou my like state knewest, thou wouldst  
 fast  
 Fly, on this mourner's breast thyself to cast,  
 To share with it lament and sorrowing.  
 I know not if such share would equal be;  
 Perchance *she* lives for whom thy tears are  
 flowing,  
 My love both Death and Heaven withhold  
 from me;  
 But autumn-tide, and eve its first chill know-  
 ing,  
 With, of sweet years and bitter, memory  
 Bid me speak, pity on thy grief bestowing.

In other sonnets Petrarch's mind seems  
 to open to the healing influences of nature.  
 Nay, in the following one he hints that  
 they might have tempted him once more  
 into the snares of love, did not Laura's  
 memory prove all-powerful to guard him  
 from them:—

## SONNET 12.†

Ne'er did I see a spot so fit for gaze  
 On her I long to see, but see no more;  
 A place of perfect freedom, whence my lays  
 Might fill the sky with notes that love implore:  
 Ne'er saw I vale, that in its secret maze  
 Held such safe bowers in which to sigh, be-  
 fore;  
 Nor can I think, when Love to Cyprus strays

\* The rhymes of the first two quatrains are, it will be  
 seen, disposed in a different to the usual order.

† This beautiful sonnet is rhymed like the 43d; the  
 next after a fashion of its own.



Such sweet nests wait him, or on other shore.  
The waters speak of love, the birds' glad train,  
The season, fish and flowers, and grass and trees,

All join beseeching me to love again.  
But thou from Heaven dost call, soul without stain,

And pray me, by thy death's sad memories,  
The world and its allurements to disdain.

In a preceding sonnet, the magic of nature sets Laura in person once more before him:—

## SONNET II.

When birds' lament, when green leaves whispering

Softly beneath the summer breeze's sway,  
When the hoarse murmurs that from clear waves spring,

I hear from that cool bank, by flowers made gay,

Where I sit writing what Love bids me say,  
Her, whom Heaven showed, but earth hid vanishing,

I see and hear: for, though so far away,  
She lives; from her my sighs an answer bring.  
"Ah, why before thy time by grief thus wasting?"

She says to me with pity; "wherefore flows  
A mournful stream from thy sad eyes still hasting?"

Oh, weep not thou for me: through death I rose

To endless life; on glory everlasting  
Mine eyes I opened when they seemed to close."

But, though often consoled by bright visions like this, or like the one more fully described in his sixth ode, Petrarch continues to the end to address the "happy spirit" of his beloved in tones of anguish. As, for example, here in one of his last sonnets:—

## SONNET 87.

Blest spirit, that so sweetly didst of old  
Move eyes where brighter rays than sunbeams met,

And form those sighs, those living words, that yet

Sound in my heart with echoes manifold;  
I used to see thee, as thy pure fires told,  
Guiding the feet o'er grass and violet,  
Feet not like woman's but like angel's set,  
Of her whom now my thoughts more present hold,

Whom thou, back to thy Maker quickly sped,  
Didst leave to dust, with that sweet veil\* once given

By a high destiny to wrap thee round.

\* Discerning readers will share our own perplexity about this "sweet veil," a literal translation as we can assure them. It must mean Laura's body, the clothing of that spirit to whom the sonnet is addressed. But then, if so, what else of hers could the spirit at its departure have "left to dust"? And is not that part of the sentence superfluous?

At thy departure Love from this world fled,  
And Courtesy, and the sun fell from heaven;  
And Death a sweetness all unwonted found.

There is an earlier sonnet in which he paints himself, as here, living chiefly on memories of the past. It begins with fond regrets for days of which the honey is now more distinctly remembered than the gall; something like Sophie Arnold's "*Oh le bon temps! j'étais bien malheureuse.*" But the memory becomes a hope, and the close is an aspiration towards reunion.

## SONNET 45.

Passed is that time, alas! when joyfully  
I lived by cool air fanned where flames burned hot:

Passed too has she for whom I wept and wrote;

But she my tears and pen has left with me.

Passed is her face, holy and fair to see,  
But, as it passed, my heart her sweet eyes smote;

My heart, once mine, now cleft in twain to float

After her, folded in her robe to be.

Half 'neath the earth, and half she bore to Heaven,

Where now she triumphs with that laurel-crown

That goodness never conquered for her gained.  
Would that, even so, that mortal veil were riven

Which holds me here, and I with them sat down

Where sighs are not, 'mid blessed souls unstained!

Finally come sonnets written when ten intervening years from Laura's death had at once calmed Petrarch's grief and brought the days of their separation near to a close. Amid the solitudes of the Eugeanean hills, in that calm retreat amongst their vines and olives, where the poet describes himself as concluding his autobiography, he discerned the vanity of a life spent in passionate admiration of the creature rather than of the Creator. "Here," it is thus that he concludes his memoirs, "I spend my days, . . . always reading and writing, praising God and thanking Him, as for good so for evils, which, if I do not err, are not designed for my punishment, but for my trial. Meantime, I direct my prayers to Christ, beseeching Him to make the end of my life a good one, to have mercy upon me, and to pardon, yea to 'forget the sins of my youth.' . . . And with all the desire of my heart I pray God that it would please Him, at the last, to control my thoughts, unstable and wandering for so



long a time; and whereas they have been vainly scattered on many objects, to convert them to Himself, the sole, true, certain, unchangeable Good." The way for this touching prayer is prepared by the two following sonnets:—

## SONNET 83.

Death has extinguished my once dazzling sun,  
Drear darkness veils her perfect, steadfast  
eyes;

Dust is she, who could cool or heat my sighs;  
Elms, oaks wave o'er me still, but laurels none.  
I see, yet mourn, the good that I have won;  
Now no one cheers my heart, yet terrifies,  
None chills, yet warms it, nor with glad surprise

Fills it with hope, then leaves to mourn undone.

Freed from his\* hand, who soothed me but  
to wound,

Long years tormenting me with empire stern,  
I a sweet, bitter liberty have found;  
And to that Lord, whose praise at last I learn,  
Whose glance upholds and rules heaven's  
shining round,

Life-satiate, yea life-weary, I return.

## SONNET 85.

I walk and weep my days that are no more,  
Days spent by me in love of mortal thing,  
Taking no lofty flight, though mine the wing  
Perchance to reach heights unessayed before.  
Thou, who dost see my shame, my anguish  
sore,

Of Heaven Invisible, Immortal King,  
Succour my spirit frail and wandering,  
Where it has failed Thy grace fulfilling pour;  
That I who lived in war, in storms, may gain  
Peace, and a port at death; my parting be  
Good, though my day upon this earth was  
vain;

Me, while I live the few days left to me,  
Me, when I die, oh, let Thine hand sustain;  
Well knowest Thou I have hope in none save  
Thee.

These specimens must suffice. Even through the veil of our imperfect versions, they display Petrarch's versatile genius, limited as to the inspiration which provided it with an air, inexhaustible in its power of supplying to that air variations in long-linked sweetness; they manifest his tenderness, his exchange of sympathies with nature, animate and inanimate; and, above all, they reveal that sincerity which gives its ultimate value to his sorrow: a sorrow which gushes forth amid such sumptuous and stately environments that the beholder doubts at first whether these costly marbles can indeed enclose a well of genuine tears; but which turns out, on investigation, to be a spring as deep and as

\* Love.

bitter as any that flows out, surrounded by common grass and rush, to the lamentations of a bereaved peasant. Were it otherwise, we should be convicted of a mistake, alike in the space they fill, and in the position assigned to them in this essay. For whereas the elegies we cited before correspond to the earlier portion of their great model, David's lament for Saul and Jonathan, we have placed these lays of Petrarch where they answer to that latest and most pathetic verse in which its singer deplores his early friend alone. The strains that mourn powers which have vanished from the earth, that bewail the broken sceptre, the shivered sword, or the shattered lyre, find their counterpart in the sadly majestic words—"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!" But only the poet, who stands forth a mourner for a pure and holy love, whether of kindred or of friends, can echo even faintly that most touching of human utterances—"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

MONSIEUR BEDEAU.

## CHAPTER II.

THE summer came and went. The steamers that ply daily between Geneva and Villeneuve churned up the clear waters of the lake with their paddles, and defiled them with their cinders and bilgewater for five months, and then returned to their winter-quarters again. The annual horde of tourists poured itself out upon the shores of Lake Lemman, filled its hotels and *pensions*, perambulated the streets of Vevey in eccentric costumes, and took flight again with the approach of autumn, leaving only a few stragglers to try the effects of the grape-cure, or seek an imaginary freedom from the rigours of the cold season under the sheltering hills of Montreux. The Dent du Midi put on its white winter mantle, and even the Dent de Jaman and the opposite mountains of Savoy were powdered with snow. The vines began to bend under their load of yellow grapes. But Jean did not return.

And now M. Bedeau recovered among the villagers that reputation for sagacity which the events of the previous winter had gone far to shake. "*Pas si bête, ce brave Bedeau,*" they said to one another.



"Ah, he is a man who always arrives at his end sooner or later. Has he found a wife for Jean, think you?"

The women were sorry for Suzanne, and did not hesitate to express their sympathy when they met her hastening homewards in the evening from the dress-maker's at Vevey, where she sometimes got employment, or wandering with her work in her hand, in the direction of the old moat — her favourite stroll ever since a certain day now nearly twelve months gone by. "*Courage, ma petite,*" they would say, patting her on the shoulder with their heavy hands; "no man is worth pining about. We shall dance at your wedding yet. And if the bridegroom is not Jean Bedeau, why it will be another. With your *beaux yeux*, lovers will not be wanting." For they were somewhat heavy-handed metaphorically as well as materially, though they meant kindly.

It puzzled these good dames not a little that Suzanne appeared to take her desertion with so much equanimity. She always turned off their well-intended condolences with a light laugh or a jest, declaring that she was quite content to remain for the present as she was; and though they spoke of pining, they could not but confess that the girl had never looked more pretty and blooming than she now did, nor less like a lovelorn maid.

Old Leroux, the *facteur*, who delivered every week to Mlle. Suzanne Honorez a bulky letter, addressed in a neat round hand, and bearing the Italian stamp, could, if he had chosen, have offered them an explanation of the phenomenon; but he was a discreet old man, and having received a hint from Suzanne, whom he had tossed in his arms when she was a baby, he held his peace.

Bedeau was radiant. Things had gone well with him that year. He had bought more vineyards, and had extracted more money from his debtors than he had calculated on; and he too had had his letters from Venice, where Jean now was, and where he was studying painting, an art for which he had always shown a great aptitude. Letters that contained no reference to the name of Honorez, nor any hint that the writer had another correspondent at La Tour, but which were full of glowing descriptions of the water-city and its churches and palaces, and — what gladdened the father's heart most — spoke of the speedy return of the wanderer.

In the vintage-time Jean came back. He was taller, broader, and handsomer than when he had started on his travels,

and he had gained, by mixing with the world, an ease of manner and movement, and a readiness of speech, that rejoiced his shrewd old father.

The evening of his son's arrival was as proud and happy a moment as had fallen to the lot of that friendless old man in the whole course of his life. All day long he had been fidgeting and fussing about the young man's room, setting things to rights, altering the position of a table or a chair half a dozen times before he could satisfy himself that the room was arranged as comfortably as it might be, and worrying his old servant, Marie, almost out of her senses with his reiterated injunctions to see that the sheets were properly aired. Towards evening he hurried out into the garden behind the house, and glancing to right and left to make sure that he was not observed, gathered hastily an immense bunch of dahlias, hollyhocks, and chrysanthemums. These he thrust into a jug, and placed on the dressing-table of the bedroom. "Artists like such things," he muttered to himself, half apologetically.

When the boy appeared, and he saw him standing in the little *salon*, strong, bronzed, healthy, and handsome, he was in a transport of delight. He could hardly eat his dinner for gazing at this young paragon; he drank his health over and over again, and clinked glasses with him across the table. Jean was touched, and perhaps also a little ashamed. "If only he does not ask me about Suzanne!" he thought. But this topic was, happily, not alluded to in the course of the evening. M. Bedeau smoked a pipe after dinner, and listened to the oft-told tale of Jean's experiences and adventures till sleep overpowered him. Then they went up to bed.

But after Jean had bade his father good-night, and was preparing to undress, the door was opened again, and the old man re-entered the room. He glanced round, and saw that the jug in which he had placed his huge bouquet was standing empty. In fact, Jean, who neither admired the taste displayed in the arrangement of the flowers, nor liked the heavy smell that emanated from them, had hastened to throw them out of the window, little knowing that he should hurt any one's feelings by so doing, and supposing, indeed, that they were a mark of attention from old Marie, who was not troubled with an over-sensitive organization. M. Bedeau noticed their absence with a momentary pang, but he made no observation upon it.

"Have you all you want?" he asked.



"Everything, thank you, father," replied Jean.

"Ah, that is well." And M. Bedeau turned to go away. But presently he set down his candle on the chest of drawers and walked back. He put his hands upon his son's shoulders, and stood looking him full in the face, with an odd smile and a certain appearance about the eyes which Jean would have taken for tears, had not such a notion been too utterly preposterous. Perhaps the old man saw some look of astonishment in the lad's face, for he pushed him away suddenly and almost roughly, saying, "Go to bed — go to bed. It is late, and I must be up by sunrise." And so departed.

Very early in the morning, long before Jean was awake, M. Bedeau arose, and, stealing noiselessly past his son's door, with his boots in his hands, so as not to disturb the sleeper, went away to the vineyards, where his men were already at work. The day turned out unusually hot for the time of year. With blazing faces and streaming brows the *vignerons* worked on, M. Bedeau superintending and lending a hand himself, from time to time. He had half expected that Jean would have joined him in the course of the morning; but he came not, and M. Bedeau returned to his midday *déjeuner*, hot, weary, and a trifle dispirited.

On reaching his house he was met by old Marie, with the unwelcome intelligence that Jean had breakfasted and gone out, half an hour ago.

"Gone out!" said Bedeau with a quick frown. "Where has he gone?"

"Monsieur Jean told me he was going to see the Honorez," replied the servant.

"Gone *where*? Gone to see *whom*, you grinning old she-baboon?" roared Bedeau, in a fury.

Long habit had hardened old Marie to the sound of such epithets, and she showed neither alarm nor irritation in her reply.

"What would you have?" she said. "It is right and natural that he should go and see his old friends."

"Mind your own business," snarled her master savagely, "and don't give your opinion till I ask for it."

Then he seized his hat, and without stopping to swallow a mouthful of his breakfast, hastened away towards the harbour. Turning a corner sharply, he ran against a little boy whom he recognized as one of the numerous progeny of Curdy, the boatman, and who, after the manner of small boys, immediately asked him the time. Bedeau seized him by the ear.

"It is time for you to be in school, you little nest of fleas," he said, with graceful banter, nipping him with his thumb and forefinger nail.

"Oh! oh!" squealed the urchin. "Let me go, M. Bedeau, and I will tell you where Jean is."

"Well?" said Bedeau, loosing him at once.

"He is gone out in a boat with Suzanne Honorez," said the boy, with an infantine chuckle. "Papa has lent him ours, as he is working in the vineyards to-day."

M. Bedeau turned pale as he pushed him aside. He had suddenly recollected that it was the anniversary of the day on which he had found Jean and Suzanne together under the trees of the moat, and that the twelvemonth of silence that he had imposed on his son was at an end. He raged on to Madame Honorez' house, and into her quiet room, where the weary, harassed woman was working alone by the window, he burst in like a bombshell. Almost mad with anger, disappointment, and mortification he heaped upon her a torrent of reproaches, menaces, and accusations, embellished with such oaths and such a wealth of vituperation as she had never before heard from his lips. He declared that she had plotted and conspired to rob him of his son and his money; that she was a perjurer, a thief, and I know not what besides; but he swore that she should reap the just reward of her iniquities. He would claim the debts owing to him by her late husband; he would turn her and her children out to beg their bread in the streets; and he would cut off Jean with a franc, and never see him again.

So he railed on, adding reproach to reproach and epithet to epithet, till Madame Honorez, terrified and bewildered, doubted whether the man were not drunk or insane. Not till he was compelled to pause from sheer exhaustion did she get a chance of giving her version of the escapade that had so enraged him. Jean had met her and her daughter at the door, it appeared, and there she had left the young couple, having as usual work to do, and no time to waste in chattering. She had supposed that they were still where she had quitted them, till little Baptiste Curdy (the same child that Bedeau had met in the street) had come in with a message for her that Jean and Suzanne had gone out for a sail on the lake. She protested that she would not have allowed this had the project been broached in her presence, and she defended herself as best she could against the charge of having tried



to inveigle Jean into marrying her daughter; but Bedeau would hear no excuses. He repeated his threats, gave vent to a fresh outbreak of wrath, and when he had reduced Mme. Honorez to hysterical weeping, at last took himself off, a little calmed. At the door he espied Charlotte Curdy, and relieved his feelings by attacking her in the manner already described. Then, with his hands thrust into his pockets and his head bent down he slowly took his way homewards.

He sat down before the untouched breakfast-table, and tried to eat, but could not. He swallowed a couple of glasses of wine and a few mouthfuls of bread, and then gave it up. The revulsion of feeling from the inordinate happiness of yesterday, the disappointment, and, most of all, the conviction that his son had deliberately deceived him, turned his food bitter, and made him feel that the world was all against him. "*Il m'a trompé — il m'a trompé,*" he muttered over and over again, as he sat with his head in his hands and the uneaten breakfast before him.

In this position he remained for nearly an hour, and might have remained so longer, but for the entrance of Marie, who came in to clear the table. He jumped up when she appeared, and went out into the garden, not wishing to be pestered by the inquiries that he knew his old servant would make as to the reason of his abstinence. He paced up and down the gravel walk, under the scorching sun, till he saw, through the open window, that the room was once more empty. Then he returned to his high-backed wooden arm-chair, and sat there, staring at vacancy, with his hands dropped idly by his sides thinking, in a dazed confused way, how cruelly the world was treating him. All his well-laid schemes frustrated; the labour of his life rendered useless; his will set at naught; and his old age like to be passed in solitude and estrangement from the only thing that he loved on earth — truly it was a hard destiny. M. Bedeau understood no language but his own, and had never heard of Hood; but the refrain that was ringing in his head, all through his dreary meditations, that afternoon, was always that sad one — "What can an old man do but die?" Yes; the sooner he was shovelled under the ground and forgotten the better, he thought bitterly. Then Jean would marry the beggar-girl, and everybody would be happy. Consent to this match he never would, as long as he lived; but he was getting old — it would soon be all over

now; and everybody would be glad. Not a man or woman of his acquaintance but hated him; even his boy had no love for him; he had been glad to go away; he had shown no joy on his return; last night he had thrown away the flowers that his old father had gathered for him. What could an old man do but die? And now two tears found their way into M. Bedeau's blood-shot eyes, quivered on his eyelids and trickled slowly down his rough cheeks, falling on the front of his coat.

It was rather a maudlin exhibition perhaps; but the truth was that M. Bedeau was not quite himself, that day. He had been over-excited the evening before; he had stood too long in the sun before noon; he had put himself into a violent passion, and he had eaten nothing but a crust of bread since sunrise. No wonder that his nerves were a little upset.

He never moved from his chair, and scarcely changed his position till the sudden slamming of the window and the banging of an outside shutter in a furious blast of wind roused him with a start. The unnatural heat of the day had culminated in a thunder-storm. Columns of dust were swirling along the road; the thunder was growling over the hills, and a few heavy drops of rain were beginning to fall. M. Bedeau looked at his watch, and saw, to his astonishment, that it was past five o'clock. He went to the window, fastened back the shutter, and looked out. The Savoy mountains were shrouded in heavy black clouds; a veil of rain blurred the outlines of the lower hills; and between the houses that separated his garden from the shore, he could catch a glimpse of the lake, all covered with white waves. M. Bedeau remembered, with a thrill of alarm, that his son might yet be out upon those stormy waters. With this new anxiety possessing all his mind, and excluding from it the recollection of his other troubles, he took his hat, and paying no attention to the rain that was now descending heavily, hastened, for the second time that day, towards the little port.

Meanwhile, M. Bedeau was not the only person whom the change in the weather had perturbed.

Madame Curdy had soon recovered herself, after the departure of her dreaded creditor. Consoled by her friends, and comforted by the consciousness of having for once had the courage to give the formidable Bedeau a bit of her mind, she dried her tears and returned to her washing, trusting that that terrible threat as to



the sale of her husband's boat might not, after all, be carried into execution.

Madame Bassy kept up her courage with brave words. "You were too gentle with him, Charlotte," she said. "You should have made his ears tingle more for him when once you had begun. To call a respectable woman's husband a drunkard indeed! Not that I, for my part, think anything of a man who cannot drink his bottle or two of wine once in a way; but to call poor Curdy a drunkard! If he had said such a thing of my husband, *ma foi!* I should have been capable of answering him with a *soufflet*."

"And to demand two thousand francs where he has lent but one!" chimed in another woman. "It is unheard of! it is infamous! Tell me, my good Charlotte, does he always charge at that rate?"

"Eh, how should I know?" said Madame Curdy, raising a storm of soap-suds round her in her indignation. "It is as I told you. He lent us a thousand francs, and now it seems that we must pay two. That is the law, they say. I never could understand figures myself; and you know what sort of a head Henri has on his shoulders."

"It is a robbery," said Madame Bassy, solemnly. "Neither more nor less than that. And if I were in your place, Charlotte Curdy, I would as soon tell him so as not."

And so they went on, one backing up the other, and all displaying that valour against an absent enemy which is to be met with not in La Tour alone. The conclave was broken up by the appearance on the scene of a round-shouldered middle-aged man in a woollen nightcap, who came slouching towards the woman over the broken ground that lies about the port.

"*Tiens!* it is Henri Curdy," said Madame Bassy. "What can have brought him away from the vineyards so early?"

"*Dites donc,*" said Curdy, as soon as he got within speaking distance; "has young Jean Bedeau brought my boat back yet?"

"No," replied his wife. "Why do you lend the boat without charging for its hire? When people get what they want for nothing, they are not in a hurry to give it back again."

"They will be home soon," said good-natured Madame Bassy. "The time passes quicker for young lovers than for us old folks."

Henri Curdy drew his hand thoughtfully over his unshaven upper lip and chin. "It is that we are going to have a storm," he said. "With these light boats misfortunes

easily happen. I cannot afford to lose my boat. Newly painted last spring, too!"

"Curdy, I am ashamed of you," said Madame Bassy. "How can you think about your boat if those two innocent children are in danger—which Heaven forbid!"

Curdy made no reply. He was shading his eyes with his hand, and looking out intently over the lake to see whether he could discover any sign of his boat. Not a sail was in sight.

"Let us hope they may have landed somewhere," he said; "the storm will be upon us directly."

Almost as he spoke, the first gust came. With a sudden rush and swoop it set the women's petticoats fluttering, and the clothes they had hung up to dry flapping with a noise like musketry. There was a vivid flash of lightning over the opposite mountains, a rattling peal of thunder, and then all was still again for a moment. A black curtain of cloud and rain had descended upon the Savoy shore, against which the tossing waves of the lake, lit up by a ray of sunlight, were seen with a weird clearness, till the next gust, hurrying the storm before it, hid both lake and land in a deluge of driving rain. That brief glimpse, however, had sufficed to enable Madame Bassy to see, or fancy she saw, a white sail in the far distance, against the inky background. She paled a little and compressed her lips, but, like a wise woman, refrained from speaking, knowing that there could be no good in her doing so.

And now a trembling, fluttering figure came out into the wind and rain, struggling with a huge, unwieldy umbrella, and joined the little group. It was Madame Honorez, who asked of each one, in a piteous, distracted way, whether they knew anything of where Suzanne was, and then, without waiting for a reply, hurried to put the same useless question to the next. She had passed a miserable, anxious afternoon, tormenting herself with fears lest M. Bedeau should carry out any of his wild menaces, and doubts as to whether she had not been much to blame in leaving the young people alone together. As the hours went on, and her daughter did not return, she became more and more restless and troubled; and when the storm burst over the lake, she had stood by the window, muttering prayers and wringing her hands, till she could bear the solitude no longer, and went out to join the women on the shore, less with any hope of obtaining comfort from them than because it



had come to be a necessity for her to pour out her grief and alarm into the ear of some sympathizing fellow-mortal.

Such a one she found in Madame Bassy, who, though greatly distressed and apprehensive herself, had her wits sufficiently about her to make light of the mother's anxiety.

"Drowned!" she exclaimed, forcing out a semblance of one of her usual jolly laughs. "That is a good joke! It is Jean Bedeau who will be angry when he comes back, and hears of what you have thought him capable! Do you think he knows so little of the lake as to remain afloat in a storm which, as every one might have seen, has been coming up for the last hour?"

"But it seemed to me to come up in five minutes," faltered Madame Honorez.

"That is because you were not looking out for it."

"But indeed yes; I had been sitting by the window, watching for them, since three o'clock."

"With your back to the storm. Yes, yes; one has not eyes in the back of one's head, worse luck! Dear me! if I could see what my children were doing behind my back, I should not have had my china broken so often, nor my curtains set fire to—and that, if you will believe me, has happened to me twice this year. Ah, those children! I often say to Bassy that they are more trouble than they are worth. How fortunate you are to have but two; and they grown up, and beyond doing mischief, as one may say."

"But, Madame Bassy," interrupted the other, "you did not see the storm yourself till it was just upon us. I saw you talking to Charlotte Curdy up to the last moment."

"Bah! I had my washing to attend to; and you know what Charlotte Curdy is; when once she begins to talk there is no stopping her. I had other things to do than to look at the weather. Fear nothing, my good Madame Honorez. I would bet a good deal that Jean and Suzanne are sitting snugly together under shelter, watching the storm, while we, like the imbeciles that we are, are standing here, getting soaked to our bones."

But for all that, Madame Bassy continued to peer anxiously into the rain, though it was impossible for the keenest eyes to distinguish any object at a distance of more than fifty yards from the shore.

Gradually a few more stragglers were added to the little knot of watchers; for

the rumour that a boat was out in the tempest had spread through the village, as such rumours do, and the workers in the vineyards, who had been driven down by the weather, had heard this news on their return home.

So they stood there on the beach, amid the driving spray and rain, and talked together in a low voice, glancing from time to time at the spare, black-draped form of Madame Honorez, and at stout Madame Bassy, who was doing her best to cheer and comfort her.

Presently a new comer was seen hastily approaching, and some one said, "*Tiens!* it is M. Bedeau." M. Bedeau it was; but looking so strange and altered that he was barely recognizable. His face, usually so florid, had taken a dull, leaden hue; his step was uncertain, and his voice, when he addressed Curdy, whom he immediately sought out, had an odd thickness in it very unlike his ordinary rough, loud tones.

"Where is the boat?" he asked.

"Eh, M. Bedeau, who knows?" answered Curdy, with a desponding shrug of the shoulders.

"They have not returned then?"

"Alas! no. If only they have had the sense to land somewhere!"

"That is not likely. Have you a telescope?"

"No, M. Bedeau."

"Then be so kind as to go to my house, and ask Marie for mine. I am too tired to go myself. I will sit down here, and wait for you." And M. Bedeau seated himself on a broad, flat stone as he spoke.

Curdy shambled away to do his errand, muttering to himself as he went: "Aha! trouble makes us wonderfully polite. 'Be so kind,' indeed! Yesterday it would have been, 'Curdy, you dog, go and get my telescope, and be quick about it!' Ah, well! I will get your glass for you, M. Bedeau; but it is little you will see through it, even when the rain clears off. *Satane orage!* I shall never see my boat again!—and fresh-painted too!"

Bedeau sat down in the pouring rain, with his hands before him, and a look of dull despair in his face that might have softened the hearts of his bitterest enemies, one would have thought. But no one pitied him much, or found a kind word to say to him. He had gone too far with them for that; and indeed the Vaudois are neither a tender-hearted nor a forgiving people. Only fat Mme. Bassy could not bear to see her old antagonist so pitifully cast down; and leaving her



special charge, Mme. Honorez, for a moment, came and stood beside the stricken man.

"*Allons, M. Bedeau, du courage!*" she said kindly, laying her hand on his shoulder. "One must not meet trouble half-way."

He looked up at her vacantly, frowning a little, as if painfully striving to collect his scattered senses. "It is Mme. Bassy, is it not?" he said, in the same thick, uncertain voice.

"At your service, M. Bedeau."

"Ah! You are a good woman. Do you ever pray?"

"But certainly, M. Bedeau."

"Pray now. Perhaps God will hear you—I don't think He would hear me. Besides, I cannot find the words—the words will not come."

Mme. Bassy looked at him curiously. Then she said gently: "You are not well, M. Bedeau. See now; go home and put your feet in hot water; you have taken a chill. Why should you stay here? I will run and let you know as soon as we have news. Come." And she held out her hand to assist him to rise.

But Bedeau made no movement. "Thank you," he said; "but I shall do very well where I am. I want to speak to my boy when he lands. I have something to say to him. Go to her," he continued, pointing to Mme. Honorez; "and tell her to pray too. It is all that we can do."

The storm passed away as rapidly as it had come. In another five minutes the clouds had rolled away, and the thunder was rumbling over the distant Velan and Combin Mountains. The setting sun streamed out upon the troubled lake and the opposite shore, and the wind dropped to a fresh breeze.

And now Curdy returned, bringing the telescope with him. M. Bedeau took it, with a nod of thanks, and lifted it to his eye. But his hand shook so that he could distinguish nothing through it. After several fruitless attempts, he laid it down, and looked despairingly round for some one to help him. Seeing Curdy close by, he begged him to take the glass, and look if there were a sail in sight.

"One has no need of a telescope for that, M. Bedeau," said the boatman. "There is not a boat on the lake."

"Look, all the same," replied the old man; and to humour him, Curdy looked. For a few moments he saw nothing but the rolling waves and the sunlight that danced upon them; but presently he

dropped the glass with a cry, and flung up his hands. "*Juste ciel!* they are lost!" he exclaimed. He had seen a boat floating bottom upwards, rising and falling with the waves, near the Savoy shore, and had recognized it for his own. A scene of confusion and consternation followed. The women, weeping and lamenting, surrounded Mme. Honorez, who had broken into hysterical sobs, and led her away homewards, while the men crowded round Curdy, and looked in turn through the telescope, that they might see for themselves whether it were indeed his boat that had been swamped by the waves. Alas! there was no room for doubt. All recognized the colour of the paint, and even the letters H. C. could be made out upon the bow. It was but too certain that the unhappy lovers had been overtaken by the storm and drowned.

Not till some minutes had elapsed did any one think of M. Bedeau. Then they turned round, and saw that he was lying prostrate beside the stone on which he had been sitting. Some of the men ran and fetched a shutter. They lifted him on to it, breathing heavily, but quite unconscious, and bore him away to the house which he had left, that morning, a hale and hearty man.

Mme. Honorez' grief took a less alarming, but for the time more distressing form to witness. When they got her home, she went from one fit of hysterics into another, making the house ring with her cries, and shrieking, in her despair, that she would go and drown herself too. The women who had followed her into the small room were of no assistance, and indeed only made matters worse with their lamentations. Mme. Bassy, the only collected one among them, had some difficulty in getting rid of these intruders, who took that inexplicable pleasure in the painful scene that seems common among women of their class; but at length they were induced to withdraw; and then the violence of the unhappy woman's misery wore itself out by degrees.

Mme. Bassy, like a sensible woman as she was, made no effort at consolation or condolence: but she persuaded the bereaved mother to lie down on the bed, and began to look after her physical comforts, bathing her face and hands, and preparing for her a *tisane*, supposed to be possessed of great calming properties. Then she set to work to tidy the room, and put things in their places, while Mme. Honorez turned her face to the wall and moaned.



Pierre, who had returned from his work with the other *vignerons*, had rowed out in a boat to the supposed scene of the disaster, without any well-defined object in so doing, save that inaction was impossible to him, and that bodily fatigue is ever the best remedy for mental suffering.

But now, while Madame Bassy was still busy with her dusting and tidying, and just after she had lighted the one candle that Madame Honorez' limited means permitted her to use, that excellent woman received a shock which she will remember to the last day of her life. For, turning round on hearing a slight noise behind her, she saw that the door was open, and in the dark passage beyond, with the flickering light upon their faces, stood the wraiths of Jean and Suzanne, hand in hand. Madame Bassy stood spell-bound and open-mouthed, too terrified to stir or speak. But now the two figures advanced slowly into the room, and when Jean said, "Madame Bassy!" she realized that these were no apparitions, but indeed the two lost ones themselves, safe and sound. Then, with a loud, joyful cry, she flew at the young man, and fairly embraced and hugged him, bursting into sobs for the first time that day. Madame Honorez and Suzanne were already in each other's arms; and between the three women more tears were now shed over the safety of the lovers than had fallen over their supposed loss.

It was long before Jean could get a hearing, nor was he allowed to get through his story without many interruptions, ejaculations, and tearful outbreaks. His tale, briefly stated, was this.

Suzanne and he had sailed away in the sunshine, as happy a pair of lovers, considering the obstacles in the way of their union, as could have been found in all Switzerland. Talking over their prospects, exchanging vows of eternal fidelity, and relating to each other their mutual experiences during the year of their quasi estrangement, they had taken no heed of time, and had been considerably astonished to find themselves, about four o'clock, close to the shores of Savoy. Suzanne was for returning at once; but Jean, who truly said that it might be long before they had another day alone together, had little difficulty in persuading her to land at St. Gingolph, and stroll through the groves of Spanish chestnuts that surround that little village. Thus an hour had slipped away; and then, after refreshing themselves with a light repast of bread and *vin du pays*, they had set out on their return voyage.

Scarcely had they got clear of the port when they had seen the storm rushing down upon them with frightful rapidity. Jean had at once turned the boat's head for the shore, hoping that they might yet reach land in time; but it was too late. How the accident had happened neither of them could say. All they knew was that on a sudden they found themselves struggling in the water, the wind roaring past them, the boat capsized at a short distance, and darkness and rain all around. Fortunately Jean was a good swimmer, and Suzanne also, unlike most girls of her class, had had practice enough to enable her to keep herself afloat for a short time. Weighed down, however, by her heavy clothes, it is doubtful whether, even with Jean's assistance, she could have been saved, had not the latter managed to secure one of the oars, which came floating towards them, and to support himself and his companion upon it till some boatmen from St. Gingolph, who had seen the catastrophe, put out, and picked them up. The good Savoyards had received them with great kindness, had lent them clothes, and had then driven them, in a country cart, to Villeneuve, where they had taken the train to La Tour.

Madame Bassy, now recovered from her first emotion, did not fail to administer to both the culprits — and especially to Jean — the scolding which she conceived that their conduct merited.

"Is it worth while," she exclaimed, "to bring up children, and work and struggle for them, that they may play one such tricks as this? Suzanne, wicked girl! you have gone near to kill your mother by your thoughtlessness. Jean, you are no better than an ingrate! If you had seen the face of that poor M. Bedeau when he was sitting there in the rain, looking for you and your boat, and seeing nothing! He will never be the same man again — it is I who tell you so. God forgive me!" she ejaculated; "I had almost forgotten him. Come, Jean; come quickly." And without more ado, she seized the young man by the arm, and hurried him down the staircase, and along the street, towards his father's house.

Jean hung his head rather shamefacedly. In honest truth, he had not supposed that his father would have felt much anxiety at his non-appearance. M. Bedeau had never been a man given to nervousness or easily alarmed; nor had it occurred to either of the delinquents that their absence would have frightened anybody except Madame Honorez, whom they had imagined to be



the only person acquainted with the fact of their being upon the lake. But when Madame Bassy described to him the scene by the port during the storm the young man began to feel that he had been to blame.

On the threshold they were met by the doctor, who, at the sight of Jean, started back in almost as great astonishment and alarm as Madame Bassy had manifested. The latter gave a short account of the adventure that had befallen the two young people, and ended by expressing a hope that the presence of *M. le docteur* did not portend any illness of M. Bedeau. For she had been too much occupied with Madame Honorez to notice what had happened after Curdy had announced the accident.

"Yes," said the doctor gravely, "I am sorry to say that M. Bedeau is ill."

"I expected as much," said Madame Bassy. "Did I not tell him, this afternoon, that he had taken a chill? Well, well, here is the best medicine for him," she added, clapping Jean on the shoulder.

The doctor shook his head. "I am afraid you come too late," he said.

Jean staggered back against the doorpost. "What do you mean?" he stammered. "Is he — is he *dead*?"

"He is not dead," replied the doctor; "but I can give you no hope of his recovery. He has had a seizure; and one side is completely paralyzed. You can go to him, if you will. The sight of you can do him no harm now. I fear I cannot be of any further use; but if you want me I shall be at your disposition." And the doctor took his broad-leaved straw hat and walked away, leaving Jean overcome with grief and remorse.

These events occurred some years since; and Jean, now married to the girl of his choice, and the father of a family, is held to be one of the happiest men in the Canton de Vaud; but he has never forgiven himself for being the cause of his father's death, and is an older and graver man than one of his years should be.

M. Bedeau never spoke again, after his seizure; but he lingered for twenty-four hours; he knew his son, and was able to press his hand. On the second day he was restless and uneasy, evidently having some want that those about him were unable to supply. It was Madame Bassy who suggested that Suzanne should be taken into the room. The girl advanced, trembling, to the bedside of the dying man, who took her hand and looked round

for Jean. When his son came forward, he opened his hand, and pressed those of the two young people together. Then he made signs for Jean to kiss him, and they understood that he wished Suzanne to do the same. After that, he closed his eyes, and died, towards evening, without pain or struggle.

It was found that he had bequeathed all his property (a much larger one than had been anticipated) to his son, with the exception of some handsome legacies to several of his principal debtors, who, as may be supposed, were much astonished at this unexpected windfall.

The worthy Vaudois, who love money above everything, have forgiven M. Bedeau all the offences of his lifetime in consideration of this tardy liberality, and now speak of him as a public and private benefactor.

Over his grave in the churchyard of La Tour, Jean has had a handsome monument erected, bearing a lengthy inscription, of which one sentence, at least, may claim to be fairly truthful — "He was a fond and devoted father."

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From Temple Bar.

#### STRAFFORD.

THE genius and, above all, the tact of Elizabeth, which always divined the exact moment to yield to popular pressure, and to yield so gracefully and cordially that the act appeared spontaneous rather than dictated, repressed those discontents which her arbitrary government would otherwise have evoked. Men did not grudge homage to the crown that encircled so grand a head, and willingly submitted to so magnificent a rule, great alike in war and peace, even although that rule was at times an iron one. But under her successor all was changed. An alien by birth, and of a race for which Englishmen had but little love, destitute of all capacity for government, yet with an overweening conceit of such capacity, and *directly* asserting a prerogative which the Tudors had only *indirectly* wielded; cowardly, on the throne of the Plantagenets; mean and uncouth in figure, the slave of unworthy favourites, and suspected of abominable vices, James the First could inspire in his subjects only scorn and indignation; and neither fear nor reverence any longer retarded the growth of that free and independent spirit which seemed born with the seventeenth century. Such a spirit



was strongly manifested in the first Parliament of this reign. A second followed in the footsteps of the first, not however without showing all respectful deference to royalty. "A spirit of liberty had now taken possession of the House," writes Hume. "Her leading members—men of an independent genius and large views—began to regulate their opinions, more by the future consequences which they foresaw, than by the former precedents which were set before them; and they less aspired at maintaining the ancient constitution than at establishing a new one, and a freer and a better."

Such was the state of national feeling at the period when one of the most remarkable men of the century commenced his political career. I refer to Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, who in the year 1614 was elected to serve in Parliament as knight of the shire for York.

The Wentworth family belonged to that untitled aristocracy from which once sprang the noblest gentlemen of England. From the days of the Saxons it had held the estate of Woodhouse-Wentworth, in Yorkshire; and although its scions could write only plain esquire after their names, they could, through the blood of John of Gaunt, claim lineage with royalty itself. Thomas was born on the 13th of April, 1593, in Chancery Lane, London, in the house of his maternal grandfather, a lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, and was educated at St. John's College at Oxford. He gave early indications, not only of a powerful intellect, but of a remarkable diligence and method in acquiring learning. His biographer, Sir George Radcliffe, informs us that, "when he met with a well-penned oration or tract upon any subject or question, he framed a speech upon the same argument, inventing and disposing what seemed fit to be said upon the subject before he read the book; then, reading the book, compared his own with the author, and noted his own defects and the author's act and fulness, whereby he observed all that was in the author more strictly, and might better judge of his own wants to supply them."

He also took great pains to acquire a thorough knowledge of the law, which he studied, not only by books, but by a constant attendance at all the courts. At eighteen he left college, and made the grand tour of the Continent under the tutelage of the Rev. Charles Greenwood; a friendship was thus commenced between pupil and tutor which increased with ma-

turity, and to which Wentworth remained faithful throughout his great and stormy career.\*

Upon his return to England he was knighted, and soon afterwards espoused Lady Margaret Clifford, the eldest daughter of Francis Earl of Cumberland. It has been a matter of surprise that so proud a man as Wentworth, and one so thoroughly imbued with a sense of his ancient lineage, should have stooped to seek or even accept a distinction which then, as now, was anything rather than an honour to a gentleman. It is probable that the suggestion came from the bride's family, which, being titled, might have desired the husband to thus step out of the ranks of the commoners. On the death of his father in 1614, he succeeded, as eldest son, to an estate of £6,000 a year, a grand fortune in those days; and a few months afterwards was elected to the House of Commons. The new Parliament displayed a yet stronger determination to curb the royal power than did even its predecessor. A speedy dissolution, and the imprisonment of several of the most conspicuous members, put an end to the sitting. Throughout the stormy debates Wentworth remained silent, taking neither side.

In 1615 he was appointed *custos rotulorum*, or keeper of the archives, of the West Riding of Yorkshire, in place of Sir John Savile, who had given offence to the court. Two years afterwards, Savile in the mean time having made his peace, he received a note from Buckingham requesting him, *in consideration of the office having been voluntarily yielded to him*, to restore it to its original holder. Wentworth firmly declined to accede to this demand, stating that Sir John, far from having voluntarily resigned the office, had only done so to avoid expulsion. A second letter from the duke withdrew the request, and tendered an apology. But Buckingham never forgave this defeat, and from that hour Savile was Wentworth's sworn enemy.

In 1621, James, having failed to raise funds by means of benevolences, was compelled to summon another Parliament. During these years, although most of his time had been passed in the family privacy of his remote estate, the keeper of the archives had evidently been growing in

\* It is said that during the earlier years of his life he never took any important step without first consulting this gentleman, evincing thereby a modesty of mind for which few would give him credit.



consideration;\* for, upon his declaring that he should not seek re-election, he was requested by the court to change his resolution, and to bring in with him Sir George Calvert, one of the secretaries of state. This pretended disinclination was probably a ruse to strengthen his hands against the Saviles, whom he knew were determined to oppose his nomination by every means in their power. Notwithstanding the momentous questions, attacking the king's most cherished ideas of government, which were discussed, and such momentous acts as the impeachment of Lord Chancellor Bacon, Wentworth still remained a passive member of the House.

In 1625, his first wife being dead, he espoused Lady Arabella Hollis, the daughter of the Earl of Clare, and the sister of Denzil Hollis, who is described by Radcliffe as being "a lady exceedingly comely and beautiful, and yet much more lovely in the endowments of her mind." In this same year, spite of the opposition of the Saviles, who succeeded in nullifying his first return, he was elected to the first Parliament of Charles as member for Pontefract.

To a vain, weak, contemptible king, there had succeeded one far more dangerous to the cause of liberty—a man of more refined and superior intellect, but of no better judgment, of far less caution and of unyielding stubbornness of temper; for what is firmness and resolution in a great and powerful mind sinks into obstinacy in a weaker one. Thoroughly imbued with his father's doctrine of divine right, Charles devoted himself to one purpose, the establishment of absolutism. This idea was as much an outcome of the time in which he lived as was the aspiration for freedom among the people. It was an age of upheaval and transition. Feudalism, the basis of all mediæval governments, had long since fallen into decay, and as yet no system equally defined had taken its place. The power that had fallen from the hands of the nobles was grasped by the king to swell his prerogative, which thus encroached upon the liberties of the nation by almost imperceptible degrees, but still depended upon no firmer foundation than precedent. The assumption of hierarchical powers by

Henry the Eighth had also largely tended to absolute monarchy, as the papacy as well as the barons had ever checked the undue supremacy of the crown. But in the mean time the advance of science, geographical discoveries, the vast improvements in navigation, and the foundation of colonies and merchant companies had so expanded trade as to raise the burgher class to a position of great strength and importance in the commonwealth, filling them with vague and turbulent aspirations scarcely understood by themselves. Whenever Charles cast his eyes upon the great Continental nations, the monarchical power was daily increasing. In Austria and Spain the king was omnipotent, and France, under the commanding genius of Richelieu, was rapidly approaching the same condition. Such examples could not but strongly influence a mind so innately predisposed as that of Charles. A ruler of grander and more expansive intellect would have penetrated and appreciated the different conditions and genius of the several nations; he would have perceived that the position of the English middle class was far in advance of those of France, or Spain, or Germany, and that the spirit of freedom was far more vigorous in this country than in any of those which he proposed for models. But the Stuarts were never famous for intellect, and this one's lack of sagacity cost him his head.

The last Parliament of King James had forced the unwilling monarch into a war with Spain; the new one, summoned by his successor, in order to wring certain concessions from the sovereign, refused to grant a supply adequate to maintain it. Here was an unhappy embroilment upon the very threshold of the new reign. The Parliament was dissolved. But an empty treasury compelled the king almost immediately to issue new writs. The same men were everywhere re-elected, and met in a still more determined spirit of hostility. They would grant supply only upon the condition that the control of every department of the government should be placed in their hands, in order that they might redress the national grievances. One of their first acts was to impeach Buckingham. Charles, his intelligence a century behind his age, met this attack upon what he regarded as his just prerogative with inflexible haughtiness and unconstitutional threats, and ended by committing two foremost members, Sir Dudley Digges and Sir John Eliot, to prison. A second dissolution followed,

\* The following passage from his correspondence intimates that he was held in some esteem by King James:—"Calling to mind the faithful service I had the honour to do his Majesty, now with God, how graciously he vouchsafed to accept and express it openly and sundry times, I enjoy within myself much comfort and contentment."



and the king, by means of forced loans, proceeded to raise money on his own authority.

In most of the debates Wentworth ranged himself upon the popular side, but was silent upon the impeachment of Buckingham. He had rendered himself, however, sufficiently obnoxious to the court to induce it to take measures to prevent his re-election; he was accordingly nominated to the sheriffalty of York, the holding of which office prevented his serving in Parliament. About the same time he was deprived of his post of *custos rotulorum*,\* and his old enemies, the Saviles, were taken into high favour at court. Thanks to the malignancy of the latter, and as a further proof of the determination of the court to punish him for his contumacy, he was served with what was called a privy seal, that is to say, a demand for a compulsory loan of £40. Indignant at these oppressions, and, above all, embittered by the triumph of his foe, Wentworth refused the demand, was summoned to London, and, remaining firm to his resolution, was committed to the Marshalsea Prison.

Throughout the country many others offered a like resistance, with the same, and even a worse result. Soldiers were billeted in the houses of some of the recalcitrants; others were even pressed into the army and navy and sent abroad; while the whole nation was infected with a sense of burning wrong. At the beginning of the year 1628, necessity compelled the king to summon a third Parliament. Wentworth, who had incurred six months' banishment, was again returned for Yorkshire, and became one of the most energetic remonstrants against the late acts of tyranny; no member more ardently supported the Petition of Rights, then under consideration, and, in fire and eloquence, his speeches were unrivalled. Here is an extract from one:—

In the greatest humility I speak it, these illegal ways are punishments and marks of indignation. The raising of money by loans, strengthened by commission, with unheard-of instructions; the billeting of soldiers by the lieutenants—have been as if they could have persuaded Christian princes, nay worlds, that the right of empire was to take away goods by the strong hand; and they have endeavoured, as far as possible for them, to do it. This hath not been done by the king, under the

pleasure of whose crown I hope we shall ever gather the fruits of justice, but by projectors; these have extended the prerogative of the king beyond its just limits, so as to mar the sweet harmony of the whole. They have rent from us the light of our eyes; enforced companies of guests worse than the ordinances of France; vitiated our wives and daughters before our faces; brought the crown to greater want than ever it was, by anticipating the revenue; and can the shepherd be thus smitten and the flock not be scattered? They have introduced a privy council, ravishing at once all the spheres of ancient government, imprisoning us without bail or bond! They have taken from us—what shall I say? Indeed, what have they left us? They have taken from us all means of supplying the king and ingratiating ourselves with him, by tearing up the roots of all property; which, if they be not seasonably set again in the ground by his Majesty's hand, we shall have instead of beauty, baldness. . . . By one and the same thing hath the king and people been hurt, and by the same must they be cured; to vindicate—what? New things? No, our ancient, lawful, and vital liberties, by re-enforcing the ancient laws made by our ancestors, by setting such a stamp upon them as no licentious spirit shall dare hereafter to enter upon them. And shall we think this a way to break a Parliament? No; our desires are modest and just. I speak truly both for the interests of the people and the king. If we enjoy not these, it will be impossible to relieve him; therefore let us never fear but they will be accepted by his goodness. Wherefore I shall descend to my motion, which consists of four parts, two of which have relation to the persons and two to the property of our goods. 1st. For our persons, the freedom of them from imprisonment and from employments abroad, against our consents, contrary to the ancient customs of this kingdom. 2nd. For our goods, that no levies be made but by Parliament, and no billeting of soldiers. It is most necessary that these be resolved, and that the subject may be assured in both.

Six months after the delivery of these philippics he was created Baron Wentworth, and was in receipt of most gracious letters written by the king's own hand. The court had won over the man who threatened to be its most dangerous enemy. It is this period of Wentworth's life which is so difficult to understand, and which has brought down upon his memory so much invective; it is the only one against which the charge of inconsistency or baseness can be brought with any shadow of justice. We must remember, however, that Charles granted that Petition of Rights for which he had pleaded, and thereby removed the grievances of which he complained. It is true that the

\* In order to add insult to injury, Buckingham caused the discharge to be delivered to him in the open court, while he was performing his duties as sheriff. It was thus this foolish king and his minion alienated all hearts.



king afterwards shamelessly broke through every stipulation, but by that time Wentworth's relations with the court were wholly changed; and man is so absolutely controlled by circumstances. "His early prepossessions were on the side of popular rights," says Macaulay. Never did that author pronounce a more erroneous judgment. No bond of sympathy linked him with that cause, into which circumstances, not inclination, had cast him. Never was pride of birth more strongly implanted in a human soul; he was a very embodiment of the aristocratic principle—every instinct was opposed to popular government, and irresistibly inclined to an oligarchical rule. Mortification at the triumph of the Saviles, indignation at the oppressions to which he had been subjected, more galling to his haughty pride than hurtful to his person or fortune, had for a time rendered him false to his nature; the first advances of royal favour, however, had cooled his passion, and once more allowed that nature to assert itself. Thirst for power, which is the very development of all great and commanding intellects, whether it be physical or moral power, had its due influence; but greatest of all was that intense love for the king, first awakened by those flattering epistles just referred to. That his was no courtier's love, but a real and strong sentiment, is proved in every action of his after life, and above all in his death. Cold, haughty, and repulsive to the many, Charles possessed a marvellous power of fascination when he chose to exercise it, a power sufficient to win over even hard-headed and unsympathetic Presbyterian ministers. These were the causes of Wentworth's defection from the patriotic party.\* From this time he rapidly advanced in power and position. He was created a viscount, and almost immediately afterwards lord president of the north, a post of almost absolute authority, first instituted by Henry the Eighth to repress the continual rebellions that broke out in that part of the country against the subversion of the monasteries. It gave him jurisdiction over the courts of common law, of chancery, and of the Star Chamber, over the whole of Yorkshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland. The rule of his predecessor, Lord Sunderland, had been lax; his was iron, as the recusants found to their cost, being called upon to pay up all

penalties which had fallen into arrears.\* In a short period he raised the revenue of the northern counties from £2,000 to £9,500. In all matters appertaining to the dignity of his office, and the respect due to his person, he was rigidly exacting, laying down as a maxim that in its outward forms lies much of the power of rank. A young gentleman named Bellasis, for not uncovering in his presence, and for refusing to apologize afterwards, was committed to prison and detained there until he had made submission. Sir David Foules, a justice of the peace for York, for having spoken of the president in disrespectful terms, and for having instigated people not to pay the composition for knighthood,† was proceeded against, together with his son and Sir Thomas Layton, the high sheriff of the county, as accomplices in these offences. The three were cast into the Fleet Prison, heavily fined, and compelled to make abject apologies. In judging such acts, we must endeavour to appreciate the age of ferment into which this strong, harsh mind, with its ideas of arbitrary power and ceremonious etiquette, was cast. How far it was above all the basenesses of ambition, the following circumstance will prove.

A rumour had been bruited abroad that he was secretly using his influence with the king to secure for himself the post of lord treasurer; this coming to his ears, called forth a passionate repudiation in a letter to his friend Weston, who then held the post. I present the reader with an extract from this epistle, which throws great light upon Wentworth's mind at this period. The genuineness of his sentiments is unquestionable:—

God knows how little delight I take in the outward forms of this life, how infinitely ill-satisfied I am with myself to find daily those calm and quiet retirements wherein to contemplate some things more divine and sacred than this world can afford us, interrupted through the importunity of affairs I have already! To heaven and earth I protest it, it grieves my very soul, and that it is nothing but love to the persons of his Majesty and yourself that could make me take up this yoke and follow, no other affection or passion could effect it.

Let shame and confusion cover me if I do

\* Fines imposed for not attending the worship of the Established Church.

† The king could summon any man, who had been possessed during three years of an income of forty pounds, to receive the honour of knighthood. This was used by Charles as an instrument of exaction; for so great were the expenses which that dignity entailed, that poor men preferred to pay a sum of money in order to avoid it.

\* It is related that Pym, meeting him one day at Greenwich, accosted him with "I see you are going to leave us; but we will never leave you while your head is on your shoulders!"



not abhor the intolerable anxiety, I well understand to wait inseparably upon that staff; if I should not take a serpent as soon into my bosom, and — if I once find so mean a thought of me can enter into your heart, as that to compass whatever I could take most delight in, I should go about beguiling to supplant any ordinary man — if I leave not the court instantly, betake myself to my private fortune, reposedly seek my content and quiet within my own doors, and follow the dictamen of my own reason and conscience, more according to nature and liberty than in those gyves which now pinch and hang upon me. . . . I am none of those soft-tempered spirits, but I cannot endure to be mistaken, or suffer my purer and more entire affections to be soiled, or in the least degree prejudiced, with the loathsome and odious attributes of covetousness and ambitious falsehood. Do me right in this, judge my watches to issue, as in faith they do, from those clearer cisterns; I lay my hand under your foot, I despise danger, I laugh at labour. Command me in all difficulties, in all confidence, in all readiness.

About this time (1631) he sustained the most severe domestic affliction of his life in the death of the second Lady Wentworth, to whom he was devotedly attached, and whose loss plunged him into a grief so excessive that Radcliffe informs us he could not for a time be left alone night or day. "God hath taken from me your noblest cousin, the incomparable woman and wife my eyes shall ever behold." Thus did he write to one of the lady's relatives, and throughout the remainder of his life he spoke of her with the utmost enthusiasm. Yet, notwithstanding this undoubted love, we find him a twelve-month afterwards secretly married to the daughter of Sir Godfrey Rhodes, a lady, it would seem, of poor and obscure family. This third wife was not publicly acknowledged for some considerable time, probably on account of her social inferiority; but her worth was manifested in the love she won from her stepchildren, and in her unflinching devotion to their father. Wentworth seems to have been singularly happy in his domestic life, to have been an excellent husband and father, and to have enjoyed the devoted affection of all three of his wives. Although tainted with the prevailing vice of the age — conjugal fidelity was not among his virtues — I think Radcliffe's testimony is sufficient to clear him from the charges of licentiousness preferred by prejudiced writers.\* In

\* "He was much defamed for incontinence, wherein I have reason to believe he was much wronged. I had occasion of some speech with him about the state of his soul several times, but twice especially, when I verily believe he did lay open to me the bottom of his heart.

regard to the infamous story of his having killed his wife by a blow upon the breast, it is too monstrous and too generally rejected by all candid authorities to merit even denial.

The death of Buckingham, who had never ceased to be his foe, removed the last bar to the king's favour, and to his political advancement. In 1631 he was appointed lord deputy of Ireland, but continued to hold the presidency of the north during the following eighteen months.

Ages of civil wars, massacres, and misgovernment had reduced Ireland to a condition of savagery and abject misery impossible to describe. To the minute and searching inquiries he instituted upon the state of the country, Wentworth received information that might have daunted the heart of the stoutest reformer, for such he resolved to be. The people were little removed from savages; the whole land was overrun with marauders, the unprotected coasts ravaged by foreign pirates, who not only burned and robbed their dwellings, but carried the wretched inhabitants off into slavery. So infested was the sea with these miscreants that all trade was driven away; ships of all nations were pillaged, and their crews murdered, after which the pirates would boldly cast anchor in the nearest harbour, and remain there unmolested. Many of the officials secretly connived at these infamies, and shared in the plunder. The army was useless, from its antiquated weapons and utter lack of discipline; the commanding officers committed their duties to subalterns, and these, together with the soldiers, were always absent from quarters; there was not a grain of powder in Dublin Castle, which was almost uninhabitable; the churches were in ruins, and in some places served only as stables for the horses.

Before departing from England, Wentworth obtained from the king a series of stipulations, which gave him absolute power over this mass of anarchy. Within the space of scarcely more than a few months his iron will and splendid genius

Once was when he was in great affliction on the death of his second wife, and then for some days and nights I was very few minutes out of his company; the other time was at Dublin, on a Good Friday, his birthday, when he was preparing himself to receive the blessed sacrament on Easter day following. I knew his ways long and intimately, and though I cannot clear him from all frailties, yet I must give him the testimony of conscientiousness in his ways, that he kept himself from gross sins and endeavoured to approve himself rather unto God than unto man, to be religious inwardly and in truth, rather than outwardly and in show."



had effected a complete transformation. The army was reorganized and disciplined; the coasts protected by ships of war and well-trained sailors, whom the pirates dared not face; the churches repaired; the dilapidated castle transformed into the abode of a splendid and august court. In the midst of these reforms he applied himself with the utmost energy to the development, or rather creation, of commerce. "My humble advice for the increase of trade," he writes, "was — that his Majesty should not suffer any act of hostility to be offered to any merchants or their goods within the channel, which was to be preserved and privileged as the greatest of his Majesty's ports, in the same nature and property as the Venetian state do their gulf, and the king of Denmark his sound; and therefore I humbly beseech his Majesty and their lordships that it might be accordingly remembered and provided for in all future treaties with foreign princes." He sank mines for saltpetre and silver, of which last he sent the king an ingot weighing three hundred ounces. He introduced the cultivation of flax, established the manufactory of linen and flannel, and proposed a scheme by which the trade of victualling Spanish vessels should be transferred from Holland to Ireland; he struggled hard, and succeeded in part, to abolish repressive monopolies, and raised the customs revenue from twelve to forty thousand pounds. In a country where the bigotry of the inhabitants and the powers entrusted to him offered every temptation to religious persecution, he seems to have kept tolerably clear of that prevailing sin of the age. Writing in May, 1637, he says: "Certainly it is my duty to witness this truth for his Majesty, that since I had the honour to be employed in this place he hath not been pleased that the hair of any man's head should be touched for the free exercise of his conscience." Again, when he writes of the desirability of bringing the country to one faith: "And yet this being a work rather to be effected by judgment and degrees than by a giddy zeal and haste." Within five years this country, which at his advent could not sustain the expenses of its own government, produced a revenue of sixty thousand in excess of its expenditure.

There was but one law, and that was the will of the lord deputy; and the good he wrought was in too many instances counterbalanced by corresponding evils. If he introduced the linen trade, he forbade the manufacture of woollen goods in order to protect those of England; if he

abolished many monopolies, he instituted one more peculiarly odious than all others. Salted provisions formed the principal food of the Irish at that time, and their most important export; Wentworth granted the king the entire monopoly of salt. The effect of such an act will be immediately perceived — the very existence of the people became dependent upon the royal pleasure. Parliaments were summoned only to be informed that they must indulge neither in discussion nor remonstrance, but obey the commands of the king and his representative.

The notorious case of Lord Mountnorris, the vice-treasurer of Ireland, will afford an example of Wentworth's high-handed mode of government. The story is best told in the words of Clarendon:—

A servant of the earl's, one Annesley (kinsman to Mountnorris), attended on his lord during some fit of the gout, of which he often laboured,\* had by accident or negligence suffered a stool to fall upon the earl's foot; enraged with the pain thereof, his lordship, with a small cane, struck Annesley; this being merrily spoken of at a dinner where the Lord Mountnorris was, he said "the gentleman had a brother that would not have taken such a blow." This coming some months afterwards to the deputy's hearing, he caused a council of war to be called, the Lord Mountnorris being an officer of the army; where, upon the article "of moving sedition, and stirring up the soldiers against the general," he was charged with those words formerly spoken at the lord chancellor's table. What defence he made, I know not; for he was so surprised, he knew not what the matter was when he was summoned to the council; but the words being proved, he was deprived of his office and his foot-company, committed to prison, and sentenced to lose his head. The office and company were immediately disposed of, and he imprisoned till the king sent him over a pardon, by which he was discharged with his life; all the other parts of the sentence being fully executed.

But the same author describes Mountnorris as "notoriously unbeloved," as a man who,

By servile flattery and sordid application wrought himself into trusts and nearness with all deputies at their first entrance upon their charge, informing them of the defects and the oversights of their predecessors; and after the determination of their commands and return into England, informing the State here, and

\* He was a martyr to disease; gout, stone, flux, fevers, attacked him in continuous succession, and for many years of his life he unceasingly suffered under one or the other of his ailments. Much of his irritable and passionate temper and many of his acts of tyranny may doubtless be ascribed to this cause.



those enemies they usually contracted in that time, of whatever they had done or suffered to be done amiss, whereby they either suffered disgrace and damage as soon as they were recalled from those honours. . . . So that this dilemma seemed unquestionable: that either the deputy of Ireland must destroy my Lord Mountnorris, or my Lord Mountnorris must destroy the deputy, as soon as his commission was determined.

My lord deputy supported his state in a style of regal splendour.\* He built a palatial residence; "it being uncomely," he says, "that his Majesty should not have one here of his own capable to lodge him with moderate conveniency, which in truth as yet he hath not, in case he might be pleased sometimes hereafter to look upon this kingdom; and that it was necessary in a manner for the dignity of this place, and the health of his deputy and family, that there should be one removing house of fresh air," etc.†

But little gratitude did Charles evince towards this faithful servant; it is doubtful whether he ever sincerely liked him. This probably was partly due to the influence of the queen, who never favoured the stern and haughty minister. Neither did the king exempt even him from that same duplicity and insincerity which he displayed so largely both towards friends and enemies. After pledging himself that the entire patronage of Ireland should be vested in Wentworth's hands, he continually appointed courtiers, who had no title to recommend them beyond his favour, to posts which the deputy had previously bestowed upon men who had done him good service. How shuffling and contemptible Charles could be is evinced by the following passage from one of his letters in the Strafford correspondence:—"Now, as I recommend several persons to you according to the reasonableness of their suits by my secretaries . . . In a word I recommend them all to you heartily and earnestly; but so as they may agree with

the good of my service and no otherwise; *yet so too as I may have thanks howsoever, that, if there be anything to be denied you may do it, and not I.*" The italics are my own, and need no comment.

And Wentworth was obliged to yield, but not without many bitter remonstrances. Twice also did he solicit an earldom, and was twice refused. But these crosses and disappointments never for one instant relaxed his zeal in the service of his cold, ungrateful master.

So as now I shall go on cheerfully in the course of my advice, [he writes,] there being nothing which comforts me in this place (where I find myself charged with so many cares, and where I am likely to bear out the heat of the day alone, for any help I am to expect hence) save the testimonies my friends on that side are pleased to give me of their continued kindness and affection towards me. As for fear of punishment or hope of rewards, I leave them to such as like them; I cannot be affrighted with considering the one, nor yet be transported above measure with anything, I praise God, I enjoy not already.

Had I fivescore senses to lose [he says, in another place], I did and ought to judge them all well, and happily bestowed in his Majesty's service.

It is this pure, devoted loyalty, even more than his splendid powers of mind, which exalts the character of Strafford, and casts a halo of nobleness and grandeur around it, even in the midst of his darkest tyrannies.

The greatness of his employments and their prodigious labours by no means filled his vast intellectual capacity; he found time to read his favourite poets—Chaucer and Dr. Donne, to discuss architecture with Inigo Jones—and triumph in the argument, to write letters to Vandyke upon marbles, to correspond with all his friends, to collect antiquities for the king, to hunt, to hawk, and to indulge in social conversation after supper. And we must remember that all that work was accomplished and these recreations pursued by a man tortured by the most painful diseases.

Upon the breaking-out of the war with Scotland the king sent for him. Having, with his usual despotic energy, compelled the Ulster settlers to renounce the Covenant, and taken effectual measures to prevent their in any way assisting their brethren across the sea, he set sail for England. Imbued with that hatred and scorn of the Scottish nation which were characteristics of the English gentry of the previous reign, he had only contempt for its rebel-

\* Not, however, from the emoluments of his post. During his whole term of office he is said to have increased his estate only by £11,000. The king was too greedy of money to allow his servants to grow wealthy; more than once when the pay of the soldiers and sailors fell into arrears, Wentworth discharged their claims out of his own purse.

† Mr. Forster, in a note to his "Life of Strafford," remarks: "The remains of this building, which was called Juggarstowne Castle, are visible still, and, I am informed by gentlemen who have seen them, sufficiently indicate its extraordinary grandeur and extent. They cover several acres. They are close to the roadside, about sixteen Irish miles from Dublin, and provoke even now, from many an unreflecting passer-by, a curse upon the memory of Black Tom. Such is the name by which the Irish peasantry still remember Strafford."



lion, and urged the adoption of the most extreme measures. He proposed to meet the cost of the war by a loan, which he opened himself with the magnificent sum of twenty thousand pounds. He took a journey into Yorkshire to urge upon his friends the necessity of complying with the king's demands: "In pursuit of your commands," he writes to Charles, "I have effectually, both in public and private, recommended the justice and necessity of the shipping business, and so clearly shown it to be not only for the honour of the kingdom in general, but for every man's particular safety, that I am now confident the assessment this next year will be cheerfully and universally answered within this jurisdiction."

Charles, perhaps moved at length to a feeling of gratitude, now created him Earl of Strafford and Baron of Raby, lord lieutenant of Ireland, and knight of the Garter. In March 1640 he returned to Ireland; within a fortnight he raised a considerable subsidy and eight thousand troops to serve against the Scots. This done, he once more returned to England. At Chester he was overtaken by a severe illness; but although utterly prostrated, he contrived to make his way to London. Charles designed him to be commander-in-chief of the army.

The Earl of Strafford [says Clarendon] was scarce recovered from a great sickness, yet was willing to undertake the charge, out of pure indignation, to see how few men were forward to serve the king with that vigour of mind they ought to do; but knowing well the malicious designs which were contrived against himself, he would rather serve as lieutenant-general under the Earl of Northumberland than that he should resign his commission; and so, with and under that qualification, he made all possible haste towards the north, before he had strength enough for the journey. But before he could arrive with the army, that infamous and irreparable rout at Newburn was fallen out. . . . In this posture the Earl of Strafford found the army about Durham, bringing with him a body much broken with his late sickness, which was not clearly shaken off, and a mind and temper confessing the dregs of it, which being marvellously provoked and inflamed with indignation at the late dishonour, rendered him less gracious, that is, less inclined to make himself so to the officers, upon his first entrance into his charge; it may be, in that mass of disorder, not quickly discerning to whom kindness and respect was justly due. But those who by this time no doubt were retained for that purpose, took that opportunity to incense the army against him, and so far prevailed in it, that in a short

time it was more inflamed against him than against the enemy.

Little could be accomplished with troops thus disaffected, and he was obliged to retreat to York.

The feeling of the military was that of all England. Well aware of his danger, he requested permission to return to Ireland; this Charles, utterly selfish as usual, refused, protesting, however, that *while there was a king in England, not a hair of his head should be touched*. He remained some little time with the army, but the officers omitted no opportunity of slighting and even positively disobeying his commands.

At length the king summoned him to London. No sooner was his arrival known than Pym commenced the attack upon him in Parliament, and after a bitter and malignant speech containing, among many true, several shamefully false accusations, wound up by demanding "that he might be forthwith impeached of high treason," "which," says Clarendon, "was no sooner mentioned than it found an universal consent and approbation from the whole House." It was then determined to send up to the Lords the accusation, and to request them to commit him to safe custody. Pym, accompanied by the greater part of the members, undertook to deliver the message. Strafford had entered the House just before the arrival of this deputation. After a short debate, the peers decided to commit him to the custody of the usher of the black rod.

Sweetheart [he wrote to his wife], you have heard before this what hath befallen me in this place; but be you confident if I fortune to be blamed, yet I will not, by God's help, be ashamed. Your carriage upon this misfortune I should advise to be calm, not seeming to be neglective of my trouble, and yet so as there may be no dejection in you. Continue on the family as formerly, and make much of your children. Tell Will, Nan, and Arabella I will write to them by the next. In the mean time I shall pray for them to God, that he may bless them, and for their sakes deliver me out of the furious malice of my enemies, which yet I trust, through the goodness of God, shall do me no hurt. God have us all in his blessed keeping!—Your very loving husband,

STRAFFORD.

In another beautifully pathetic letter, recommending his daughters to their grandmother, he says:—"Madame, I must confess it was not without difficulty before I could persuade myself thus to be deprived of looking upon them, who, with



their brother, are the pledges of all the comfort, the greatest at least of my old age, if it shall please God I attain thereunto." I refer the reader for the remainder to the Strafford letters.

Of all his enemies, the Scottish commissioners, who were then in London to treat of the grievances of their nation, were the most virulent; for Strafford, as the friend of Laud, and on account of the intense dislike he had always manifested towards them, was particularly obnoxious to the Scotch.

From the first there were sufficient indications that the earl's trial would be a mere form, and that his condemnation was a foregone conclusion. A committee of thirteen, chosen by the Commons, together with a few peers, prepared the charges, and examined all the witnesses and papers. This committee took an oath of secrecy, in order that the accused might not be able to arrange his defence; privy councillors were examined upon every incautious word he might have used at the council-board, and Sir George Radcliffe was imprisoned on a charge of treason merely to avert the favourable testimony it was known that he would bear for his friend. When the news of his impeachment reached Ireland, the Parliament, who had just before been loud in their praises of his administration, sent over a deputation to assist his prosecution. After much debate, it was resolved that the trial should take place in Westminster Hall. It commenced on the 22nd of March, 1640.

Never had the ancient hall worn so imposing an appearance: scaffolds, eleven stages high and divided by rails, were erected on either side. Representatives of the three kingdoms were present, and for fifteen days, the period of the duration of the trial, "it was daily," says Bailie, "the most glorious assembly the isle could afford."

The earl himself [to quote from Mr. Forster's "Life"] appeared before it each day in deep mourning, wearing his George. The stern and simple character of his features accorded with the occasion; his "countenance manly black," as Whitelock terms it, and his thick dark hair cut short from his ample forehead. A poet who was present exclaimed:

"On thy brow  
Sate terror mixed with wisdom, and at once  
Saturn and Hermes in thy countenance."

To this was added the deep interest which can never be withheld from sickness bravely borne. His face was dashed with paleness, and his body stooped with its own infirmities even more than with its master's cares.

There were in all twenty-eight articles of impeachment against him relating to his government and councils in England and in Ireland. During seventeen days, unaided, and against thirteen accusers, he defended himself with such eloquence and ability that he won over to him all hearts in the assembly, save those which were bent upon his destruction. The charge of high treason had not the slightest foundation to rest upon. England under Charles I. was all but an absolute monarchy, and no minister had ever served king more faithfully than did Strafford; he had not committed any act for which he could not find abundance of precedents. To say that it was treason to oppose the growing democratic opinions of the age, and to act in accordance with those principles of absolutism which had obtained since the days of the Tudors, was about as absurd as it would be to impeach Mr. Disraeli because he might oppose disestablishment, or household suffrage in the counties.

"Where has this species of guilt lain so long concealed?" he demanded. "Where has this fire been so long buried during so many centuries, that no smoke should appear till it burst out at once to consume me and my children? Better it were to live under no law at all, and by the maxims of cautious prudence, to conform ourselves the best we can to the arbitrary will of a master, than fancy we have a law upon which we can rely, and find at last that this law shall inflict a punishment precedent to the promulgation, and try us by maxims unheard of till the very moment of the prosecution."

Strafford had been guilty of many acts of oppressive despotism, but I repeat that we can judge him fairly only by reference to the age in which he governed. We must at the same time, however, make due allowance for the men who passed judgment upon him; their acts were intended to be the assertion of great principles, they were the pioneers of constitutional government, and by the destruction of the earl they intended to strike terror to the upholders of tyranny. Perhaps the axe alone could reach the roots of abuses grown strong with age. Nevertheless, in condemning Strafford, Pym and his associates committed an act as lawless and despotic as any with which they charged the minister; nor had any trial, even under the most arbitrary king, ever been conducted with less respect to justice. His counsel were not allowed to examine witnesses, and witnesses for the defence were not summoned from Ireland until three



days previous to the trial. When it was found impossible to substantiate his guilt by law he was *declared* guilty, and condemned by act of Parliament; or, as Evelyn puts it, "his crime coming under the cognizance of no human law, a new one was made, not to be a precedent, but his destruction." Notwithstanding great pressure, however, and only after many delays, would the peers consent to pass this bill of attainder. Excited crowds gathered daily about the hall, brandishing knives and swords in their faces as they passed in and out with cries of "Justice! justice!" At length, on the 21st of May, twenty-six voted for, nineteen against, the bill. It only remained now to obtain the king's consent. Throughout the trial Charles had never ceased to assure Strafford of his protection. The same pressure was applied to him as to the lords; crowds gathered about Whitehall howling for justice, and uttering terrible menaces should it be refused. The queen, actuated by selfish terrors and her old dislike, joined her entreaties to the violence of the mob.

Still, as ever, devoted, loyal, his love for the king stronger even than his love of life, Strafford addressed to him this letter:

Sire, after a long and hard struggle I have come to the only resolution befitting me; all private interest should give way to the happiness of your sacred person and of state. I entreat you to remove, by attending to this bill, the obstacle which prevents a happy concord between you and your subjects. Sire, my consent herein shall acquit you more to God than all the world can do beside. To a willing man there is no injury done. By God's grace, my soul, about to quit this body, forgives all men all things with infinite contentment. I only ask that you would grant to my poor son and his three sisters as much kindness, neither more nor less, as their unfortunate father shall be deemed to merit, according as he shall one day ere long be held guilty or innocent.

So noble and pathetic a letter should have strengthened the king's resolution never to consent to the death of so devoted a servant. But on the contrary, he was only too ready to avail himself of the self-sacrifice. It is possible, in consideration of the maxims in which he had been reared, and the examples furnished by all European states, to forgive Charles all his errors and crimes save two — his duplicity and his abandonment of Strafford — the one is a fault, shameful in all ages, the other was an act that would have been

infamous in the meanest man, much less a king. Denzil Hollis, the brother of the earl's second wife, who had taken no part in the prosecution, advised that Strafford should petition for a reprieve, which petition the king should present to Parliament in person. But his Majesty contented himself with sending a letter to the Commons by the Prince of Wales, which concluded with the cold request, that "if he must die, it would be a charity to spare him until Saturday."

In signing that death-warrant Charles drew up his own. Had Strafford been spared, and had his health borne up, which is doubtful, for the executioner seems but to have shortened days already near their close, his genius and energy might have averted the coming doom. He was the only man who might have combated the genius of Cromwell.

On the 12th of May, 1641, the final act of the tragedy was performed. As he passed on his way to the scaffold, underneath the window of Laud's chamber, the archbishop, for whom he had always entertained a great friendship, stretched out his hands and blessed him. Never for a moment did his fortitude desert him; he moved on at the head of his guards rather like the general of an army marching to victory than a prisoner being conducted to the block. "I desire for this kingdom every earthly prosperity," he said, addressing the people. "While I lived this was my constant endeavour, dying it is my only wish. Never let me be so unhappy that the least drop of my blood should rise up in judgment against any of you, but I fear you are in a wrong way." After praying for a quarter of an hour, he rose and took leave of his friends. "And now," he said, "one stroke will make my wife a widow, my dear children fatherless, deprive my poor servants of their indulgent master, and separate me from my dear brother and all my friends. But let God be to you and them all in all." As he prepared his person for the axe, he continued, "I thank God I am nowise afraid of death nor daunted with any terrors, but do as cheerfully lay down my head at this time as ever I did when going to repose." He prayed again for an instant, then laid his head upon the block. In another moment the executioner was holding it up to the view of the mob, who rent the air with acclamations.

In considering the character of this great man, we must throw aside our nineteenth-century spectacles and judge him by the canons of his own age. An in-



tense and arrogant pride was the source of all his evil deeds; this natural temper was enormously nourished by a diseased frame, and again by the inferiority of the men by whom he was surrounded, for the age of Charles the First was very positively an age of mediocrities; he stood alone as not only the one great, but the one capable administrator and general of his time. No position could be more unfortunate to so haughty and ambitious a mind; it engendered a scorn and contempt of others, and an overweening conceit of his own powers. Yet, while trampling on the rights of individuals and the liberties of the people, his sole object was to strengthen the hands of the king and render the nation great and prosperous. What he achieved in Ireland, which he regarded only in the light of a conquered country, sufficiently proves this desire. Although guilty of more than one act of vengeance, he never committed one that can be stigmatized as mean, avaricious, or despicable. He never descended to wile or duplicity—never wielded less than the thunderbolt. His oppressions seldom or never touched the weak. “He loved justice for justice itself,” says Radcliffe, “taking delight to free a poor man from a powerful oppressor.” There was a grandeur in all he did, whether good or evil. Even Macaulay, that most brilliant but most partial of historians, than whom few writers have pronounced harsher judgment upon him or accepted more readily the blackest scandals of his enemies, cannot withhold tribute to this phase of his character:—

Whoever thinks of him [he writes in his “Essay on Hampden”] without thinking of those harsh dark features, ennobled by their expression into more than the majesty of an antique Jupiter; of that brow, that eye, that cheek, that lip, wherein, as in a chronicle, are written the events of many stormy and disastrous years, high enterprise accomplished, frightful dangers braved, power unsparingly exercised, suffering unshrinkingly borne; of that fixed look so full of severity, of mournful anxiety, of deep thought, of dauntless resolution, which seems at once to forbode and defy a terrible fate as it lowers on us from the living canvas of Vandyck? Even at this day the haughty earl overawes posterity as he overawed his contemporaries, and excites the same interest when arraigned before the tribunal of history which he excited at the bar of the House of Lords.

Many noble sentiments—not the studied utterances of a Joseph Surface, but the spontaneous emanations of a lofty

mind—are scattered throughout this correspondence, such as his condemnation of gaming, which he stigmatizes as “a pursuit not becoming a generous, noble heart, which will not brook such starved considerations as the greed of winning;” his recommendation of his old tutor, the Rev. Charles Greenwood, to his nephews—“I protest to God, were I in your place, I would think him the greatest and best riches I did or could possess;” and many others, several of which have been already quoted. Of the warmth of his friendship Radcliffe writes thus:—

Amongst all his qualities none was more eminent than his friendship, wherein he did study and delighted to excel. I lost in his death a treasure which no earthly thing can countervail, such a friend as man never within the compass of my knowledge had, so excellent a friend and so much mine. He never had anything in his possession or power which he thought too dear for his friends; he was never weary to take pains for them, or to employ the utmost of his abilities in their service. No fear, trouble or expense deterred him from speaking or doing anything which the occasions of his friends required. He was never forgetful, nor needed to be solicited to do or procure any courtesy which he thought useful for, or desired by, his friends. He spent eight years’ time, besides his pains and money, in soliciting the businesses and suits of his nephews. . . . He did not seek friendship with all men, but, where he desired intimacy, his kindness did appear much more in effect than in words. He never failed when he did profess friendship, yet the time was when he might have secured himself from the great opposition raised against him in Parliament, if he would have consented to have done and forborne to have done some things concerning some whom he accounted his friends, which some men would not have scrupled at.”

“No man,” says Clarendon, quoting Plutarch,\* “did ever exceed him, either in doing good to his friends, or in doing mischief to his enemies, for his acts of both kinds were most notorious.”

\* Epitaph on Sulla.

From The Saturday Review.  
RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

An enterprising correspondent of the *Daily News* has published a report which, if it is authentic, throws a curious light on the social and political state of Russia. The document purports to be the judicial record of an inquiry into the religious and communistic organization of the Nihilists.



Bakounin, the leader or prophet of the sect, having long been an exile, enjoys almost unlimited facility for producing lucubrations which are afterwards circulated by contraband methods within the empire. Even if the account is spurious, it probably represents a general belief which is in some degree founded on the actual state of facts. The principles of communism admit only of limited variety, although the preachers of the system naturally adapt their doctrines to the tastes and prejudices of the various communities which they address. In the western parts of the Continent and among English artisans the agitation is hostile to every form of religion. Among the agricultural labourers attacks on property are generally connected with phrases borrowed from the popular language of dissent. The hereditarily devout Russian peasant would probably refuse to listen to any demagogue who neglected to prove that the spoliation of the rich was the command of heaven as well as the interest of the poor. Neither religious fanaticism nor infidelity has any necessary connection with schemes for the abolition of social distinctions and for the equal partition of property. The object is in itself sufficiently attractive to large classes in every community, but experience shows that even selfish cupidity desires to veil itself in a theoretical or imaginative disguise. The anarchists and assassins of the Paris Commune professed to have discovered the secret of universal reformation; and they have so far succeeded in imposing on their contemporaries that even in England romances have since been written in their honour. Since the days of the first French Revolution Jacobins and Socialists have been rather a sect than a party, and it is by an accident that they have become irreconcilably hostile to the only form of Christianity which has been brought to their knowledge. Their tenets are substantially the same with those which the Anabaptists of Munster professed to derive from divine inspiration, or from a literal interpretation of selected Scriptural passages. Although the Russian peasantry know nothing of the Bible, demagogues who address them can have no difficulty in contending that spiritual and temporal equality ought to begin on this side of the grave. In more cultivated regions, and in higher social ranks, men are always ready to be convinced that the evils which they suffer are grievances or wrongs inflicted by others rather than unavoidable misfortunes.

The Russian heresy of Nihilism corresponds in character, as might be expected, rather with the theological communism of the sixteenth century than with the subversive atheism of modern French demagogues. The numerous nonconformist sects which have openly or secretly separated themselves from the orthodox Church in Russia are, like the earlier English Nonconformists, impelled by excess and not by defect of religious zeal to desert the lukewarm majority. Some of the sects practice or profess the wildest asceticism. The Nihilists fancy themselves to be a chosen people; and their religious and political opinions are closely connected. One doctrine which they hold in common with the anarchists of France, Spain, and Germany is recommended by indigenous tradition. The demagogues of the West projected an arbitrary and artificial return to barbarism in the abolition of central government, in the autonomy of local communities, and in the equal participation of property. The Russians have from time immemorial been familiar with the tenure of land in common by all the inhabitants of a village. Among them the institution of property is imperfectly developed, nor is it strengthened by the existence of minute social gradations. The neighbouring lord and his agents are probably regarded as strangers, if not as enemies; and when the illiterate village priest is no longer the representative of an inspired Church, he also is likely to be deemed an intruder. The emperor is probably still an object of loyal and superstitious reverence to the masses of the population; but it seems that the Nihilists recognize no authority beyond the limits of the parish, and that human regeneration in Russia, as at Paris, is to consist in a kind of cellular organization of society. It is probable that the conscription presents to the people the most tangible operation of imperial power. The Russian peasant, though he is capable of becoming an excellent soldier, abhors military service, which, until lately, involved a lifelong separation from home. The denunciation of capital which is common to anarchical reformers in all parts of the world probably assumes in rural Russia the form of hatred of money-lenders and Jews.

According to the alleged Act of Accusation, the Nihilists resemble in influence and in ubiquity the Jesuits of melodramatic fiction. Not confined to remote villages or restricted to the rank of peasants, they are, according to the supposed Act of



Accusation, to be found among university students and professors and among the higher nobility, and some of them are generals or governors of provinces. An ex-judge is said to have expended some thousands of pounds in propagating the doctrines of the sect, and a rich proprietor has become the travelling distributor of prohibited Nihilist books. It is more credible that ladies of good family have devised for themselves occupation and amusement in the management of the widely-spread conspiracy. The frivolous and weary life described in Russian novels justifies the well-known epigram on a society which was rotten before it was ripe. It is possible that, instead of a round of corrupt and frivolous intrigue, young men and women in search of excitement may dabble in revolutionary and anarchical projects. If it is true that in one large province the local board of nobles subscribes in support of the agitation, it may be inferred that the upper classes desire to promote their own purposes the discontent of the peasantry. It has long been the policy of the imperial government to exclude the gentry from political influence, and to rely on the devotion of the mass of the people. The conspiracies of former generations were always managed by nobles, and it is possible that they may in their turn express their dissatisfaction by allying themselves with plebeian malcontents. The emancipation of the serfs, of which the emperor not unjustly received the credit, was effected at the expense of the landed proprietors. Although common enmities may for a time unite the most dissimilar associates, it is certain that Nihilism will make no real progress among the upper classes. They at least have no religious enthusiasm which could tempt them to encourage a revolution which would only be accomplished at their own expense. Although the tenets of the sect extend to the negation of other institutions as well as of property, those who have something will instinctively revolt from the doctrine of nothing. It is more probable that teachers of Nihilism may be found in the universities, for sophistry and pedantry have often an affinity for revolution.

Although it is probable that many extravagant doctrines are taught in the wide

expanse of the Russian empire, there is no reason to suppose that they involve any serious danger to the government. There is no instance in history of great results produced by secret societies, although they may sometimes, as in southern Italy and Sicily, and from time to time in Ireland, render exceptional measures necessary for the preservation of public order. Since the accession of Nicholas there has been no symptom of disaffection in the army, which is strong enough to suppress with the greatest ease any popular rising. It is not improbable that the government may regard with indifference theoretical conspiracies which are directed more immediately against private property than against the State. The spread of disaffection with social institutions would furnish an additional reason for strengthening the central power. To the peasantry Nihilism can mean little except the abolition of the rents and other payments which have since the emancipation of the serfs been substituted for personal services. The commune, which is, according to the doctrines of the sect, to be the sole political organization of the future, already exists. The burdens of the conscription and of imperial taxation are imposed by irresistible force; and they are probably regarded as dispensations not less inevitable than pestilence or conflagration. No considerable part of the Russian population, except in the large towns, depends on wages; and the mention of the *proletariat* as a principal element of society indicates the importation of French phrases and fallacies. It is not known that distress is common among a rural population which is scattered over a vast territory. Ignorance, superstition, and the exertions of agitators are much less effective agents than hunger, though they may easily produce a crop of delusions. The domestic troubles to which Russia may perhaps, like other countries, be at some time exposed are probably remote. The middle class is small and feeble; the nobility have no political influence; and the mass of the people are incapable of understanding any but an absolute government. On the whole, Russian society is in a position of stable equilibrium which would be immediately resumed if it had been temporarily disturbed.



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## MY BIRTHDAY.

WHO is this who gently slips  
Through my door, and stands and sighs,  
Hovering in a soft eclipse,  
With a finger on her lips  
And a meaning in her eyes?

Once she came to visit me  
In white robes with festal airs,  
Glad surprises, songs of glee;  
Now in silence cometh she,  
And a sombre guard she wears.

Once I waited and was tired,  
Chid her visits as too few;  
Crownless now and undesired,  
She to seek me is inspired  
Oftener than she used to do.

Grave her coming is and still,  
Sober her appealing mien,  
Tender thoughts her glances fill;  
But I shudder, as one will  
When an open grave is seen.

Wherefore, friend, for friend thou art,  
Should I wrong thee thus and grieve?  
Wherefore push thee from my heart?  
Of my morning thou wert part;  
Be a part too of my eve.

See, I hold my hand to meet  
That cool, shadowy hand of thine;  
Hold it firmly, it is sweet  
Thus to clasp, and thus to greet,  
Though no more in full sunshine.

Come and freely seek my door,  
I will open willingly;  
I will chide the past no more,  
Looking to the things before,  
Led by pathways known to thee.

Transcript. SUSAN COOLIDGE.

## LITERATURE VERSUS SCIENCE.

"Literature — that is a very high flight. Science — that is a higher flight still." — MR. GLADSTONE at the *Howarden Literary Institute*.

YOUR pardon, dear Gladstone. We seldom dispute.  
Are you rightly reported? *Punch* cannot be mute.

As a recognized leader and lover of letters,  
He will not admit the professors his betters,  
Or let Archimedes fly higher than Homer,  
Through whose infinite realm you're a fortunate roamer.

Our Newton reached science's summit, we know,  
But on poetry's peak was great Shakespeare below?

Imagine the wrathful discussion 'twould kindle  
If we had to decide 'twixt the laureate and  
Tyndall!

*Punch*, proctor of letters, designs no defiance  
To the absolute definite value of science;  
But he holds that by logic 'tis clearly deducible  
That the pen beats retort and alembic and  
crucible,  
Beats compass, theodolite, sewing-machine,  
Creates or suggests them, and tells what they  
mean.

It gives us the easiest record of thought,  
And without its strong aid all our science  
were nought.

September's long lights cross the lawn and the  
garden,  
You, statesman retired, enjoy autumn at  
Ha'arden;

*Punch* hopes, when you've felled the due num-  
ber of trees,  
On the turf by the castle there, sitting at ease,  
You'll just reconsider that saying of yours —  
Since you're one whose terse apophthegm  
always endures.

The different grooves which are occupied  
scan:

See, science takes nature, but letters take  
man —

Take woman as well, a most exquisite field!  
Think over that matter, dear Gladstone, and  
yield.

The binomial theorem's something to strike;  
it  
Was clever, no doubt — I prefer "As You  
Like It."

Archimedes was dencedly wise on the cone,  
Aristophanes' "Birds" suit me better, I own:  
And though science must have her keen sur-  
geons with lancets,

Her astronomers sage to watch Venus's  
transits

(From boudoir to drawing-room, doubtless,  
and back again),

Yet as long as life lasts men will tread the old  
track again,

Will follow the pen, that can wing them afar  
To regions beyond the least visible star,  
Will smile just awhile at the science experi-  
ment,

Then welcome pure poetry's music, depth,  
merriment.

Since school-boards have come a great change  
there must be,

And even ex-premiers have learnt rule of  
three:

So, as letters to science is dinner to lunch —  
Thus verily sayeth

Yours verily,  
PUNCH.



From The Edinburgh Review.  
THE PHYSIOLOGICAL INFLUENCE OF  
ALCOHOL.

A FEW months since a memorandum appeared in the public journals signed by 266 distinguished physicians and surgeons engaged in hospital practice in Great Britain, in which an earnest appeal was made to the medical profession at large to be careful, when using alcohol as a remedial agent, so to employ it as not to give ground that can afterwards be construed into a sanction for its excessive, or even for its habitual, dietetic use. In this memorandum there appeared an altogether unqualified expression of the opinion that the value of alcohol as an article of diet is immensely exaggerated, and that medical practitioners are bound, in the face of the greivous evil that results from its indiscriminate and injudicious use, to inculcate very strenuously habits of the utmost moderation. Shortly afterwards a letter was printed, also in the public journals, addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by Sir Henry Thompson, the well-known surgeon of University College Hospital, in which he states his own assured conviction that there is no greater cause of moral and physical evil in this country than the habitual use of alcoholic beverages, even when restricted to an amount which falls far short of the quantity required to produce drunkenness, and that is conventionally held to be quite within the limits of strict moderation. Sir Henry further adds that such habitual use injures the body, and diminishes the mental power, to an extent that few people are aware of; and that it is, in reality, the determining cause of a very large proportion of the most dangerous and painful maladies that come under the care of the surgeon, and also of much of the deterioration of the qualities of the race that capacitate men for endurance in the compe-

tion which must exist in the nature of things, and in which the prize of superiority falls to the best and the strongest.

In the face of this public, and deliberately preferred, indictment it becomes a matter of some importance, as well as interest, to inquire a little further into the ground upon which so grave an allegation rests; and it is all the more easy to do this, because in recent years numerous well-qualified observers have been powerfully attracted by this branch of physiological investigation, and have been devoting to it the closest and the most unwearied attention. The culprit who is arraigned at the bar of public opinion by this indictment of the physiologists, was not known in his naked and undisguised deformity until he was extracted as a flame-spirit from the alembics of the Arabian alchemists of the eleventh century during their persistent search for the elixir of life, and for the philosopher's stone. He had nevertheless existed, and was a mighty power in the world, for long centuries before that. Alcohol is not created by the artificial manipulation of the grape now used in the manufacture of wine, but grows in it during the natural process of ripening, and of subsequent decay. All the earliest wines were simply the expressed juice of the ripened grape left to its own inherent tendencies. The ferment which generated the wine was as much an integral part of the ripened fruit as its sweetness and its fragrance. It was measured out and apportioned by nature itself to each berry, and deposited in it in the exact quantity which was required in the further work of transforming the sugar of the matured fruit into spirit. Wine in the sense of a fermented intoxicating beverage, was well known alike to the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans. The Roman wines are well known from the frequent allusions made to them by the Latin poets; and even the dialogues of Plato record the vinous excesses of Athenian philosophers; but spirit extracted from the juice of the grape, or from other vegetable substances, by distillation, does not appear to have been known at all to antiquity.

It was at one time conceived that there

\* 1. *Alcohol, its Action and its Uses: Cantor Lectures of the Society of Arts.* By BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.P. "Journal of the Society of Arts," Vol. XXIII. London: 1875.

2. *A Treatise on the Origin, Nature, and Varieties of Wine.* By J. L. W. THUDICHUM, M.D., and AUGUST DUPRE, Ph. D. London: 1872.

3. *Stimulants and Narcotics, and their Mutual Relations.* By FRANCIS E. ANSTIE, M.D., M.R.C.P. London: 1864.



was only one kind of wine-producing grape, the species known to botanists as the *Vitis vinifera*. This, however, is by no means the true state of the case. Each wine-producing district of the world seems to have its own particular series of indigenous vines, which have improved under the natural circumstances of soil and climate, and under the ordinary process of selection, into the perfected vines of the same district at the present day. Drs. Thudichum and Dupré remark that the grape of each district is so changed when it is transplanted to other localities that its distinctive character is entirely lost, and very commonly its wine-producing power is effectually destroyed, although the climate of its new home differs in no material degree from that of the place from which it has been removed. The Catawba wine of the Arkansas Valley, in North America, is the production, not of any species of European vine, but of the indigenous American fox-grape, or *Vitis labrusca*. In this district Mr. Longworth, the principal grower of the Catawba, planted numerous varieties of vine brought from France and from Madeira, but notwithstanding the care and skill which his large experience and intimate knowledge of the vine enabled him to give them, they all failed. The indigenous Catawba grape, on the other hand, is entirely successful, and the manufacture of wine from it is yearly extending. Drs. Thudichum and Dupré furnish a description of twenty-nine distinct species of wild vine which are indigenous in the valley of the Rhine.

By very much the larger part of the juice of the fully ripened grape is nature's own arch solvent, pure water; but this water contains mingled with it a certain proportion of other principles that have been elaborated in the grape during the life of the plant, and are held dissolved in the water to communicate to it its sweetness and other delicious qualities. Of these principles the chief part is sugar mingled with a relatively small percentage of tartaric acid, and with a yet more minute trace of various other more or less organized and complex substances that are mixed cunningly together by the vegetable alchemy, to give the various charming attri-

butes of colour, flavour, and fragrance to the fruit. In the most essential products of this vital elaboration the acid is preponderant during the early stage of the formation of the berry: but with the advance of maturation the sugar accumulates more and more, and the acid falls back into obscurity, for the most part on account of being overborne and masked by the increase of the saccharine ingredient, but in some instances also, it appears, from the actual conversion of the tartaric acid into sugar.

The sugar produced in the ripening of the grape is mainly of a peculiar kind spoken of as "glucose," or "grape-sugar," which is characterized by its proneness to undergo the chemical change that constitutes fermentation. It is chemically distinguished from the sugar of the cane by being a trifle more rich in hydrogen and oxygen, and, therefore, somewhat less highly carbonized. Grape-sugar is capable of presenting itself in two distinct forms mainly distinguished by the odd peculiarity that one has the power of diverting the plane of a ray of polarized light passing through it towards the right, and the other of diverting the same ray towards the left.

When the grape-sugar has been matured by the oxygenation and rearrangement of the atoms of the saccharine molecule, and the rich juice, or expressed must, has been poured into vats, and left for a time in a moderately warm temperature to its own uncontrolled impulses, a further change begins among the highly balanced atoms of the sugar molecules. A further removal of carbon takes place, and a new form of molecule is formed out of the elements that remain. That new molecule is alcohol, or spirit of wine, instead of sugar. The sweetness is gone from it, and an ardent flavour has taken its place. The exact chemical character of the new and most remarkable agent which has been generated by this piece of molecular legerdemain may perhaps be better understood if the resulting spirit is described as a liquid in some sense of the nature of water, but in which a portion of the hydrogen of the water-molecule has been withdrawn, and its place supplied by a more complex hydro-carbon molecule.



The water becomes "fire-water," in consequence of the chemical condensation into itself of a hydro-carbon, a very energetic form of combustible substance.

In order that grape-juice may be successfully converted into wine of good quality by the natural process of fermentation it is found that it must not have, in its ripened state, more than five parts in each one thousand of tartaric acid, and that it must have two hundred parts in each one thousand, or twenty per cent., of sugar. In dry warm years this proportion is readily and commonly secured; but in less genial seasons the ripening is less perfect, and the grape-juice contains more acid and less sugar. The wine that is then made from the must is of very inferior and unsatisfactory quality. The first attempt to rectify this evil consisted in the removal by chemical means of the superfluous portion of acid, and of the addition of what was conceived to be the deficient amount of grape-sugar derived from other sources. This expedient, however, did not answer, and a better process was afterwards secured by diluting the must until the acid was lowered to the requisite amount, and then adding *cane-sugar* until due sweetness was secured. By this process very excellent wines are now made in the less favourable seasons.

When the must of the grape contains the appropriate twenty per cent. of sugar the result of the fermentation is a wine which has at the most some eleven per cent. of absolute alcohol, or nineteen per cent., by volume, of proof spirit. This is as high a proportion of alcohol as can be produced by the natural fermentation of the grape-juice, and, therefore, it becomes the standard of the highest strength of natural wines. All alcohol contained in wines beyond this proportion must have been produced by distillation as spirit, and have then been added to the wine in that state. The reason for this is that in presence of fourteen or fifteen per cent. of alcohol all further conversion of sugar into alcohol by fermentation is arrested. If a rich juice containing more than twenty per cent. of sugar is fermented there always remains a considerable amount of

unconverted sweetness in the wine after the fermentation has been carried as far as it can, and this remainder is protected from further change by the presence of the spirit. The natural wines which have a strength of eleven or twelve per cent. of absolute alcohol rarely retain more than half a per cent. of unconverted sugar.

There is some difference of opinion among experienced authorities as to the precise condition in which spirit exists in wine. In the natural wines the spirit is so intimately mingled with the other ingredients of the liquid that it is not detected by the taste as a distinct burning spirit; but in the fortified wines its ardent flavour is immediately perceived by the palate. It is said that some tasters can directly distinguish the presence of free spirit that has been added as such to the natural wine by the quality of the wine on the tongue. For these reasons it was at one time held that there is no free alcohol in wine, and that it exists in it in the form of some secondary combination, which is so broken up in the act of distillation that the spirit is then set free. It is now ascertained, however, that this view is erroneous. Spirit has been distilled off from wine, and then again added to the lees from which it had been removed, and the wine thus reconstituted was found to be in all essential qualities undistinguishable from the original wine. The fact seems simply to be that by the act of ordinary distillation the spirit is made more pungent, and more appreciable to the taste in consequence of the attachment to it of products which are generated out of the complex principles in the wine by the influence of heat, and which are tenaciously held by strong spirit when they are once brought into communication with it. Alcohol, when freed from these extraneous matters by elaborate care, proves to be as devoid of the ardent-spirit taste as natural wine itself.

Dr. Richardson, in the course of his Cantor Lectures delivered at the Society of Arts in the beginning of the present year, drew attention to an interesting list of the wines in use during the last century, which was prepared by the chemist Neumann, a careful and competent ana-



lyst, and in which there is a statement of the strength of many of the wines. From these analyses it appears to be unquestionable that the wines at that time in use were of very much lower alcoholic strength than those now most commonly consumed. The Burgundy of that time seems to have had only about two ounces of rectified spirit in two pints of the wine, corresponding to about five per cent. of alcohol, and therefore falling in strength very much below the stronger beers of the present day. The sherry or sack contained not more than three ounces of spirit in two pints of wine, which would correspond with 7 1-2 per cent. of alcohol. Only three wines quoted, namely palm-wine, alicant, and malmsey, were of greater strength. The strongest of the three had one fourth more alcohol in it than the sherry. This unquestionably seems to indicate that there has been a remarkable growth in the strength of wines that are in common use since the introduction of the employment of the still for the distillation of ardent spirit. The preparation of alcohol by distillation from wine was first practised by the Arabian alchemists in the eleventh century, but the spirituous product of their distillation was applied exclusively to further alchemical processes, and for the elaboration of menstrea. Distilled spirit was not employed as an ardent and intoxicating drink until some centuries after this time. "Gin" was not known as a word in civilized languages until about two centuries ago; whiskey, the modern analogue of the somewhat older "usquebaugh," is first mentioned in books about a century and a half ago; and brandy, or "brantwein," is a name of equally modern introduction. The old alchemists regarded alcohol as a veritable fire-water—a compound of water and fire—because they observed in some of their early experiments that this sublimed spirit of wine could be readily set fire to, and that the vapour of water was then caught in a cup inverted over the flame.

When the alcohol which has been generated in wine by the fermentation of grape-juice is left to finish its career in a natural and uncontrolled way, it very soon undergoes a still further change, and ceases to be alcohol. It absorbs fresh quantities of oxygen from the surrounding air, and splits up its molecules to rearrange their atoms with this addition. In this way it forms first "aldehyd" (or dehydrated alcohol), and then finally active acid or vinegar. This is always the final end of the processes of change when grape-juice

is left freely exposed to its uncontrolled destiny. The sugar is degraded and resolved, first into spirit, and then into vinegar. In the case of wine, artificially produced as a beverage, this process of degradation and decay is arrested midway as soon as the full complement of spirit has been made out of the sugar, by the simple expedient of bottling the liquor up, and so shutting it away from the air, which has to furnish oxygen for the completion of the change. We bottle our wines simply that the air may not convert their spirit into vinegar.

Spirit of wine, when refined by the chemist at the present day into the strongest and purest state into which it can be converted by art, is a clear, colourless, volatile liquid, which mingles greedily with water in any proportions, and will even take water away from moist substances to satisfy this greed. In its purest and strongest state it is distinguished as "absolute alcohol." What is called "proof spirit," or "rectified spirit of wine," consists of absolute alcohol and water mingled together in nearly equal quantities; in exact figures, at a temperature of 60° Fahrenheit, fifty-seven parts of spirit, and forty-three parts of water by volume.

When wine, or spirit diluted with water to some analogous degree of strength, is introduced into the human stomach, it gradually makes its way into the inner channels of the living frame, to mingle there intimately with the stream of the flowing blood. There is no other destination in the body to which it can be relegated. It passes into the blood by two distinct routes. First, by the veins of the interior lining of the stomach, which carry back from it the blood which has been contributing to its nutrition and support; but also by a series of innumerable delicate tubes which have been provided to collect the essence of the digested food from the alimentary canal. When it has been introduced into the inner recesses of the living body through these routes it is conveyed forthwith to the heart, and from the heart it is pumped forth with each stroke to all the textures of the living frame. The entire body, in all its parts, and in all its structures, is built upon a framework of delicate tubes, which are branchings-out from the main vessel that issues from the heart. There is in the Royal College of Physicians a preparation which was made by Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, in which the entire substance and form of the human body are presented, modelled



out by this framework of vessels made stiff and enduring by the injection of molten wax from the heart, and with all other associated structures cleared away in order that the vascular mould may be seen. Now in the condition of life with each stroke of the heart the blood is flushed through the intricate channels of these intermeshing tubes. At each stroke of the heart about three ounces of blood are thrown forward from its cavity into the channels of the circulation, and as the heart beats in a man of average size and vitality about seventy times every minute, all the blood which the body contains is injected through the extreme branchings of the vessels in from one to two minutes of time; and this goes on unceasingly from hour to hour; the entire mass of the blood being thus chased each minute through the frame, and returning back to the heart to be re-issued from it on this never-ending journey. If, therefore, any extraneous liquid substance, like wine or alcohol, is introduced into the blood, it goes everywhere in each fibre, membrane, and texture, and fills and saturates each vital organ — flesh, brain, heart, liver, lung, kidney, skin, and secreting apparatus. Wherever there should be blood under the natural arrangements of life, there is now blood mingled with the spirit. When a spirituous drink is taken into the body it does not simply run through the digestive cavity of that body, but it *runs through the blood* before it can find any escape, and it clings to that blood for a considerable period, flowing with it round and round through the circling stream of its unceasing progress. The question, therefore, very naturally arises, what are the immediate results of this mingling of spirit with the life-sustaining blood, as regards its influence on the well-balanced economy? Does it, in any way, help the vital actions of the frame? is it merely a foreign element playing the part of a useless and intrusive presence? or, yet again, is it a positively noxious agent working fell mischief in the delicately organized system?

When alcohol is introduced into the blood in a diluted state, and in a moderate quantity, its primary and most immediate influence is exerted upon those bloodvessels, and upon that heart, with which it is first placed in contact. The stroke of the heart is made more frequent, and the frequency is in proportion to the quantity of the alcohol that is brought into play. This primary influence of spirituous drink has been carefully examined and settled by Dr. Parkes. He instituted

a series of experiments with military recruits at Netley, and he found that with men whose hearts beat 106,000 times in twenty-four hours so long as they drank water only, the number of beats was increased by 25,488 when eight ounces of alcohol was given in the drink within the twenty-four hours. The experiments occupied fourteen days, and the conclusion arrived at by Dr. Parkes was that on the last two days of the experiment the heart was performing one-fifth more work than it did at the time when no spirituous beverage was consumed. Taking the apparently well-substantiated estimate of one hundred and twenty-two tons lifted one foot high as the mechanical expression of the task accomplished by the muscular contractions of the heart when water only was used, the extra labour performed by it on the last two days of the spirit-drinking, according to the views of this experimenter, amounted to the lifting of twenty-four tons additional one foot high each day.

Physiologists are pretty well agreed how it is that this quickened action of the heart is brought about through the agency of alcohol. An influence is exerted by the alcoholized blood upon the delicate nerve-fibres, supplied to the minute bloodvessels that are scattered through all vital organs to control and regulate their dimensions, which is very much of the nature of a paralysis of their power. The capillary arterioles which form the ultimate ramifications of the bloodvessels are allowed to remain relaxed and dilated on account of this suspension of nerve-control, the column of blood then yields more readily to the stroke of the heart, and in consequence of this the stroke is repeated more quickly. Dr. Parkes seems to have satisfied himself, by some special experiments addressed to the facts of this quickened action, that it really means additional effort accomplished by the muscular fibres of the heart; and Dr. Richardson endorses entirely this view. But it may be doubted whether, if the quickened action of the heart be due to the weakened and enlarged condition of the terminal arterioles, as is here explained, this does not rather imply that the heart accomplishes more frequent strokes without having to make more muscular effort, very much as a locomotive runs along with more frequent strokes of the piston when it passes from a rising gradient into a level track of rails. The effort is not greater, but the resistance to be overcome is less. It is, of course, quite possible that a part of the result may



be due to diminished resistance in the small vessels, and a part to increased vigour of stroke in the heart; and there are some considerations that seem to indicate that this is really the case. In the meantime the increased frequency of the heart's stroke when the living system is under the influence of alcohol may be taken as fairly proved, and it is in the highest measure probable that this increased frequency entails, in some greater or less degree, increased labour and wear and tear, and diminished rest, of the vital organ.

The next question that arises is scarcely of less importance in a physiological point of view. Does the augmented rapidity of the flow of the blood brought about by the action of alcohol carry with it the same increased warmth of the body that quickened circulation from muscular exercise does? It is the popular impression that the warmth of the living body is promoted by the use of wine or spirituous drink, and this impression is very naturally and reasonably suggested by the feeling of glow which follows almost directly upon the use of such beverages. The general impression is also strengthened by the well-known fact that the self-same spirit does burn out of the body when it is set on fire, with the production of a very considerable amount of heat. The verdict of many physiologists who have submitted this question to the test of elaborate and carefully executed experiments is, however, not in accordance with the popular impression. It is found by them that the living body, as a whole, is actually made colder by the influence of the spirit, and that the degree of its coldness is in the ratio of the amount of the spirit that has been used. The degree of cooling is inappreciable, and perhaps may be even questioned, in the case of really moderate employment of spirit, but it is unquestionable when the spirit is used in large quantity. The natural combustion of the body then appears to be lowered, instead of being raised, by its presence; and it may be so lowered under the circumstance of an overpowering quantity of spirit as to have the vitality of its organs destroyed by the severity of the cold. In some remarkable investigations made by Dr. Richardson, two animals were placed in a small chamber kept ten degrees colder than freezing water, one animal being in a natural sleep, and the other being in a sleep induced by the narcotic influence of alcohol. The animals were withdrawn from the cold after a considerable length of exposure, and the one which had been under the influence of the

spirit died, whilst the other recovered without suffering any harm. Dr. Richardson holds that the insensibility of apoplexy may be at once distinguished from the insensibility of drunkenness by the temperature of the body. Its heat is lowered from the natural standard in the sleep of drunkenness, but raised above that standard in the coma of apoplexy.

These conclusions as to the chilling of the body by spirituous drink are remarkably confirmed by another form of evidence. When spirit is burned as a flame with the production of a large amount of heat, streams of carbonic acid gas, generated by the union of the carbon of the burning alcohol with the oxygen of the air, are poured forth from the flame. This is the same kind of carbonic acid which is poured forth from the lungs in the process of breathing, and which is a production of the slow combustion of the carbonaceous substance of the body. Now Dr. Edward Smith proved, by some careful experiments which he instituted, that when spirituous drinks are used, the carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs is less than the ordinary amount, instead of being more. The alcohol appears to take to itself some of the oxygen which ought to be employed in the natural combustion and in the natural support of the warmth of the body, and to apply it in some quite different way which does not generate carbonic acid. Persons who have been actually intoxicated by alcohol to the extent of losing all consciousness and self-control, remain cold even for days, before the natural standard of temperature is restored. It will be here understood that the results of Dr. Smith's experiments are not necessarily touched by the familiar fact that a *sensation* supposed to be that of warmth is produced by the employment of wine or spirituous beverage. That sensation may be called up by some other influence as well as by warmth. It may primarily be but a nervous impression made by the stimulant drink upon the susceptible living membranes with which it comes into immediate contact. But it has also, on the other hand, to be borne in mind that it may possibly be in some degree due to the quickened flow of blood through the minute channels of the sensitive structure. It is quite within the bounds of reasonable probability that this quickened circulation of the blood may in the first instance stimulate the combusive consumption of the other principles of the blood with which the alcohol is beginning to be mingled, and that in this way warmth



is caused for a time by the alcohol, even although it is not generated by its own combustion. This primary action is, however, then soon overmastered by further and fuller alcoholic contamination of the circulating liquid. At a first glance it appears that this question of increase or diminution of temperature in the living body is one which ought to be very easily set at rest by the employment of the thermometer. This, however, is unfortunately not the case. It is by no means certain that the thermometer is competent to furnish this indication in every instance, and in all circumstances it requires considerable skill in the handling where qualifying influences may be at work, and where complicated conditions have to be dealt with. In consequence of this, and of the attention which has been drawn to certain practical bearings of this part of the subject by the Cantor Lectures, some of the medical officers of the police force have undertaken to use the opportunity which their position unfortunately affords for this class of observation, and to extend the investigation into the alleged depression of temperature caused by intoxication.

A further consideration that occurs, in natural course, in the progress of this inquiry is whether alcohol does, or does not, nourish the body. Is it, or is it not, food in any acceptance of the term? The indirect and mere inferential aspect of this part of the question has disposed many physiologists to hold by anticipation that it cannot be a food. All other foods that are known are complex bodies built up from simpler elements by the effort of vegetable life; and when they are constructed in this way the forces which are afterwards extracted from them for the service of the animal body are worked in with the constituent elements, and left there in an absorbed and latent state, preserving by their influence the precise composition of substance that has been brought about, but ready to be set free for other employment whenever the complex organization is again dissolved, and restored to its primary elements. Now alcohol is not a complex principle built up by the effort of vegetable life, but it is a product of the downward degradation and decay of such a complex principle. It is a result of the first stage of decomposition of sugar. From this point of view therefore it is anticipated by these theorists that alcohol can no more nourish the animal body than vinegar or carbonic acid can do so.

Foods in the animal body have been practically divided into two great classes — those which furnish substance to the organs or living parts of the structure, and those which supply heat or force in some other form. The constructive foods are for the most part composed with the aid of nitrogen, and are of great complexity; while the heat or force-producing foods are as commonly mere simple hydrocarbons capable of being burned by the agency of oxygen. The nitrogenized principles are all moulded in the animal body into a soft, jelly-like, or, as it is technically termed, *colloidal* condition. The fibrin of the blood, the muscular flesh, the cartilages and tendons, the membranes and the skin, the soft nerve-pulp and the brain, are all so many examples of nitrogenized matter. All the really active and essentially vital parts of the organization are of this kind, and the principal contributor to their activity is their moisture. The water which they contain favours the ready and continuous changes of composition that tend to the liberation of the force which is expressed as animal activity. The various saline ingredients, such as potash, soda, salt, and lime, which are mingled with the soft substance, merely confer upon it its particular physical character, and fit it for its especial work as it is adapted to various offices.

But alcohol is entirely devoid of nitrogen in any form. It cannot, therefore, be itself converted by any direct transformation into the substance of the living body as fibrin and albumen are. If it contributes in any degree to the construction of living structures it must do so by the altogether exceptional and abnormal plan of borrowing from extraneous sources the nitrogen which would be needed to be worked up with its own hydrogen and carbon.

Dr. Richardson, in his Cantor Lectures, affirms that pure alcohol is entirely without nourishing power. There is, of course, even with him, no question as to the fact that some forms of fermented beverages which have their spirit mingled with other ingredients of a glutinous and sugary character, as in the case of beer, do nourish to a considerable degree. But Dr. Richardson roundly asserts that this is due to the other ingredients which are mingled with the spirit, and that if all the spirit were taken away from them their nourishing powers would remain the same, and possibly be increased rather than diminished by its abstraction. There are, on the other hand some facts which have been noted by other high authorities which it does not seem



possible to reconcile altogether with this view. Dr. Anstie, for instance, has recorded one very notable case—that, namely, of an old soldier who was under his care at the Westminster Hospital in 1861, who had lived for twenty years upon a diet composed of a bottle of unsweetened gin and “one small finger-length of toasted bread” per day, and who maintained the structures of his body for this long period upon that very remarkable regimen. The instances are also very numerous in which patients suffering from acute and febrile diseases have been supported through critical periods of the disorder by the bold administration of spirit and wine. Dr. Anstie refers to one very instructive case of this character which was also under his care in 1861, and which obviously left a great impression on his mind. A young man, only eighteen years of age, was so reduced by a severe attack of acute rheumatism that he was unable to retain food of any kind upon his stomach. He was consequently sustained for several days upon an allowance of twelve ounces of water and twelve ounces of gin per day. His recovery under this treatment was very rapid and complete, and almost without any trace of the emaciation and wasting that ordinarily follow upon such a disease. The lad previous to this illness was of a strictly sober and temperate habit, and during the use of the gin the abnormal frequency of the pulse, and of the breathing, came gradually down to the proper standard of ordinary health, and there never was at any time the slightest tendency to intoxication. These cases are of marked force on account of their exceptional character, but they are in entire accordance with the well-established power of brandy and wine to sustain the life of sinking men in the critical periods of exhausting fevers. Various well-attested instances of this character certainly afford ground for the familiar and popular impression that there is support in wine and spirituous drink. Dr. Anstie’s conclusion from such evidence, and from a very large hospital experience, was that beyond all possibility of doubt pure alcohol, with the addition of only a small quantity of water, will prolong life greatly beyond the period at which it would cease if no nourishment was given; that during the progress of acute diseases it very commonly supports not only life, but also the bulk of the body, during many days of abstinence from common foods; and that although the physician and physiologist fail to explain chemically how it is that the result is brought about, it may

nevertheless be safely affirmed that the influence exerted over the body by alcohol is, essentially, of a food-character.

It seems to be perfectly manifest that when alcohol is judiciously administered as a medicine, for a limited period, even in large doses, no evil effect of any kind remains on the restoration of health, and it is perhaps equally clear that when it is used as an habitual beverage with very great moderation no injurious effect follows. Dr. Richardson, from some expressions in his lectures, seems inclined to mark from an ounce and a half to two ounces of alcohol per day as the quantity which begins to exert a distinct physiological influence upon the living textures, and which should therefore be regarded as the limit of safety; and he further expresses his own belief that although persons of average strength and health may considerably exceed this quantity, taking even five or six ounces of alcohol per day, without suffering any permanent damage up to the thirtieth year of age, this merely indicates the marvellous recuperative power of the animal economy in its early years when the vital forces are at their freshest and best, and not as expressing the innocuous character of the agent.

Before passing on from the consideration of the influence of alcohol when used, in whatever form, as an ordinary beverage, it may be well here to look a little more closely at the evidence that has been obtained as to what becomes of the spirit after it has been introduced into the blood. If it is not burned away into vapour with the production of increased heat in the body, and if it is not used in building up the textures of the living frame through the ordinary process of nourishment, where does it get to, and what is ultimately done with it in the system? It clearly cannot remain accumulating in the blood when it is continually taken in even moderate quantity, or intoxication would assuredly be at last produced. The great law of the living economy is that all bodies of a foreign and unnecessary character which are introduced into the blood are gradually expelled from it again by the merely natural action of the system. They are got rid of through sundry outlets which have been provided in the body for this very purpose. They escape through the pores and orifices of the lungs, of the skin, of the kidneys, of the liver, and of the alimentary canal. One of the most important reasons for the beneficent action of the remedies of the physician is due to this very law. The medicines which are



administered as remedies are taken into the blood, and being foreign and unnatural bodies they are immediately afterwards removed by exciting the expelling actions of the secreting apparatus, and as they are expelled they carry away with them some other injurious principles that have been generated in the body by default or perversion of its own subtle chemistry, and out of its own decomposing substance. This unquestionably at the bottom is the reason why alcohol can be habitually taken to the extent which it often is without grave disturbance of the proper functions of life. It is got rid of from the blood, and exhaled out of the body, almost as rapidly as it is taken into the stomach. Even when it is used to the extent of producing the actual insensibility of extreme drunkenness, the whole of the spirit is expelled from the blood within a few hours. Now, after wine, or any fermented drink, has been taken for some little time the presence of the escaping alcohol can readily be detected in the vapours of the breath, in the perspiration, and in the secretions of the kidney and liver; and accordingly a notion has sprung up in a certain school of physiologists, which has been very ably represented in France, that all the alcohol which is at any time taken into the living body is again removed through the secretions as unchanged alcohol. This view was especially advocated by the eminent French physiologists Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy. The statement of these experimentalists was to the effect that the alcohol which is taken into the living body accumulates in the organs and tissues, and especially in the substance of the liver and brain, and that it is then slowly, but in the end entirely eliminated, still as alcohol, with the fluid secretions, and more especially with the renal secretion.

This notion, however, was not from the first accepted with favour by our own physiologists, and a further investigation of a very elaborate and careful character was entered upon by Dr. Anstie, and by Drs. Thudichum and Dupré, by which it was finally and satisfactorily proved that only a very small proportion of the spirit which is taken into a living body is expelled out of that body as alcohol in the secretions, and that there must be some other means by which the spirit is disposed of in the system. Dr. Dupré in the course of these investigations discovered also that alcohol is found in small quantity in the excretions even of persons who do not touch fermented beverage in any form; that the

healthy system of the teetotaler "brews," so to speak, "a little drop for itself." On the other hand, in one very notable and memorable experiment Dr. Anstie gave a dog weighing ten pounds the liberal dose of two thousand grains of alcohol in ten days, and on the last day of the ten he administered ninety-five grains of the spirit as a final dose, and then two hours afterwards killed the dog and immediately subjected the whole body — blood, secretions, flesh, membranes, brain, and bone — to rigorous analysis, and he found in the whole texture of the body only 23·66 grains of spirit. The other 1,976 grains had obviously been turned into something else within the penetralia of the living frame.

These most interesting and instructive experiments and observations of Anstie's, Thudichum's, and Dupré's point to the exact turn in the investigation upon which the ultimate settlement of the food-power of alcohol, as a doctrine of physiological science, depends. There is no difficulty in conceiving that a further degradation of the complex organic principle, which has already been brought down from the state of sugar into that of alcohol by approximate oxidation, may go on with the living frame, and that the alcohol molecules may be broken up, first into the state of aldehyd, and then into that of acetic acid, which have already been described. But this, it will be observed, is a pure piece of scientific imagination until the presence of these compounds in proportions equivalent to the spirit which has been imbibed, is proved by experiments as exhaustive and complete as those of Dr. Anstie in his search for the alcohol itself. The alcohol is unquestionably transmuted into something else in the body, and it is quite as philosophical, in the face of the experience of the physician, to assume that that transformation may be the explanation of the strange facts which are encountered in that experience, as it is to assume that the products must be altogether refuse and waste because alcohol is already one step down in the process of decomposition and decay. It may thus be well for even advanced and accomplished physiologists to bear in mind that there may be "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of" in their philosophy. There would at least be nothing more startling in the discovery that the physiological dogma, which affirms that the products of the reduction of complex organic substances cannot be employed as the food of animal life, had to be reconsidered, and in some particulars reversed, or revised,



than there has been in the recent reversal of the Liebig dogma that nitrogenized principles alone can be used for constructive purposes, and the simpler hydro-carbons alone for the production of animal warmth. In his able and philosophical treatise "On Stimulants and Narcotics," Dr. Anstie refers to this very bearing of the subject in a passage in which he argues that many substances which are ranked as even "poisonous" to the system must not be taken to be absolutely "foreign" to the organism except in a relative sense, when even such agents as mercury and arsenic, given in small doses for long periods, produce what is termed a tonic influence, improving the quality of the blood and the tissues, and do this in such a way that it is scarcely possible to maintain that they contract no organic combination. Various incidents of their operation seem to leave no other conclusion possible, but that they do establish some very close structural connection with the nutritious principles of the blood, and that in these states of impaired health these abnormal elements are entitled to rank as alimentary bodies, at least as much as salt is entitled so to rank in the ordinary circumstances of the economy. Dr. Anstie in allusion to this point very suggestively remarks, that although there is a large mass of evidence which appears to show that under the circumstances of ordinary health the nitrogen of the air takes no active part in the vital processes, it is nevertheless far from certain that the same is the case in all pathological conditions, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that the administration of certain medicinal substances, and of alcohol among them, may effect important changes in the behaviour of the organism towards nitrogen.

Dr. Anstie again and again dwells on the notable fact that in all cases of disease where alcohol is used successfully as a medicinal support, as in the case of exhaustive fevers, its presence as an alcoholic emanation, whether in the breath or in other secretions, is absent altogether, as if in those cases the whole force of the agent was absorbed in its beneficent operation. He also insists that in such instances its exciting and intoxicating powers appear to be in abeyance, and that the recovery from acute disease where this medicine has been successfully employed is invariably more rapid and complete than it is in altogether similar cases which have been treated without alcohol. He also recurs continually to the well-known

fact that in many forms of disease alcohol calms pain, removes delirium, and induces natural sleep, exactly as concentrated nourishment of the nature of strong meat broth does under the same circumstances. In short, by his experience and investigations Dr. Anstie seems to have been led as uncompromisingly to the conviction that alcohol, in a certain sense, is a food, as Dr. Richardson has been led by his researches to the conclusion that it is not a food, either on the ground of constructive service or warming power. The inference is plain: the nutritious capability of alcohol, when used in appropriate circumstances and in reasonable quantity, is yet a matter of controversy, and a question that has to be further investigated and weighed by competent and scientific authorities, before any absolute judgment regarding it can be pronounced that is worthy of general acceptance.

When, however, the consideration of this important question is carried on from what may possibly be deemed the debatable ground of the investigation into the more tangible region that lies beyond, there is no longer any hesitating balance of opposing evidence to be adjusted. The intemperate and excessive use of alcoholic beverages is an unmitigated evil of the deepest dye, and no better service can possibly be rendered to a community of rational creatures, constituted as civilized society is by the luxurious habits of the time, than that which has been attempted in these Cantor Lectures of the present year.

When alcohol is introduced into the blood in somewhat considerable quantity it has to circulate, as has been already pointed out, with that blood through every constituent texture of the living organization, permeating everywhere the interstices and pores of the soft vital membranes, and in this way connecting itself most immediately and intimately with all the subtle business of life that is carried on by their agency. Now the structures which possess the most energetic vitality are those which are of the softest and most pulpy consistence, as, for instance, the nervous material of the spinal cord and the brain, and this pulpy consistence is efficiently ensured by the large proportion of water that is used in their composition. The nerves, the great ganglionic nerve-centres, and the brain are essentially composed of this soft and exquisitely delicate nerve-pulp packed carefully into minute filmy sacs and tubes of almost invisible membrane, inconceivably fine in



comparison with the thinnest membranous film produced by art, and then stowed with the most elaborate care into the mesh-work of minute arterioles that are appointed to carry the circling stream of the blood through every part of the exquisitely planned organization. It will be understood that these pulp-filled tubules and vesicles, and these capillary bloodvessels of the nerve-structures, are of a minuteness that requires very considerable powers of the microscope to render them even barely visible to the eye. The crimson blood which flows in never-ceasing streams through every part of this structure is so delicately divided and scattered that it is only seen in the white pulp as a faint shade of grey. The pulp itself is of so soft, and it may almost be said of so *melting* a character, that it is crushed and destroyed by any rude touch. As, then, the blood flushes on its ceaseless flow through this delicate substance, its crimson streams and the white almost liquid pulp are only separated from free intermingling by the all but evanescent films that form, on the one hand, the walls of the pulp-vesicles and tubules, and on the other hand the walls of the bloodvessels. An intercommunication, therefore, does take place between the pulp and the blood; but it is an intercommunication of to-and-fro infiltration through the separating films, instead of a direct and free admixture. This is the peculiar operation which is known in the technical language of the physiologists as dialysis. Dialysis simply means that more or less thick and complex liquids are so filtered off through membranes, that some of their elements or principles are passed through while others are retained, and that a change in their inherent composition is in that way brought about. By this vital dialysis selected portions of the blood pass into the nerve-pulp to renew and nourish its organization, and portions of the nerve-pulp pass back into the blood to be carried away in its onward stream because their work has been done, and because they require to be removed as waste refuse out of the way of the freshly arriving supplies of nourishment. The vital action and power of the nerve-organization are the direct result of this process of dialysis — of this filtering out and interchange of the blood and the nerve-pulp.

But this delicate nerve-pulp, of all the varieties of organization that are built up in the living frame, is the one that is most immediately sensible of the introduction into it, by means of the blood-streams, of

an extraneous and unusual ingredient, such as alcohol, for the reason that has already been given, namely, its extreme mobility, and the uncontrollable impulse this compound has to draw water into itself. When alcohol in sufficient quantity is injected with the blood-streams into the nerve-pulp, much of the water that is properly designed to maintain the moist and workable condition of the pulp is withdrawn from it to satisfy the ardent thirst of the exacting liquid, and the nerve-pulp is in consequence so hardened and dried that it is spoiled for its proper office. When alcohol goes in any considerable quantity into the substance of organs that have natural outlets, such as the lungs, the liver, and the kidneys, its exhalation and removal are immediately set about through these outlets. It is poured from them into the external spaces surrounding the body, either as vapour, or as liquid. In the nerve-pulp of the central ganglia and of the brain, there are, however, no such outlets. The alcohol is therefore shut in and imprisoned in the structure to a degree which cannot be brought about in the substance of organs that have outlets of escape. It can then only be removed from the nervous organs by the very gradual and slow onward flow of the bloodvessels taking back again what they have already given, when further extraneous supply is arrested. For two reasons, therefore, the nerve-centres and the nerve-organization are peculiarly obnoxious to deleterious and disturbing influence from alcohol; first, because they are in themselves of such a watery and mobile consistence that they are hardened and dried by its water-absorbing proclivities, and then because the escape from them of the unnatural and unusual agent is of necessity more difficult and impeded than is the escape from organs that are less elaborately shut in and cared for.

The first action upon the nerve-pulp — that, namely, which is produced when spirit has been administered in only a very moderate amount, and in very dilute form — is, no doubt, that upon which its remedial power depends. It is an influence which is by no means absolutely required in the vigorous and healthy frame; but it is also one which is capable of being turned to good account when there is impairment of vital power. This primary action is physically indicated by the pleasant sense of warmth and glow which characterizes the first influence, and accompanies the moderate and temperate use of fermented beverage. Dr. Anstie regards this state as an



illustration of what he terms pure "stimulation," and he holds that stimulation of this kind is an absolute "nourishment," although we may be unable to analyze the chemical conditions upon which the result depends, and that it is in no sense followed by depression or any other penalty levied upon the integrity of the vital processes. In speaking of this he points out that a man who drinks four or six ounces of brandy gradually does not get even upon the threshold of its narcotic action until some hours have passed away; and that if he had stopped in this drinking when, perhaps, two ounces of brandy, representing one ounce of alcohol, had been swallowed, no narcotic agency whatever would have been established, and no subsequent depression would have followed; but that when he adds a further dose of two ounces or four ounces of brandy, he impregnates his blood with a subtle principle that does act narcotically upon the nerve-texture, so as to render it incapable of performing its proper functions. This, in all probability, is the correct explanation of the well-known fact that when alcohol is successfully used, in whatever quantity, as a remedial agent, there is no quickening of the pulse, no trace of narcotism, and no vestige of intoxication of any kind. It is simply that the narcotic influence is not produced, and that the impaired natural function of the nerve-organization only is restored to its normal condition and standard.

When, however, the other two, or four, ounces of brandy, and perhaps something beyond that, are added, the next stage of alcoholic influence upon the nerve-pulp is entered upon; and this unquestionably is one which does change the character of the delicate organization so materially as to render it incapable of performing its usual and proper office. The flushed face, which is one of the earliest signs of the approach of inebriation, is immediately due to a change of this character produced in the fine filaments of the nerves of organic life, which have properly the control of the minute channels of the circulation, and which regulate their capacity. These nervous filaments are so affected that they cease to be able for the time to perform their restraining work, and the capillary vessels of the face being left uncontrolled and without supervision, enlarge and admit more copious blood-streams than it is altogether well for them to receive. Most other parts of the frame, and especially those which are exceptionally well supplied with blood, are at this stage in

identically the same flushed condition. Dr. Richardson speaks of one case in which he had the opportunity of observing the physical state of the brain of a man suddenly and instantaneously killed when in the first stage of excitement by alcohol. It looked as if it had been injected with vermilion, its whole pulp being so studded with red points that it was scarcely perceptible, and its outer surface being enclosed in a network of coagulated red blood.

When more and more alcohol continues to be accumulated in the system, the mere instinctive actions of life, which are immediately under the control of the spinal cord, become disturbed and imperfectly carried on. The directing power over some of the muscles is lost, and the energy of the whole muscular system is diminished. The muscles of the lower lip and of the lower limbs are the first to feel this unnatural torpor. Then trembling, shuddering, spasms, and possibly even convulsive paroxysms are manifested in greater or less degree. Faintness and vomiting frequently supervene, and in some sense may be looked upon as salutary effects, as they tend to arrest the further increase of alcoholization of the blood. In this stage, however, paralysis of vital power has reached to the nerve-substance of the spinal cord.

The nerve-pulp of the brain itself is next brought within the grasp of the deadly influence, and the faculties of the mind are proportionately impaired. First the control of the judgment and the will disappear, and the rational part of the mental manifestations gives way to the emotional, the impulsive, and the purely instinctive parts. As Dr. Richardson characterizes this state: "The reason is off duty, and the mere animal instincts and sentiments are laid atrociously bare." In the yet more advanced stage of poisoning by alcohol the paralysis of the higher nerve-centres, and of the brain, is carried to its full end. All inlets of the senses are closed, all consciousness and sensation are destroyed, and all power of voluntary movement is effaced. The heart still beats, and the blood circulates, and the breathing is unconsciously sustained, but those are the sole remnants of vitality, the slender threads by which a hold is retained upon living existence; and it is a very remarkable incident in this insensible stage of drunkenness that it is in the main the production of this unconscious and powerless state which lies overhanging the very brink of the grave, that saves the last



spark before the "light is put out." If the quantity of the subtle poison that has been introduced into the stomach has been in enormous strength and excess, the flame which human agency or art cannot re-illumine is irreparably extinguished, and the insensible mass passes on into the condition of lifeless clay. But if the dose of the intoxicating agent has been short of this quantity, as the circulation and the breathing are continued, and as no more of the poison can, for the time, be introduced, the elimination and clearing away of the accumulated load begins, and gradually the consciousness and the sensibility and reasoning power return as the burden of the volatile spirit is withdrawn from the nerve-pulp and exhaled from the natural outlets of the frame. The physical cause of intoxication, it will therefore be understood, is an absolute, if passing, disorganization of the great nerve-centres and brain. The delicate pulp-like structure of those highly vitalized organs is, for the time, so changed by the presence of the spirit in its substance that it ceases to be able to perform its ordinary office. All manifestations of nerve-power, and brain-power, are the development of force out of rapid change in material substance as absolutely, and as essentially, as the manifestations of heat are the development of force out of destructive combustion of coal. Coal ceases for the time to be capable of burning, and of developing heat, when it is mingled with an extraneous damping agent, such as water. In the same way brain-pulp ceases, for the time, to be able to use up its substance, and to develop out of it its proper energy, when it is mingled with extraneous suffocating spirit. In the case of the brain the arrest of the destruction of its substance is the stoppage of its vital power, because the energetic organ *lives* in that very state of unceasing decomposition and change. The arrest is therefore paralysis of the brain, and the various incidental discomforts of alcoholic inebriation — the smaller by-play of the sad tragedy — such as neuralgic pains, headache, inability to sleep, nausea, twitchings, palpitation of the heart, *muscæ volitantes* before the eyes, and mental illusions and disordered fancies, must all be classed in the same category, that namely of nerve-paralysis. In all instances in which intoxication does not ensue upon the introduction of large quantities of alcohol into the blood the immunity seems to be due to some accidental incompatibility in the vital material which prevents the absorption of

the alcohol into the substance of the brain-pulp. In such cases the alcoholized blood appears to pass through the minute channels of the nerve-pulp, very much as water would pass through the pores of a well-oiled sponge.

When very strong alcohol is suddenly thrown into the stomach of a living animal in very large quantity, it acts as an immediate poison of the most deadly power. In an experiment made by Dr. Anstie with the view of examining this form of its influence, three ounces of proof spirit mixed with three ounces of water were administered to a healthy dog weighing ten pounds and a quarter. The animal was unconscious and almost insensible in seven minutes and a half, and died from arrest of the breathing in two hours and a half. Similar effects have ensued with men who have swallowed several glasses of strong spirit, such as rum, in rapid succession. It is somewhat remarkable that very concentrated spirit cannot be taken up out of the stomach into the blood. But the spirit gets over this difficulty for itself by effecting its own dilution; it draws water out from the moist living textures around, until from this cause it is rendered dilute enough to be allowed to pass through the pores of the gastric and alimentary membrane.

When the extreme and unconscious stage of drunkenness is recovered from under the influence of the natural elimination of the volatile narcotic poison, the nerve-substance returns after a time to its customary state, unless the deranged condition has been one of frequent recurrence. But if the same state of grave derangement has been produced in these delicate and sensitive textures again and again, a more permanent disorder is produced which is of the nature of irremediable disorganization. All other vital organs, as well as the nerves and the brain, are built up essentially of fine filtering membranes, and of the intermeshings of minute bloodvessels, and their proper offices are performed by the same process of dialysis which has been described. Certain ingredients are selected out of the blood by the transudation powers of the moist porous membranes, and are put into the substance of the organs, and certain other ingredients are passed back into the blood through the membranes from the living texture. The presence of superabundant alcohol in the minute pores of these membranes does not however contribute to the perfection of their dialyzing operations, any more than it helps



the functions of the nerve-pulp and the brain, and if the alcohol is kept there in large charge very long, or is brought back there very frequently, the delicate membranes at last get thickened and dried, and retain matters in their own substance which ought to pass through. The blotched and pimpled state of the skin, and especially of the nose, of habitual drunkards is a pertinent and very palpable illustration of the way in which alcohol affects soft living membranes when they are kept saturated with it. The more delicate internal membranes of the secreting organs, and of the nerve-pulp, are injured in exactly the same manner, but even more grievously. The liver suffers very severely from the first, because it is the organ which in some way is most immediately concerned with the elimination and expulsion of the spirit out of the blood. It gets contracted and shrivelled into a hard half-disorganized mass. The kidneys are next affected, because when the liver is so injured as to cease to be able to do its own proper work of secreting and removing bile from the blood, extra strain is thrown upon them, and they strive, although ineffectually, to accomplish what the liver fails to do, until they break down also under the unaccustomed strain. When the membranes of the stomach are included in this structural deterioration, this organ ceases to be able to digest the food as it does in its uninjured condition, and there are all the discomforts of obstinate indigestion. The lungs in their turn are involved in the mischief. The inexorable craving for strong drink, to which the name of dysomania has been given, and the fierce madness of paroxysmal drunkenness are both forms of structural degradation of the brain-substance by persistent, or often renewed, irritation with alcohol. The last stage but one of the destruction of the brain-fibres by its continued use is the "trembling delirium" (*delirium tremens*), in which tremors occur through the whole muscular system, and return paroxysmally in the form, not of muscular contraction, but of wave-like transmissions of incapacity to contract through the muscular bands; and the last stage of this especial lesion is fully declared epileptic convulsion.

The remarks upon the physiological influence of alcohol that have been hitherto made apply entirely to that best-known form of it which is found in large quantity in wine, and which is actually and properly "spirit of wine." There are, however, numerous other forms of this potent prin-

ciple, which, although agreeing in their poisonous or intoxicating power, differ amongst themselves in their precise action upon the nervous system. The common alcohol procured from wine is known to the chemists as ethylic alcohol. Another form, which is produced from the distillation of wood, is termed methylic alcohol. A third kind is called butylic alcohol, and yet a fourth, procured from potatoe starch, amylic alcohol or fusel oil. In all these each successive alcohol of the series has a higher proportion of carbon and hydrogen in its composition, the hydro-carbon molecule, which replaces the atom of hydrogen, being of a more complex and a more abundantly carbonized nature. The result of this is that each alcohol in the progressive series is heavier, less soluble, and less volatile, and at the same time more virulent and fell as a poison, because it accumulates in the blood more readily, and is less easily cleared away.

But even this does not complete the group of these remarkable compounds. When all the hydrogen contained in a molecule of water is replaced by a complex hydro-carbon molecule by processes which the chemist well knows how to employ, alcohol is no longer the result, but in the place of it a yet more volatile liquid which is known under the general designation of ether, and every one of the long series of alcohols has its own appropriate ethereal derivative. These ethers are formed out of the alcohols when there are acids present to contribute to the transformation. As both alcohols and acids are present in wine, this manufacture goes on in the wine on a very extensive scale. Even after the wine has been incarcerated in its glass prison, the subtle conversion is continued, until the ardent new wine is finally mellowed down into a softer ethereal liquid. When to these considerations is added the further recognition of the vast array of acids which is present in the fermented grape-juice, and of the even more numerous group of odoriferous essences and condiments—the subtle spirits of aroma and bouquet—which are generated by the refined alchemy of the grape, there ceases to be any room for the slightest remnant of wonder that the diversity of wine is virtually without a recognizable limit. Of the finer French wines alone, without noticing the more ignoble crowd of inferior growths, not less than 2,040 distinct varieties are enumerated in the work of Drs. Thudichum and Dupré.

The distinctive peculiarities of the



physiological action of these different kinds of alcohol and ether is a very wide subject, and as interesting to the scientific physiologist as it is wide, on account of the illustrative light which is derived from the study of their method of affecting the nervous organization. They all essentially agree in their power of intoxicating and injuring the vital integrity of the structures; but some begin their attack at one part of this organization, and others at another part. The greater number of the vast family are, however, in such relatively minute quantity in wine, that although they affect such general characters as taste, fragrance, and piquancy, they hardly assume any real physiological importance in reference to these beverages. The œnanthic ether, the secondary product which confers upon wine its well-known vinous smell, only exists in wine in the proportion of one part to forty thousand. The amylic alcohol, or fusel oil, which is not unfrequently added in distilled spirits in common use as an intentional adulteration, on account of the unctuous, fruity, ripe-pear like flavour which it communicates, is very powerful for mischief. It rapidly produces muscular tremors, depression of bodily temperature, and the most profound insensibility, and these several effects, when once brought about, are maintained very much longer than are the analogous states caused by ethylic alcohol, on account of the low solubility and volatility of the agent.

In referring to the agreeable and attractive qualities with which ethylic alcohol is naturally associated in wine, and to the entire absence of these pleasant attributes in the other forms of spirits, ethers, and allied narcotic principles, Dr. Anstie makes one thoughtful remark which deserves to be well weighed, if only as a suggestive reflection. He says:—

Alcohol was never designed by the wisdom of Providence to be employed by the human race as an anæsthetic at all, but for the sake of those stimulant qualities of its non-narcotic doses, which are, to a certain extent, shared by small doses of ether and chloroform. It seems as if the former were intended to be the medicine of those ailments which are engendered of the *necessary* every-day evils of civilized life, and which has therefore been made attractive to the senses, and is easily retained in the tissues, and in various ways approves itself to our judgment *as a food*; while the others, which are more rarely needed for their stimulant properties, and are chiefly valuable for their beneficent temporary poisonous action by the help of which painful surgical operations are sustained with impunity,

are in a great measure deprived of these attractions, and of their facilities for entering and remaining in the system.

In other words, Dr. Anstie obviously conceived that wine has been generated, in its rich and tempting variety, in the great laboratory of nature, to subserve some beneficent purpose connected with the increasing nerve-strain of ripening civilization, and possibly also as a part of the general economy by which the plant caters for the support of animal life. Nor is it inconsistent with the dictates of a sound philosophy to entertain this view, even in the face of the anomalous fact that the serviceable agent, in its unregulated employment, is so powerful for harm, if it is at the same time borne in mind that through his higher faculties man is quite equal to the task of resisting temptation when he once fairly understands the true circumstances of his position. In the case of strong drink, at the present time, ignorance has certainly quite as much to answer for as inability to withstand a pleasurable seduction.

There is, however, yet another point of view in which the very general employment of alcohol as a beverage by man has to be looked at. In his Cantor Lectures Dr. Richardson drew attention to the startling fact that the capital which is invested in the production of alcohol in the British Isles is not less than 117,000,000*l.* But the enormous addition which would have to be made to this vast sum if, in the same way, the argument were enlarged, and the value were given of the capital employed in the production of wine in the wide stretch of the grape-yielding countries, it is quite impossible to conceive. In the financial year ending in 1874 the duties paid within the British Isles for the various forms of fermented drink were—for foreign spirits, 5,329,650*l.*; foreign wine, 1,989,855*l.*; home-made spirits, 14,639,562*l.*; and for malt to be converted into beer, 7,753,617*l.* If to these various sums there be added the further amount which represents the brewers' license taking the place of the hop-duty, and the duty on sugar consumed in brewing, it at once appears that at the present time the public revenue derives yearly a clear 30,000,000*l.* sterling from direct taxes levied on alcoholic drink; and it will be further observed that of this great sum very nearly two-thirds relate to the concentrated form in which the powerful agent is procured by the employment of the still—that is, by the application of science and art to strengthen



the spirit beyond the point to which it can possibly be raised by natural fermentation; and very nearly one-half refers to the cheaper form of this concentrated product which is prepared in the home manufacture, and which therefore, it is to be presumed, expresses approximately the consumption by the less wealthy portion of the community. The exact number of the millions of pounds sterling that are swallowed in the form of strong drink in our own islands alone can scarcely be ascertained on account of the diversity of form in which the product is presented for consumption, and on account of the complex relations which connect duty and quantity in the different forms. The amount can only be guessed at under the guidance of such figures as have been named. If, however, one penny in the pound upon taxable incomes be taken to represent, as it is stated it will shortly do, a sum of two millions of pounds, then the 30,000,000*l.* paid yearly to the revenue by alcohol is tantamount to an income-tax of fifteen pence in the pound upon such incomes, and to an assessment of 31*l.* a year upon an individual income of 500*l.* per annum. The fact which is involved in the figures of these several statements would assuredly be a very surprising one, even if the large sum of money were expended in an article of unproductive but harmless luxury. As Dr. Richardson suggested in his lectures, a very strong impression would be made upon the public mind if, after some long period in which the boilers of steam-engines had been fed with a mixture of spirit and water, it was suddenly discovered that the engines would work quite as well with the water without the spirit, and that the millions of pounds that had been devoted to the production of the spirit had all been so much unnecessary waste. But the argument goes very much beyond this in the case of "the millions of engines called men," if it can be shown that there is hurtful as well as wasteful expenditure, and that in a very large proportion of instances the engines would have worked even better without the costly addition of the spirit. In these days of the scientific applications of the doctrines of economy it certainly must remain a matter of some surprise to thoughtful men that in a land of advanced cultivation and intelligence so many millions of good money are continuously applied to the production of a commodity which, in the existing habits of society, may reasonably be held to be pernicious alike to the pockets, to the health, and to the morals of the community. It

unfortunately happens that the question of the influence of alcohol is a difficult one to deal with on account of the subtle effects and the complicated instrumentalities which have to be encountered and unravelled at every turn; but it is for that very reason a question that imperatively demands a more searching inquiry and a more concentrated attention than it has yet received at the hands of the general community; and there are some broad facts in connection with it, such as some of those which have been especially dwelt upon in the course of this article, that are already beyond the pale of uncertainty or doubt, and that therefore deserve, even now, to be made the base of an improved practice and a new faith.

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From Temple Bar.

HER DEAREST FOE.

#### CHAPTER XII.

THIS first day was both wearisome and depressing. Mrs. Temple felt bewildered by the effort to understand the mystery of marks and all the technicalities which the accomplished Miss Potter glibly poured forth, and cast down by the trifling nature of the sales. A few girls, with broad, country accents, and exceedingly unpolished manners, came in for penny-worths of this and sixpence-worth of the other. One young lady, the clergyman's daughter Miss Potter said, asked for some traced muslin-work, which cost the large sum of two shillings and sixpence. And a huge, good-humoured looking farmer with yellow leggings, a low-crowned hat, a whip, spurs, and a fiery-red face, who called Mrs. Temple "mum," brought a considerably-rubbed Berlin-wool pattern, and asked that all the requisite wools might be supplied, and he would call for the parcel on his way home in a couple of hours, which he did, and paid for it standing in the doorway, his face redder than ever, the reins of his nag over one arm, his whip under the other, while he exclaimed at the cost of "such-like darned fiddle-faddles, and hoped his lass would be satisfied now."

"This has not been a fair average day," said Miss Potter, as she counted up the day's gain, and found it amounted to seven shillings and fivepence halfpenny. "In short, I have never known it so low."

"That is curious," said Mrs. Temple dryly, "and discouraging."

"It is," returned Miss Potter candidly;



"but I wouldn't mind, if I were you. There are many things to account for a temporary depression. It is just after the Easter holidays; and the young ladies at Miss Monitor's have scarcely settled to their work and their studies. And a great archery *fête* at Colnebrook Castle was to come off yesterday, you see; so none of the county ladies would have time to think of fancywork the very day after. You must just wait a bit."

And the young widow resolved to be patient, more especially as she liked the look of the place, and felt still more disposed towards it after an evening stroll past the North Parade houses, to where the roadway widened into a gravelled sweep, from which she discovered a narrow path leading along the base of the cliffs, now descending almost to the beach, now climbing steeply up over some projecting crag, which was lashed or caressed by the waves at high water. Following this, in some places rather giddy, footway, Mrs. Temple reached a spot where a sudden inward curve of the cliffs formed a tiny bay. The path she had followed zig-zagged upwards to a coast-guard station, but another branched off, and led gently down a few paces to a little rough wooden jetty, bleached almost ghastly white by the constant wash of the sea; while some outlying standing timbers, set up to break the force of the waves, were covered with black-green seaweed, which, as the tide was now half high, and coming in, floated mournfully on the waters, like the long locks of some drowning creature. The shelter afforded here had permitted a growth of grass and brambles mixed with the gorse, now in full yellow bloom, and loading the air with its honeyed sweetness, to tone down the rugged grandeur of the cliff, and in the deeper hollow where the slope was least steep, and more of soil would lie, a small group of stunted oak-trees nestled, throwing out thick gnarled branches with the ungainly strength of misshapen dwarfs.

The utter silence, the unspeakable repose, enchanted Kate. She descended to the little pier, and strolled leisurely along it, resting for a while on a low bench at the end, and drinking in the loveliness of sea and sky. By-and-by, a grey-bearded coast-guard-man, in a little boat, pulled round one of the points which sheltered the bay, and fastened his skiff to the pier, ascending by a straight sort of ladder made between the timbers, with a goodly basket of fish on his arm, and a loose heap of brown net on his shoulder. He gave Mrs. Tem-

ple a friendly "good even," and they exchanged a little talk. Then she watched him lazily as he walked up the path, after having spread out his net to dry, and looked into a sort of cave, half-natural half-artificial, where a large six-oared boat was safely stowed.

"What a relief it will be sometimes to come here after the toils of the day," said Mrs. Temple, as she rose, wonderfully refreshed, to return. "If I can at all make an existence, I will stay here." And, as she mused, the memory of the last time she had sat in the open air came back to her, with Sir Hugh Galbraith's cruel words, which had so often sounded in her ear since. She had never breathed them to any one; she never would, but not the less clearly were they remembered. Generally, the thought roused indignation, and a fierce desire to show that, at any rate, she had held the same place in her husband's estimation from first to last, by proving that the will which had robbed her, to enrich him, was false; but to-night the loneliness, the beauty of her surroundings, inclined her to a kind of melancholy regret that she should be so misjudged, so cruelly wronged. It was sad, too, after a glimpse of all that life might have given to her, young, rich in a sense of enjoyment, and rich enough in material wealth, to be suddenly cast out into the outer world of poverty and hard work. "I must not be false to my own principles," she thought, rallying her forces as she hurried on, slightly alarmed by the increasing darkness. "Work is a good in itself. All I hope is that Fanny will not find life insupportably dull here. I shall not keep her long, that I can see. It will be terrible to be without her."

Miss Potter's astonishment was loud when she found where Mrs. Temple had directed her evening walk. "Dear, dear, it is such a lonely, dismal place! I don't think even the visitors go there unless indeed in a party, to gather seaweed at the cove when the tide is out."

The succeeding day was considerably more animated. Some young ladies on horseback rode in from one of the neighbouring places, and made quite a clatter outside, while one of the attendant grooms came in for a variety of articles, and Miss Potter herself had to go out and receive directions.

Later in the day, a very tall, thin, elderly gentleman, with glittering black eyes and rather hectic colour, thin iron-grey hair brushed back from a bony brow, a huge shirt frill, and a long single-breasted



green coat, came in with some importance.

"Good morning, good morning!" — knocking the top of his hunting-whip against the brim of his hat. "All blooming, I see. And this is our new proprietress — eh — eh?" — a keen stare at Mrs. Temple, with slightly knitted brow.

"Yes, Dr. Slade," simpered Miss Potter; "this is Mrs. Temple."

The doctor knocked his whip against his hat again, and Mrs. Temple bent her head with a sudden strange feeling of being out of her place — the introduction was so unlike anything she had ever experienced before.

"Well, ma'am," said the doctor, "shall you let lodgings, like your predecessor, or have you a tribe of children to overflow into the nooks and crannies of this old Noah's ark?"

Mrs. Temple had time to school herself while he spoke, and was ready to answer with a smile when he ceased.

"I daresay I shall let lodgings, Dr. Slade; but I scarcely yet know what I shall do."

"Well, you had better let me know when you make up your mind. I am the dispenser of fortune, as well as physic, in this direction. I fancy I'll have a couple of invalids on my hands this season; but you must give better cooking than the last sufferer had. Chops frightened by frizzling till they were black in the face, by jingo! That's not nutritious diet."

"But *my* chops, if I ever have the honour of serving any to your patients, shall 'blush celestial rosy red' at their own perfection," said Mrs. Temple, laughing good-humouredly.

The doctor stared for a moment, and then cried, "Shall they? By Jupiter! those are the sort of chops, and you are the sort of woman that will do." Then, turning to Miss Potter, he asked, "Have you, among the rubbish of your nonsensical bazaar, a piece of court-plaister? I know I have none; and a — bramble caught my hand here" (holding it out) "as I was cutting across a corner of the dingle, after being kept nearly an hour listening to that old blockhead, Farmer Owen, maundering about his inside. So I thought I would give you a chance before going on to the chemist."

"Dear, dear, what a bad place," said Miss Potter sympathizingly; "and I am really afraid we don't keep such a thing as court-plaister."

"I ought to have known better than to

have looked for anything useful here," retorted the doctor, with an awful scowl.

And then an instinctive "trade" impulse stirred our young widow to exclaim, "If it is not in the shop, Dr. Slade, I have some in my dressing-case. I will bring it, and put it on for you, if you will promise never to go elsewhere for your court-plaister in future."

"Done!" cried the doctor, slapping his hand against his leg; "but mind you don't let yourself be out of it. By George!" he continued, as Mrs. Temple left the shop, "that's a clever baggage! Why she would buy and sell you and poor Mrs. Browne, before you would know where you were."

"She is very pleasant, I am sure; but rather inexperienced — new to business — and depends a great deal upon *me*," returned Miss Potter, with her sweetest smile.

"Depends upon you!" repeated the doctor, with anything but flattering emphasis. "Who is she? Where did you pick her up?"

"Oh, I know nothing of Mrs. Temple, except that she answered the advertisement about the business, and that she comes from London."

"London is a wide place," said the doctor.

Here Mrs. Temple returned with the required plaister, and proceeded coolly and dexterously to cut and affix it, undisturbed by the doctor's announcement that he was in a desperate hurry; that he had left his horse outside with the reins over a post, and he dared say he would chuck them off and run away, to the damage of all juvenile Pierstoffs.

"Do you want to test my nerve?" said Mrs. Temple, suddenly lifting her soft eyes to his with a smile, which produced a very different effect from poor Miss Potter's.

"I fancy you are equal to it, if I do," said the doctor, with a sort of grim gallantry. "You are a deuced wide-awake young woman, my dear."

"Thank you," returned Mrs. Temple gravely. "There; I think that will keep your hand comfortable. Remember, in future you are to come here for your court-plaister."

"That's a bargain," cried Dr. Slade; "and, moreover, I shall make my wife buy all her stuff to knit my socks with here — that is to say, if what you sell isn't rotten."

"Thank you, again," said Mrs. Temple.



"Mrs. Slade always did patronize us," simpered Miss Potter.

"Did she? I know she used to send for balls of worsted yarn — what do you call it? — to Stoneborough — ay, to London. Don't you believe all she told *you*. Good morning to you." Another knock of the whip against his hat, and the doctor strode away.

"Your doctor seems something of a character," said Mrs. Temple, looking after him.

"Oh, indeed, he is a most extraordinary man. He was looked upon as quite the king of Pierstoffe; but I think things are a little different now. There is a new doctor here — a quiet, grave, exceedingly genteel young man — who is making his way wonderfully even with the best families in the town. But Dr. Slade still keeps in with the county people. You see he hunts with the gentry, and they are used to him; but it is said that young Mr. — I mean Dr. — Bryant made one or two extraordinary cures of people that had gone on years and years with Dr. Slade. Any way, Dr. Slade hates the other like poison, and abuses and swears at him quite awful; but Dr. Bryant, I am told, never mentions Dr. Slade but with the greatest respect. The young doctor is not married, and that made matters worse when Miss Monitor called him in; every one said that an elderly — not to say old — married man, was the proper person for a young ladies' school (though there are very curious stories told of Dr. Slade some years back). But Miss Monitor declared that a great London doctor said if Miss Goldfrass (that's a great heiress, who is at the school) was ill, — and she generally is, — no one was to be called in but Dr. Bryant. Then he is so regular at church; and poor Dr. Slade never darkens the door of church or chapel."

"Not a very pleasant account," said the young widow thoughtfully. "Still, I seem fated to accept this rather rampant Hakeem for my partisan."

"What did you say?" asked Miss Potter puzzled.

"Oh, that Dr. Slade seemed inclined to be friendly. What is his wife like?"

"A very nice lady indeed, but that timid and nervous it makes one uncomfortable. I believe she was a great beauty once, but there is very little of it left now."

Ten days flew away with wonderful rapidity, and Kate Travers was astonished to find how quickly things, so new and strange, were growing familiar. The hardest nut of all was to take kindly and easily

to the peculiar style of civility with which women, often her inferiors, never her superiors, addressed her, as some one quite out of their sphere. But she was too sensible not to school herself to look on this as a mere accident of business, not touching her real position.

"I hope when Fanny comes she will not be thoughtless and offend people, our fellow-citizens in trade," mused Kate; "for it will not do to hold aloof, and make ourselves unpopular. After all, they have the same natures, the same objects in life, the same affections; the difference only lies in our exterior coats of varnish. What an amount of vulgar ignorance exists among nominally educated ladies, who speak correctly, and are sufficiently well-bred not to rub you the wrong way unless it suits them! Women are generally tolerable, but men, without the 'outward and visible' signs of gentlemen, must be dreadful, and yet real gentlemen must be exceedingly rare in every class. Still there is knowledge to be gained from every fresh page in the book of life, and ere long I shall turn to another."

Then, as usual, her thoughts flew away to the standing obstacle of her life. She counted largely on what old Gregory's son would have to tell of his father's communications, touching the will he had witnessed, and was supposed to have written. But when would he return? She had carefully kept up a correspondence with his sister, Mrs. Bell, who had told her that she had received a handsome present from Sir Hugh Galbraith, that she had quite re-established her school, and hoped to do well; but there was still no news of her brother.

As the fortnight progressed Mrs. Temple saw, or imagined she saw, her way to a fair amount of success in the new life she had adopted. Many things were asked for which were not in stock, and she thus gathered ideas as to the further development of the business already existing at the Berlin Bazaar. Moreover, a judicious selection of magazines and periodicals, sent by the indefatigable Tom, took Pierstoffe by surprise, and acted favourably on other branches of her trade.

She, therefore, made up her mind to close with the agent, and with infinite pleasure wrote for Fanny and Mills to join her. With what delight she looked forward to seeing them once more, after being plunged in such a flood of strangeness! All this time she had had frequent letters from Fanny, written in better spirits than the faithful little soul really felt; on



one point they were unanimous, Mills was perfectly angelic. "If she had not a tolerably fair appetite, I should think she was going to die," concluded Fanny in one of her epistles. Tom had paid his promised visit, and was more delightful and audacious than ever. So the young widow's mind had been kept tranquil in the direction of Boulogne.

It was the day after she had despatched her letter of recall, and market-day besides, so they had been quite busy all the morning. Now dinner-time was past, and the little shop had been empty for a few minutes — Miss Potter was absent — when the door was suddenly darkened by the entrance of an exceedingly large lady, tall as well as stout, richly dressed in a thick violet silk, a black velvet mantle trimmed with costly lace, a green velvet and satin bonnet with crimson roses, and Brussels lace veil, a chain round her neck, and bracelets slipping down on the fat, pudgy hands, which were tightly crammed into violet gloves; one of them held a violet and lace parasol, the other a ribbon, the other end of which was fastened to a painfully corpulent pug, at whose collar a little ball-like bell tinkled perpetually. All this finery, it must be confessed, looked like every-day gear, not Sunday clothes, on the stout lady, who waddled into the middle of the shop, and then, gazing full at Mrs. Temple with little, sharp, green-grey eyes, exclaimed in a fat voice, but with a good accent and pleasant manner, "I do not think I ever saw you before! Where is Miss Potter?"

"She has only just left the shop, and will be here directly."

"And, in the mean time, have you any materials for this sort of lace-work?" resumed the lady, taking a small parcel from her pocket, and opening it.

Mrs. Temple examined it with much interest. "I am sorry to say we have not, nor have I seen anything like it in England."

"Then, have you been lately on the Continent?" asked her customer quickly.

"I came from France ten days ago."

"Oh, indeed! Well, and what am I to do about the work? There is a young lady staying with me — a charming girl, but very delicate — and quite crazy about this work. I promised to bring her back patterns, and everything."

"I am exceedingly sorry not to have it. Could the young lady wait three days, and she shall have several patterns to choose from?" said Mrs. Temple, thinking of Fanny's arrival.

"I daresay she would. It would take as long to send to town. Oh, Miss Potter, how do you do?" as that individual returned. "What is going to be done now. Has the Berlin Bazaar been sold — are you going to desert us?"

"Well, my lady, I suppose I shall be going out to my brother soon. Can I get you anything this morning?"

"Yes; there is a list of cottons and tapes my maid gave me. And tell me — how is poor old Mr. Browne? has he gone to live with his daughter?"

"He is pretty well — at least was — when I heard last. He is not living with Mrs. Penny."

"Well, he ought! Where has she sent him?"

"Oh, he is quite comfortable, I assure you, my lady. He is boarded with a very respectable party quite near Mrs. Penny's farm."

"Ah, the respectable party will take the money and starve him, probably."

"I hope not," replied Miss Potter meekly. She had permitted Mrs. Temple to take the list and select the articles named in it, in order to attend to her ladyship's cross-examination.

"And who is this person?" continued the stout lady, in an audible aside.

"Oh, Mrs. Temple; she is going to purchase the business and settle here."

"Doesn't look the least like business herself." Then to Mrs. Temple, "So you are to be our old friend Mrs. Browne's successor. I hope the Bazaar will be equally successful with you."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Temple, bowing slightly.

"But latterly there has been a decided falling-off. Miss Potter is always 'just out' of whatever one wants."

"I shall, of course, renew the stock, and hope to add some useful branches to the business. I have already some of the newest-publications."

"Ah, yes, I see," interrupted her ladyship, wheeling her chair round with a sudden, violent effort, and beginning to overhaul them. "'Household Words,' 'The Family Herald,' 'The Cheerful Visitor,' — newspapers, too! that's a good idea. And, pray, had you a shop in France, Mrs. Temple?"

"No," said the young widow gently. She could not bring herself to add, "my lady," which slipped so readily from Miss Potter's tongue.

"Ah, perhaps your husband managed the business?"

"He did."



"Ah, you will be quite a tyro, then. Pray, have you many children?"

"I have none."

"So much the better; so much the better. Children and business do not agree, I imagine. And are you going to live here all alone? Have you any friends in Piers-toffe?"

"I know no one here; but I shall be joined by a young lady—I mean person," correcting herself with a smile, "who will be my assistant when I lose Miss Potter, who cannot, I fear, stay with me as long as I should wish."

"Hum! that may do; but you must be very circumspect. You must indeed—a handsome young woman like you! Are you going to send out circulars?"

"I shall act on your suggestion," said Mrs. Temple gravely, "as soon as I have finally arranged the purchase."

"Do; and be sure to send me one. And I tell you what—you ought to give credit. There is so much inconvenience and vulgarity about ready money. I would certainly give three months' credit to residents, and the county, if I were you; but don't trust the visitors; they are a doubtful set."

"I shall consider it," returned Mrs. Temple.

"Well, are these my cottons and things?"

"Yes, my lady."

"How much does it all come to?"

"Three and fourpence-halfpenny."

"What a quantity of money! There, I have only three and threepence, and I do not care to change a sovereign. I will pay the three-halfpence another time. You see"—to Mrs. Temple—"there is a case in point. I feel the cost of those wretched reels of cotton because I see three shillings going out of my hands into yours; but if your account for five pounds, or more, came in at the end of three months, I would write a cheque for it as cheerfully as possible! It is wonderful what a melancholy effect it has seeing the actual coin go away from you. Now I must leave you; I have to pay a visit at No. 6, North Parade. Do you know anything of the people?" To Miss Potter, "Have they been in here?"

Miss Potter professed complete ignorance.

"I know nothing about them," continued the stout lady; "but a cousin of mine in town begged me to call; there is a sick child or some such reason for coming here so early. Good morning. Mind you get the lace patterns, Mrs. Temple. I shall

look in soon again, and see how you are getting on." Another unmitigated stare—"I can't help thinking I have seen you somewhere before. Good morning," and she walked out of the shop with surprising briskness for so heavy a figure.

"And, pray, who is that remarkably curious personage?" cried Mrs. Temple, when she was fairly out of hearing.

"That is one of our great ladies, and best customers," returned Miss Potter. "That is Lady Styles, of Weston. She has a beautiful place about four or five miles away, on the road to Stoneborough. She is a wealthy lady, and quite her own mistress, for Sir Marmaduke Styles is very sickly, and is often away in London for his health; but she is the greatest gossip in the whole country. She will come and buy things here if it is only to cross-question you, till she finds out everything. She is not ill-natured, I believe, but so dreadfully curious. There is no keeping anything from her."

"I shall try, however," thought Mrs. Temple to herself. "I wonder if she has ever really met me! I think not; I think I should remember her." And Mrs. Temple ran quickly up-stairs to write for the post, enjoining Fanny on no account to quit Boulogne without a supply of patterns and materials such as had caught their attention, during the only ramble for which they had had time, in the Rue de l'Ecu.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

KATE TRAVERS, or rather Mrs. Temple, had not felt so light of heart since the day on which Ford disclosed his unlucky discovery, as she did when welcoming Fanny and Mills to their new home. First, there was the great joy of having them once more with her—the consciousness of her own courage in having opposed the opinion of those she most regarded, justified as she felt by the strong hope of success in her brave undertaking, and then a certain satisfaction in the pleasantness of the locality where her lot had fallen. She had had tea laid in the best sitting-room, and as she had permitted herself the extravagance of a man to put the garden in order, and prune its wild luxuriance, things looked their best.

"What a pretty place, Kate! Quite a lady-like room," exclaimed Fanny, who was enjoying her tea with a traveller's appetite. "Do you know, I quite long to be in the shop, coaxing people to buy all sorts of things they do not want. What is the next article, madam. Is not that the style?"



"Bless me, Miss Fanny, how you do run on!" said Mills.

"I trust you may like it," returned Mrs. Travers. "But you will find standing all day very fatiguing. I did at first, but I have become used to it."

"Must you *never* sit down?"

"Oh yes, you can, sometimes, when there is nothing to do. But we hope to have very little of that sort of rest."

"Dear, dear!"—a deep sigh from Mills.

"And have any of your neighbours called upon you?" continued Fanny, helping herself to more brown bread and butter. "*Do* shopkeepers call on each other?"

"I really cannot tell," said Mrs. Temple, smiling. "I am not thoroughly initiated yet. I imagine they have no time for these ceremonies; at any rate, no one has called upon me except the doctor; and, although he generally buys a pennyworth of this or sixpence-worth of the other, I always look upon his visits as personal; he gets so much talk for his money."

"Indeed!" cried Fanny. "And has he a wife? Is he old or young, or nice or nasty, or —"

"Rein up your curiosity a little, Fanny. He has a wife—he is rather old—and I cannot exactly say he is nice."

"My curiosity is at an end, then. Do you know, Mills and I grew rather fond of Boulogne. We would have been quite fond of it had you been there."

"*Me* fond of it! no indeed! It's a queer, unnatural place," quoth Mills. "Why, if you even go to thread a needle, the more you twist the thread, the more it comes untwisted. And then the soup and the messes! Why, you get up near as hungry as when you sat down."

"All the better for digestion; but come, Kate, let us see your new abode," said Fanny rising.

And then a pleasant excursion through the various nooks and corners, the more dignified apartments and domestic offices of the house, ensued. Fanny expressed the most ardent admiration, and sketched the outline of a romantic tale, as she inspected the principal rooms, which Mrs. Temple intended to let. A melancholy and mysterious invalid, of refined habits and blighted affections, was to occupy them. Mrs. Temple was to soothe his last moments; he was to prove a millionaire, and leave all his wealth "to you," concluded Fanny, "or to me—and then we should go shares!"

"No more wills, if you love me, Fan;"

said Mrs. Temple, laughing. "Why should he not recover, find balm for his wounded heart, and marry *you*?"

"Oh! but I couldn't, you know," cried Fanny, and stopped, blushing brightly.

"I *know* nothing," returned her friend, "but I guess a good deal."

Mrs. Mills did not commit herself. She found no fault, neither did she bestow much approval. The "wash'us" was, she admitted, handy, and the cupboards convenient; but this was balanced by considerable doubts touching "no end of work" to keep such a heap of odd corners clean. Then the "girl" underwent a grim examination, from which she evidently drew unfavourable auguries of her own future, and asked if she might go home "to see mother." Then, as the evening was lovely, and Miss Potter quite willing to take entire charge of the shop for the short time that remained before closing, the young widow proposed a stroll on the beach, as Fanny did not seem very tired.

"Tired! I am as fresh as a lark; ready for anything!" was the reply.

"Here, Miss Fanny," said Mills coming down-stairs at that moment; "here's the parcel you said Mrs. Travers was —"

"Hush!" cried that lady. "Do be careful, Mills. I am Mrs. Temple now. You really must not forget. Give me the parcel!"

"But, Kate," said Fanny, as they left the house together; "it is very hard to remember; and I spoiled ever so many envelopes when I wrote to you. I was sure to have 'Travers' down before I could think. I wish you had not changed it. Was it necessary?"

"Yes; I thought so. I did not like to associate poor Mr. Travers's name with a shop, for I know my being here is not his fault. Besides, I have an odd, obstinate, perhaps stupid dislike to the idea of resuming it again until I have won my rights."

"Heigho!" said Fanny.

"Which means," returned Mrs. Temple, a little sharply, "that Tom has persuaded you that my hopes and convictions are insane crotchets. *You* think Tom an oracle; but he is not infallible."

"No, indeed, I do not; but he knows a great deal about law and things, more even than you do; though you are very, very clever, Kate dear. I wouldn't make so sure of . . . of anything, if I were you."

"Patience, patience, time will show," returned her friend a little wearily; then, after a few moments' thought, she ex-



claimed passionately, "you cannot know how deeply this blow has sunk into my soul! I shall never be quite the same again till I have rolled back that man's triumph on himself, and proved that I possessed—even if I did not deserve it—my husband's love and confidence to the last! After all," she went on, speaking slowly, dreamily, "my lot has been a little hard. I have never known real love—love I could heartily return—now I am compelled by fortune to turn aside out of the way of it. And I do believe that not only is love the whole fulfilling of the law, but of life, too, to a woman. But," in a cheerier tone, "there are many pleasant things left—among them success and revenge; not desperate, cruel revenge, you know, but a little pinching of one's enemy, just to give salt to the success. Tell me about yourself, Fan."

A long, confidential talk ensued, for Fanny was unusually sensible and satisfying, yet she avoided her own affairs somewhat; so Mrs. Temple concluded that her engagement to Tom, if it existed, was a tacit one. It was dusk when they reached the house.

"And, Kate, how long is that horrid, skinny Miss Potter to stay?"

"Another month," said Mrs. Temple, laughing. "It will take all that time to train you. She is very useful, and a good creature."

"I hate good creatures," said Fanny, with a pout.

"Which shows you are not one yourself," returned Mrs. Temple, putting the latch-key in the lock. "How thankful I am that everything has turned out favourably so far, though we must not expect it to be always sunshine! What a comfort that Mills seems tolerably pleased and in good spirits—where is she, by the way?" Mrs. Temple opened the kitchen-door as she spoke, and beheld Mills seated by the fast-dying fire, her feet stretched out resting on each other, her hands clasped together, her apron thrown over her face, a picture of hopeless affliction.

Time flew by with amazing rapidity in the busy monotony of the new life upon which Kate and Fanny had entered. To the former it was far from uninteresting. Her self-esteem was deeply pledged to its success, and she soon began, under the pressure of such a motive, to understand her work. Misunderstanding is at the root of so many dislikes; to be thoroughly known is often, to the least attractive, to possess sympathy and liking. Then it

was very delightful to perceive that as the town filled, so did her trade increase. The possession of a little ready money, too, was a great advantage at the outset, as it enabled her to renew her stock on good terms, and without any difficulty respecting references, which would have been puzzling to find. As soon as she began to ascertain the kind of goods most in demand, she felt emboldened to add sundry fancy articles to her stock of jet ornaments and trinkets—she even ventured to run up to town from Friday morning to the following evening and visit the great emporiums of Cannon Street, where, if "fancy" was not originally "bred," she has developed to an extraordinary degree. All Pierstoffs was attracted by the dazzling array which resulted from this visit, and Mrs. Temple could not refrain from laughing at the sort of pride she detected in her own heart on finding that for some time both Fanny and herself were decidedly overworked, while the average of receipts was a trifle under fourteen pounds a week.

"What do you think of that, Tom?" wrote the widow to her faithful ally; "I have put away half the money to replace what has been sold, and the rest I shall keep in the bank, as I shall want nothing for our house or other expenditure for six months at least."

Meantime Fanny had caught the taste for business, or pretended she did, though Kate shrewdly suspected she viewed the whole undertaking as playing at shop-keeping, and could not believe that in sober earnest they were always to work.

Small troubles, of course, arose. Mrs. Mills started with a fixed and unalterable hatred to the unhappy "girl" who had been kept on by Mrs. Temple. Mills knew too well what was due to herself to hear any reason on the subject; and her mistress, though sorely tempted to give way, was determined not to yield to an unjust prejudice, consequently "Sarah Jane's" was not a life of unbroken sunshine; some respite, however, was afforded to all parties by her returning each evening to "do" for her grandmother, and her remaining under the maternal roof till nine the following morning.

Lady Styles was another thorn in their side, though by no means an unmixed evil. Being rich and idle, she was an excellent customer, and not only bought herself, but brought many to buy; for her house was always full. Her extreme curiosity was distressing, and so alarming to poor Fanny, who had been solemnly



warned by her friend against gratifying it, that her ladyship's first visits generally cost the pretty little assistant a fit of crying. Lady Styles took the deepest interest in the Berlin Bazaar and its owner, who had taken her advice respecting the credit system, to which fact her ladyship attributed the entire success, so far, of the young widow's speculation. Perhaps the true source of Lady Styles's interest lay in her unslaked curiosity. Mrs. Temple and Fanny grew quite skilled in fencing off her queries, and tacitly permitting her to form one theory after another as to their previous history. Her conjectures, always stated with the most insolent candour, were often curiously ingenious; but the fact of Mrs. Temple having come direct from France baffled her a good deal. That there was a mystery about the fair, sedate, attentive widow, she felt quite sure, and she also felt herself bound to unravel it, if only to keep up her character. In this Dr. Slade was somewhat a hindrance. The doctor and she were old acquaintances—often partners at whist, at the various dinners to which the former, in his double character of sportsman and doctor, was frequently invited—but always more or less rivals in pursuit of the latest, the most correct, and the most startling intelligence; Dr. Slade generally mentioning Lady Styles (in safe quarters) as that “blundering old gossip, who always has the wrong end of the story;” while Lady Styles usually spoke of him as “poor dear Dr. Slade! you never can *exactly* depend on anything from *him*.” Therefore, whatever theory started by her ladyship was either openly negatived by the doctor, or he shook his head with a calmly contemptuous smile, as if he knew ever so much better, only he could not speak, which, as Lady Styles remarked, would be “perfectly ridiculous if it was not maddening.”

The doctor continued very friendly, and masked his batteries more skilfully than Lady Styles. He fulfilled his promise by introducing an invalid gentleman and his valet as tenants to Mrs. Temple, whose three months' occupancy of her rooms very nearly paid a whole year's rent; but this piece of good fortune was not altogether without its unpleasantness also. The “valet,” a thick-set, “down”-looking individual, unaccomplished in any of the suave graces which usually distinguish a “gentleman's gentleman,” gave a good deal of trouble about his own and his master's food, and attracted so much of Mrs. Mills's wrath and indignation upon

himself that she had none to spare for “Sarah Jane,” and grew quite friendly towards that victim during the period of counter-irritation. The tenant himself—a red-faced, grey-whiskered, short, slight man of mild aspect, well dressed in an old-fashioned style, and always wearing shoes and gaiters—developed a curious tendency to slide down the bannisters when he thought no one was looking, and to sit in his open window when all Pierstoffee was out in its best attire, with his nightcap over his hat. Whatever doubts these peculiarities might have suggested were quickly resolved into certainty by Lady Styles on the first opportunity.

“I have just been talking to Dr. Slade, Mrs. Temple,” she said, “and I told him it was a great shame to quarter a madman and his keeper on you. Yes, a madman! but immensely rich—made a fortune in one day on the Stock Exchange, and lost his senses in consequence. They *say* he is not dangerous; but you can never be sure. He may get up any night and murder you and this nice little creature in your sleep. His valet sleeps in his room, you say? Oh, the cunning of madness is so extraordinary! he would escape the keeper.”

A suggestion which gave Mrs. Temple no small amount of trouble, as Fanny could neither control nor conceal her fears, and every night went through nearly an hour's searching in cupboards, behind curtains, and under beds before she finally locked herself into her room.

On the whole, this slightly capricious young person was of more real use than Mrs. Temple had ventured to hope, and for the first two or three months things went smoothly in the main. By that time, however, their fellow-townspople began to evince a desire to make their acquaintance, and Mrs. Temple determined not to hold aloof from the proffered intercourse.

Among the higher class of tradespeople, none stood higher than Mr. Turner, of “Turner and Sons,” the grand, and indeed only, drapery emporium of Pierstoffee. He was a very honest, respectable man, understanding his own work thoroughly, but little else; for education in the “good old days” of his boyhood was held to be an unholy thing for any one below the rank of an esquire; and gentlemen thought they best served “God and the king” by heaping up barriers of difference between them, and the brethren like unto themselves, whom Providence, for some wise purpose, had placed upon this earth to do



their bidding. Education or no education, Mr. Turner managed to amass a good deal of money, and the more he advanced in wealth and consideration—which are indeed synonymous terms—the more he felt the want of what he himself would have termed “learning.” Not that he said so, even to the wife of his bosom—he said very little on any subject—but he resolved that his son—his only son, Joseph—should have all the advantages he had never known.

Now Joseph, though an only son, was not an only child; three elder sisters alternately cuddled and cuffed him through an early boyhood of much spoiling, while two younger ones afforded ample scope for the tyranny over weaker vessels so natural to incipient man. But no only child could have been an object of fonder hopes. He was carefully instructed at the Stoneborough grammar school; he was sent from thence to a commercial academy in the neighbourhood of London, and finally placed in a West-end establishment, to learn the higher and more elegant mysteries of business.

He was far from a dull boy. He learned something of all this, and a good deal more besides.

Mr. Turner and his family attended the little old parish church, which modern Pierstoffe had far outgrown. He was equally opposed to attending the Baptist Chapel, Salem Chapel, Little Bethel, or St. Monica’s Church, a brand-new edifice erected by subscription to accommodate increasing numbers both of inhabitants and visitors (as a man of business, Mr. Turner had subscribed to it; as a man of Protestant religion, he refused to attend it), and supported by an offertory which an excellent, hard-working, lantern-jawed, long-coated Anglican priest toiled to fill with energy and ingenuity that would have been invaluable in the purveyor to a music hall—in all respect, be it written—for the Rev. Claudius St. John cared little for this world’s goods, but he loved to see his church beautiful, and he heartily cared for the poor. To return: Mr. Turner attended the old parish church, and insisted on his family attending it also. Although he looked on his son as a superior, or rather a fancy article, his will was on some points law to the young man, and this was one of them; so it fell out that Mr. Joseph Turner saw Mrs. Temple and Fanny. They had also elected to sit under the rector, a mild, well-bred, indolent old gentleman, who, as the poor people used to say admiringly, “never harmed no one.”

In the animated discussions which ensued respecting the new people at the Berlin Bazaar, Mr. Joseph was unusually silent; and although he frequently took occasion to saunter by the Berlin establishment of an evening in an admirable, London-made, seaside suit, and a cigarette (refinement was his forte!) in his mouth, he never met the new proprietress and her assistant save once, when they were very simply attired, and moving briskly towards the Barmouth Road, evidently bent on a refreshing country walk. As spring advanced, a movement among the more enterprising townfolk to water *the* street and roadway of the esplanade, culminated in a meeting and a resolution to that effect, which was neatly drawn out on a sheet of foolscap, and ordered to be taken round by some one of the committee to all the principal houses to collect subscriptions. Mr. Turner, senior, as a churchwarden and a representative man, felt that he ought to be first in such an excellent work; but he by no means fancied the undertaking. He was, therefore, doubly gratified when his son volunteered his services—first, because such a mark of interest in mundane affairs was rather rare in the sullen young gentleman; secondly, because it was a personal relief. Thus it came about that just after the early dinner hour, when things were quiet one blazing afternoon in early June, Fanny peeped between the half-worked cushions and slippers, the traced screens and ornamental baskets, that adorned the window, and exclaimed, “Here comes that elegant young man who stares so at us in church!—and, Kate! I protest, he is coming in!”

The next moment Mr. Joseph, in unquestionable attire, was raising his hat with metropolitan grace, as he stood in the centre of the shop, Macassar in his locks, a moss-rose in his button-hole, and a handkerchief redolent of *millefleurs* in his hand.

“A thousand pardons!” he said, in a mild and rather squeaky voice. “I have taken the liberty of calling in the character of a petitioner. Fact is, a number of respectable buffers belonging to this town, my governor among them, have decided on levying—a—contributions for the desirable object of laying the dust, and I have therefore to request you will come down with your dust—if you will excuse that form of address.”

This speech, though carefully conned, and delivered with a certain fluency, cost the speaker no small effort. He was in a violent perspiration before it ended, and,



as usual, the effort to conceal his real bashfulness, of which he was heartily ashamed, made him assume an unnecessarily brazen front. As he paused, he drew forth from a breast-pocket and presented to Mrs. Temple the foolscap aforesaid. She received it with a gracious bow and smile, proceeding to peruse it before committing herself to speech. While she did so, Mr. Joseph addressed some remarks on the weather to Fanny, in much less an audacious tone than that in which he began. That volatile little lady, infinitely amused by the young man's air of fashion and elaborate elegance, replied with much suavity, quite running over with smiles.

"A very necessary undertaking," said Mrs. Temple, interrupting their conversation, as she finished perusing the "resolution." "I shall be most happy to contribute;" and, drawing forth her purse, she returned the paper with a smile and a half-sovereign.

"Very handsome indeed," observed her visitor, "for a new-comer."

"But I hope to be long reckoned among the townfolk," returned Mrs. Temple.

"If I may be considered in any way representing Pierstoffe," replied Mr. Joseph, gallantly, but not without a tinge of self-importance, "I should say the town is honoured by the addition of two such ladies to its residents. Perhaps," he went on, half-jest, half-earnest, "I may one of these days be its Parliamentary representative — who knows! — the age of progress, you know; a — impossible to say what it may lead to. As strangers, you may not be aware that my father's Mr. Turner, of the emporium, ma'am — is the oldest-established firm in the place, except Prodggers, the grocer; but then the difference of position is enormous! My governor is desperately fond of the concern, though there is really no necessity for his working it. Were the choice left to me —" A graceful flourish of his perfumed handkerchief, and the rest was left to imagination.

"Does Pierstoffe return a member to Parliament?" asked Mrs. Temple, a little puzzled how to reply, and seizing the only point of general interest in his speech.

"Not as yet," said the future M.P., lifting and re-arranging his hat on his Macassar curls. "The narrow-minded agriculturists, who absorb Parliamentary powers, have as yet ignored the growing — I may say the fast-growing — claims of this rising town. Nevertheless, the hour

is coming — perhaps the man will not be wanting."

Mrs. Temple generally hoped all possible success to that mysterious individual.

Still Mr. Turner lingered. He talked of "town" with an air of exhaustive knowledge, and strove, though not very persistently, to ascertain if they were Londoners. Fanny's knowledge of what had been going on at the theatres six months before fixed her *locale*; but Mrs. Temple was impervious, and, to a point-blank inquiry, replied, as was her habit now —

"I have lived in London, but I came last from France."

This reply, coupled with an admission that her husband dealt in Eastern produce, gave rise to a generally-received theory that the late Mr. Temple had been in the grocery line, in a large way; had failed; had fled to France to escape his creditors and get brandy cheap, as he took to drink, and, after inflicting much suffering on his wife, died and left her in the direst poverty. Her friends and Miss Lee's had bought the "Berlin Bazaar" and set them up — the money was chiefly Miss Lee's. She came of a high family in some mysterious way — the natural daughter of an earl — of a marchioness — of a general officer. It was easy to see *she* was unaccustomed to business, and the most independent of the two, etc., etc.

Meantime, Mr. J. Turner, jun., as was printed on his cards, which had led to his being familiarly styled J. T. J., posed and talked till, to Mrs. Temple's relief, the entrance of some customers obliged him to retire; not, however, before he expressed a hope on the part of the ladies of his family, which they had not authorized him to do, that on some suitable occasion they might become acquainted with Mrs. Temple and her friend.

So gradually the widow found herself drawn into social relations with her fellows. She accepted their advances with a frankness that proved her best safeguard against intrusion, as what seems within the grasp is never too eagerly sought. But the only intimacy she found was with the chemist's wife — a gentlewoman by nature, but "sair hauden doon" by a large and ever-increasing family. To her Mrs. Temple and her friend were real "God-sends;" so much help, refreshment, and courage did she glean from her kindly and congenial neighbours.

Thus the first months of their life at Pierstoffe rolled over for Kate Travers and her friend.



From The Cornhill Magazine.  
ROBERT HERRICK.

IT is told of Mahommed that when the political economists of the day provoked him by the narrowness of their utilitarian schemes, he was wont to silence them with these words: "If a man has two loaves of bread, let him exchange one for some flowers of the narcissus, for bread only nourishes the body, but to look on the narcissus feeds the soul." Robert Herrick was one of the few who have been content to carry out this precept, and to walk through life with a little bread in the one hand, and in the other a bunch of golden flowers. With an old serving-woman in a tumble-down country parsonage his life passed merrily among such dreams as oriental sultans wear themselves out to realize, and his figure stands out in front of the shining ranks of his contemporaries as that around which most vividly of all there flashes the peculiar light "which never was on sea or land." He may be well contrasted with a man whose native genius was probably exceedingly like his own, but whose life was as brilliant and eventful as Herrick's was retired, namely, Sir John Suckling. The wit, fire, and exuberant imagination that interpenetrated both found scope in the life of one and in the works of the other; Suckling's poems are strangely inadequate to represent his genius and fame; Herrick, on the other hand, may be taken almost as the typical poet, the man who, if not a lyrist, would be nothing, the bird-like creature whose only function was to sing in a cage of trammelling flesh. There are many features in his career, besides the actual excellence of his verse, which make him an object of peculiar interest. Among the pure poets he occupies the most prominent position in the school that flourished after Ben Jonson and before Milton, and though his life was of immense duration—he was born before Marlowe died, and died after the birth of Addison—his actual period of production covers the comparatively small space occupied by the reign of Charles I. This period was one of great lyrical ability; the drama was declining under Massinger and Shirley, and all the young generation of poets, brought up at the feet of Jonson and Fletcher, were much more capable of writing songs than plays. Indeed, no one can at this time determine what degree of technical perfection the English literature might not have attained if the royalist lyrists had been allowed to sun themselves unmolested about the fountains of White-

hall, and, untroubled by the grave questions of national welfare, had been able to give their whole attention to the polishing of their verses. In fact, however, it will be noticed that only one of the whole school was undisturbed by the political crisis. The weaker ones, like Lovelace, were completely broken by it; the stronger, like Suckling, threw themselves into public affairs with a zeal and intensity that supplied the place of the artificial excitements of poetry so completely as to put a stop to their writing altogether. Herrick alone, with imperturbable serenity, continued to pipe out his pastoral ditties, and crown his head with daffodils, when England was torn to pieces with the most momentous struggle for liberty that her annals can present. To the poetic student he is, therefore, of especial interest, as a genuine specimen of an artist, pure and simple. Herrick brought out the "*Hesperides*" a few weeks before the king was beheaded, and people were invited to listen to little madrigals upon Julia's stomacher at the singularly inopportune moment when the eyes of the whole nation were bent on the unprecedented phenomenon of the proclamation of an English republic. To find a parallel to such unconsciousness we must come down to our own time, and recollect that Théophile Gautier took occasion of the siege of Paris to revise and republish "*Emaux et Camées*."

Herrick was born in London, in "the golden Cheapside," in August 1591, and all we can guess about his childhood is to be picked up in one of his own confidential pieces about himself, where he speaks with intense delight of his early life by the river-side, going to bathe in the "summer's sweeter evenings" with crowds of other youths, or gliding with pomp in a barge, with the young ladies of the period, "soft-smooth virgins," up as far as Richmond, Kingston, and Hampton Court. In the same poem he speaks of his "beloved Westminster," from which allusion it has been illogically imagined that he was at school there. The first certain fact in his life is that in 1607 he was apprenticed to his uncle, the rich goldsmith of Wood Street, with whom one may presume that he remained until 1615, when we find him entered as fellow-commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge. His London life, therefore, closed when his age was twenty-four, and his acquaintance with literary life in the metropolis must have come to rapid development within the eight years of his apprenticeship. Speculation in this



case is not so vain as usual. If any fact about Herrick be certain, it is that he sat at the feet of Ben Jonson; the poems of rapturous admiration and reverence that abound in the "Hesperides" set this beyond question. In one piece, it will be remembered, he speaks, with passion unusual to him, of the old days when Ben Jonson's plays were brought out at the London theatres, and gives us an important date by describing the unfavourable reception of the "Alchemist," much as a poet of the Romanticism would have described the reception of "Hernani" for the first time at the Théâtre Français. But the "Alchemist" was brought out in 1610, when our poet was nineteen years old, and it was received with great excitement as an innovation. We may well believe that the young apprentice, fired with enthusiasm for the great poet, distinguished himself by the loudness and truculence of his applause, and claimed the privilege of laying his homage afterwards at the author's feet. Nineteen years later exactly the same thing was done by a younger generation, when Carew, Randolph, and Cleaveland made a riot at the damning of the "New Inn," and then laid their lyric worship at the grand old poet's feet. Jonson loved to receive such homage, and to pose as the poet of the age; in fact, we cannot be too often reminded that to the intellectual public of that day he took exactly the same regal position among his contemporaries that we unanimously accord to Shakespeare. Taking for granted that Herrick became a familiar member of Jonson's circle about 1610, we must suppose him to have witnessed in succession the first performances of "Catiline" and of "Bartholomew Fair," and to have known the poet of the "mountain belly and the rocky face" at the very height of his creative power. More important for us, however, as being far more in unison with the tastes and genius of Herrick, are the masques which Jonson was engaged upon at this time. It is very strange that no writer upon the poetry of that age has noticed what an extraordinary influence the masques of Ben Jonson had upon Herrick. We have seen that he must have become acquainted with that poet in 1610. It is more than remarkable to notice that it was in this year that Jonson produced "Oberon, the Fairy Prince," a beautiful masque that contains the germs of many of Herrick's most fantastic fairy-fancies. "The Masque of Queens," brought out some months earlier, is full of Herrick-like passages about hags and

witches; and we might pursue the parallel much further, did space permit, showing how largely Jonson, on the milder and more lyrical side of his genius, inspired the young enthusiast and pointed out to him the poetic path that he should take. We cannot with equal certainty say that Herrick was acquainted with any other of the great poets. Shakespeare was settled at Stratford, and in London only briefly and at distant intervals; he died at the end of Herrick's first year at Cambridge. Herrick writes of Fletcher thirty years later as though he had known him slightly, and speaks of the power of the "Maid's Tragedy" to make "young men swoon," as though he had seen it at the first performance in 1611. He must have known Jonson's jolly friend Bishop Corbet, who was also a lover of fairy-lore, and he may have known Browne, whose poetry Jonson approved of, and who was then studying in the Inner Temple, and beginning to publish "Britannia's Pastorals." It was probably at this time, and through Ben Jonson, that he became acquainted with Selden, for whose prodigious learning and wit he preserved an extravagant admiration through life. This is as far as we dare to go in speculation; if Herrick, so fond of writing about himself, had found time for a few more words about his contemporaries, we might discover that he had dealings with other interesting men during this period of apprenticeship, but probably his circle was pretty much limited to the personal and intimate friends of Jonson.

In 1615, as we have said, he took up his abode at Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner of St. John's, and here he seems to have remained till 1629. How these fourteen years of early manhood were spent it is now impossible to conjecture. That he became master of arts in 1620 is not so important an item of history as that he was certainly very poor, and in the habit of making a piteous annual appeal to his rich uncle for ten pounds to buy books with. Fourteen of these appeals exist, written in a florid, excited style, with a good many Latin quotations and old-fashioned references to "Apelles ye painter," in the manner of "Euphues"; it is amusing to note that he manages to spell his own surname in six different ways, and not one of them that which is now adopted, on the authority of the title-page of the "Hesperides." There can be no doubt that he began writing in London; it is certain that he was known as a poet at Cambridge. One of the few dates in



the "Hesperides" is 1627, two years before the exodus into Devonshire, and in "Lacrimæ" he says that before he went into exile into the loathed west

He could rehearse  
A lyric verse,  
And speak it with the best.

The "Hesperides," in its present state, offers no assistance to us in trying to discover what was written early or late, for nothing is more obvious than that the verses were thrown together without the slightest regard to the chronology of their composition. However, in 1629, he was presented to the living of Dean Prior, near Totnes, in South Devon, and there he remained in quiet retirement until 1648, when he was ejected by the Puritans.

Such is the modest biography of this poet up to the time of the publication of the two books which caused and have retained his great reputation. Fortunately he has himself left copious materials for autobiography in the gossip pages of his own confidential poems. Glancing down the index to the "Hesperides," one is constantly struck by such titles as "On Himself," "To his Muse," and "His Farewell to Sack," and one is not disappointed in turning to these to collect an impression of the author's individuality. Indeed, few writers of that age appear more vividly in relief than Herrick; the careful student of his poems learns to know him at last as a familiar friend, and every feature of body and mind stands out clearly before the eye of the imagination. He was physically a somewhat gross person, as far as his portraits will enable one to judge, with great quantities of waving or curling black hair, and a slight black moustache; the eyebrows distinct and well-arched, the upper lip short, the nose massive and Roman. In the weighty points of the face, especially in the square and massive under-jaw, there is much of the voluptuous force of the best type among the Roman emperors; and bearing these features well in mind, it becomes easy to understand how it was that Herrick came to write so much that an English gentleman, not to say clergyman, had better have left unsaid. His temperament was scarcely clerical.

I fear no earthly powers,  
But care for crowns of flowers;  
And love to have my beard  
With wine and oil besmeared.  
This day I'll drown all sorrow;  
Who knows to live to-morrow?

This was his philosophy, and it is not to be distinguished from that of Anacreon or Horace. One knows not how the old pagan dared to be so outspoken in his dreary Devonshire vicarage, with no wild friends to egg him on or to applaud his fine frenzy. His epicureanism was plainly a matter of conviction, and though he wrote "Noble Numbers," preached sermons, and went through all the perfunctory duties of his office, it is not in these that he lives and has his pleasure, but in half-classical dreams about Favonius and Isis, and in flowery mazes of sweet thoughts about fair, half-imaginary women. It matters little to him what divinity he worships, if he may wind daffodils into the god's bright hair. In one hand he brings a garland of yellow flowers for the amorous head of Bacchus, with the other he decks the osier cradle of Jesus with roses and Lent-lilies. He has no sense of irreverence in this rococo devotion. It is the attribute and not the deity he worships. There is an airy frivolity, an easy-going callousness of soul that makes it impossible for him to feel very deeply. There is a total want of passion in his language about women—the nearest approach to it, perhaps, is in the wonderful song "To Anthea," where the lark-like freshness of the ascending melody closely simulates intense emotion—with all his warmth of fancy and luxurious animalism, he thinks more of the pretty eccentricities of dress than the charms the garments contain. He is enraptured with the way in which the Countess of Carlisle wears a riband of black silk twisted round her arm; he palpitates with pleasure when Mistress Katherine Bradshaw puts a crown of laurel on his head, falling on one knee, we may believe, and clasping his hands as he receives it. He sees his loves through the medium of shoestrings and pomander bracelets, and is alive, as no poet has been before or since, to the picturesqueness of dress. Everybody knows his exquisite lines about the "tempestuous petticoat," and his poems are full of little touches no less delicate than this. Only two things make him really serious: one is his desire of poetic fame. Every lyric he writes he considers valuable enough to be left as a special legacy to some prime friend. He is eager to die before the world; to pass away like Pindar, garlanded and clasped in the arms of love, while the theatre resounds with plaudits. His thirst for fame is insatiable, and his confidence of gaining it intense. His poesy is "his hope and his pyramides," a living pillar "ne'er to



be thrown down by envious time," and it shall be the honour of great musicians to set his pieces to music when he is dead. When he is dead! That has a saddening sound! Life was meant to last forever, and it makes him angry to think of death. He rings his head about with roses, clasps Julia to his arms, and will defy death. Yet, if death should come, as he sometimes feels it must, he is not unmindful of what his end should be. No thoughts of a sad funeral or the effrontery of a Christian burial oppress him; he cannot think even of dismal plumes or of a hearse. He will be wound in one white robe, and borne to a quiet garden-corner, where the over-blown roses may shower petals on his head, and, where, when the first primrose blossoms, Perilla may remember him, and come to weep over his dust:

Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep  
Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

He was never married; he explains over and over again that he values his liberty far too highly to give it into any woman's hands, and lived in the country, as it would seem, with no company save that of an excellent old servant, Prudence Baldwin. In many sweet and sincere verses he gives us the charming picture of the quiet life he led in the Devonshire parsonage that he affected to loathe so much. The village had its rural and semi-pagan customs, that pleased him thoroughly. He loved to see the brown lads and lovely girls, crowned with daffodils and daisies, dancing in the summer evenings in a comely country round; he delighted in the maypole, ribanded and garlanded like a thyrsus, reminding his florid fancy of Bacchus and the garden god. There were morris-dances at Dean Prior, wakes and quintels; mummers, too, at Christmas, and quaint revellings on Twelfth Night, with wassail-bowls and nut-brown mirth; and we can imagine with what zeal the good old pagan would encourage these rites against the objections of any roundhead Puritan who might come down with his new-fangled Methodistical notions to trouble the sylvan quiet of Dean Prior. For Herrick the dignity of episcopal authorship had no charm, and thunders of Nonconformity no terror. Busier minds were at this moment occupied with "Holy Living and Holy Dying," and thrilled with "The Sermons of Calamy." It is delightful to think of Herrick, blissfully unconscious of the tumult of tongues and all the windy war, more occupied with morris-dances and

barley-breaks than with prayer-book or psalter. The Revolution must indeed have come upon him unaware.

Herrick allowed himself to write a great deal of nonsense about his many mistresses. It was the false Anacreontic spirit of the day, and a worse offender was in the field, even Abraham Cowley, who, never having had the courage to speak of love to a single woman, was about to publish, in 1648, a circumstantial account of his affairs with more than one-and-twenty mistresses. It is not easy to determine how much of Herrick's gallantry is as imaginary as this. We may dismiss Perilla, Silvia, Anthea, and the rest at once, as airy nothings, whom the poet created for the sake of hanging pretty amorous fancies on their names; but Julia is not so ephemeral or so easily disposed of. She may well be supposed to have died or passed away before Herrick left Cambridge. All the poet's commentators seem to have forgotten how old he was before he retired to that country vicarage where they rightly enough perceive that the presence of a Julia was impossible. When we recollect that he did not enter holy orders till he was thirty-eight, we may well believe that Julia ruled his youth, and yet admit his distinct statement with regard to his clerical life that

Jocund his muse was, but his life was chaste.

We have a minute chronicle of Julia's looks and ways in the "Hesperides," and they bear a remarkable air of truth about them. She is presented to us as a buxom person, with black eyes, a double chin, and a strawberry-cream complexion. Her attire, as described by our milliner poet, is in strict accordance with the natural tastes of a woman of this physical nature. She delights in rich silks and deep-coloured satins; on one occasion she wears a dark blue petticoat, starred with gold, on another she ravishes her poet lover by the glitter and vibration of her silks as she takes her stately walks abroad. Her hair, despite her dark eyes, is bright and dewy, and the poet takes a fantastic pleasure in tiring and braiding it. An easy, kindly woman, we picture her ready to submit to the fancies of her lyric lover, pleased to have roses on her head, still more pleased to perfume herself with storax, spikenard, galbanum, and all the other rich gums he loved to smell, dowered with so much refinement of mind as was required to play fairly on the lute, and to govern a wayward poet with tact, not so modest or so sensitive as to resent the grossness of his



fancy, yet respectable enough and determined enough to curb his license at certain times. She bore him one daughter, it seems, to whom he addressed one of his latest poems, and one of his tamest.

But it is time to turn from the poet to his work, from Julia to the "Hesperides" that she inspired. They are songs, children of the West, brought forth in the soft, sweet air of Devonshire. And the poet strikes a key-note with wonderful sureness in the opening couplets of the opening poem:—

I sing of books, of blossoms, birds and bowers,  
Of April, May, of June and July flowers.  
Ising of maypoles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,  
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal  
cakes.

It would not have been easy to describe more correctly what he does sing of. The book is full of all those pleasant things of spring and summer, full of young love, happy nature, and the joy of mere existence. As far as flowers are concerned, the atmosphere is full of them. One is pelted with roses and daffodils from every page, and no one dares enter the sacred precincts without a crown of blossoms on his hair. Herrick's muse might be that strange Venus of Botticelli's who rises, rosy and dewy, from a sparkling sea, blown at by the little laughing winds, and showered upon with violets and lilies of no earthly growth. He tells us that for years and years his muse was content to stay at home, or, straying from village to village, to pipe to handsome young shepherds and girls of flower-sweet breath, but that at last she became ambitious to try her skill at court, and so came into print in London. In other words, these little poems circulated widely in manuscript long before they were published. They are not all of the bird and blossom kind, unhappily; the book is fashioned, as we shall presently see, closely upon the model of the epigrams of Martial; and as there the most delicate and jewel-like piece of sentiment rubs shoulders with a coarse and acrid quatrain of satire, so has Herrick shuffled up odes, epithalamia, epigrams, occasional verses and canzonets, in glorious confusion, without the slightest regard to subject, form, or propriety. There are no less than 1,231 distinct poems in the book, many of them, of course, only two lines long. There are too many "epigrams," as he called them, scraps of impersonal satire in the composition of which he followed Ben Jonson, who had followed Martial. These little

couplets and quatrains are generally very gross, very ugly, and very pointless; they have, sometimes, a kind of broad Pantagruelist humour about them which has its merit, but it must be confessed even of these that they greatly spoil the general complexion of the book. More worthy of attention in every way are the erotic lyrical pieces which fortunately abound, and which are unrivalled in our literature for their freshness and tender beauty. They are interpenetrated with strong neo-pagan emotion; had they been written a century earlier they would be called the truest English expression of the passion of the Renaissance. This is, however, what they really are. Late in the day as they made their appearance, they were as truly an expression of the delirious return to the freedom of classical life and enjoyment as the Italian paintings of the fifteenth or the French poetry of the sixteenth century. The tone of the best things in the "Hesperides" is precisely the same as that which permeates the wonderful designs of the "Hypnerotomachia." In Herrick's poems, as in that mysterious and beautiful romance, the sun shines on a world re-arisen to the duty of pleasure; Bacchus rides through the valleys, with his leopards and his maidens and his ivy-rods; loose-draped nymphs, playing on the lyre, bound about the foreheads with vervain and the cool stalks of parsley, fill the silent woods with their melodies and dances; this poet sings of a land where all the men are young and strong, and all the women lovely, where life is only a dream of sweet delights of the bodily senses. The "Hesperides" is an astounding production when one considers when it was written, and how intensely grave the temper of the age had become. But Herrick hated sobriety and gravity, and distinguished very keenly between the earnestness of art and the austerity of religion. Here he lays down his own canons:—

In sober mornings, do not thou rehearse  
The holy incantation of a verse;  
But when that men have both well drupk and  
fed,  
Let my enchantments then be sung or read.  
When laurel spirits in the fire, and when the  
hearth  
Smiles to itself, and gilds the roof with mirth,  
When up the thyrse is raised, and when the  
sound  
Of sacred orgies flies around, around,  
When the rose rains, and locks with ointments  
shine,  
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

At such moments as these Herrick is in-



spired above a mortal pitch, and listens to the great lyre of Apollo with the rapture of a prophet. From a very interesting poem, called "The Apparition of his Mistress calling him to Elysium," we quote a few lines that exemplify at the same moment his most ideal condition of fancy and the habitual oddities of his style. This is the landscape of the Hesperides, the golden isles of Herrick's imagination :—

Here in green meadows sits eternal May,  
Purpling the margents, while perpetual day  
So doubly gilds the air, as that no night  
Can ever rust the enamel of the light.

Here naked younglings, handsome striplings,  
run

Their goals for maidens' kisses, which when  
done,

Then unto dancing forth the learned round  
Commixt they meet, with endless roses  
crowned;

And here we'll sit on primrose-banks, and see  
Love's chorus led by Cupid.

But although he lived in this ideal scenery, he was not entirely unconscious of what actually lay around him. He was the earliest English poet to see the picturesqueness of homely country life, and all his little landscapes are exquisitely precious. No one has ever known better than Herrick how to seize, without effort and yet to absolute perfection, the pretty points of modern pastoral life. Of all these poems of his none surpasses "Corinna's going a-Maying," which has something of Wordsworth's faultless instinct and delicate perception. The picture given here of the slim boys and the girls in green gowns going out singing into the corridors of blossoming whitethorn, when the morning sky is radiant in all its "fresh-quilted colours," is ravishing, and can only be compared for its peculiar charm with that other where the maidens are seen at sunset, with silvery naked feet and dishevelled hair crowned with honeysuckle, bearing cowslips home in wicket-baskets. Whoever will cast his eye over the pages of the "Hesperides," will meet with myriads of original and charming passages of this kind :—

Like to a solemn sober stream  
Bankt all with lilies, and the cream  
Of sweetest cowslips filling them,

the "cream of cowslips" being the rich yellow anthers of the water-lilies. Or this, comparing a bride's breath to the faint, sweet odour of the earth :—

A savour like unto a blessed field,  
When the bedabbled morn  
Washes the golden ears of corn.

Or this, a sketched interior :—

Yet can thy humble roof maintain a choir  
Of singing crickets by the fire,  
And the brisk mouse may feed herself with  
crumbs,

Till that the green-eyed kitling comes.

Nor did the homeliest details of the household escape him. At Dean Prior his clerical establishment consisted of Prudence Baldwin, his ancient maid, of a cock and hen, a goose, a tame lamb, a cat, a spaniel, and a pet pig, learned enough to drink out of a tankard; and not only did the genial vicar divide his loving attention between the various members of this happy family, but he was wont, a little wantonly one fears, to gad about to wakes and wassailings, and to increase his popular reputation by showing off his marvellous learning in old rites and ceremonies. These he has described with loving minuteness, and not these only, but even the little arts of cookery do not escape him. Of all his household poems not one is more characteristic and complete than "The Bride-cake," which we remember having had recited to us years ago with immense gusto, at the making of a great pound cake, by a friend now widely enough known as a charming follower of Herrick's poetic craft :—

#### THE BRIDE-CAKE.

This day, my Julia, thou must make  
For Mistress Bride the wedding-cake;  
Knead but the dough, and it will be  
To paste of almonds turned by thee,  
Or kiss it, thou, but once or twice,  
And for the bride-cake there'll be spice.

There is one very curious omission in all his descriptions of nature, in that his landscapes are without background; he is photographically minute in giving us the features of the brook at our feet, the farmyard and its inmates, the open fireplace and the chimney corner, but there is no trace of anything beyond, and the beautiful distances of Devonshire, the rocky tors, the rugged line of Dartmoor, the glens in the hills—of all these there is not a trace. In this he contrasts curiously with his contemporary William Browne, another Devonshire poet, whose pictures are infinitely vaguer and poorer than Herrick's, but who has more distance, and who succeeds in giving a real notion of Devonian rock and moor, which Herrick never so much as suggests. In short, it may be said, perhaps, that Herrick made for himself an Arcadian world, in the centre of which the ordinary daily life of a country parish went contentedly on, surrounded by an imagi-



nary land of pastoral peace and plenty, such as England can hardly have been then in the eyes of any other mortal, unless in those of the French poet St. Amant, who came over to the court at Whitehall just before the rebellion broke out, while Herrick was piping at Dean Prior, and who on his return wrote a wonderfully fulsome ode to their serenest Majesties Charles and Mary, in which he took precisely the same view of our island as Herrick did:—

Oui, c'est ce pays bienheureux  
Qu'avec des regards amoureux  
Le reste du monde contemple;  
C'est cette île fameuse où tant d'aventuriers  
Et tant de beautés sans exemple  
Joignirent autrefois les myrtes aux lauriers!

St. Amant lived to alter his opinion, and hurl curses at the unconscious Albion; but to Herrick the change came too late, and when the sunshine ceased to warn him, he simply ceased to sing, as we shall see.

The epithalamium is a form of verse which had a very brief period of existence in England, and which has long been completely extinct. Its theme and manner gave too much opportunity to lavish adulation on the one hand, and unseemly innuendo on the other, to suit the preciser manners of our more reticent age, but it flourished for the brief period contained between 1600 and 1650, and produced some exquisite masterpieces. The "Epithalamion" and "Prothalamion" of Spenser struck the key-note of a fashion that Drayton, Ben Jonson, and others adorned, and of which Herrick was the last and far from the least ardent votary. His confidential muse was delighted at being asked in to arrange the ceremonies of a nuptial feast, and described the bride and her surroundings with a world of pretty extravagance. Every admirer of Herrick should read the "Nuptial Ode on Sir Clipseby Crew and his Lady." It is admirably fanciful, and put together with consummate skill. It opens with a choral outburst of greeting to the bride:—

What's that we see from far? the spring of day  
Bloom'd from the east, or fair enjewelled May  
Blown out of April? or some new  
Star filled with glory to our view  
Reaching at heaven,  
To add a nobler planet to the seven?

Less and less dazzled, he declares her to be some goddess floating out of Elysium in a cloud of tiffany. She leaves the church treading upon scarlet and amber, and spicing the chafed air with fumes of

Paradise. Then they watch her coming towards them down the shining street, whose very pavement breathes out spike-nard. But who is this that meets her? Hymen, with his fair white feet, and head with marjoram crowned, who lifts his torch, and, behold, by his side the bridegroom stands, flushed and ardent. Then the maids shower them with shamrock and roses, and so the dreamy verses totter under their load of perfumed words, till they close with a benediction over the new-married couple, and a peal of maiden laughter over love and its flower-like mysteries.

Once more, before we turn to more general matters, there is one section of the "Hesperides" that demands a moment's attention, that, namely, devoted to descriptions of fairyland and its inhabitants. We have seen that it was, probably, the performance of Ben Jonson's pretty masque of "Oberon" that set Herrick dreaming about that misty land where elves sit eating butterflies' horns round little mushroom tables, or quaff draughts

Of pure seed-pearl of morning dew,  
Brought and besweetened in a blue  
And pregnant violet.

And with him the poetic literature of fairyland ended. He was its last laureate, for the Puritans thought its rites, though so shadowy, superstitious, and frowned upon their celebration, while the whole temper of the Restoration, gross and dandified at the same time, was foreign to such pure play of the imagination. But some of the greatest names of the great period had entered its sacred bounds and sung its praises. Shakespeare had done it eternal honours in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Drayton had written an elaborate epic, "The Court of Faerie." Jonson's friend Bishop Corbet had composed fairy ballads that had much of Herrick's lightness about them. It was these literary traditions that Herrick carried with him into the west; it does not seem that he collected any fresh information about the mushroom world in Devonshire; we read nothing of river-wraiths or pixies in his poems. He adds, however, a great deal of ingenious fancy to the stores he received from his elders, and his fairy-poems, all written in octosyllabic verse, as though forming parts of one projected work, may be read with great interest as a kind of final compendium of all that the poets of the seventeenth century imagined about fairies.

Appended to the "Hesperides," but



bearing date one year earlier, is a little book of poems, similar to these in outward form, but dealing with sacred subjects. Here our pagan priest is seen, despoiled of his vine-wreath and his thyrsus, doing penance in a white sheet, and with a candle in his hand. That rubicund visage, with its sly eye and prodigious jowl, looks ludicrously out of place in the penitential surplice; but he is evidently sincere, though not very deep, in his repentance, and sings hymns of faultless orthodoxy, with a loud and lusty voice, to the old pagan airs. Yet they are not inspiring reading, save where they are least Christian; there is none of the religious passion of Crashaw, burning the weak heart away in a flame of adoration, none of the sweet and sober devotion of Herbert, nothing, indeed, from an ecclesiastical point of view, so good as the best of Vaughan the Silurist; where the "Noble Numbers" are most readable is where they are most secular. One sees the same spirit here as throughout the worldly poems; in a charming little "Ode to Jesus" he wishes the Saviour to be crowned with roses and daffodils, and laid in a neat white osier cradle; in "The Present," he will take a rose to Christ, and sticking it in His stomacher, beg for one "mellifluous kiss." The epigrams of the earlier volume are replaced in the "Noble Numbers" by a series of couplets, attempting to define the nature of God, of which none equals in neatness this, which is the last:—

Of all the good things whatsoe'er we do  
God is the *Ἀρχή* and the *Τέλος* too.

As might be expected, his religion is as grossly anthropomorphic as it is possible to be. He almost surpasses those mediæval priests of Picardy who brought such waxen images to the Madonna's shrine as no altar had seen since the cult of the Lampsacene, in certain verses on the circumcision, verses that are more revolting in their grossness than any of those erotic poems—

unbaptised rhymes  
Writ in my wild unhallowed times—

for which he so ostentatiously demands absolution. It is pleasant to turn from these to the three or four pieces that are in every way worthy of his genius. Of these the tenderest is the "Thanksgiving," where he is delightfully confidential about his food, thus:—

Lord, I confess, too, when I dine  
The pulse is Thine,  
And all those other bits, that be  
Placed there by Thee;

The worts, the purslain, and the mass  
Of water-cress.

'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth  
With guiltless mirth,  
And giv'st me wassail-bowls to drink  
Spiced to the brink.

And about his house:—

Like as my parlour, so my hall  
And kitchen's small,  
A little buttery, and therein  
A little bin.

The wild and spirited "Litany" is too well known to be quoted here, but there are two very fine odes in the "Noble Numbers" that are hardly so familiar. One is the "Dirge of Jephthah's Daughter," written in a wonderfully musical and pathetic measure, and full of fine passages, of which this is a fair sample:—

May no wolf howl, or screechowl stir  
A wing about thy sepulchre!  
No boisterous winds or storms come hither  
To starve or wither  
Thy soft sweet earth, but, like a spring,  
Love keep it ever flourishing.

But beyond question the cleverest and at the same time the most odd poem in the "Noble Numbers" is "The Widow's Tears; or, Dirge of Dorcas," a lyrical chorus supposed to be wailed out by the widows over the death-bed of Tabitha. The bereaved ladies disgrace themselves, unfortunately, by the greediness of their regrets, dwelling on the loss to them of the bread—"ay! and the flesh, for and the fish"—that Dorcas was wont to give them; but the poem has stanzas of marvellous grace and delicacy, and the metre in which it is written is peculiarly sweet. But truly Herrick's forte did not lie in hymn-writing, nor was he able to refrain from egregious errors of taste, whenever he attempted to reduce his laughing features to a proper clerical gravity. Of all his solecisms, however, none is so monstrous as one almost incredible poem "To God," in which he gravely encourages the Divine Being to read his secular poems, assuring Him that

Thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,  
Yet take no tincture from my sinful book.

For unconscious impiety this rivals the famous passage in which Robert Montgomery exhorted God to "pause and think."

We have now rapidly considered the two volumes on which Herrick claims his place among the best English lyrical poets. Had he written twenty instead of two, he



could not have impressed his strong poetic individuality more powerfully on our literature than he has done in the "Hesperides." It is a storehouse of lovely things, full of tiny beauties of varied kind and workmanship, like a box full of all sorts of jewels, ropes of seed pearl, opals set in old-fashioned shifting settings, antique gilt trifles sadly tarnished by time, here a ruby, here an amethyst, and there a stray diamond, priceless and luminous, flashing light from all its facets and dulling the faded jewellery with which it is so promiscuously huddled. What is so very precious about the book is the originality and versatility of the versification. There is nothing too fantastic for the author to attempt, at least; there is one poem written in rhyming triplets, each line having only two syllables. There are clear little trills of sudden song, like the lines to the "Lark;" there are chance melodies that seem like mere wantonings of the air upon a wind-harp; there are such harmonious endings as this, "To Music:" —

Fall on me like a silent dew,  
Or like those maiden showers  
Which, by the peep of day, do strew  
A baptism o'er the flowers.  
Melt, melt my pains  
With thy soft strains,  
That, having ease me given,  
With full delight  
I leave this light  
And take my flight  
For heaven.

With such poems as these, and with the delicious songs of so many of Herrick's predecessors and compeers before them, it is inexplicable upon what possible grounds the critics of the eighteenth century can have founded their astonishing dogma that the first master of English versification was Edmund Waller, whose poems, appearing some fifteen years after the "Hesperides," are chiefly remarkable for their stiff and pedantic movement, and the brazen clang, as of stage armour, of the dreary heroic couplets in which they strut. Where Waller is not stilted he owes his excellence to the very source from which the earlier lyrists took theirs, a study of nature and a free but not licentious use of pure English. But not one of his poems, except "Go, lovely Rose," is worth the slightest of those delicate warbles that Herrick piped out when the sun shone on him and the flowers were fresh.

It is an interesting speculation to consider from what antique sources Herrick, athirst for the pure springs of pagan

beauty, drank the deep draughts of his inspiration. Ben Jonson it was, beyond doubt, who first introduced him to the classics, but his mode of accepting the ideas he found there was wholly his own. In the first place, one must contradict a foolish statement that all the editors of Herrick have repeated, sheep-like, from one another, namely, that Catullus was his great example and model. In the last edition of the "Hesperides" I find the same old blunder: "There is no collection of poetry in our language which more nearly resembles the '*Carmina*' of Catullus." In reality it would be difficult to name a lyric poet with whom he has less in common than with the Veronese, whose eagle-flights into the very noonday depths of passion, swifter than Shelley's, as flaming as Sappho's, have no sort of fellowship with the pipings of our gentle and luxurious babbler by the flowery brooks. In one of his poems, "To Live Merrily," where he addresses the various classical poets, and where, by the way, he tries to work himself into a great exaltation about Catullus, he does not even mention the one that he really took most from of form and colour. No one carefully reading the "Hesperides" can fail to be struck with the extraordinary similarity they bear to the "Epigrams" of Martial, and the parallel will be found to run throughout the writings of the two poets, for good and for bad, the difference being that Herrick is much the more religious pagan of the two, and that he is as much a rural as Martial an urban poet. But in the incessant references to himself and his book, the fondness for gums and spices, the delight in the picturesqueness of private life, the art of making a complete and gem-like poem in the fewest possible lines, the curious mixture of sensitiveness and utter want of sensibility, the trick of writing confidential little poems to all sorts of friends, the tastelessness that mixes up obscene couplets with delicate odes "*De Hortis Martialis*" or "To Anthea;" in all these and many more qualities one can hardly tell where to look for a literary parallel more complete. As far as I know, Herrick mentions Martial but once, and then very slightly. He was fond of talking about the old poets in his verse, but never with any critical cleverness. The best thing he says about any of them is said of Ovid in a pretty couplet. In a dream he sees Ovid lying at the feet of Corinna, who presses

With ivory wrists his laureate head, and steeps  
His eyes in dew of kisses while he sleeps.



How much further Herrick's learning proceeded it is difficult to tell. Doubtless he knew some Greek; he mentions Homer and translates from Anacreon. The English poets of that age, learned as many of them were, do not seem to have gone much further than Rome for their inspiration. Chapman is, of course, a great exception. But none of them, as all the great French poets of the Renaissance, went directly to the Anthology, Theocritus and Anacreon. Perhaps Herrick had read the Planudian Anthology; the little piece called "Leander's Obsequies" seems as though it must be a translation of the epigram of Antipater of Thessalonica. Curious to reflect that at the very time that the "Hesperides" was printed, Salmasius, soon to be hunted to death by the implacable hatred of Milton, was carrying about with him in his restless wanderings the MS. of his great discovery, the inestimable Anthology of Constantine Cephalas. One imagines with what sympathetic brotherliness the vicar of Dean Prior would have gossiped and glowed over the new storehouse of Greek song. That the French poets of the century before were known to Herrick is to me extremely doubtful. One feels how much there was in such a book as "*Le Bergerie*" of Remy Belleau, in which our poet would have felt the most unfeigned delight, but I find no distinct traces of their style in his; and unless the Parisian editions of the classics influenced him, I cannot think that he brought any honey, poisonous or other, from France. His inspiration was Latin; that of Rousard and Jodelle essentially Greek. It was the publication of the Anthology in 1531, and of Henri Estienne's "Anacreon" in 1554, that really set the pleiad in movement, and founded *Pécole gallo-grecque*. It was the translation of Ovid, Lucan, Seneca, and Virgil that gave English Elizabethan poetry the startword.

To return to Herrick, there is not much more to say. He had sung all the songs he had to sing in 1648, being then fifty-seven years of age. He came up to London when the Puritans ejected him from his living, and seems to have been sprightly enough at first over the pleasant change to London life. Soon, however, bad times came. So many friends were gone; Jonson was dead, and Fletcher; Selden was very old and in disgrace. It was poor work solacing himself with Sir John Denham, and patronizing that precocious lad Charles Cotton; and by-and-by the Puritans cut off his fifths, and poor old Her-

rick is vaguely visible to us in poor lodgings somewhere in Westminster, supported by the charity of relations. In 1660 some one or other graciously recollected him, and he was sent back in his seventieth year to that once detested vicarage in "rocky Devonshire," which must now have seemed a kind asylum for his old age. There is something extremely pathetic in the complete obscurity of the poet's last days. In those troublesome times his poetry, after a slight success, passed completely out of all men's minds. The idiotic Winstanley, in his "Lives of the most Famous English Poets," written shortly after Herrick's death, says that "but for the interruption of trivial passages, he might have made up none of the worst poetic landscapes." This is the last word spoken, as I think, on Herrick, till Mr. Nichols revived his fame in 1796. All we know of his latest years is summed up in one short extract from the church-register of Dean Prior. "Robert Herrick, vicker, was buried ye 15th day of October, 1674." By that time a whole new world was formed in poetry. Milton was dead; Wycherley and Dryden were the fashionable poets; Addison and Swift were lately born; next year the "Pilgrim's Progress" was to appear; all things were preparing for that bewigged and bepowdered seventeenth century, with its mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease, its Augustan self-sufficiency, and its horror of nature; and what wonder that no one cared whether Herrick were alive or dead?

E. W. G.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE SCEPTIC: A TALE OF MARRIED LIFE.

# I.

MIDDAY mass being ended in the church of St. Wolfram, of the town of A—, the holy building was emptied of all its worshippers, excepting some twenty ladies, who grouped themselves on rush chairs near the different confessionals. It was a Friday, and there were consequently no weddings. The penitents had the church all to themselves, and the solemn silence was eminently suited to pious meditation. However, the penitents being for the most part old spinsters, preferred to chatter in whispers; confession was to them a refreshing break in the week's solitary idleness, and they made the most of it.

Truth compels one to admit that the ladies were unequally distributed, for not



less than twelve out of the twenty were gathered round the confessional of l'Abbé Mouillot. But you had only to look at this comely priest waddling across the aisle from the sacristy to understand how great a favourite he must needs be. He was plump and rosy, and his silvery hair, which fluffed over his smooth forehead, crowned a face in which dimples and benevolence had an equal part with serenity and playful humour. No man had more indulgence than he for little sins or large ones. His gentle chiding brought greater comfort than the absolution of other priests; and, what is more, he was possessed of inexhaustible patience—hurrying no one, suffering his penitents to disclose their sins in their own way, and only encouraging them with a kindly word when, by a pause of undue length, they seemed to appeal for it. We must decline to entertain the supposition that if l'Abbé Mouillot sat out long confessions so obligingly it was because he dropped off placidly to sleep at their commencement. The abbé having entered his confessional and closed the door, the lady first on the rank stepped out and knelt in one of the lateral boxes, and the remainder, feigning to keep their eyes on their missals, settled down to comfortable tattle.

"That's the colonel's sister," remarked one spinster.

"If she confess but half what is on her conscience, we shall have to wait an hour," mumbled a second, and both tittered.

At this moment the folding doors of the church were softly pushed back, and a feminine form glided towards the holy-water basin. In the dim light of the entrance it could be seen that she was attired with more taste and richness than are usual in country towns, and that she wore a veil. Approaching the confessional, she lifted the veil, and then a murmur of astonishment and curiosity ran round.

"It is Madame Paul d'Arlay!"

"Oh, oh! her husband has renounced the devil then!"

"What can have brought her two leagues to confession? There is a good church enough at St. Ricquier."

"And see how flurried she looks! One may guess her two years' honeymoon has been chequered with a cloud at last."

"Dear Madame d'Arlay, how delighted we are to see you looking so fresh and lovely! We hope your dear husband and child are quite well."

The lady thus addressed with evident respect, and for whom all the penitents made way, was the wife of Paul d'Arlay,

one of the greatest of French novelists and playwrights. He had achieved his brilliant reputation when young, and it had increased with every new work he produced, because he wrote little, and for fame, not profit. At forty, having just been elected—some ten years before the customary age—to the French Academy, he had astonished everybody by marrying a pretty dowerless girl of twenty, the daughter of a country gentleman, and since his marriage he had lived a retired life on a little estate which he had bought near St. Ricquier. He was so distinguished a man that the families around felt honoured by his settling among them, but it was deemed singular that he should break so completely with Parisian society, which had idolized him, and it was thought stranger still that, sceptic as he was, he should have married into a family remarkable for religious devoutness. Paul d'Arlay was, indeed, considerably more than a sceptic: he had been called the successor of Voltaire. He was an atheist of the aggressive sort, who had never feigned conformity, as most of his countrymen do, but who, like Edmond About, Emile Augier, and Ste. Beuve, had missed no occasion of assailing the Catholic Church with irony and bitterly contemptuous ridicule. Every one of his works had been banned by the Papal Index, much to his amusement, and his last book, published about a year before his marriage, had attained a success of startling proportions, by being denounced in episcopal mandates throughout every diocese in France. It was conceivable that after this a devout Catholic should have given his daughter to Paul d'Arlay, in the hope that marriage might reclaim him; but it was inconceivable that the renowned author should have been impelled to his ill-assorted marriage, unless it were from the fascinations of Aimée Deschamps' pretty face.

People generally accepted this explanation, for Madame d'Arlay's was just one of those faces that turn men's heads. Small and daintily rounded, she had large soft blue eyes, rich and wavy chestnut hair, and an adorable little mouth, over which a sweet smile was always playing like sunlight. There was no particular expression on her features but that of amiability. She looked good and weak; unable to say no, and not very sure whether she ought to say yes. A physiognomist would not have expected intellect from her, and yet it would have surprised anybody to see her do or say anything that was foolish. She was a Frenchwoman to



her finger-tips; dressed and walked well; carried herself without embarrassment or effrontery; had little graces of gesture, glance, and manner, which proved consciousness of always having admiring or critical eyes bent on her; and summed up in her attractive person all the outward perfections of the gentlewoman. She had been agitated on entering the church, but it was good to see how, in the presence of older members of her sex, she at once resumed her composure; gave to each the bow and civil word that was correct, and took her place modestly on the furthest chair to wait her turn.

She would have to wait long if deference for her husband's celebrity, and perhaps inquisitiveness to see how the wife of so eminent a reprobate would demean herself at the tribunal of penitence, had not induced the other ladies to waive their precedency. When the colonel's sister had finished—and to do this lady justice, she had settled her little account with heaven in half an hour—the next lady motioned to Madame d'Arlay, and the others ratified this arrangement by polite smirks. Madame d'Arlay reddened a little as she accepted the courtesy, but it was manifestly very welcome to her, and gracefully bowing her acknowledgments, she passed into the confessional and dropped on her knees. Then she heaved a sigh.

"Father, it is I, Madame d'Arlay," she whispered through the grating. "I told you the other day that I wished to consult you on something very important, and I have taken advantage of my husband being absent on a visit to drive into A——."

"It will give me pleasure to hear you, my daughter," answered the priest's kind voice. "When I last dined at your charming house I noticed that you were preoccupied, but I have been hoping that your little troubles were more imaginary than real."

"Oh, father, they are not little troubles—no woman was ever so unhappy as I am!" moaned Madame d'Arlay. "I am devoured by the sin of curiosity; it leaves me no peace; it will make me ill before long if I do not yield to it. Can you fancy that, although I have been married two years, my husband will not allow me to read one of his books!"

"Ah!"

"No, he forbids me. There is not a copy of his works in our house—if friends come to see us, he contrives to change the conversation as soon as it turns on

his writings, and if I question him myself, he closes my lips with a joke. He is so affectionate and gentle that I bore with this for a time, though it cost me many a pang, but latterly we have been visited by that Madame de Marceuil whom you saw at our table the other night—a young widow, very forward and ill-natured, who I am sure wanted to marry Paul, and who takes a delight in making me miserable."

"Come, come, my daughter——"

"Ah, but it's true, else why should she compliment me so tauntingly on not having read my own husband's books? She has an aggravating way about her which makes a woman's blood tingle. She recurs to the subject at all hours; hinting that the books are full of attacks on religion, immoral, abounding in details about Paul's early life; and that my husband and I are both acting very properly, he in forbidding me to read them, I in obeying him. Was there ever a more humiliating position for a wife? So I am to be the only woman in France who is not to know the writings which have made my Paul's reputation, and our boy, who will grow up to glory in his father's name, will pore over books which his mother has never opened! Tell me, father, that I may go and buy the works to read in private, for I feel I am being treated like a child."

Now l'Abbé Mouillot was not one of those priests who creep into houses and lead captive silly women. He was an honest man, who, perhaps because he was a little dull, had never understood that spiritual fervour should impel a priest to put man and wife asunder. He had not read Paul d'Arlay's excommunicated books, but had heard of them, and well guessed why their author should object to let such dangerous literature be perused by a young and innocent wife on whom he doted. There are well-meaning priests who would have advised Aimée d'Arlay by all means to read the books, and to try persistently to convert her husband, in order that he might write no more like them. But l'Abbé Mouillot knew what perils lurk under such injudicious counsels. He had received courtesy and kindness from Paul d'Arlay, respected his honourable character, could not help revering his genius, and the advice which he gave to the author's wife was that of a friend and peacemaker.

"My daughter, your first duty is to obey your husband," he said with gentle firmness. "Admitting that M. d'Arlay does not share your faith, our good God has ways of His own for bringing back



his lost sheep, and a wife should be an instrument of happiness in her household, not contention."

"But it is so hard to be told that one's husband has written this and that, and not to be able to join with people in their admiration or rebut their criticisms."

"It is a trial, but wait patiently. Your husband will, no doubt, end by removing his prohibition, and you will be the more contented then for having passed submissively through your ordeal."

"You have no pity for me," murmured Aimée. "It may be years before my husband relents, and Mme. de Marceuil says the books are so interesting!"

"Heigh, there we have it," exclaimed the priest, whose voice betokened that he was smiling. "The serpent has tempted you to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and after exhausting ingenious reasons for succumbing, you are obliged to confess the true one. Go home, my dear daughter, and read in the third chapter of Genesis what the sin of curiosity and disobedience cost our first mother. Your home is a little paradise—see that you do not throw away its tranquil joys."

Mme. d'Arley rose from her knees, looking calm; but her body was in a fever. She had hoped the priest would ratify the sophistries she had formed to justify her in disobeying, and his refusing to do so added to the irritation of her nerves without allaying any of the desires that seethed in her mind. She had been too much petted not to resent any crossing of her wishes as an unkindness, and if it had not been for the sacredness of the spot she would have burst out crying.

The sun was shining gloriously, and the streets were full of midday bustle as she emerged from the church and made her way with quick steps toward the marketplace, where her carriage was waiting. But why, instead of crossing the marketplace, did she abruptly pause and turn, reddening, down a side-street? There was a bookseller's shop a few doors down, and in the window was conspicuously displayed a yellow placard, advertising in red and black letters the "Complete Works of Paul d'Arley, of the French Academy."

There they were, the works—four novels and five plays—in bright new covers, pink and primrose, with titles alluring enough to open the eyes of a blind man.

Aimée's bosom heaved fast, and the throbbings of her heart became physically painful. Once—twice she turned away and retraced her steps. The third time a customer was coming out of the shop, and

fancying she was about to enter, stood aside to let her pass; here was the temptation: she seized it and walked in.

"Have you *all* Paul d'Arley's works?"

"Yes, madame; the last editions have just come from Paris."

"I will buy the complete set, please," said Aimée, in a voice that quavered.

## II.

"THE ELMS," Paul d'Arley's country-seat—within bowshot of the ancient abbey-town of St. Ricquier, now dwindled into a village—was dignified, like most French country houses, with the title of *château*. It was a pretty, modern mansion, nestling amid clumps of the trees from which the estate derived its name, and surrounded by an expanse of lawn and shrubberies, which was large or small according as you called it garden or park. Mme. d'Arley insisted it was a park; the author styled it *jardinnet* (diminutive garden), and similar contestations went on between them as to the correct appellation of a conservatory and dovecote, which Aimée was for dubbing orangery and tower respectively, while her incredulous husband submitted that he would take up with those names when the one had produced an orange and the other stood a siege.

Such as it was, Paul d'Arley loved the place well. Those who wondered that he should settle so contentedly in retirement had little knowledge of his character, and less understanding of the satiety which comes of long indulgence in the pleasures of big cities. D'Arley had lived for twenty years in the most brilliant society in Paris—the equal of princes and statesmen, the pet of great ladies, actresses, and artists, the envy of tyros. Few men had enjoyed life as he had, or better deserved to enjoy it; for he had carved his way to fame and fortune without patronage or charlatanry, by mere dint of hard toil and talent. Every work he had produced, whether novel or play, had cost him more than two years' reflection and assiduous labour; and lest this should seem strange to fertile literary manufacturers in these our times, it may be added that d'Arley had received repeated offers of large sums to work faster, but had declined, alleging rather scornfully that he would print nothing that could not be bequeathed to posterity.

To do his country neighbours justice, there was little in the great author's works to encourage a belief that he would ever develop into a family man; for he had been



a contemner of marriage. He had, in fact, derided most things which the simple reverence. Taking exceptional, and often morbid, passions for his texts, he had employed the resources of incomparable style, masterly perception of character, dramatic power and descriptive facility unrivalled, to defend — nay extol — offences against what the world terms morals, and he social prejudices. France is the only country where theories such as his durst be published, and even Frenchmen, so tolerant of startling paradoxes, would not have brooked from an author of less genius philosophy so deliberately cynical and axioms insultingly launched against all the conventions that hold society together. What saved Paul d'Arley was, next to his talent, his evident good faith, and for this reason no one would have applied an epithet of reprobation to his works. They were books over which thinkers pondered, and which *dilettanti* studied as splendid works of art. But to the vulgar they were poison, and D'Arley knew this so well that from the day of his marriage he had taken the most careful precaution that his wife should not read them.

For the truth is, he deeply loved his fair young wife. After draining the intoxicating cup of worldly excitements he had discovered that there is in domestic happiness a greater joy than all, and he was sincerely grateful to the woman who had revealed this to him. Her gods were not his, but in the practices of her innocent devotions he found a secret charm stirring the innermost chords of his heart. When she knelt down to say her prayers at night, and invoke blessings on his head — when she set out in cold or rain to church, or conformed to the laws of her religion as to fasting — when he saw her act at all times as if an invisible eye were controlling her conduct, it was as if some beautiful scene of poetical legendry were being performed before him. She did not know how often he shaded his eyes to watch her making the sign of the cross, nor divine what was passing in his mind when he would sit down beside her, and, taking her hands in his, ask her to relate him some stories from her Bible. He did not believe in these things. To him they were fables, silly or sublime; but not for the world would he have shaken his wife's faith in them; and gradually there had grown up in him a feeling that he would rather his son, and any other children he might have, should grow up to be God-fearing like their mother than infidels like himself. He looked forward to an age when mankind should be guided

wholly by reason; but felt that this age had not yet come — for his wife.

So he lived happy, falsifying all conjectures, puzzling every observer. He was a handsome man, rather above the middle height, a little bald and shortsighted, but constitutionally strong, thanks to regular diet and exercise. With his waxed moustache, high forehead, and firm chin he looked like a soldier. His face teemed with expression, but the expression was not soft, for like all men who have been much criticised he was a trifle arrogant, and the easy rapidity of his rise in life made him speak with too much contempt of those who had been less fortunate than himself. He would not admit that he owed anything to exceptional abilities. He said it was only hard work that had made him; and one of his grievances against religion was that it taught men to rely on idle supplications rather than on the courageous self-exertions which he for his own part had found enough to conquer all difficulties. It was not surprising that such a man should have earned a character for hardness and pride, and yet never did a man yield himself more good-humouredly to the domination of a young wife. His tenderness, playful gentleness, and cheerful submission to all her wishes were things to see; the little woman had wholly subjugated him, and not until two years after his marriage did he leave her for a single day. It was a summons to the bedside of a relative who was thought to be dying which had induced him very reluctantly to quit her at last, and which had also afforded Aimée the opportunity of going to A — and buying his books, as we have seen. Paul d'Arley had counted on being away three days; he was compelled to remain absent more than three weeks, and when he was at last free to return he travelled back to St. Ricquier with a yearning impatience to resume the peaceful life to which this brief interruption had but added new charms.

But he had no sooner set foot in his house than he perceived some great change had occurred.

It was Ash-Wednesday, and Paul, as he journeyed in the train, had been telling himself with pathetic amusement that he should find his wife in a black dress — for like a good Catholic she wore dark attire on fast days — and be regaled with a fish dinner. But Aimée came to the door and met him, tricked out in silks and colours, and with her hair piled up in some extraordinary Parisian fashion. There was more of the woman, less of the wife and



mother in her, and she seemed excited, though her greeting was gushingly affectionate. When Paul went up-stairs to change his dress, he noticed in passing through his wife's room that the crucifix which used to hang over the bed had been removed, but thinking it might be in repair he paid little attention. When, however, on coming down-stairs he found the dining-room ablaze with wax candles, the table decked with flowers, and a prettily written *menu* of rich dainties lying beside his glass, he was astonished and glanced at Aimée. She was sitting red and nervous, as if playing a part.

"My dear child, you must have mislaid your almanack," he said, smiling. "This is a fast-day."

"Yes, dear, I know it is," replied Aimée, in a voice that slightly trembled.

"Well, but we shall both be excommunicated together. Has our good bishop given you an indulgence?"

"What need of indulgences, Paul? I agree with you that it is time women shook off the superstitions which pervert all enjoyment of the good things of life into sins."

There was a moment's silence. Paul d'Arlay had turned white as the tablecloth, and motioned to the servant to retire.

"I am not aware that I ever told you that, Aimée."

"No, but you have written it—and oh, Paul, don't be angry with me, but I have been reading all your books!" she crossed the room, and threw herself at his feet, embracing him with both her arms and gazing into his face with endearing entreaty. "I could not resist any longer, darling, and I know now why you kept your writings from me, fearing I should be too childish to understand them. But do not dread that. Some of the things frightened me at first and made me cry, but as I went on reading the scales dropped off my eyes. Oh, how silly you must have thought me with my little mummeries and foolish creeds—but you are so great, noble, and good, and never let me see what you thought in your tender unwillingness to wound me! Why are you trembling, dearest? I mean to be your own wife now, the sharer of your glory and of all your thoughts. Everything that I had learned has been clean sponged away, and my heart and mind are like the blank pages of a new book on which you shall write what beliefs you please. Look up at me, dearest. I never knew how much I loved you till I guessed from your works

what a sacrifice you had made in marrying a silly little thing like me!"

Words cannot depict the desolate expression that had settled on Paul d'Arlay's face as his wife spoke. He had started to his feet mechanically, assisting her to rise, and she recoiled at seeing him stand speechless, as if an irremediable catastrophe had overtaken him. When he spoke at length it was with a groan.

"Tell me the truth, Aimée: it was Madame de Marœuil who lent you those books?"

"No, no, Paul; I went into the town and bought them myself. But why do you look at me like that, dear? You frighten me."

"Unhappy child! I am sure it was Madame de Marœuil who advised you to buy them," he murmured; then abruptly he tossed his head and broke out with a wrath that was awful: "Woe betide that woman! She has come into my house with a torch, and let her see to herself! I will wreak a vengeance on her that shall wring ten thousand tears from her eyes for every one that she has made you shed."

Aimée uttered a cry and attempted to restrain her husband; but he disengaged himself, rushed from the room and hurried to the stables. The groom who was there thought his master had gone mad, for Paul shouted for a saddle, helped to strap it on, and before the bit was fairly in the horse's mouth sprang into the stirrups and spurred into the night at full gallop. He rode towards the house where Madame de Marœuil lived, about five miles off, and some of the tardy peasants who met him on the road must have thought of him as the groom did—or that he was possessed of the devil, for they were pious people in those parts.

Madame de Marœuil was far from expecting such a visit. She was a handsome young widow, thoroughly Parisian, cool, coquettish, and heartless. Married early to a man old enough to be her grandfather, she had hailed her widowhood as a merciful release, and had lost no time in setting her cap at Paul d'Arlay, whose fame, polished manners, and manly character had fascinated her. But it was not out of spite at having been rebuffed by him that she had tried to push his wife to disobedience. Madame de Marœuil was one of those women who do harm by nature, as nettles sting. To tattle and invent scandal, to estrange wife from husband, and lend a hand to intrigues in which the honour of families was blasted,



were to her mere pastimes. As to connubial relations, she had a theory that among men there is not one but that is peccant, and she argued that women owe each other mutual protection to resist marital tyranny. This did not prevent her abusing her own sex in the hearing of men and despising it cordially in secret.

It chanced that when Paul d'Arley arrived Madame de Marœuil was reading one of his best novels, "*La Femme d'un Sot*," which she had perused many times from detecting several comforting analogies between herself and the heroine. She gave a start at hearing the door-bell violently clang; but before she could run to the window Paul had darted into the room, covered with mud, breathless and menacing. Without taking off his hat he rushed to her and seized her frail wrists as if he would break them.

"Wretched woman, what infernal spirit of mischief led you to disturb my wife's mind with those books of mine?"

"Don't, Monsieur d'Arley, you're hurting me!" she cried in terror. "I never advised Madame d'Arley to read your books."

"You are lying!" he raved. "When I suffered you to visit my wife I warned you of the conditions on which alone you might do it. I mistrusted your viperous tongue from the first."

Madame de Marœuil's features had blanched under Paul's flaming eyes. She struggled, panting, to free herself.

"I tell you to release me, sir, or I shall scream. I never did more than mention your books to your wife."

"Ah, that's it!" shouted Paul, pushing her back so roughly that she staggered. "You went in your hateful malice and excited her curiosity; but what have you given the poor little thing in exchange for that faith you destroyed in her? Could you endow her with the strong mind of a man to enable her to replace by unwavering reason the comfort which her religion brought her in every hour of trial? No; you never had such a thought; but in trying to soil the child's angel robe you only aimed at making her a demon of worldliness and depravity like yourself! But now quail—for as I am a living man you shall repent of what you have done! I will write a book, and expose you in it by name as in a pillory; and you shall become so infamous that the lowest of your sex shall point their fingers at you!"

Madame de Marœuil bounded under this brutal threat.

"Ah, this is too much!" she exclaimed.

"Your wife has been perverted by your books. Well, I am glad of it! This is the retribution on you for the misery of thousands of other women whom your books have ruined. There was a time when I too believed that there was another world where the wretchedness of this life was compensated; but you and others like you, who are the perdition of our country, scoffed these illusions away, and what did you give me in exchange but the fine philosophy that as we have nothing to live for, nothing to hope for, we should be stupid indeed not to get what pleasure we can out of this world? Ah! so you think to shatter the cross in every household, and then to plant it as a talisman on your own hearth. But there is some justice yet! You have thrown your impious books at God, and he has hurled them back on your roof-tree. So much the better!" and darting to the bell she pulled it. A servant appeared. "Show out M. d'Arley," she cried.

### III.

NOT long after this the Paris papers announced that Paul d'Arley and his charming young wife had taken a house in the Champs Élysées and were coming to spend a few months there. As the private lives of great authors offer an engrossing interest to the French public, minutely accurate accounts were given of the Hôtel d'Arley, and of Paul's reasons for hiring it. It was said that so Parisian a writer could not languish away from a city which is to all other cities what the sun is to the planetary system, and that he was impatient to exhibit to the world the winsome little woman who had detained him so long in exile. In the course of a few days cards were issued for Madame d'Arley's first "at home."

Few guessed with what anguish Paul had drawn himself away from "The Elms;" and if we say few instead of none, it is because Madame de Marœuil had maliciously bruited the "ridiculous scene" which had taken place at her house, so that there were some who were aware that a skeleton existed in the great author's family cupboard. Paul had striven hard to undo the evil that had been wrought; and for several days tried everything that patient ingenuity and tender earnestness could suggest to bring back his wife to her discarded beliefs. But faith is like a temple: when ruined, it can be rebuilt, but not in a week. Aimée was possessed with a burning desire to go to Paris and see her husband's plays performed on the



stage, to hear him applauded, and to feel her heart ring with the echo of his praises. Such a wish could not be combated; and Paul took the only determination possible by resolving to bring his wife to Paris, and let her taste to her fill of the sensations which she coveted. He hoped that satiety would come to her as it had to him, making her long to renew their peaceful country life; and to hasten this end he decided that their baby should remain at St. Riquier, the air of which was healthier for him than that of the capital.

Aimée flew to Paris like a bird uncaged. Everything in it was new to her, and the people most of all. The D'Arays had a luxurious house, kept a carriage, a man cook, servants in livery, and all the appurtenances of a mansion where large hospitality is to be exercised. During the first week after their arrival, not scores but hundreds of cards were left at the door; invitations poured in from ministers, princes, nobles, from the lords of art and letters, from everybody with a name or a purse; and then managers and publishers trooped up to the author's dwelling. Since his marriage Paul had finished a five-act comedy and commenced a novel. The comedy was at once accepted by the Théâtre Français and put in rehearsal; the novel was predicted in the papers to be the best he had ever written (though no reporter had obtained a glimpse of it), and the title was given: "*Un Mariage d'Amour*." Once more that brazen din which the most art-enamoured public in the world raises round its favourites resounded about Paul d'Aray, and to Aimée this din was music.

She was not stinted of it, nor of anything else she fancied, for Paul was too shrewd to think he could cure any woman of Parisomania if he put the slightest restraint on her pleasure-seeking, and his policy was that of confectioners, who encourage their assistants to surfeit themselves with dainties at starting in order that they may be forever after abstemious. One day, having scanned his wife's attire, he remarked that it would not do for Paris, and took her to the eminent M. Worth's.

"Monsieur Worth," he said, "I have brought you my wife, and give you *carte blanche*; she relies on you to make her presentable."

M. Worth smirked with the air of a man who sees an exquisite picture very poorly framed.

"If madame will put herself in our

hands I think we shall be able to do justice to her rare beauty."

"That is exactly what she wants," said Paul pleasantly; "so say you make her a dozen dresses to begin with."

"Oh, Paul, a dozen!" exclaimed Aimée, with her provincial notions of economy quite startled.

"My dear child, M. Worth will tell you that a dozen are not too many if you are to hold your own against your good friends. I even question whether they will be enough."

From M. Worth's Aimée was taken to the bonnet-maker's, furrier's, lace-maker's, glover's, and finally to the jeweller's. Of some hundred thousand francs which had been lying at Paul's banker's, two-thirds melted away at once in preparations for making Aimée presentable to bevy of women, not one of whom was half as comely as herself. But Paul disbursed without counting. "When she reflects that we are wasting our boy's money, perhaps she will feel a twinge," was his calculation.

Aimée, however, was in no more mood for reflecting than is a person who drinks champagne for the first time. During the first month the novelty of her position made her just a little shy and awkward; at the end of the second month she wore her fine low dresses with ease, had learned to improve her complexion with potato-flour (*vulgo* violet-powder), and had discovered that nature had not given her hair sufficient without a chignon. At the end of the third month she had already marked herself a place in society; her drawing-room was a resort for wits; she could herself launch a repartee; and from week to week she lived the customary life of a woman of the world in all respects save one — church-going. Nothing would persuade her to attend Sunday mass or any other religious celebration. When she went by a church she could not help turning away her head and reddening, as though she were passing a house where she had done something wrong.

It was at the end of this third month that Paul d'Aray's new comedy was brought out at the Théâtre Français. There was a general curiosity to note whether marriage, always a hazardous experiment with brain-workers, had made any difference in Paul's talent, and the house was crammed with celebrities. From first to last the piece was a triumphant success. Never had the author's dialogue been brighter, his characters so



boldly drawn, his dramatic situations more telling; and when the curtain fell on the closing act the whole audience rose, enthusiastically acclaiming the man whose fame was now placed forever beyond dispute. This scene was too much for Aimée's young nerves. She had watched the performance from a stage-box with one of her new friends, the Countess de Tréma, and when the audience, seeing that Paul did not answer their call, recognized his wife and turned towards her *en masse* to do her a public homage, she fell back, white and quivering in every limb, and swooned.

When she had been revived, and was driving home with the countess, the latter said, with emotion,

"Dear Madame d'Arley, I do not wonder that you should have been so much moved; for your influence is discernible in every line of this new play, and you have good reason to be proud."

"How so?" murmured Aimée.

"Why, it is the first play of M. d'Arley's which sends one home with a heart full of soothing sentiments. In listening to his other works one is transported, thrilled, yet the philosophy is so disconsolate that the spectator goes away discouraged. But this comedy we have just seen is a beautiful idyll—the work of a happy man."

Aimée answered nothing. In the last scene, where the hero, after trying adventures, settles down into a blissful home, Paul had arranged with the scene-painter to represent his own country house, "The Elms," and on beholding this unexpected picture Aimée's eyes had filled with tears. Her heart overflowed now in listening to the countess—but, once again, temples are not rebuilt in a day.

#### IV.

EIGHTEEN months elapsed. During that time the D'Arleys travelled to the seaside, thence to Monaco, then went on a round of visits to the country-seats of friends. Only once Aimée snatched a hurried week to go and see her child at "The Elms;" but she was impatient to get away again. Fashion had caught her in its whirlpool, and Paul in his weariness could detect in her no symptoms of a wish to resume her old habits. When, however, they returned to Paris for the winter season, an explanation between them became necessary for pecuniary reasons.

One morning Aimée came with a long face to say she was in debt. Her house-keeping accounts would not square with

her budget, and she feared she had been extravagant in millinery. Paul made good the deficit with something over, but he took the opportunity of stating his resources. The sale of his books and the performances of his plays brought him about eighty thousand francs a year, which was a sufficient income for ease, but not for squandering. His remonstrances were very gently worded, but to his surprise Aimée showed irritation at them. She was not at all the same Aimée as of yore. Her fresh complexion was fading under the influence of cosmetics and late hours, and her manners had something too deliberate in them.

"What you say is very just, Paul," she remarked, plucking at her smart dress; "but we could be richer if you pleased. Why are you so idle?"

"Idle, Aimée? That is the last reproach I should have thought of hearing from you."

"Well, I assure you I am not the person who originated it," she said doggedly. "A publisher was telling me the other day that you could earn four times what you are doing now if you chose to work more. And it's a fact that I have seen you writing half a day to fill three small sheets of paper."

"Well, yes, I have been almost three years about my new novel, which is now in the publisher's hands," admitted Paul quietly. "If I wrote more I might possibly be richer, but those few sheets of paper will give us something better than money, Aimée—a fame which will, I trust, live after both of us."

"Oh fame—fame!" exclaimed Aimée, pouting; "as if you had not enough of that already. And when we are both dead what can it matter to us, pray, whether your glory is more or less? The present is what we have to think of."

Paul was shocked by this application of his theories.

"You forget our boy, Aimée," he said.

"No, it's you who forget him," ejaculated Mme. d'Arley crossly. "You work, thinking only of yourself, as if our boy could make an income out of your name! If you did your duty as a father, you would labour to leave him a large fortune."

This was not the first little cloud that had sprung up between the two, but it was the first that caused Paul d'Arley the acute pang of feeling that his wife's heart was no longer in unison with his own. He soon had a much greater cause of trouble, for Aimée became jealous of him.

It was perfectly simple that she should



have become so, for there had insensibly grown up between them that estrangement which is inevitable when husband and wife have contrary tastes and follow different pursuits. Paul had not time to dance attendance on Aimée in all her mundane excursions. He was busy with his novel—that novel which he had begun in his honeymoon, and was ending under the cruel regret of a happiness which seemed to have gone forever. He hoped much of this work, and toiled carefully at it; and then he had academical duties. He had been deputed to report on the essays and poems to which the academy awards yearly prizes, and government had put him on a committee for inquiring into international copyright. As his house was always filled with visitors and with the noisy incomings of milliners and *costumiers*, he had hired private chambers where he could work undisturbed, and here he spent most of his days. He and Aimée seldom saw each other except at dinner-time. They had separate apartments, and Mme. d'Arley seldom returned from her balls and routs till the small hours, not long before the time when Paul was accustomed to get up. All this was Aimée's fault, not Paul's; but, womanlike, she came to fancy herself neglected. She would have had her husband accompany her in all her frivolous amusements, and when she found it impossible to prevail upon him so to do, she readily hearkened to the suggestions of her old evil councillor, Mme. de Marœuil, that Paul secretly bestowed on other women the attentions to which she was entitled.

Nothing could have been less true, but Mme. de Marœuil and Aimée had become fast friends, and the former was anxious to repay the grudge which she owed Paul for the latter's violent threats. One evening at a ministerial party, when Aimée was looking more than usually out of spirits, Mme. de Marœuil settled beside her on an ottoman, and adroitly led up the conversation to Paul d'Arley's private doings.

"Did you not tell me, dear, that your husband had lodgings in town?"

"Yes, he goes there every morning, and says he works. We are so little together that I have no time to question him."

"I wouldn't question him—men never tell the truth; but if I were you, I would keep an eye on Mme. de Tréma."

"Mme. de Tréma!" ejaculated Aimée, with a sudden flush. "Why do you think that she and Paul—— But it's impossible, she is one of my best friends."

"Reason the more. All I can say is, that I saw her brougham standing at the door where M. d'Arley's chambers are. But mind, no scenes or hysterics, dear. If M. d'Arley plays you false, you should take a leaf out of his own books; remember his theories in '*La Femme d'un Sot*,' and make him jealous in his turn."

Now it was a fact that Paul d'Arley had elaborated a theory very much approved by French writers, and which may be summed up in the axiom that marital affection seldom lasts long, unless the wife can promote jealousy. This beautiful lesson was not lost upon Aimée. She had a host of admirers, and in the hope that she might bring Paul to look more closely after her, she singled out one—a handsome, puppy-like officer named De Marillac—and flirted systematically with him under Paul's eyes. Unfortunately Paul noticed nothing. He was too sensitive to ridicule to play the part of a Bluebeard, all the more so as he knew that many eyes in society were humorously watching to see whether he feared for himself the connubial woes which he had showered on so many personages in his books. So, although M. de Marillac was continually dangling about his house, danced with Aimée at balls, called on her in her box at the opera and theatres, and disported himself generally as only an amorous Frenchman can do, Paul paid not the slightest attention to him, acting like a man who feels secure of his wife's purity, and of his own. But this did not suit Mme. de Marœuil.

When the flirtation between Aimée and the officer had been lasting three months—and let it be admitted that it was on Aimée's part, a very innocent flirtation—Madame de Marœuil sought an opportunity to warn Paul, and make him miserable. The author was often compelled to escort his wife for an hour or two to official parties, and it was on one of these occasions that Madame de Marœuil glided up to him with a smiling look of effrontery.

"Well, my old enemy, it is a long time since we have spoken to each other. Is it still your intention to gibbet me?"

"You did me so much harm, madame," answered Paul gravely, "that no reprisal of mine would be an adequate revenge, therefore I forgive you."

"That's kindly spoken, but I have always meant better by you than you suspect, Monsieur d'Arley, and to give you a proof I must warn you now to observe your wife. She is young and inexperienced, and I am afraid she will be com-



promising herself with M. de Marillac. See them both together now. Well, it's like that every evening."

Paul glanced in the direction indicated, and not a muscle of his face betrayed that he was in the slightest degree moved. But the blow had come upon him like a bullet. For the first time the disproportion in age between his wife and himself occurred to him. She was almost a child, he was past middle age; she had married to be free from the restraints of convent life, he had taken a wife to find rest after a laborious and distracted career. But how ludicrous might he not seem to her, with his melancholy pinings after that humdrum existence which she in her exuberant youth despised! He turned over this new reflection in many ways; nevertheless, he did not speak to Aimée about the officer. He waited till he had proof positive of her guilt or levity, whichever it might be, and it was not until he had observed the pair closely for another week that he resolved to remonstrate with Aimée, whom he saw, or fancied he saw, to have been merely giddy.

It happened that the day on which he took this resolution was the eve of that on which his novel, "*Le Mariage d'Amour*," was to be published. In that book he had poured out his whole heart in pictures of the felicity of tranquil love in wedded life, and, with the intuition which seldom fails an author who writes conscientiously, he felt that his work was powerful enough to move a reader; and he hoped — with what anxiety he himself only knew — that it might move Aimée. The early copies of the work had been sent by the publisher, and Paul took one of them to give his wife. Just as he was going towards her apartments a letter was brought him from St. Ricquier, announcing that his child had been seized with an attack of hooping-cough; and this communication, though distressing, appeared to have come just in time to serve his purpose.

He found Aimée in her dressing-room, surrounded by tulle, silks, and jewels, and other extravagant preparations for a fancy-dress ball.

"I am sorry to say our boy is ill, Aimée," he said, handing her the letter, and laying the book on the table. "I think we had better both go down to St. Ricquier to-night."

"Oh, it's impossible!" she exclaimed. "There's a ball at the Austrian ambassador's."

This was thoughtlessly, not heartlessly

said, but so unmotherly a reply filled Paul with pain and some indignation.

"Supposing our child were to die while you were dancing?" he said, severely.

"Oh, please don't talk in that depressing way, Paul. Let me see what the letter says. Hooping-cough; all children have hooping-cough; and this, the nurse says, is but a slight attack. We will go to-morrow morning — the first thing, if you like. But what are you staring at?"

"Your dress — you are not going to wear that?"

"Why not, pray?"

"Because it is fit only for an actress — not an honest woman."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Aimée, mockingly. "And do you know where I got the idea of that improper dress? Why, out of one of your own books! One of your heroines — a duchess — dresses as a naiad for a Tuileries fête, and you fill two whole pages with sarcasms against her dreary husband, who objected to see her show off her beauty becomingly!"

Paul bit his lips. At every turn in his wedded life some sin of his pen was finding him out.

"You know I never proposed my books to you as models of morality," he said, reddening. "I wrote many things when I was young of which I am ashamed now. But there is another thing about which I wished to warn you, Aimée. People are observing that you behave rather too unguardedly with M. de Marillac."

"Aha! so your eyes condescend to look after your wife at last!" cried Aimée, folding her arms, and gazing at him with flashes of stung pride. She was in a passion, her hair was falling over her shoulders, and she looked pretty and strange enough in her wildness. "Yes, it's true. M. de Marillac is fonder of my company than my own husband is. But before you have a right to reproach me, Paul, you must break off your relations with Madame de Tréma!"

"With Madame de Tréma? What an absurdity, Aimée! Will you accept my assurance that I have not spoken a hundred words with the countess in the course of a twelvemonth?"

"You're bound to say so, of course, but others tell me differently; and if you mean to use your liberty, Paul, I shall use mine."

"Not to go to this ball, I hope. I ask you once again, Aimée, to come with me to St. Ricquier, and to be more careful for the future in your conduct with that officer."

"And here is my answer," cried Aimée,



defiantly. "I *will* go to the ball, and I shall wear the dress which you put on your duchess, and I shall dance twice with M. de Marillac, as I have promised him to do, and if you are not satisfied you must mend your behaviour to me, which has been unkind and unmanly to a degree."

"Very well, Aimée," said Paul, with a pale face. "I am not a tyrant, but when a woman disobeys her husband, and seems disposed to trifle with his honour, she brings punishment on the man who abets her misconduct," and with these words he left the room.

Aimée was a little frightened at what she had done; but she was secretly glad at having stirred Paul to jealousy, and flattered herself that in the journey which she truly proposed making with him on the morrow, a reconciliation might ensue between them. She cried, and if Paul had come back at that moment, she would have flung her arms round his neck and prayed his forgiveness. But he did not return; so she set off to the ball in her *naïad's* dress, danced twice with M. de Marillac as she had promised him, and talked to him with a loud forced gaiety, whilst her heart fluttered terribly as she saw her husband coldly gazing at them both. What followed may be soon told. Social conventions in France oblige a man to maintain his honour at the sword's point. Paul d'Arley glided up to M. de Marillac and beckoned him aside.

"Monsieur," he said calmly, "we are both men who can understand each other at a word. If you will name your seconds, we can settle our differences before day-break."

The officer understood and bowed. "I must only declare to you that madame is innocent," he added:

"I never doubted it," answered Paul, quietly.

So a few hours later, and just before dawn, Paul d'Arley and the officer met in the Bois de Vincennes. The duel could not be a long one. M. de Marillac scarcely defended himself, and after a few passes Paul touched him on the chest. The seconds at sight of blood stopped the fight, and Paul, whose honour was conventionally satisfied by this scratch, returned to his house. The first thing that met him on his arrival was a telegram announcing that his child had suddenly died.

He sat down with a heavy sigh and reflected. Truth to say, it had not needed this announcement of his boy's death to prompt him to the fatal course he was now about to take; but his bereavement

justified his resolution. Of what use or pleasure was his life to him now? He had pondered this question ever since he thought he had read in Aimée's eyes that she had ceased to love him, and the answer was this, that the sooner he was out of the world the better. He was growing old; his wife had many years of life before her; better leave her free to enjoy them since such was her bent. He was not moulded of the stuff to make domestic despots, and yet he loved his wife too well to bear her infidelity or discontent with resignation.

Coldly and tranquilly, without quaver or bravado, he unlocked a cupboard and drew out a case of pistols, chose one and loaded. But as he stood on that brink of eternity where so many other men have hesitated, what was it that made the sceptic pause a minute? It was grey morning, but there on his desk, beaming very white in the dim light, lay the ivory crucifix which had once hung in his wife's room, and which he had kept since the day when she had discarded it.

He took it up and looked wistfully at it, then for Aimée's sake he raised it to his lips. He had just done so, when it seemed to him that a door opened, and down the passage came, with quick steps and a panting breath, a footfall light as a child's flying for succour. It approached; now it was nearer.

"Who's there?" cried Paul, startled.

The door was not locked; it opened, and Aimée stood on the threshold, hugging her husband's new book to her breast, and looking at him with eyes brimming.

"I have read it to the last line, Paul," she cried, in a broken voice, and she flung herself at his feet. "Oh my darling, let us go back to our home. I do not think we have been either of us happy since that wretched day when I disobeyed you. But God is good, and you believe in him as I do; in every word of this noble book there is Christian faith; and see, my darling, you are crying!"

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THE DILEMMA.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE capture and occupation of the residency lodge, as Sparrow's house was styled, in the night attack conducted by Falkland and recounted in our last number, gave a new aspect to the defence. It is true that the main garrison had to be



reduced by the strength of the picket now established in the new outpost; but the relief caused by the latter more than compensated for this. The guards could now be withdrawn from the east side of the main building, and those in the portico and bath-house were reduced in strength. Moreover, the ground between the two buildings was now practically free from fire. The moral effect of the victory was even greater. Not only had the enemy made no progress in their blockade; they had been forced to give ground. Falkland was sensible, indeed, that he had made a blunder in not occupying the lodge in the first instance, but was consoled by the reflection that even the most successful war is made up of blunders; and although poor Braywell's cheerful face was missed, and the little garrison could ill spare the gap made by the night's work in its slender muster-roll, still the loss sustained was extremely small considering the nature of the service. The garrison was naturally, therefore, in high spirits next morning, and a sense of excitement pervaded the building. Those were to be envied who were sent over to the lodge on errands with supplies or messages, giving them the opportunity to examine for themselves the scene of the exploit; while the account of the affair which those who had come back after taking part in it were called on to repeat in the different parts of the building, afforded matter for endless conversation and questionings. Miss Peart wanted to run across under Spragge's escort to see the place herself, but was stopped by her mother. No sign of the enemy could now be discerned from the main building, except by the look-out on the roof; and, in the absence of any present danger, it seemed as if the active siege were really over, and that at most they would now have to undergo a blockade, which must surely be raised very soon. Colonel Falkland had calculated that the relief would arrive in a week at latest, and four days had already passed.

Four days! it might have been a year, so long did the time seem since they were first shut up, and so completely had the emergency of present needs effaced for the time all interest in the past. The few acres of ground commanded by the rifles of the little garrison made up their world; and beyond an occasional expression listlessly thrown out as to how things might be passing in the rest of India, the conversation within all turned on the business of the hour. The last reports of the

look-out man of any movements observed among the enemy, whose main camp was still pitched beyond the court-house about half a mile off, and the interpretation to be put upon them; any change ordered in the roster for duty; counting the hours till it should be time to serve out the rations of tobacco; criticisms on the toughness of the mutton stew, which formed the main item of their simple meals; calculations whose turn it was to receive a share of the beer which Captain Buxey doled out with economic care,—these were for the most part the topics of conversation.

At first sight the appearance presented by the interior of the building during this time might have seemed one of disorder; here and there in the verandas men lying asleep on cots at any hour of the day, others strolling listlessly from place to place to exchange a word with their comrades at other posts, while in the drawing-room a group of persons might be seen lounging about, the etiquette of manners preserved among them being strangely at variance with their haggard and dishevelled appearance; a few only of the men wore coats over their shirts or underwaistcoats, which with dirty white or flannel trousers made up a costume in keeping with the unshorn and hot but pallid faces of the wearers; while of the ladies' garb the best that could be said was that it was feminine, the wearers having for the most part abandoned any attempt at adornment as well as at trying to keep cool, and wearing their hair tied in a knot at the back of the head. A few fanned themselves when they had leisure, but generally the heat was allowed to take its course as something too fierce to be contended with. Not that the room looked untidy; of the servants who had remained with their master, one belonged to the sweeper caste, and performed his customary functions of sweeping all the floors daily, while the ladies took it in turn to dust the furniture. Nor amid the seeming listlessness or movement about the place was there any real disorder or want of discipline. Only those were asleep who were off duty, and only a fourth part of each of the different guards could be absent from their post at a time. A sentry was stationed at the headquarters of each post, who, standing on a table so as to look over the parapet, watched the ground in front. There was always also a look-out man on the roof of the building; the rounds were made every hour by a senior officer; and whether on or off duty, every one had his weapons with him ready for



instant use. At night the garrison was on the alert, so sleep must be taken by day. The ladies, too, had their regular turn of duty in the sick-room, while Mrs. Hodder and Mrs. De Souza the clerk's wife undertook the washing of such garments as could be spared for the purpose. Thus all were occupied, with the exception only of Mrs. O'Halloran, the wife of the bazaar-sergeant who had been killed on the night of the outbreak, an East Indian, who, although the mother of two children and soon to be the mother of a third, looked but a child herself. Such mental and bodily powers as the poor creature might have possessed, had become quite paralyzed by the shock of events. Having found her way to the residency on the night of the outbreak, in the carriage in which her husband had placed his wife and children before he went off himself to get shot at his post of duty, she seemed incapable of rousing herself to do anything, but sat day after day listlessly in a chair, speaking when addressed, and coming to table at meal-times, but taking no apparent interest in what was going on around. Fortunately Mrs. Hodder had taken the children under her care, washing them and dressing them in their scanty clothing every morning, while Miss Peart helped her to look after them during the day; and the poor dusky little things, who partook more of the nature of native than European children, were perfectly docile and contented, amusing themselves happily with the little rag dolls which that young lady had fabricated for them. "I can't make out properly what Mrs. O'Halloran says," Miss Peart had remarked to Spragge; "she does talk in such an extraordinary way—it isn't English and it isn't Hindustani, or like anything else I ever heard before; but only think, she is not sixteen yet, at least as far as she knows, for she is not sure about her age, and she can neither read nor write. Her father was a band-boy in your regiment; isn't it dreadful? He may actually be fighting against us!" "You may depend on it, the band-boys are not fighting," replied Spragge, "whatever else they may be doing; that is not at all in their line." But indeed no one knew what had become of the Christian bandsmen belonging to the native regiments—whether they had been killed, or had run away, or were serving with the mutineers. Drums and fifes had been heard every evening proceeding from the rebel camp, but these might belong to the 80th, whose bandsmen were all natives.

This day, then, was the most tranquil which the garrison had passed. They had become used to the hardships of the situation; all was quiet without and prosperous within, for the three wounded men were doing well. Captain Sparrow displayed a philosophical resignation to the misfortune which deprived the garrison of his services; and when Justine, to whom fell the office of waiting on him, was dilating to Yorke, as she met him in the doorway of the sick-room, on the sad chance which struck down the gallant captain while nobly leading the attack upon his own house, the latter did not feel it necessary to tell her or any one else, that as no shots had been fired until the assailants had entered the veranda, the captain must have been considerably to the rear of the party to have been hit while outside.

As Olivia came out of the ladies' room that evening into the west veranda to join the party on duty there for a little fresh air and conversation, she stood for a moment in the doorway watching with amusement the young men engaged in hunting a scorpion which had crawled under an empty beer-box. "That's the seventh scorpion which has been killed in this veranda," said Spragge, as he dexterously extracted the insect from a crevice in the box wherein it had tried to take refuge; "see what a monster it is, Mrs. Falkland!" he continued, holding it up between his finger and thumb for the lady's inspection. "You needn't be afraid of it; grasp a scorpion by the tail firmly in this way, you see, and he is impotent for evil, like Pandu outside if you show him the muzzle of a rifle. But he must perish, nevertheless; no quarter can be given to the enemy,"—and so saying, the young man dropped the scorpion on the pavement and trod upon it.

"I cannot think why there should be this plague of scorpions," said Olivia, sitting down on a chair which one of the party had placed for her; "we used not to be troubled with them at all in former days."

"It is because the ground has been disturbed," said Yorke; "they live 'in the ground, and the digging of these ditches round the house has brought them out.'"

"I don't know what the cause may be," said Spragge, "but I protest, as a man and a sentry, against being exposed to these risks. Life will become positively dangerous if this sort of thing goes on. Talk about 'nervous duty' indeed! 'nervous duty' is a joke to sitting down on one of



these boxes without taking an observation first."

"There is no rose without a thorn," observed another young fellow. "Life in this veranda would be really too jolly if it wasn't flavoured with a chance of scorpions; besides, there is to be no 'nervous duty' to-night, so the one is a set-off against the other."

"Nervous duty" was the slang name given in the garrison to any special service, such as the enterprise of the previous night.

The western veranda being the hottest part of the building at evening, was usually the least frequented at that time; and on this occasion its only occupants besides Olivia were the guard stationed there, one of whom, being on duty, was standing on a chest looking over the parapet; the two sepoys attached to the post were sitting on the floor at the end, smoking a joint hookah, with their muskets by their side; while three or four officers stood leaning on their rifles round Olivia's chair. Unshorn, and clad in scanty garments soiled with dust and sweat, yet they looked like true knights ready to protect their princess to the death; and sounds of light laughter broke from the little group, while Olivia joined in the conversation, her manner with them all being such as might become a sister among trusty brothers. The young men in the garrison almost worshipped Mrs. Falkland, who had sympathy and gracious words for all.

The others were rallying Yorke on what they termed his dandified appearance; and indeed that young officer was the only one of the party in a clean shirt—a phenomenon which he was fain to explain, apologetically, was due to his having selfishly kept back a brace of those garments for his own use, while distributing the rest of his wardrobe among his fugitive brother officers, so that he could indulge in an occasional change of raiment. "But you will look just as shabby as any of us by to-morrow, my boy," said Spragge, "for the laundry arrangements appear to have collapsed. A useful garment of mine has been at the wash ever since yesterday morning, and hasn't turned up yet." Then, as the little party was breaking up, Olivia, as she passed into her room, called to Yorke to follow and bring his other shirt for her to wash; and as she insisted on being obeyed, notwithstanding his protestations, he was fain to produce the soiled garment from his box. Yorke felt ashamed of himself when delivering it up,

for allowing her to take it from him. It was well enough for Mrs. Hodder and Mrs. De Souza to act as washerwomen, but that Olivia should undertake this menial office on his behalf seemed like desecration. Nevertheless, as he stood by, while Olivia, baring her white arms, poured water into a basin, and after washing the shirt, handed it to him with a sisterly smile to hang up to dry in the veranda, it seemed to the young man as if she had never borne so noble a presence. He could have stooped to the ground in his veneration to kiss the hem of her robe, and for the time he felt that the life they were now leading, which brought him near her person, and made him one of her defenders, was far happier than the old days of peace and banishment from her presence.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE night began quietly, but had not made much advance when the look-out sentry in the west veranda heard a noise in the garden and called up his guard, and soon the whole garrison was under arms. Sounds could be made out as of a body of men collected there, behind the hedge, and therefore not more than fifty yards off, and for some time the defenders remained in continued expectation of another immediate attack. But the hours passed on and no forward movement was made, while the sound of digging could be distinctly heard. The enemy were apparently intrenching themselves in this advanced position. About midnight Falkland sent out Yorke and the jemadar to reconnoitre, one from the bath-house trench, the other from the portico. But this time the enemy were not to be caught napping; they had sentries all along the hedge, preventing approach to the scene of operations, and the scouts could only make out that the garden seemed full of men, and that the spade was hard at work. It seemed useless to throw away ammunition by firing in the dark; but the garrison was kept under arms all night, although no longer expecting an immediate attack, yet filled with the uneasiness which men acting on the defensive must feel, when their assailants are planning some new scheme against them.

In the morning a long mound from three to four feet high could be seen here and there in the gaps between the bushes, at a distance of about fifty yards from and parallel to the house. At first the garrison supposed that this was merely a device to annoy them by bringing musketry-fire on the building at close quarters; but



the trench was not made use of for this purpose, nor was there any fire opened from other quarters. The new position, however, was evidently occupied in some force; men could be seen coming and going, although the bushes were too thick to distinguish their movements plainly; and all day long the spade was kept at work, and it could be seen that more earth was being thrown up.

For so long as the garrison was kept under arms, no man could leave his post; but when about sunrise it became apparent that no immediate enterprise was in contemplation by the enemy, the usual routine was returned to, and some of the members of each guard being now free to go about the building, this new move of the rebels was everywhere warmly discussed, the general opinion being to the effect that the colonel would not allow Pandy to take the offensive in this way for nothing, and that another bout of "nervous duty" might be looked for soon. And public opinion was right. For some time Falkland, watching the enemy's proceedings from the roof, was puzzled to know what they meant; but Braddon, who was crouching beside him behind the west veranda parapet, suddenly hit on the true solution. They were sinking a well from which to drive a mine under the building. There could be no doubt about it. All this extra digging could be with no other object, for the parapet was high enough to afford ample cover already, if a trench of occupation only were in contemplation. The unaggressive attitude of the enemy all this time confirmed the suspicion. No loopholes garnished the crest of the trench, as would have been the case if it was meant for offensive purposes, and the garrison provoked no fire by exposing themselves above their walls in watching the operation. The enemy evidently wanted not to provoke an exchange of fire, but to carry on their digging without disturbance. The well-sinkers of Mustaphabad were famous. Fifty feet a-day would be easy work in that light soil. Give them three days and the building would be reached and blown up.

Falkland's resolution was soon taken. A sally must be made, and the miners driven away at all costs. Another surprise like that on Sparrow's house could not be hoped for; but by creeping down to the south of the garden, and then working up along the line of the hedge, the enemy might be taken in flank unawares, and if roughly handled they would probably give up their occupation of the

garden; and then, their last attempt failing, they might lose heart and break up the siege altogether. The brigadier gave his consent; and Braddon, whom Falkland consulted, entirely approved of the enterprise, only suggesting as a useful condition that he should be allowed to form one of the party. It was arranged that the sally should be made by the force told off to relieve the lodge picket, before proceeding to that place at dark; and accordingly, when that relief, consisting of five officers and four sepoy under Major Peart, paraded for duty at sunset in the bath-house, Falkland and Braddon joined them there, and the former announced the proposed enterprise to the party, explaining with great minuteness the plan of operations. The success of the sally would depend on every man knowing exactly what had to be done.

Thus the scheme had been kept pretty quiet; for the different persons told off to take a share, as they made their way to the rendezvous, looked to be merely the relief parading for the lodge picket, and the brigadier had again been made to promise not to tell the ladies: but as usual in such cases, the intention had leaked out; the fact that Braddon—who commanded in the portico, and who had never been absent save for a few minutes from his post—should be selected for picket duty was noted; and a feeling of expectancy pervaded the building, extending even to the sick-room.

"Are you for nervous duty again to-night, Arty?" said little Rough, as Yorke came up to his bedside before repairing to the rendezvous, carrying a musket and girded with a belt and bayonet. "What's up again to-night?"

"Nothing particular," replied Yorke; "but it is as well to be ready for duty; besides, the picket has got orders to wear bayonets." This he added for Olivia's information, who had come up to the bedside, and was looking anxiously at him.

"But *you* don't go on picket duty, do you? You are the colonel's staff-officer, you know. What's the good of trying to humbug a fellow?" said the sick lad, crossly; and then, turning to Olivia, he cried, "Oh, Mrs. Falkland, how long you have been away! I thought you were never coming back."

"Keep quiet, Mr. Rough," said Olivia, gently, smoothing the sheet which the youngster had kicked almost off in his restlessness. "I have only been away for a very few minutes, you know, and Justine promised to look after you."



"Oh, I don't care about Justine," replied Johnny; "let her stick to Sparrow — they seem to suit each other;" and the two listeners, turning to look in the direction of Captain Sparrow's bed, could not help smiling at what they saw — for that gentleman, propped by a chair supporting his pillow, was sitting up and holding one of his fair nurse's hands with *empressement*, while the latter, fanning him with the other, was looking downwards with an expressive simper on her face which indicated that the captain's conversation was of a gratifying nature.

"The poor boy is rather feverish this evening," said Olivia to Yorke, following him a few steps as he returned towards the door, "and that makes him irritable; but of course he is right in his suspicion. There is to be another attack somewhere to-night, I can see; and if you are going, my husband must be going too. He must have gone to the bath-house already; I could not find him anywhere. If I had, I would not have said a word to dissuade him; but oh, Mr. Yorke, is it right for him always to put himself in the front in this way?" And Olivia's large eyes looked anxiously into his, as she waited for an answer.

"I don't think there will be much in the way of danger, Mrs. Falkland," replied the young man, involuntarily looking downwards; for the glance cast on him was almost more than he could bear, and he felt that to return it would betray his secret. "Pandy has been hit so hard that he is pretty well knocked out of time, and is not likely to show fight; besides, example is everything, and the colonel is worth a dozen men in work like this. But I will do what I can to prevent his exposing himself more than necessary, although perhaps that may not be much."

"Thank you, my noble friend," said Olivia, with fervour, holding out her hand; "God bring you back safe again!"

"Much she cares about my safe return," thought the young man bitterly, as he moved away. "All she thinks about is the colonel. And yet if it were otherwise should I not cease to worship her? She would not be my ideal woman if she were not a true wife."

The little detachment was drawn up on the platform of the bath-house, while Colonel Falkland explained carefully what had to be done, translating his instructions to the four sepoy who formed part of it. Then they waited till it should be dark enough to sally forth.

As soon as the time arrived for starting, Falkland, taking Yorke aside, told him he had better return to the house, and give word to Major Dumble, who was left in command, that the expedition was starting.

"But surely, sir, you will take your aide-de-camp with you?" pleaded Yorke.

"No, no, my dear boy — not this time; there is no work for a staff-officer to do. Besides, there are enough of us as it is."

"You forget, sir, that I know the ins and outs of the garden better than anybody. I may really be of use."

"There is something in that," said the colonel, "but I want to leave somebody behind with a head on his shoulders. Well, Braddon," he continued, turning to that officer, and calling him up to where they were standing, "Let Yorke take your place; it will be better that you should remain to look after matters here."

"Confound it, colonel," pleaded Braddon, "let us have fair play, please. I haven't been on nervous duty of any sort for ever so long. Besides, I think a fellow ought to have a mouthful of fresh air when he gets a chance. That main guard is the very deuce for heat."

"Why, this is rank mutiny," said Falkland, laughing. "Well, I suppose you must have your way. You, Yorke, can come as a supernumerary; keep behind me."

Then Falkland led the way out of the bath-house at the south end, through a gap made in the parapet round the well, and the party moved silently down in single file away from the building. All were armed with muskets and bayonets except the leader, who had a sword and revolver. When they had advanced about a hundred yards Falkland turned to his right, followed in the same order till the garden was reached, when, passing through an opening in the hedge, the party faced to their right, forming a line of single files at one pace distance from each other, of which Falkland was on the left or outer flank — Braddon, who had brought up the rear, being on the right, and just within the line of the hedge. Thus the assailants were on the flank of the enemy's working-party posted opposite to the house, on which they now silently advanced after pausing for a few seconds to get into order, during which they could distinctly hear the hum of voices and the noise of the diggers. Whatever caution the enemy might have taken against surprise, they evidently did not expect an attack from this quarter; and the assailants



advanced for some distance without being perceived, till they came upon a couple of men lying on the ground behind a bush. There was a momentary waving of the line, a couple of dull thuds with the bayonet and a muttered cry, and the line moved on. But this silence could not be maintained. One of the party, as they made their way through the bushes, stumbled and fell; the noise was heard by the enemy's guard; and as the line came up they had started to their feet and were standing huddled in a group, as if irresolute and not knowing what to expect. The bushes were thick and the darkness great, and the assailants were close on their foes before any resistance was made. Then one or two shots were fired, lighting up the scene, a line of a dozen men pressing forward against a much larger body, but irresolute and in disorder. "I am hit," called out Major Peart, falling to the ground. "Fire, and charge!" cried Falkland, discharging his revolver as he spoke, and a volley fired at arm's length was followed by a rush and a hand-to-hand fight. Several sepoy fell, others fled, some fired their muskets; a few sprang on the line sword in hand, and were killed with the bayonets. Two attacked Falkland, who was on the flank, at once, and the sabre of one would have cut him down; but Yorke, who was behind him, parrying the stroke with his bayonet, ran the assailant through. It was real fighting, but lasted only for a few seconds, and then the place was cleared of the enemy, and only the victors remained and the slain, whose bodies, clad in white jackets and waistcloths, lay scattered on the ground.

One or two of the party made as if to stop and look after their wounded comrade, but Falkland called on them to keep in line and clear the garden first; and the line advanced along the whole length of it, and then wheeling round on their left, turned back and pushed through it again, this time at a greater distance from the house. Three or four times they traversed the garden in this way, gradually working to the boundary-wall and clearing it of enemies. Here and there they came on a white-clothed figure, which flitted away at their approach, sometimes firing at random first. The enemy, taken by surprise and bewildered at the nature of the attack and without leaders, had abandoned the garden almost without resistance, leaving some ten or a dozen of their comrades on the ground. They now began, however, to line the garden-wall, and to send from behind it an ill-directed fire, and

Falkland withdrew his party towards the spot where Peart had fallen. But although this could at once be recognized by the bodies of the dead sepoy, Peart was missing. "He must have got up and made his way into the house," said one; and Falkland despatched Spragge to find out if this was so. "We must not leave him alone if he is still outside," he said; "it was one thing to spoil the effect of our advance by stopping to look after the wounded, it is another to desert a wounded comrade;" and the party rested for a few minutes, examining as far as they could in the darkness the nature of the enemy's work behind the trench, which confirmed the suspicion on which the sally had been undertaken. Close to the scene of the fight was the shaft of a well into which one of the party nearly fell; and Yorke descending into it by the ladder which the enemy had left, groped his way, the colonel's revolver in hand, along the gallery running out from the bottom, some thirty feet long already — fortunately for him, deserted.

Presently a messenger came from the house to say that Peart had certainly not returned either to the main building or to the bath-house. "He must have moved a little, perhaps by the way we came," said Falkland; "let us search in that direction;" and they traversed the garden along the hedge up to the starting-point, but without success. The two dead sepoy who were first killed were lying where they had been left, but their own comrade was not to be seen. Then Falkland spread out his party to extend the search, and at last one of them stumbled on something under a bush, which appeared to be the missing officer. "He is soaking in blood," said Braddon, stooping down, "and cannot speak." "Has any one a light about him?" asked Falkland, also bending over the body, and trying in vain to discover its condition in the darkness.

A match was produced and lighted, and by the clear flame which rose steadily in the still air, the dress could be recognized as that of Peart, but the features were undistinguishable, so slashed was the face with sword-cuts, while the body, besides being mangled in the same way, was pierced with bayonet-wounds. He seemed to recognize them, but could not speak. "Shall we lift him up and carry him back, sir?" whispered Braddon. "Better call the doctor here," replied Falkland, placing his hand on the clotted fragments of clothes that covered the wounded man's heart. "Yorke, do you go and fetch Max-



well; and Braddon, do you move forward with half-a-dozen men and extend in our front, to give warning if the enemy should advance. Not that they will molest us to-night. And, Yorke, we shall want a lantern."

Another brief space ensued, while the little group surrounded the wounded man, whose low moans alone broke the silence. Then Maxwell came, and the lantern was lighted behind the bushes, whence its light could not reach towards the enemy; but the doctor had scarcely arrived when the moans ceased, and he shook his head as he arose from stooping over the body. "He could not have lived long in that state," he observed; "it is as well he has died at once."

"We will bury him here in the trench," said Falkland; "it is better that his poor wife should not see him." And they set to work with some shovels which had been found lying scattered about at the top of the mine.

Thus had the sortie done its work of clearing the garden, and the whole business did not last ten minutes; but it was more than an hour before the party returned within the protection of the building, for on Peart's burial, Falkland set some of them to throw the dead bodies of the sepoys into the mine, and shovel the earth taken from it back again, while the rest kept guard in front. But the enemy's random fire from behind the wall took effect at last. One of the sepoys came up to Falkland to say he was hit, and asked leave to go back, and the latter then drew off the rest of the party.

The course of the enterprise had been watched by the ladies from the top of the house. The time had gone by for thinking about stray bullets; and, having sought the open air at dusk, they were not to be persuaded to descend by the warning given them by Captain Buxey, the only officer off duty, of the dangers of the coming sortie. They stood facing the western parapet, looking down with throbbing hearts on the scene below. The brief main conflict took place within fifty yards of them; and they could distinguish the voices which uttered the hurried oaths and cries, as the assailants met their foes, while the flash of the firearms lighted up the group for an instant. Bushes concealed the bodies, but their heads and shoulders were clear in view; it was a momentary vision of men engaged in mortal strife, breathing hate and passion in their faces. Then all was dark; but there could be heard the tramping of persons

hurrying through the bushes, while the position of the fire, which now and then flashed out of the darkness, showed that the assailants were driving the enemy out of the garden.

No one dared ask the others whether they thought there had been any loss.

"What is that?" presently whispered some one, as a movement could be heard close to the edge of the garden, at the spot where the encounter had taken place. "Can that be our people coming back?" But no, they were still at the far end of the garden, some three hundred yards off. The noise was really caused by the rebel sepoys who were down in the mine when the attack took place, and who, creeping out after the sortie had advanced, came upon the body of the wounded Peart, and were dragging it away, but, getting hurried, had hacked and stabbed him, and run off.

Then the lookers-on could make out that the assailants were returning after scouring the garden, and then that they were halted by the mine-head. Presently a footstep could be heard on the gravel, and a figure seen making for the covered way, and exchanging words with the guard within, and the ladies ran down to the rooms below to meet Spragge as he entered the building. "They have carried the mine in splendid style," said one of the officers who surrounded Spragge to the ladies as they came hurrying up; "but Spragge has come to know if Peart is here; he has been hit, and is missing. They think he must have come back by himself."

"What is that about my husband?" cried Mrs. Peart, pressing forward in the dimly-lighted veranda towards Spragge; "what has happened?"

"He was hit at the first go-off," Spragge answered, "but not badly, we hope, or he couldn't have walked home, you know. Where is the doctor?" continued Spragge, and staggering forward he would have fallen if another officer had not caught him; and by the light just then brought up, his breast was seen to be dripping with blood. Then while Maxwell and Grumbull laid him on the floor and examined his wound, the vain search was made through and round the building for the missing officer.

Shortly afterwards Maxwell was summoned away, and left his patient with Grumbull. "Thank you, Grumbull," said the wounded man, faintly, as the former continued the examination; "every confidence in you, of course, but I would rather wait till Maxwell comes back; so pray let



me alone for a bit, like a good fellow." Then as Mrs. Peart, candle in hand, and with a scared face, was traversing the building, some one told her that her husband was found, and then that he was dead, and that they were burying him in the garden.

When the party returned, Falkland sought out Mrs. Peart, and told her that her husband had fallen while gallantly doing his duty, and patting Kitty Peart on the head as she stood by looking up at the colonel, told her to be a brave girl, and help her mother to bear the trial. It was one of the strangest scenes of those strange times: the group of officers, flushed and hot from their labours, telling the story to such of their comrades as were free to join them; a little in advance of them Falkland talking to Mrs. Peart, behind whom were assembled the other ladies, who had come to hear the news; the one lamp suspended from the ceiling throwing a dim light over the big room, the candle Mrs. Peart still carried bringing into stronger relief Falkland's grave face and the scared aspect of the poor widow, while the daughter, with Falkland's hand resting on her head, had burst into tears. "Come away, dear," said Olivia, gently; and, putting her arm round Mrs. Peart's waist, led her away to the ladies' room, whither the sobbing girl followed them.

Spragge had had a narrow escape with his life, the bullet which hit him having glanced off, making a flesh-wound and breaking a rib. He was put to bed in the sick-room and tended with the other patients, and warmly commended in the morning by Falkland for his behaviour in keeping his place in the line till the fighting was over, notwithstanding his wound. The sepoy hit by the stray bullet while filling up the mine was less fortunate. He had been shot through the body; and although he did not feel much hurt at first, and was able to walk back, he died in the morning.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### THE AMERICAN HEROINE.

OF all the curiosities given to the world by America, the national heroine of romance is, to our mind, one of the most singular and interesting. She speaks for more than herself; she throws a light on American social institutions and ideas, such as not even the travelling notes of observant and philosophical members of Parliament give us; and through her we are

constantly getting deeper insight into the working of the wonderful social and political fabric that those energetic and fearless descendants of ours are building out of old-English manners. If we examine the American heroine as she appears in the pages of the earlier novelists, and compare her with those of to-day, we find that she has undergone a gradual development and change from the flashing-eyed squaw of Mr. Fennimore Cooper's tales, up to the completed type in the hands of Mrs. Stowe, the younger Hawthorne, or Miss Alcott. She has grown with the growth of her country, and strengthened with its strength, until now she appears before us in full bloom, as one of the most striking of national phenomena. We have her treated by master hands. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes makes Elsie Venner into a philosophical study; he puts her through a process of accurate and careful analysis, favouring his readers with all the results, and giving us not only the colour of her hair and eyes, but also the component parts of her blood. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, following in the same path, subjects his characters to a scrutiny which, though there is little trace in it of what the great master calls "the modesty of nature," may be supposed to give us facts — facts which, however disagreeable, are, it is supposed, only supplied by such-like vivisection. In the elder Hawthorne, on the other hand, we have the heroine spiritualized, and supernaturalized into an etherealness of texture only equalled hitherto by Richter.

We can, too, see our heroine under various shades of attendant incident, from Indian adventure, to life in social communities, or in the Fifth Avenue Hotel; but in all circumstances and in all hands she carries with her an unmistakable nationality; whether she is described well or ill, whether she is treated of philosophically, religiously, or sentimentally, the heroine of American tales is a new being, and must be accepted as a new type of woman. Mr. Darwin must account for her as he can. She is no daughter of the old-fashioned Eve. Freitag's Lina speaks German, Victor Hugo's Minette has French manners; but they are still of the old type — we still recognize them as belonging to the race. But this American girl is an essentially new creation. It is not that she does not speak our tongue, that she is not graced with feminine attributes, that she is not gifted with beauty, golden hair, small feet and a bewitching smile, attributes which are happily common to heroines of all countries; but as one reads



of her sayings and doings, we feel that this creature is no longer of us. She is not bone of our bone; she has passed from among us; she has emigrated to new spheres; and we examine her with wonder and admiration mixed with some little amusement. She is possibly the representative of a future era in fiction, and we are perhaps destined to see the day when we shall meet her in the pages of English novels. She must therefore be an instructive study.

Where can we find her best? In the elder Hawthorne we are cut off from noticing some of his finest figures—notably, Hester Prynne and Hepzibah of the “House of the Seven Gables,” as they belong to a period so early in American history as to place them perhaps more in the midst of American than English ideas and associations. Priscilla and Hilda of the “Blithedale Romance” and “Transformation,” belong to New England of to-day. In them, Desdemona-like in their pensive delicacy, the purity and sweetness of the Roman lady is scarcely lessened under the discipline of Puritan manners; her grace and beauty scarcely dimmed as the silk and jewels are changed for the Puritan cap and kerchief. About these exquisite forms, Hawthorne has, however, thrown his visionary atmosphere, under which they seem to contract and expand, ghostlike, into greater or less clearness, an atmosphere which carries them out of the range of criticism. Priscilla’s hand melts in ours as we try to draw her nearer for inspection; and Hilda and her doves dissolve into a Fra Angelico’s Madonna, which in the whimsicalness of a dream we seem to have conjured into the form of a New England girl. On the other hand, Mr. Bret Harte objects so thoroughly to any respectable people, either men or women, that we may be pardoned if we do not choose a heroine from his pages at all for our special examination. His notion that the heroic virtues are chiefly to be found in the very worst company—the whitest lilies only blooming in the darkest and dirtiest of pools—is possibly correct. But we still hope that it is scarcely just to his countrywomen to take Miggles or M’liss as flowers of the purest national growth; and while by no means denying the power of his sketches, we think it will be fairer to take Mrs. Stowe’s or Miss Alcott’s young ladies as being more genuine pictures of the American heroine.

About Miss Alcott’s Joes and Dolly Wards there is certainly no vagueness, no philosophizing. We have in the “Old-

fashioned Girl” and “Little Women” the American girl of ordinary life at her best, and very pleasingly portrayed. Miss Alcott has the advantage of not having any physiological theories to discuss or psychological difficulties to solve, and she is quite content to lay before us clear unambitious sketches—giving us, with homely truthfulness and vivacity in fiction, what Mr. Eastburn Johnstone does in painting. Her characters are not heroic, but, unlike those of some other American novelists, they do not smack of the laboratory, the necromancer’s study, or the dissecting-room. Her “girl” steps on the stage and begins her career amazingly early of course. One of her “little women” is a fascinating person before she is fifteen. She has begun life, wears long dresses, looks after the morals of her boy acquaintances, and takes a foremost place in the drama of life, when her European contemporary is leading a humdrum life in the schoolroom, and knows herself to be a person of no moment to any one beyond her parents and governess.

But it is not as a child that the American young lady almost before her teens is interesting, not as a mere passive recipient of impressions, but as an active and influential personage, that her sayings and doings are recorded. Life has begun for her. She has her part to play, her responsibility to meet, and her opinions to enunciate. She has already entered and is an actor on that world of emotion and excitement which begins some five or six years later with us: the world of romance that opens somewhere between childhood and the time when the serious work of life begins. This period of first youth—when the consciousness of individuality dawns, and the subtle influences of other people on ourselves and of ourselves on other people become apparent, and when, through friction with others, comes the knowledge of good and evil, both within and without—is the time chosen by all novelists and storytellers as giving them the openest field and the fullest materials wherewith to work. It is the time when the elements of character are fused, and are at their highest heat. The mind of childhood is like the gold in the crucible, unsullied but formless. The forces of life, like fire, are at work upon it, but we can scarcely do more than guess what its secret workings may be. When maturity is reached the time of change is over; the gold in its solid and firm shape goes forth to its passage in the world, and there is no further change for it but that of wear



and decay. But around the moment of transition—around that brief bright period of youth when the doors of life seem to open and the pure and splendid metal is poured forth to meet the world—to take we know not what form, to receive we know not what stamp—around this time there hangs a charm, just because it is so momentous and so brief. Youth is the time of bursting blossom and springing power. Love throws its light over it, and above it hangs the wavering shadow of uncertainty; for who shall say which way the new life will turn?

And into this flowery Eden, with its glory and beauty, its tempting Satan and its forbidden fruit, American writers agree to place their Eve almost in the years of childhood. English novels have children in them no doubt. Charlotte Brontë, Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, have given us the childish experiences of their heroines; but it is as children and as children only that these young heroines are interesting. Their place is entirely understood. Their *raison d'être* is as charming creatures who are being moulded into shape, and under harsh or kindly treatment made into members of society. The first two or three chapters of an English novel may well be given, we think, to school and nursery days, if only to explain to us what the future Jane Eyre, Hester, or Maggie Tulliver is to be. The child here is understood to be merely mother to the woman, and it is only as a transitional being that she is brought before our notice.

But American novelists take an entirely different view. These "girls" of theirs—for the word has received a new meaning, and is a specific rather than a generic term—are interesting as active members of society. They do not strike us, as they have been sometimes described, as impudent, and usurpations of fictitious rights, and we entirely protest against that view being taken of their frankness and vivacity. We heartily enjoy their talk, their half-wise, half-foolish, wholly genuine reflections. They are exquisitely and *unconsciously* truthful. There is no effort about their honesty, it is as unaffected as their phraseology, with its "guesses" and abbreviations. They are audacious, but they are full of tact. The little girl standing on a doorstep vainly endeavouring to reach the bell-handle was no exceptional child. When an old gentleman—a minister among the Quakers—approached and mounted the steps to her relief, she turned, and at once acknowledged his kindness by saying, with grav-

ity and perfect readiness, "I am obliged to thee, friend Jones; I have frequently heard thee preach with pleasure." This was not impudence. The young Philadelphian showed, we think, not only a Bayard-like lack of fear, but a Bayard-like sense of courtesy in thus attempting to enter into the feelings of her aged friend and praising his "ministry." Such a child as this does not belong to the insensate condition of the *enfant terrible*; she is a civilized being among civilized beings, and is *en rapport* with mankind.

Miss Alcott's heroines are all of this kind—they are full of tact, readiness, and amiable audacity. Their self-assertion is not of the rebellious order, for their position is perfectly acknowledged. They seem very kind to their parents, though their relations with father and mother perhaps partake rather of goodfellowship than reverence. We hear of no family dissensions; fathers and their sons, mothers and their daughters, pull very evenly together, though one cannot deny that the daughters frequently row "stroke" in the family boat. There is a hearty and confidential feeling between Mrs. March and her daughters. "Send me as much advice as you like," writes Miss Amy to her mamma; "and I will take it," she frankly adds, "*if I can*."

The "violet-like" bashfulness that hangs almost like a perfume upon the presence of Mrs. Gaskell's Mollies and Ruths these New England heroines have not; but they are wholesomely truthful, very sprightly, charmingly at their ease. They know how to be generous, but for any of that amiable hypocrisy with which Thackeray was so fond of charging his countrywomen, we look in vain. The most amiable and docile of the "March girls" has no more of this weakness than an English schoolboy, and withal they have none of the ugliness of self-consciousness and *mauvaise honte*; and if to our ears some of their phraseology is a little awkward, we must acknowledge that they themselves are not *gauche*. Their position is assured, and they make no painful efforts to please. Like the great Metternich, their manners are the same to prince or peasant. "They say I am not to speak to you unless you speak to me; is that so?" said the American belle when presented to the Prince Regent, finding that he was slow in beginning the conversation. And this is precisely the remark that Mrs. Stowe's Sally Ketteridge, or Miss Alcott's Jo or Amy March would have made, adding, had they seen good to



do so, any advice on his public or private duties to his plethoric Royal Highness that might have occurred to them.

The only instance of an anxiety to please in an American girl that we recall is in the case of Mr. Anthony Trollope's Ophelia Gledd. Mr. Trollope has, as we know, been everywhere, and doubtless draws Miss Pheely from life; but we are surprised to find the cool, audacious Boston belle, who patronizes everybody, show actual timidity when she has accepted an English lover, at the thought of meeting the "she baronet" among his relations. We should have been quite prepared to find Mr. Trollope express anxiety as to her reception in London, but certainly none on the part of Miss Pheely herself.

In fact, it seems, judging by what we find in most American novels, to be an acknowledged truth in America, that the young ladies are the best and most agreeable exponents of the virtues, and best guides to old and young; so that a sprightly heroine has, we find, much to do in the way of giving advice, and has opinions of her own about everything, which she is consistent in carrying into action, and about which she speaks freely. "I never dance with Tom," says one; "he is a non-union man." One says the empress of the French dresses in bad taste, or the English cathedral service is formal; another reads her male friends lectures on the evils of smoking and taking too many glasses of sherry. Any of Miss Alcott's sisterhood would have said what we once heard a pretty abolitionist say to a devoted Baltimorean who stood holding her fan, gloves, and bouquet at a ball. He had tested her principles somewhat roughly by saying, "But I suppose you would scarcely be ready to marry a black man, Miss —?" "As lief as one who would ask me the question," she answered, between the spoonfuls of ice she was eating.

In English tales the good advice and moral sentiments are left to the rector of the parish, or the earnest member of Parliament; or perhaps they are modestly given from the mouth of the author himself in the pauses of more exciting conversation; but all these good things are served up to us by the heroine herself in American tales. No doubt the author shows much shrewdness in making all the moralities proceed from the charming person with whom everybody is expected to fall in love; but while holding the very apparent truth that virtues unexplained have a much higher charm, we must admit that the sort of talk which abounds in

American novels to which we refer is much better than the sentimental inanities or sensationally horrible positions to which English heroines in all but novels of the higher class are condemned. American novelists have less incident at their disposal, and are forced to become more analytical and deductive.

And here we come to the explanation of one of the peculiarities of the American heroine. The security of her position and the conditions of society in which she lives are not romantic. Her very independence and freedom of action cut her off from those situations of trial and danger which have served to make the heroines of the Old World; and it is difficult to find for her, unless she has had the advantage — speaking in a literary sense — of being a black or quadroon, any of those misfortunes and trials by which her European contemporary is rendered charming. Where every one has elbow room and a vote, there are naturally fewer catastrophes, fewer trials for the heroic virtues; and society under these circumstances offers less material for the seeker after romance. It has been said that but for the miseries and misfortunes of mankind there would have been no history; and we may certainly add, that without the griefs and difficulties that fate throws in the way of individual men and women, the novelist would have little to say. The two greatest stories ever told have danger, war, and death as their theme, and the figures of Hector and Helen, Achilles and Penelope, move asserting their life and vigour through a troubled and stormy atmosphere. Tales written about a safer, more comfortable, and more monotonous state of society must naturally trust less to incident, and throw the interest more and more into the analysis of character and emotion. Since the days of Scott and Goldsmith our tales have been growing more introspective; and in America, where the acme of individual well-being and freedom has been reached, it is perhaps not wonderful that the novelist is driven further and further on this course, and that some American writers have pushed on the process of physiological dissection in a way that renders their work both preposterous and disgusting. But there is happily another class of novelists in America to whom a healthier instinct has forbidden this cause, and for them there is another path open. They candidly take the common incidents of every-day life, steeped in what local atmosphere they can get, and let the characters of their stories develop them-



selves and talk themselves clear. The pictures of New England life in Mrs. Stowe's "Pearl of Orr's Island," are vivid and charming; the heroines of Miss Alcott's novels talk extremely well. If they have not the charm which comes from the romantic interest of many misfortunes, they have plenty of opinions on all subjects. If the heroine of an English, French, or German novel usually charms us by reason of her sweetness, fortitude, and gentleness, she herself remaining almost a passive instrument in the hands of fate, the American heroine, with her graces and powers, is an active agent, and amid circumstances over which—if we except the weather and some of the natural laws—she has always perfect control.

Why should we be surprised by the contrast? The European heroine has close-hedging disabilities on all sides, which we have, somehow, come to regard as, if not forming one of her charms, at least tending to develop qualities which are charming. The harsh relatives, the all-powerful parents and guardians, the family feuds, the difficulties about property, the distinctions of class—all these are shades in the picture which serve to throw out the principal figure into fuller light. The dangers that beset her invite the display of manly loyalty and devotion; and if difficulties hedge her path, or chain her, Andromeda-like, to a rock, the charm of her patience and courage are almost sufficient to disarm the malignity of the monster himself; and it is the novelist's duty to see that Perseus arrives in the third volume. The American heroine has to make her way without any of these attractive but painful disasters. Where property passes readily from hand to hand, and no one is hopelessly cast down at the loss of a fortune, difficulties about property are rare, and family quarrels scarcely known. She has no harsh relatives, and if such a thing as a cruel step-mother were possible in America, it would be absurd to represent Cinderella crying disconsolately over the hearth, when as a matter of fact we know that she might easily pack her trunk and go and "teach school," or "travel west," where half-a-dozen young emigrants are ready to marry her, or a place in a telegraph-office is awaiting her acceptance. There are, as we know, no wicked earls in America to persecute lovely governesses with their attentions, no dreadful duchesses to interfere with the happiness of young persons, not

even a blustering squire to swear at his daughter and hinder her perfectly justifiable union with the excellent young curate. From all these painful but interesting casualties the American heroine is cut off. If Romeo falls in love with Juliet in Boston or New York, stolen interviews and a ladder of ropes would be absurdities, when he has only to call on her and candidly and decorously avow his feelings in her own private "parlour." Juliet under these circumstances is doubtless happier than if she lived in Verona, but as a heroine of romance we must admit she is less interesting. American novelists have to play their game according to their board and with new rules. Their queen-piece has perhaps a wider range and more moves, and is in truth as active as a bishop or knight, but she no longer seems to hold the place of central interest, and the security of her position is not so momentous to the game.

As the American novelist has not much to offer his heroine in the way of romance in her career, she is somewhat thrown on her own resources, and we must own she supports herself very cleverly. It requires uncommonly good conversational powers to keep one's self going through three volumes; but some of these young Americans do it well to the last page. Mrs. Stowe's and Miss Alcott's girls are always sprightly; they are, in fact, far cleverer than their male friends. They are neither pert, nor fast, nor unfeminine, but they take the lead. The female voices in the chorus chant the melody, the basses and tenors fill in the parts. Let us give them all due praise. These young women are true-hearted, high-minded, and pure—with a purity which perhaps strikes one as belonging more to dignity and self-respect of character than that which is allied to depth and passion of nature. If they have faults, they are the faults of sensible people. They feel that their tact and truthfulness, their shrewdness and good sense, are a mainstay to society, and society is in their hands. A sentence from one of these New England stories throws a curious light on the changed position given by American novelists to the members of a family:—

"To outsiders, the five energetic women seemed to rule the house, and so they did in many things; but the quiet man sitting among his books was still the head of the family, the household conscience, anchor, and comforter; for to him the busy, anxious women always turned in troublous



times, finding him, in the truest sense of those sacred words, husband and father." \*

We have read a description such as this in some English tales, but in this case it was the father and sons who were "busy" and "anxious," and it was the "quiet" mother who was described as the "anchor" and "comforter."

Character is shown and developed under all emotions, but love has its own especially testing powers; and if, as is said, love transforms the heart, it much more reveals it. Under this crucial test of love we may therefore expect to find the deeper parts of our heroine's nature disclosed. But here, as everywhere, she is gracefully self-contained, and is never carried beyond herself and the moment. It would be generally admitted, we imagine, that the interest of a love-story, like a well-conceived melody, should flow on, rising higher and fuller as the passion strengthens, the disclosure of the two hearts like the ever-expected but exquisite closing chords of the melody ending the history. The love-story in American novels is usually original and charmingly told, but there is something wanting. The air is sprightly and sweet, but the harmony seems to lack force. The love-scene is often graceful, natural, and ingenious, but wanting in that ring and depth of tone that stirs the imagination with a sense of wonder and delight, as if the gates of Eden had momentarily opened, and some of the light had fallen upon us as we read. There is less of disclosure, less of contrast, in the two natures that meet; less ecstasy and effulgence in the surprise and joy. In them the pathos is not so striking as the cleverness of the questions and replies.

In the story of "Bressant" there are, we must admit, situations conceived which promise the display of overpowering emotion; but is the promise kept? We think not. Cornelia Valyon is represented as a beautiful woman, carried into treachery and humiliation by a passionate love. There are pages taken up with descriptions of her nature and her feelings; but, after all, physiological scrutiny is not dramatic power, and Mr. Hawthorne's painstaking and unscrupulous inquiries end in making more vague a character that in the first few chapters was vivid and life-like. Possibly the explanation lies in the fact that *reserve*, that subtle element in all passion, is not here, and that the most accurate dissection of

emotion is but a confession of impotence to conceive it in living form.

It is not our place here to enter into any discussion of the deeper question underlying the simple one before us. It is with the novelist alone that we have to do. We would only seek to compare the qualities of what we may roughly take to be the ideal woman of American fiction with those of the heroine of the Old World. That American novelists have discarded the old artistic place of the heroine as the passive, though perhaps central figure, in the drama, and placed her in the rank of active agents in the scene, is plain; that in their view her highest charm is no longer in her "eyes of meek surrender" and "her constraining grace of rest," but rather in her playful and shrewd supremacy over society. If, in their hands, she has lost some of the pensive charms of the Juliets, Desdemonas, and Violets, we must admit that she has gained by freedom the virtue of freedom — truthfulness. If, in the greater ease and security of the society in which she is placed, she seem to have lost somewhat in passion and tenderness, she has at any rate preserved the graces of uprightness and courage in their full beauty. This we must, however, venture to think — in removing her from the old position as the passive centre of the tale, the American novelists have lost for their heroine something of that more subtle and hidden power which the poets and writers of the Old World have ascribed to her. The earliest story of human life has perhaps been the type for others; and the first initial act of Eve, while it forever laid upon her the doom of a secondary place in the active world, endured her forever in men's minds as having a subtle and close connection with the invisible powers of good and evil. Dimly or clearly this great instinct has been reflected in all literature; nobly or basely it has found expression in legend, poem, and popular superstition, declaring itself under the shapes of prophetess, sibyl, or the vulgarer form of witch. It finds its last echo perhaps in the position assigned to the heroine in the modern European novel — a position of very limited action, but one of subtle and spiritual influence.

Our own poets all lend their precedents to this idea. Shakespeare asserts it in almost every play, giving the world of action to men, but making the moral catastrophe and interest centre and hang upon the fidelity, love, or virtue of a woman. Spenser taught it not more strongly, but

\* Little Women Wedded.



more directly; the active interest of his stories always being in the fights and adventures of the Red-Cross Knight, Sir Scudamore, or Prince Arthur; while the hidden and fatal powers are laid in the hands of Britomart, Una, and Duessa. And Milton, with the voice of Adam, even under the rebuke of an archangel, asserts it again:—

For well I understand,

In outward also her resembling less  
His image who made both, and less expressing  
The character of that dominion given  
O'er other creatures.

Yet . . .

. . . Wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;  
Authority and reason on her wait,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a *guard angelic placed*.

It seems to lie now with the American writers to show whether this is all a dream and a fallacy. AGNES MACDONELL.

From The Liberal Review.  
CLEVER PEOPLE.

Is it a good thing to be clever? One would think not, judging by the manner in which many talented people are treated. In point of fact, the usage to which these are sometimes subjected is of such a character that they may readily be excused if they occasionally devoutly wish that they were stupid. Their less brilliant neighbours are continually trying to pick holes in their coats, with the view of showing the world that they are not deserving of such high praise as the world seems disposed to award them. Critics who will graciously permit persons of a commonplace character to escape the lash of censure, pounce upon a man who is popularly supposed to be above the average in point of intellectual attainments and savagely flagellate him to the extent of their power. At one time they endeavour to prove that he is a rank impostor; at another time they hint that he is a dangerous character, who is doing more harm than good in the world; and, in exceptional cases, when he outrages their selfish prejudices, they go so far as to cast a doubt upon his sanity. The individual who has made a fortune by grinding the life out of his employes and constantly getting the better of those

who have had business transactions with him, will inform you, with unctuous self-satisfaction, that certain clever people are lacking in the most important of all things, viz., common sense. The person who never reads anything but the most unwholesome columns of a daily newspaper, will sneer at the productions of master minds and declare that the same are mischievous rubbish. And so it is with a large portion of mankind. Unless a man has the talent of amassing money—even though he possesses ten others which are of a higher and purer character—even though he has painted pictures, written books, made scientific investigations, and formulated systems of philosophy which represent more actual brain-work and integrity of purpose than a hundred fortunes—society deems itself at liberty to make light of him and to sneer at him if it feels disposed to do so. When it does condescend to recognize his claims, it often does so in a manner which may well inspire him with the most profound disgust. In nine cases out of ten, people exalt him—when they do so—because they wish to be exalted themselves. They would like it to be understood that they are on terms of intimacy with this man of genius, and that they have been graciously pleased to patronize that other person of talent. No doubt, indeed, there are enterprising beings who would keep a recognized man of talent about their premises, just as they keep prize cattle, if the expenditure of money would enable them to do so. At the same time nine-tenths of those who sound the praises of their clever friends—or, rather, those whom they are pleased to say are their friends—are very careful to point out that the said friends are peculiar, and eccentric, and so on, as if the “strange creatures” could do the work which they are doing, if they were continually pausing in their labours to see that they were not outraging any of the laws to which the plutocracy pay a slavish deference. Then when a man of ability comes to grief, there is a wagging of heads and a time of rejoicing. Stupid people gloat over the fact that he has not been able to look after himself better than they have been able to look after themselves; and the chances are that they begin to think themselves quite clever upon the score of his solitary failure in a matter which is, in their eyes, of paramount importance, but to which he has devoted little attention.

Clever people, in addition to being as a class disliked, are feared. Very few



ordinary persons are at their ease when talking to them; and a great many consider that the less intercourse they hold with them the better will it be for their peace of mind. Often they fancy that the stupendous beings cannot take an interest in the matters which most delight ordinary natures. In all this they are very foolish. A weak mind is always benefited when it comes in contact with a strong mind; and it will be found that in numerous cases those who possess the most powerful intellects possess the gentleness and, in many respects, the simplicity of children. Of course, there are so-called clever people who will not condescend to consort with those who are assumed to be humbler mentally than themselves and make a point of snubbing those who will consent to be snubbed by them; but it will be found that these haughty tyrants are, in a general way, impostors and that their arrogant assumption of superiority to most of those with whom they are brought in contact is as unjustifiable as it is abominable. It will be well if those who are now crushed by the position and reputed knowledge of these bullies will take heart, in the event of their doing which it may happen that they will find that their adversaries are—in spite of their store of technical knowledge—as incapable of original thought as they are of consideration for the feelings of others. Unfortunately, many people are not only afraid to have much to do with clever people in their individual capacities, but they look with the most profound suspicion upon much that clever people do. As a great number of clever people are constantly making important discoveries, as they are in the habit of promulgating what appear novel

ideas, and as they fail to subscribe to that comfortable doctrine that all that is is for the best and therefore do not argue that every modern institution, whether it be good or bad, should be preserved simply because it is an institution, this is not surprising. But it is to the last degree absurd that men should greet with howls of execration views of things which do not coincide with their notions and appear calculated to revolutionize a great deal of what they are accustomed to. The spirit which led to the persecution of Galileo and impeded the work of George Stephenson is as active as ever, in spite of the fact that experience tells us that the hated theory of to-day becomes the golden rule of to-morrow. Thus it happens that clever people frequently fail to reap the reward of their labours, unless they can be said to be rewarded when, after their bodies have crumbled into dust, statues are erected to their memories and other honours paid them. They scatter the seed while the winter's blast blows about their heads; others reap the harvest in the warm summer's sunshine. Every new idea has to receive a certain amount of abuse ere the popular mind becomes accustomed to it and it is carried into effect. Those who carry it into effect are lucky persons, who secure public approbation upon the strength of what other people have done. At the present time, there are men who are battling with popular prejudice which in the end will be defeated. But those who are waging the war will not gain the prize, which will fall to the lot of those who are now busily engaged in endeavouring to repel the assaults of the warriors.

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16,000 MILES OF APPLE-TREES. — We are not such great growers of fruit as we might be, and as we really ought to be, considering the health-giving properties belonging to this branch of the vegetable kingdom. One who has the welfare of the human race at heart, has lately cast eyes on our neglected railway sidings, and it has occurred to him that they might be utilized by the growing of apple-trees. This is largely done in Belgium and Holland. Anywhere between Maestricht and Mechlin, for instance, you may see the espaliers kept low and neatly trained on wires. "Ask

the station-master," says our philanthropist, "if the fruit ever gets stolen. He'll smile and say, 'Some does, perhaps; but there's enough left to pay the orchard company a good dividend.'" Surely we, too, might have limited liability railroad-orchard companies. There are, by the statistical tables of 1873, over sixteen thousand miles of railways in the United Kingdom, and any one caring for such questions may set to work to calculate how many trees could be grown, and how many apples there would probably be, in a good season, for each of us.

Cassell's Magazine.



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## WHEN ROSES BLOW.

It was the time when roses blow,  
The sweetest time in all the year ;  
'Twas when the sun was red and low,  
And when the skies were warm and clear.

I met a maiden by the gate  
That led into a field of corn ;  
To see her I was proud to wait,  
For fairer girl was never born.

I saw a blush upon each cheek,  
A bashful gleam was in her eye ;  
I'd yearned to see her, hear her speak,  
Soon as the day began to die.  
For love its secret longs to hide  
Beneath green leaves when day's no more ;  
And when its faltering words have died,  
It turns its idol to adore.

We lingered long beside the gate,  
And all our love was slowly told —  
Until the happy hours grew late  
And stars appeared like drops of gold.  
Rare odours seemed with us to stay,  
Faint music reached us from a rill ;  
We loved the night more than the day,  
So lone, so beautiful, and still !

Night is the time for love to spring  
Beneath a blue and star-lit sky ;  
When every zephyr seems to ring  
With music as it wantons by.  
Then hearts in union gladly beat,  
And eyes with rarest brightness glow ;  
For there's no other time so sweet  
For love, as that when roses blow !

Graphic.

H.

## LOVE AND DEATH.

WHEN the end comes, and we must say good-  
bye

And I am going to the quiet land ;  
And sitting in some loved place hand in  
hand,

For the last time together, you and I,  
We watch the winds blow, and the sunlight  
lie

Above the spaces of our garden home,  
Soft by the washing of the western foam,  
Where we have lived and loved in days past  
by :

We must not weep, my darling, or upbraid  
The quiet death who comes to part us  
twain ;

But know that parting would not be such  
pain

Had not our love a perfect flower been made.  
And we shall find it in God's garden laid  
On that sweet day wherein we meet again.

Argosy.

## IN THE LANE.

THE daisies star the summer grass ;  
And, with the dancing leaves at play,

Adown this lane the breezes pass,  
In pleasant music, all the day.

I love the sweet, sequestered place,  
The gracious roof of gold and green,  
Where arching branches interlace,  
With glimpses of the sky between.

I see the drooping roses trail  
From tangled hedgerows to the ground ;  
I hear the chanting swell and fall,  
Of fond love-lyrics, all around.

And here, adown the shady walk,  
In days divine now passed away,  
Entranced, I listened to the talk,  
That ever held my heart in sway.

In days when birds began to sing,  
Because they found the earth was fair ;  
In halcyon days of happy spring,  
None aught but us our joys to share.

But pleasure past is present pain ;  
The petals of the rose are shed ;  
The piercing thorns alone remain ;  
I live to sorrow for the dead.

Chambers' Journal.

## SNOWDROPS.

O SNOWDROPS, do not rise,  
Because the happy eyes  
That loved you once, now underneath you lie ;  
Let not your buds appear,  
Each seems a frozen tear,  
That never drops, and yet is never dry.

Such useless tears they seem,  
As in a heavy dream,  
We pour about our griefs to make them grow ;  
When all the lights are pale,  
And all the cruses fail,  
And all the flowers are underneath the snow.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

## THE POET'S LAST SONG.

FROM THE DANISH OF HANS ANDERSEN.

LIKE to the leaf which falleth from the tree,  
O God, such only is my earthly life.  
Lord, I am ready when Thou callest me.  
Lo ! Thou canst see my heart's most bitter  
strife —

'Tis Thou alone canst know the load of sin,  
Which this my aching breast doth hold within.

Shorten the pains of death, shake off my fear,  
Give me the courage of a trusting child.  
Father of Love, I fain would see Thee near.  
In pity judge each thought and act defiled —  
Mercy, I cry ! dear Lord, Thy will be done,  
Save me I pray, through Jesus Christ Thy  
Son.

Temple Bar.

A. W.



From The Cornhill Magazine.  
COWPER AND ROUSSEAU.

SAINTE-BEUVE'S essay on Cowper—considered as the type of domestic poets—has recently been translated for the benefit of English readers. It is interesting to know on the highest authority what are the qualities which may recommend a writer, so strongly tinged by local prejudices, to the admiration of a different race and generation. The gulf which separates the Olney of a century back from modern Paris is wide enough to give additional value to the generous appreciation of the critic. I have not the presumption to supplement or correct any part of his judgment. It is enough to remark briefly that Cowper's immediate popularity was, as is usually the case, due in part to qualities which have little to do with his more enduring reputation. Sainte-Beuve dwells with special fondness upon his pictures of domestic and rural life. He notices, of course, the marvellous keenness of his pathetic poems; and he touches, though with some hint that national affinity is necessary to its full appreciation, upon the playful humour which immortalized John Gilpin, and lights up the poet's most charming letters. Something, perhaps, might still be said by a competent critic upon the singular charm of Cowper's best style. A poet, for example, might perhaps tell us, though a prosaic person cannot, what is the secret of the impression made by such a poem as the "Wreck of the Royal George." Given an ordinary newspaper paragraph about wreck or battle, turn it into the simplest possible language, do not introduce a single metaphor or figure of speech, indulge in none but the most obvious of all reflections—as, for example, that when a man is once drowned he won't win any more battles—and produce as the result a copy of verses which nobody can ever read without instantly knowing them by heart. How Cowper managed to perform such a feat, and why not one poet even in a hundred can perform it, are questions which might lead to some curious critical speculation.

The qualities, however, which charm the purely literary critic do not account for the whole of Cowper's influence. A great

part of his immediate, and some part of his more enduring success, have been clearly owing to a different cause. On reading Johnson's "Lives," Cowper remarked, rather uncharitably, that there was scarcely one good man amongst the poets. Few poets, indeed, shared those religious views which commended him more than any literary excellence to a large class of readers. Religious poetry is generally popular out of all proportion to its æsthetic merits. Young was but a second-rate Pope in point of talent; but probably the "Night Thoughts" have been studied by a dozen people for one who has read the "Essay on Man" or the "Imitations of Horace." In our own day, nobody, I suppose, would hold that the popularity of the "Christian Year" has been strictly proportioned to its poetical excellence; and Cowper's vein of religious meditation has recommended him to thousands who, if biassed at all, were quite unconsciously biassed by the admirable qualities which endeared him to such a critic as Sainte-Beuve. His own view was frequently and unequivocally expressed. He says over and over again—and his entire sincerity lifts him above all suspicion of the affected self-depreciation of other writers—that he looked upon his poetical work as at best innocent trifling, except so far as his poems were versified sermons. His intention was everywhere didactic—sometimes annoyingly didactic—and his highest ambition was to be a useful auxiliary to the prosaic exhortations of Doddridge, Watts, or his friend Newton. His religion, said some people, drove him mad. Even a generous critic like Mr. Stopford Brooke cannot refrain from hinting that his madness was in some part due to the detested influence of Calvinism. In fact, it may be admitted that Newton—who is half inclined to boast that he has a name for driving people mad—scarcely showed his judgment setting a man who had already been in confinement to write hymns which at times are the embodiment of despair. But it is obviously contrary to the plainest facts to say that Cowper was driven mad by his creed. His first attack preceded his religious enthusiasm; and a gentleman who



tries to hang himself because he has received a comfortable appointment for life is in a state of mind which may be explained without reference to his theological views. It would be truer to say that when Cowper's intellect was once unhinged, he found a congenial expression for the tortures of his soul in the imagery provided by the sternest of Christian sects. But neither can this circumstance be alleged as in itself disparaging to the doctrines thus misapplied. A religious belief which does not provide language for the darkest moods of the human mind, for profound melancholy, torturing remorse, and gloomy foreboding, is a religion not calculated to lay a powerful grasp upon the imaginations of mankind. Had Cowper been a Roman Catholic, the same anguish of mind might have driven him to seek relief in the recesses of some austere monastery. Had he, like Rousseau, been a theoretical optimist, he would, like Rousseau, have tortured himself with the conflict between theory and fact,—between the world as it might be and the corrupt and tyrannous world as it is—and have held that all men were in a conspiracy to rob him of his peace. The chief article of Rousseau's rather hazy creed was the duty of universal philanthropy, and Rousseau fancied himself to be the object of all men's hatred. Similarly, Cowper, who held that the first duty of man was the love of God, fancied that some mysterious cause had made him the object of the irrevocable hatred of his Creator. With such fancies, reason and creeds which embody reason have nothing to do except to give shape to the instruments of self-nurture. The cause of the misery is the mind diseased. You can no more raze out its rooted troubles by arguing against the reality of the phantoms which it generates than cure any other delirium by the most irrefragable logic.

Sainte-Beuve makes some remarks upon this analogy between Rousseau and Cowper. The comparison suggests some curious considerations as to the contrast and likeness of the two cases represented. Some personal differences are, of course, profound and obvious. Cowper was as indisputably the most virtuous man, as

Rousseau the greatest intellectual power. Cowper's domestic life was as beautiful as Rousseau's was repulsive. Rousseau, moreover, was more decidedly a sentimentalist than Cowper, if by sentimentalism we mean that disposition which makes a luxury of grief, and delights in pouring over its own morbid emotions. Cowper's tears are always wrung from him by intense anguish of soul, and never, as is occasionally the case with Rousseau, suggest that the weeper is proud of his excessive tenderness. Nevertheless, it is probably true, as Mr. Lowell says, that Cowper is the nearest congener of Rousseau in our language. The two men, of course, occupy in one respect an analogous literary position. We habitually assign to Cowper an important place—though of course a subordinate place to Rousseau—in bringing about the reaction against the eighteenth-century code of taste and morality. In each case it would generally be said that the change indicated was a return to nature and passion from the artificial coldness of the dominant school. That reaction, whatever its precise nature, took characteristically different forms in England and in France; and it is as illustrating one of the most important distinctions that I propose to say a few words upon the contrast thus exhibited.

Return to nature! That was the war-cry which animated the Lake school in their assault upon the then established authority. Pope, as they held, had tied the hands of English poets by his jingling metres and frigid conventionalities. The muse—to make use of the old-fashioned phrase—had been rouged and bewigged, and put into high-heeled boots, till she had lost the old majestic freedom of gait and energy of action. Let us go back to our ancient school, to Milton and Shakespeare and Spenser and Chaucer, and break the ignoble fetters imported from the pseudo-classicists of France. These and similar phrases, repeated and varied in a thousand forms, have become part of the stock in trade of literary historians, and are put forward so fluently that we sometimes forget to ask what it is precisely that they mean. Down to Milton, it is assumed, we were natural; then we became artificial;



and with the revolution we became natural again. That a theory so generally received and so consciously adopted by the leaders of the new movement must have in it a considerable amount of truth, is not to be disputed. But it is sometimes not easy to interpret it into very plain language. The method of explaining great intellectual and social movements by the phrase "reaction" is a very tempting one, for the simple reason that it enables us to effect a great saving of thought. The change is made to explain itself. History becomes a record of oscillations; we are always swinging backwards and forwards, pendulum-fashion, from one extreme to another. The courtiers of Charles II. were too dissolute because the Puritans were too strict; Addison and Steele were respectable because Congreve and Wycherley were licentious; Wesley was zealous because the Church had become indifferent; the revolution of 1789 was a reaction against the manners of the last century, and the revolution in running its course set up a reaction against itself. Now it is easy enough to admit that there is some truth in this theory. Every great man who moves his race profoundly is of necessity protesting against the worst evils of the time, and it is as true as a copybook that zeal leads to extremes, and one extreme to its opposite. A river flowing through a nearly level plain turns its concavity alternately to the east and west, and we may fairly explain each bend by the fact that the previous bend was in the opposite direction. But that does not explain why the river flows down-hill, nor show which direction leads downwards. We may account for trifling oscillations, not for the main current. Nor does it seem at first a self-evident proposition that vice, for example, necessarily generates over-strictness. A man is not always a Pharisee because his father has been a sinner. In fact, the people who talk so fluently about reaction fall back whenever it suits them upon the inverse theory. If a process happens to be continuous, the reason is as simple and satisfactory as in the opposite case. A man is dissolute, they will tell us, because his father was dissolute; just as they will tell us, in the

opposite case, that he was dissolute because his father was strict. Obviously, the mere statement of a reaction is not by itself satisfactory. We want to know why there should have been a reaction; why the code of morals which satisfied one generation did not satisfy its successors; why the coming man was repelled rather than attracted; what it was that made Pope array himself in a wig instead of appreciating the noble freedom of his predecessors; and why, again, at a given period men became tired of the old wig business. When we have solved, or approximated to a solution of that problem, we shall generally find, I suspect, that the action and reaction are generally more superficial phenomena than we suppose, and that the great processes of evolution are going on beneath the surface comparatively undisturbed by the changes which first attract our notice. Every man naturally exaggerates the share of his education due to himself. He fancies that he has made a wonderful improvement upon his father's views, perhaps by reversing the improvement made by the father on the grandfather's. He does not see, what is plain enough to a more distant generation, that in reality each generation is most closely bound to its nearest predecessors.

There is, too, a special source of ambiguity in the catchword used by the revolutionary school. They spoke of a return to nature. What, as Mr. Mill asked in his posthumous essay, is meant by nature? Does it mean inanimate nature? If so, is a love of nature clearly good or "natural"? Was Wordsworth justifiable *primâ facie* for telling us to study mountains rather than Pope for announcing that

The proper study of mankind is man?

Is it not more natural to be interested in men than in mountains? Does nature include man in his natural state? If so, what is the natural state of man? Is the savage the man of nature, or the unsophisticated peasant, or the man whose natural powers are developed to the highest pitch? Is a native of the Andaman Islands the superior of Socrates? If you admit that Socrates is superior to the savage, where do you draw the line between the natural



and the artificial? If a coral reef is natural and beautiful because it is the work of insects, and a town artificial and ugly because made by man, we must reject as unnatural all the best products of the human race. If you distinguish between different works of man, the distinction becomes irrelevant, for the products to which we most object are just as natural, in any assignable sense of the word, as those which we most admire. The word natural may indeed be used as equivalent simply to beneficial or healthy; but then it loses all value as an implicit test of what is and what is not beneficial. Probably, indeed, some such sense was floating before the minds of most who have used the term. We shall generally find a vague recognition of the fact that there is a continuous series of integrating and disintegrating processes; that some changes imply a normal development of the social or individual organism leading to increased health and strength, whilst others are significant of disease and ultimate obliteration or decay of structure. Thus the artificial style of the Pope school, the appeals to the muse, the pastoral affectation, and so forth, may be called unnatural, because the philosophy of that style is the retention of obsolete symbols after all vitality has departed, and when they consequently become mere obstructions, embarrassing the free flow of emotion which they once stimulated.

But however this may be, it is plain that the very different senses given to the word nature by different schools of thought were characteristic of profoundly different conceptions of the world and its order. There is a sense in which it may be said with perfect accuracy that the worship of nature, so far from being a fresh doctrine of the new school, was the most characteristic tenet of the school from which it dissented. All the speculative part of the English literature in the first half of the eighteenth century is a prolonged discussion as to the meaning and value of the law of nature, the religion of nature, and the state of nature. The deist controversy, which occupied every one of the keenest thinkers of the time, turned essentially upon this problem: granting that there is an ascertainable and absolutely true religion of nature, what is its relation to revealed religion? That, for example, is the question explicitly discussed in Butler's typical book, which gives the pith of the whole orthodox argument, and the same speculation suggested the theme of Pope's "Essay on Man," which, in its occasional strength

and its many weaknesses, is perhaps the most characteristic, though far from the most valuable, product of the time. The religion of nature undoubtedly meant something very different with Butler or Pope from what it would have meant with Wordsworth or Coleridge, something so different, indeed, that we might at first say that the two creeds had nothing in common but the name. But we may see from Rousseau that there was a real and intimate connection. Rousseau's philosophy, in fact, is taken bodily from the teaching of his English predecessors. His celebrated profession of faith through the lips of the *vicaire Savoyard*, which delighted Voltaire and profoundly influenced the leaders of the French Revolution, is in fact the expression of a deism identical with that of Pope's "Essay."\* The political theories of the Social Contract are founded upon the same base which served Locke and the English political theorists of 1688; and are applied to sanction the attempt to remodel existing societies in accordance with what they would have called the law of nature. It is again perfectly true that Rousseau drew from his theory consequences which inspired Robespierre, and would have made Locke's hair stand on end; and that Pope would have been scandalized at the too open revelation of his religious tendencies. It is also true that Rousseau's passion was of infinitely greater importance than his philosophy. But it remains true that the logical framework into which his theories were fitted came to him straight from the same school of thought which was dominant in England during the preceding period. The real change effected by Rousseau was that he breathed life into the dead bones. The English theorists, as has been admirably shown by Mr. Morley in his "Rousseau," acted after their national method. They accepted doctrines which, if logically developed, would have led to a radical revolution, and therefore refused to develop them logically. They remained in their favourite attitude of compromise, and declined altogether to accommodate practice to theory. Locke's political principles fairly carried out implied universal suffrage, the absolute supremacy of the popular will, and the abolition of class-privileges. And yet it never seems to have occurred to him that he was even indirectly attacking that complex structure

\* Rousseau himself seems to refer to Clarke, the leader of the English rationalizing school, as the best expounder of his theory, and defended Pope's "Essay" against the criticisms of Voltaire.



of the British Constitution, rooted in history, marked in every detail by special conditions of growth, and therefore anomalous to the last degree when tried by *a priori* reasoning, of which Burke's philosophical eloquence gives the best explanation and apology. Similarly, Clarke's theology is pure deism, embodied in a series of propositions worked out on the model of a mathematical text-book, and yet in his eyes perfectly consistent with an acceptance of the orthodox dogmas which repose upon traditional authority. This attitude of mind, so intelligible on this side of the Channel, was utterly abhorrent to Rousseau's logical instincts. Englishmen were content to keep their abstract theories for the closet or the lecture-room, and dropped them as soon as they were in the pulpit or in Parliament. Rousseau could give no quarter to any doctrine which could not be fitted into a symmetrical edifice of abstract reasoning. He carried into actual warfare the weapons which his English teachers had kept for purposes of mere scholastic disputation. A monarchy, an order of privileged nobility, a hierarchy claiming supernatural authority, were not logically justifiable on the accepted principles. Never mind, was the English answer, they work very well in practice; let us leave them alone. Down with them to the ground! was Rousseau's passionate retort. Realize the ideal; force practice into conformity with theory; the voice of the poor and the oppressed is crying aloud for vengeance; the divergence of the actual from the theoretical is no mere trifle to be left to the slow action of time; it means the misery of millions and the corruption of their rulers. The doctrine which had amused philosophers was to become the war-cry of the masses; the men of '89 were at no loss to translate into precepts suited for the immediate wants of the day the doctrines which found their first utterance in the glow of his voluminous eloquence; and the fall of the Bastille showed the first vibrations of the earthquake which is still shaking the soil of France.

It is easy, then, to give a logical meaning to Rousseau's return to nature. The whole inanimate world, so ran his philosophy, is perfect and shows plainly the marks of the divine workmanship. All evil really comes from man's abuse of free-will. Mountains, and forests, and seas, all objects which have not suffered from his polluting touch, are perfect and admirable. Let us fall down and worship. Man, too, himself, as he came from his

Creator's hands, is perfect. His "natural"—that is, original—impulses are all good; and in all men, in all races and regions of the earth, we find a conscience which unerringly distinguishes good from evil, and a love of his fellows which causes man to obey the dictates of his conscience. And yet the world, as we see it, is a prison or a lazaret-house. Disease and starvation make life a burden, and poison the health of the coming generations; those whom fortune has placed above the masses make use of their advantages to harden their hearts, and extract means of selfish enjoyment from the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. What is the source of this heart-rending discord? The abuse of men's free-will; that is, of the mysterious power which enables us to act contrary to the dictates of nature. What is the best name for the disease which it generates? Luxury and corruption—the two cant objects of denunciations which were as popular in the pre-revolutionary generation as attacks upon sensationalism and over-excitement at the present day. And what, then, is the mode of cure? The return to nature. We are to make history run backwards, to raze to its foundations the whole social and intellectual structure that has been erected by generations of corrupt and selfish men. Everything by which the civilized man differs from some theoretical pretension is tainted with a kind of original sin. Political institutions, as they exist, are conveniences for enabling the rich to rob the poor, and churches contrivances by which priests make ignorance and superstition play into the hands of selfish authority. Level all the existing order, and build up a new one on principles of pure reason; give up all the philosophical and theological dogmas, which have been the work of designing priests and bewildered speculators, and revert to that pure and simple religion which is divinely implanted in the heart of every uncorrupted human being. The Savoyard vicar, if you have any doubts, will tell you what is the true creed; and if you don't believe it, is Rousseau's rather startling corollary, you ought to be put to death.

That final touch shows the arbitrary and despotic spirit characteristic of the relentless theorist. I need not here enquire what relation may be borne by Rousseau's theories to any which could now be accepted by intelligent thinkers. It is enough to say that there would be, to put it gently, some slight difficulty in settling the details of this pure creed, com-



mon to all unsophisticated minds, and in seeing what would be left when we had destroyed all institutions alloyed by sin and selfishness. The meaning, however, in this connection of his love of nature, taking the words in their mere common sense, is in harmony with his system. The mountains, whose worship he was the first to adumbrate, if not actually to institute, were the symbols of the great natural forces free from any stain of human interference. Greed and cruelty had not stained the pure waters of his lovely lake, or dimmed the light to which his vicar points as in the early morning it grazes the edges of the mighty mountain ridges. Whatever symbolism may be found in the Alps, suggesting emotions of awe, wonder, and softened melancholy, came unstained by the association with the vices of a complex civilization. If poets and critics have not quite analyzed the precise nature of our modern love of mountain scenery, the sentiment may at least be illustrated by a modern parallel. The most eloquent writer who, in our day, has transferred to his pages the charm of Alpine beauties shares in many ways Rousseau's antipathy for the social order. Mr. Ruskin would explain better than any one why the love of the sublimest scenery should be associated with a profound conviction that all things are out of joint, and that society can only be regenerated by rejecting all the achievements upon which the ordinary optimist plumes himself. After all, it is not surprising that those who are most sick of man as he is should love the regions where man seems smallest. When Swift wished to express his disgust for his race, he showed how absurd our passions appear in a creature six inches high; and the mountains make us all Lilliputians. In other mouths Rousseau's sentiment, more fully interpreted, became unequivocally misanthropical. Byron, if any definite logical theory were to be fixed upon him, excluded the human race at large from his conception of nature. He loved, or talked as though he loved, the wilderness precisely because it was a wilderness; the sea because it sent men "shivering to their gods," and the mountains because their avalanches crush the petty works of human industry. Rousseau was less anti-social than his disciple. The mountains, with him, were the great barriers which kept civilization and all its horrors at bay. They were the asylums for liberty and simplicity. There the peasant, unspoilt as yet by *Trinkgelds*, not oppressed by the great, nor corrupted by the rich, could

lead that idyllic life upon which his fancy delighted. In a passage quoted, as Sainte-Beuve notices, by Cowper, Rousseau describes, with his usual warmth of sentiment, the delightful *matinée anglaise* passed in sight of the Alps by the family which had learnt the charms of simplicity, and regulated its manners and the education of its children by the unsophisticated laws of nature. It is doubtless a charming picture, though the virtuous persons concerned are a little over-conscious of their virtue, and it indicates a point of coincidence between the two men. Rousseau, as Mr. Morley says, could appreciate as well as Cowper the charms of a simple and natural life. Nobody could be more eloquent on the beauty of domesticity; no one could paint better the happiness of family life, where the main occupation was the primitive labour of cultivating the ground, where no breath of unhallowed excitement penetrated from the restless turmoil of the outside world, where the mother knew her place, and kept to her placid round of womanly duties, and where the children were taught with a gentle firmness which developed every germ of reason and affection, without undue stimulus or undue repression. And yet one must doubt whether Cowper would have felt himself quite at ease in the family of the Wolmars. The circle which gathered round the hearth at Olney to listen for the horn of the approaching postman, and solaced itself with cups "that cheer but not inebriate,"\* would have been a little scandalized by some of the sentiments current in the Vaudois paradise, and certainly by some of the antecedents of the party assembled. Cowper's "Mary," and even their more fashionable friend, Lady Austen, would have felt their respectable prejudices shocked by contact with the new Heloise; and the views of life taken by their teacher, the converted slaveholder, John Newton, were as opposite as possible to those of Rousseau's imaginary vicar. Indeed, Rousseau's ideal families have that stain of affectation from which Cowper is so conspicuously free. The rose-colour is laid on too thickly. They are too fond of taking credit for universal admiration of the fine feelings which invariably animate their breasts; their charitable sentiments are apt to take the form of very easy condonation of vice; and if they repudiate the world, we cannot believe that they

\* A phrase, by the way, which Cowper, though little given to borrowing, took straight from Berkeley's "Siris."



are really unconscious of its existence. Perhaps this dash of self-consciousness was useful in recommending them to the taste of the jaded and weary society, sickening of a strange disease which it could not interpret to itself, and finding for the moment a new excitement in the charms of ancient simplicity. The real thing might have palled upon it. But Rousseau's artificial and self-conscious simplicity expressed that vague yearning and spirit of unrest which could generate a half-sensual sentimentalism but could be repelled by genuine sentiment. Perhaps it not uncommonly happens that those who are more or less tainted with a morbid tendency can denounce it most effectually. The most effective satirist is the man who has escaped with labour and pains, and not without some grievous stains, from the slough in which others are still mired. The perfectly pure has sometimes too little sympathy with his weaker brethren to place himself at their point of view. Indeed, as we shall have occasion to remark, Cowper is an instance of a thinker too far apart from the great world to apply the lash effectually.

Rousseau's view of the world and its evils was thus coherent enough, however unsatisfactory in its basis, and was a development of, not a reaction against, the previously dominant philosophy: and, though using a different dialect and confined by different conditions, Cowper's attack upon the existing order harmonizes with much of Rousseau's language. The first volume of poems, in which he had not yet discovered the secret of his own strength, is in form a continuation of the satires of the Pope school, and in substance a religious version of Rousseau's denunciations of luxury. Amongst the first symptoms of the growing feeling of uneasy discontent had been the popularity of Brown's now-forgotten "Estimate."

The inestimable estimate of Brown  
Rose like a paper kite, and charmed the town,

says Cowper; and he proceeds to show that though Chatham's victorious administration had for a moment restored the self-respect of the country, the evils denounced by Brown were symptoms of a profound and lasting disease. The poems called "The Progress of Error," "Expostulation," "Truth," "Hope," "Charity," and "Conversation," all turn upon the same theme. Though Cowper is for brief spaces playful or simply satirical, he always falls back into his habitual vein of meditation. For the ferocious personali-

ties of Churchill, the coarse-fibred friend of his youth, we have a sad strain of lamentation over the growing luxury and effeminacy of the age. It is a continued anticipation of the lines in "The Task," which seem to express his most serious and sincere conviction.

The course of human ills, from good to ill,  
From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.  
Increase of power begets increase of wealth,  
Wealth luxury, and luxury excess:  
Excess the scrophulous and itchy plague,  
That seizes first the opulent, descends  
To the next rank contagious, and in time  
Taints downwards all the graduated scale  
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.

That is his one unvariable lesson, set in different lights but associated more or less closely with every observation. The world is ripening or rotting; and, as with Rousseau, luxury is the most significant name of the absorbing evil. That such a view should commend itself to a mind so clouded with melancholy would not be at any time surprising, but it fell in with a widely-spread conviction. Cowper had not, indeed, learnt the most effective mode of touching men's hearts. Separated by a retirement of twenty years from the world with which he had never been very familiar, and at which he only "peeped through the loopholes of retreat," his satire wanted the brilliance, the quickness of illustration from actual life, which alone makes satire readable. His tone of feeling too frequently suggests that the critic represents the querulous comments of old ladies gossiping about the outside world over their tea-cups, easily scandalized by very simple things. Mrs. Unwin was an excellent old lady, and Newton a most zealous country clergyman. Probably they were intrinsically superior to the fine ladies and gentlemen who laughed at them. But a mind acclimatized to the atmosphere which they breathed inevitably lost its nervous tone. There was true masculine vigour underlying Cowper's jeremiads; but it was natural that many people should only see in him an amiable valetudinarian, not qualified for a censorship of statesmen and men of the world. The man who fights his way through London streets can't stop to lament over every splash and puddle which might shock poor Cowper's nervous sensibility.

The last poem of the series, however, "Retirement," showed that Cowper had a more characteristic and solacing message to mankind than a mere rehearsal of the threadbare denunciations of luxury. "The



Task" revealed his genuine power. There appeared those admirable delineations of country scenery and country thoughts which Sainte-Beuve detaches so lovingly from the mass of serious speculation in which they are embedded. What he, as a purely literary critic, passed over as comparatively uninteresting gives the exposition of Cowper's intellectual position. The poem is in fact a political, moral, and religious disquisition, interspersed with charming vignettes, which, though not obtrusively moralized, illustrate the general thesis. The poetical connoisseur may separate them from their environment, as a collector of engravings might cut out the illustrations from the now worthless letterpress. The poor author might complain that the most important moral was thus eliminated from his book. But the author is dead, and his opinions don't much matter. To understand Cowper's mind, however, we must take the now obsolete meditation with the permanently attractive pictures. To know why he so tenderly loved the slow windings of the sinuous Ouse, we must see what he thought of the great Babel beyond. It is the distant murmur of the great city that makes his little refuge so attractive. The general vein of thought which appears in every book of the poem is most characteristically expressed in the fifth, called "The Winter Morning Walk." Cowper strolls out at sunrise in his usual mood of tender playfulness, smiles at the vast shadow cast by the low winter sun, as he sees upon the cottage wall the

Preposterous sight ! the legs without the man.

He remarks, with a passing recollection of his last sermon, that we are all shadows ; but turns to note the cattle cowering behind the fences ; the labourer carving the haystack ; the woodman, going to work, followed by his half-bred cur, and cheered by the fragrance of his short pipe. He watches the marauding sparrows, and thinks with tenderness of the fate of less audacious birds ; and then pauses to examine the strange fretwork erected at the milldam by the capricious freaks of the frost. Art, it suggests to him, is often beaten by Nature ; and his fancy goes off to the winter palace of ice erected by the Russian empress. His friend Newton makes use of the same easily allegorized object in one of his religious writings ; though I know not whether the poet or the divine first turned it to account. Cowper, at any rate, is immediately diverted into a meditation on "human grandeur

and the courts of kings." The selfishness and folly of the great give him an obvious theme for a dissertation in the true Rousseau style. He tells us how "kings were first invented"—the ordinary theory of the time being that political—deists added religious—institutions were all somehow "invented" by knaves to impose upon fools. "War is a game," he says, in the familiar phrase,

Which were their subjects wise  
Kings would not play at.

But, unluckily, their subjects are fools. In England, indeed—for Cowper, by virtue of his family traditions, was in theory a sound Whig—we know how far to trust our kings ; and he rises into a warmth on behalf of liberty for which he thinks it right to make a simple-minded apology in a note. The sentiment suggests a vigorous and indeed prophetic denunciation of the terrors of the Bastille, and its "horrid towers and dungeons."

There's not an English heart that would not  
leap

To hear that ye were fallen at last !

Within five or six years English hearts were indeed welcoming the event thus foretold as the prospects of a new era of liberty. Liberty, says Cowper, is the one thing which makes England dear. Were that boon lost,

I would at least bewail it under skies  
Milder, amongst a people less austere ;  
In scenes which, having never known me free,  
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.\*

So far Cowper was but expressing the sentiments of Rousseau, omitting, of course, Rousseau's hearty dislike for England. But liberty suggests to Cowper a different and more solemn vein of thought. There are worse dungeons, he remembers, than the Bastille, and a slavery compared with which that of the victims of French tyranny is a trifle—

There is yet a liberty unsung  
By poets, and by senators unpraised,  
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the  
power  
Of earth and hell confederate take away.

The patriot is lower than the martyr,  
though more highly prized by the world ;  
and Cowper changes his strain of patriotic

\* Mr. Tennyson suggests the same consolation in the lines ending—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,  
Wild winds, I seek a warmer sky ;  
And I will see before I die  
The palms and temples of the South.



fervour into a prolonged devotional comment upon the text

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves besides.

Who would have thought that we could glide so easily into so solemn a topic from looking at the quaint freaks of morning shadows? But the charm of "The Task" is its sincerity; and in Cowper's mind the most trivial objects really are connected by subtle threads of association with the most solemn thoughts. He begins with mock heroics on the sofa, and ends with a glowing vision of the millennium. No dream of human perfectibility, but the expected advent of the true Ruler of the earth is the relief to the palpable darkness of the existing world. "The Winter Walk" traces the circle of thought through which his mind invariably revolves.

It would be a waste of labour to draw out in definite formula the systems adopted, from emotional sympathy, rather than from any logical speculation, by Cowper and Rousseau. Each in some degree owed his power—though Rousseau in a far higher degree than Cowper—to his profound sensitiveness to the heavy burden of the time. Each of them felt like a personal grief, and exaggerated in a distempered imagination, the weariness and the forebodings more dimly present to contemporaries. In an age when old forms of government had grown rigid and obsolete, when the stiffened crust of society was beginning to heave with new throes, when ancient faiths had left mere husks of dead formulæ to cramp the minds of men, when even superficial observers were startled by vague omens of a coming crash or expected some melodramatic regeneration of the world, it was perhaps not strange that two men, tottering on the verge of madness, should be amongst the most impressive prophets. The truth of Butler's speculation that nations, like individuals, might go mad was about to receive an apparent confirmation. Cowper, like Rousseau, might see the world through the distorting haze of a disordered fancy, but the world at large was strangely disordered, and the smouldering discontent of the inarticulate masses found an echo in their passionate utterances. Their voices were like the moan of a coming earthquake.

The difference, however, so characteristic of the two countries, is reflected by the national representatives. Nobody could be less of a revolutionist than Cowper. His whiggism was little more than a

tradition. Though he felt bound to denounce kings, to talk about Hampden and Sidney, and to sympathize with Mrs. Macaulay's old-fashioned republicanism, there was not a more loyal subject of George III., or one more disposed, when he could turn his mind from his pet hares to the concerns of the empire, to lament the revolt of the American colonies. The awakening of England from the pleasant slumbers of the eighteenth century—for it seems pleasant in these more restless times—took place in a curiously sporadic and heterogeneous fashion. In France the spiritual and temporal were so intricately welded together, the interests of the State were so deeply involved in maintaining the faith of the Church, that conservatism and orthodoxy naturally went together. Philosophers rejected with equal fervour the established religious and the political creed. The new volume of passionate feeling, no longer satisfied with the ancient barriers, poured itself in both cases into the revolutionary channel. In England no such plain and simple issue existed. We had our usual system of compromises in practice, and hybrid combinations of theory. There were infidel conservatives and radical believers. The man who more than any other influenced English history during that century was John Wesley. Wesley was to the full as deeply impressed as Rousseau with the moral and social evils of the time. We may doubt whether Cowper's denunciations of luxury owed most to Rousseau's sentimental eloquence or to the matter-of-fact vigour of Wesley's "Appeals." Cowper's portrait of Whitefield—"Leuconomus," as he calls him, to evade the sneers of the cultivated—and his frequent references to the despised sect of Methodists, reveal the immediate source of much of his indignation. So far as those evils were caused by the intellectual and moral conditions common to Europe at large, Wesley and Rousseau might be called allies. Both of them gave satisfaction to the need for a free play of unsatisfied emotions. Their solutions of the problem were of course radically different; and Cowper only speaks the familiar language of his sect when he taunts the philosopher with his incapacity to free man from his bondage:

Spend all the powers  
Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise,  
Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,  
And with poetic trappings grace thy prose  
Till it outmantle all the pride of verse;

where he was perhaps, as Sainte-Beuve



suggests, thinking of Rousseau, though Shaftesbury was the more frequent butt of such denunciations. The difference in the solution of the great problem of moral regeneration was facilitated by the difference of the environment. Rousseau, though he shows a sentimental tenderness for Christianity, could not be orthodox without putting himself on the side of the oppressors. Wesley, though feeling profoundly the social discords of the time, could take the side of the poor without the need of breaking in pieces a rigid system of class-privilege. The evil which he had to encounter did not present itself as tyranny oppressing helplessness, but as a general neglect of reciprocal duties verging upon license. On the whole, therefore, he took the conservative side of political questions. When the American war gave the first signal of coming troubles, the combinations of opinion were significant of the general state of mind. Wesley and Johnson denounced the rebels from the orthodox point of view with curious coincidence of language. The only man of equal intellectual calibre who took the same side unequivocally was the arch-infidel Gibbon. The then sleepy Established Church was too tolerant or too indifferent to trouble him: why should he ally himself with Puritans and enthusiasts to attack the government which at once supported and tied its hands? On the other side, we find such lovers of the established religious order as Burke associated with free-thinkers like Tom Paine and Horne Tooke. Tooke might agree with Voltaire in private, but he could not air his opinions to a party which relied in no small measure on the political zeal of sound dissenters. Dissent, in fact, meant something like atheism combined with radicalism in France; in England it meant desire for the traditional liberties of Englishmen, combined with an often fanatical theological creed.

Cowper, brought up amidst such surroundings, had no temptation to adopt Rousseau's sweeping revolutionary fervour. His nominal whiggism was not warmed into any subversive tendency. The labourers with whose sorrows he sympathized might be ignorant, coarse, and drunken; he saw their faults too clearly to believe in Rousseau's idyllic conventionalities, and painted the truth as realistically as Crabbe: they required to be kept out of the public house, not to be liberated from obsolete feudal disqualifications; a poacher, such as he described, was not the victim of a brutal aristocracy,

but simply a commonplace variety of thief. And, on the other hand, when he denounced the laziness and selfishness of the establishment, the luxurious bishops, the sycophantic curates, the sporting and the fiddling and the card-playing parson, he has no thought of the enmity to Christianity which such satire would have suggested to a French reformer, but is mentally contrasting the sleepiness of the bishops with the virtues of Newton or Whitefield.

"Where dwell these matchless saints?" old Curio cries.

"Even at your side, sir, and before your eyes, The favour'd few, the enthusiasts you despise."

And, whatever be thought of Cowper's general estimate of the needs of his race, it must be granted that in one respect his philosophy was more consequent than Rousseau's. Rousseau, though a deist in theory, rejected the deist conclusion, that whatever is, is right; and consequently the problem of how it can be that men, who are naturally so good, are in fact so vile, remained a difficulty, only slurred over by his fluent metaphysics about free-will. Cowper's belief in the profound corruption of human nature supplied him with a doctrine less at variance with his view of facts. He has no illusions about the man of nature. The savage, he tells us, was a drunken beast till rescued from his bondage by the zeal of the Moravian missionaries; and the poor are to be envied, not because their lives are actually much better, but because they escape the temptations and sophistries of the rich and learned.

But how should this sentiment fit in with Cowper's love of nature? In the language of his sect nature is generally opposed to grace. It is applied to a world in which not only the human inhabitants, but the whole creation is tainted with a mysterious evil. Why should Cowper find relief in contemplating a system in which waste and carnage play so conspicuous a part? Why, when he rescued his pet hares from the general fate of their race, did he not think of the innumerable hares who suffered not only from guns and greyhounds, but from the general annoyances incident to the struggle for existence? Would it not have been more logical if he had placed his happiness altogether in another world, where the struggles and torments of our every-day life are unknown? Indeed, though Cowper, as an orthodox Protestant, held that ascetic practices ministered simply to



spiritual conceit, was he not bound to a sufficiently galling form of asceticism? His friends habitually looked askance upon all those pleasures of the intellect and the imagination which are not directly subservient to the religious emotions. They had grave doubts of the expediency of his studies of the pagan Homer. They looked with suspicion upon the slightest indulgence in social amusements. And Cowper fully shared their sentiments. A taste for music, for example, generally suggests to him a parson fiddling when he ought to be praying; and he, again following the lead of Newton, remarks upon the Handel celebration as a piece of grotesque profanity. The name of science calls up to him a pert geologist, declaring after an examination of the earth

That He who made it, and revealed its date  
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.

Not only is the great bulk of his poetry directly religious or devotional, but on publishing "The Task" he assures Newton that he has admitted none but scriptural images, and kept as closely as possible to scriptural language. Elsewhere he quotes Swift's motto, "*Vive la bagatelle*," as a justification of "John Gilpin." Fox is recorded to have said that Swift must have been fundamentally a good-natured man because he wrote so much nonsense. To me the explanation seems to be very different. Nothing is more melancholy than Swift's elaborate triflings, because they represent the efforts of a powerful intellect passing into madness under enforced inaction, to kill time by childish occupation. And the diagnosis of Cowper's case is similar. He trifles, he says, because he is reduced to it by necessity. His most ludicrous verses have been written in his saddest mood. It would be, he adds, "but a shocking vagary" if the sailors on a ship in danger relieved themselves "by fiddling and dancing; yet sometimes much such a part act I." His love of country sights and pleasures is so intense because it is the most effectual relief. "Oh!" he exclaims, "I could spend whole days and nights in gazing upon a lovely prospect! My eyes drink the rivers as they flow." And he adds, with his characteristic tone of thought, "if every human being upon earth could feel as I have done for many years, there might perhaps be many miserable men among them, but not an unawakened one could be found from the Arctic to the Antarctic circle." The earth and the sun itself are, he says, but "baubles:" but they are baubles

which alone can distract his attention from more awful prospects. His little garden and greenhouse are playthings lent to him for a time, and soon to be left. He "never framed a wish or formed a plan," as he says in "The Task," of which the scene was not laid in the country; and when the gloomiest forebodings unhinged his mind, his love became a passion. He is like his own prisoner in the Bastille playing with spiders. All other avenues of delight are closed to him; he believes, whenever his dark hour of serious thought returns, that he is soon to be carried off to unspeakable torments; all ordinary methods of human pleasure seem to be tainted with some corrupting influence; but whilst playing with his spaniel or watching his cucumbers, or walking with Mrs. Unwin in the fields, he can for a moment distract his mind with purely innocent pleasures. The awful background of his visions, never quite absent, though often, we may hope, far removed from actual consciousness, throws out these hours of delight into more prominent relief. The sternest of his monitors, John Newton himself, could hardly grudge this cup of cold water presented, as it were, to the lips of a man in a self-made purgatory.

This is the peculiar turn which gives so characteristic a tone to Cowper's loving portraits of scenery. He is like the Judas seen by St. Brandan on the iceberg; he is enjoying a momentary relaxation between the past of misery and the future of anticipated torment. Such a sentiment must, fortunately, be in some sense exceptional and idiosyncratic. And yet, as we have seen, it fell in with the prevailing current of thought. Cowper agrees with Rousseau in finding that the contemplation of scenery, unpolluted by human passion, and the enjoyment of a calm domestic life, is the best anodyne for a spirit wearied with the perpetual disorders of a corrupt social order. He differs from him, as we have seen, in the conviction that a deeper remedy is wanting than any mere political change; in a more profound sense of human wickedness, and, on the other hand, in a narrower estimate of the conditions of human life. His definition of nature, to put it logically, would exclude that natural man in whose potential existence Rousseau theoretically believed. The passionate love of scenery was enough to distinguish him from the poets of the preceding school, whose supposed hatred of nature meant simply that they were thoroughly immersed in the pleasures of a society then first developed in its modern form,



and not yet undermined by the approach of a new revolution. The men of Pope and Addison's time looked upon country squires as bores incapable of intellectual pleasure, and, therefore, upon country life as a topic for gentle ridicule, or more frequently as an unmitigated nuisance. Probably their estimate was a very sound one. When a true poet like Thomson really enjoyed the fresh air, his taste did not become a passion, and the scenery appeared to him as a pleasant background to his "Castle of Indolence." Cowper's peculiar religious views prevented him again from anticipating the wider and more philosophical sentiment of Wordsworth. Like Pope and Wordsworth, indeed, he occasionally uses language which has a pantheistic sound. He expresses his belief that

There lives and works  
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.

But when Pope uses a similar phrase, it is the expression of a distant philosophy which never had much vitality, or passed from the sphere of intellectual speculation to affect the imagination and the emotions. It is a dogma which he holds sincerely, it may be, but not firmly enough to colour his habitual sentiments. With Wordsworth, whatever its precise meaning, it is an expression of an habitual and abiding sentiment, which rises naturally to his lips whenever he abandons himself to his spontaneous impulses. With Cowper, as is the case with all Cowper's utterances, it is absolutely sincere for the time; but it is a doctrine not very easily adapted to his habitual creed, and which drops out of his mind whenever he passes from external nature to himself or his fellows. The indwelling divinity whom he recognizes in every "freckle, streak, or stain," on his favourite flowers seems to be hopelessly removed from his own personal interests. An awful and mysterious decree has separated him forever from the sole source of consolation.

This is not the place to hint at any judgment upon Cowper's theology, or to enquire how far a love of nature, in his sense of the words, can be logically combined with a system based upon the fundamental dogma of the corruption of man. Certainly a similar anticipation of the poetical pantheism of Wordsworth may be found in that most logical of Calvinists, Jonathan Edwards. Cowper, too, could be at no loss for scriptural precedents, when recognizing the immediate voice of God in thunder and earthquakes, or in the calmer voices of the waterbrooks and the mead-

ows. His love of nature, at any rate, is at once of a narrower and sincerer kind than that which Rousseau first made fashionable. He has no tendency to the misanthropic or cynical view which induces men of morbid or affected minds to profess a love of savage scenery simply because it is savage. Neither does he rise to the more philosophical view which sees in the seas and the mountains the most striking symbols of the great forces of the universe to which we must accommodate ourselves, and which might therefore rightfully be associated by a Wordsworth with the deepest emotions of reverential awe. Nature is to him but a collection of "baubles," soon to be taken away, and he seeks in its contemplation a temporary relief from anguish, not a permanent object of worship. He would dread that sentiment as a deistical form of idolatry; and he is equally far from thinking that the natural man, wherever that vague person might be found, could possibly be a desirable object of imitation. His love of nature, in short, keen as it might be, was not the reflection of any philosophical, religious, or political theory. But it was genuine enough to charm many who might regard his theological sentiments as a mere recrudescence of an obsolete form of belief. Mr. Mill tells us how Wordsworth's poetry, little as he sympathized with Wordsworth's opinions, solaced an intellect wearied with premature Greek and over-doses of Benthamism. Such a relief must have come to many readers of Cowper, who would put down his religion as rank fanaticism, and his satire as anile declamation. Men suffered even then — though Cowper was a predecessor of Miss Austen — from existing forms of "life at high pressure." If life was not then so overcrowded, the evils under which men were suffering appeared to be even more hopeless. The great lesson of the value of intervals of calm retreat, of silence and meditation, was already needed, if it is now still more pressing. Cowper said, substantially, "Leave the world," as Rousseau said, "Upset the world." The reformer, to say nothing of his greater intellectual power, naturally interested the world which he threatened more than the recluse whom it frightened. Limited within a narrower circle of ideas, and living in a society where the great issues of the time were not presented in so naked a form, Cowper's influence ran in a more confined channel. He felt the incapacity of the old order to satisfy the emotional wants of mankind, but was content to revive the old



forms of belief instead of seeking a more radical remedy in some subversive or reconstructive system of thought. But the depth and sincerity of feeling which explains his marvellous censorial pathos, is sometimes a pleasant relief to the sentimentalism of his greater predecessor. Nor is it hard to understand why his passages of sweet and melancholy musing by the quiet Ouse should have come like a breath of fresh air to the jaded generation waiting for the fall of the Bastille—and of other things.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### WRECKED OFF THE RIFF COAST.

LIKE most of the towns of Spain and the Orient, Tangiers looks very inviting from the sea, and loses considerably on intimate acquaintance. Nothing can be more attractive than the dazzling houses rising tier over tier in the glossy green of the orange-groves, girdled by the grey walls, and guarded by the frowning battlements, of the fortress, with the whitewash of the whited sepulchre gleaming in the golden glow of an African sunset. And nothing can be much more repulsive than the interior of the tumble-down old city, especially of a rainy day, when each rugged causeway comes down in filthy flood, and the hanging house-eaves are gushing in dingy water-spouts. The rains should wash the place, and no doubt they do; but it would take the flooding of many monsoons to cleanse that Augean stable. For the plateaux above are loaded with the miscellaneous deposits of the dry season, and all the refuse and garbage that had been neglected by the jackals and vultures begin descending towards the sea.

It had come to be our solitary excitement looking out of the windows of the small hotel, and speculating on what would next be whirled past us in the gutter. For we had been storm-bound in Tangiers for four mortal days, ringing the changes between moods savage and sulky, under the disappointment of blighted schemes for sport. We had crossed from "the rock" in the cattle-boat, with light portmanteaus and heavy cases of ammunition, with central-fire breech-loaders, rifles, and revolvers. We had talked confidently at the mess-table of bloody bags, made up of everything from wild boar to woodcock. Arrived at Tangiers, we had interviewed the legation in the absence of its chief, and arranged for the escort of a Moslem

soldier, detailed on the duty of answering for our heads with his own by the local representative of the Moorish viceroy of Allah. Having secured this orthodox warrior's services, we should have felt bound in honour to find him employment, even had we been less eager to be up and doing for our own sakes. Twice we had saddled for the field and sallied resolutely out of the gates, under the gaze of the white-bearded elders who smoked and gossiped in their shadow. The first time we had been driven back by the falling floods before we had got well beyond the shelter of the consular garden walls. On the second occasion we had pushed somewhat farther. Encouraged by some watery blinks of sunshine, and fondly persuading ourselves that the heavens were shutting their sluices, we had persevered against our sounder judgment until it became plain that there had been nothing but a temporary obstruction. It was anything but an agreeable ride, as the wiry little barbs went labouring fetlock-deep through the holding ground, straining their sinewy loins with their hind-legs slipping from beneath them, and now and again half disappearing in a slough that seemed to surge up almost to the saddle-girths. The streamlets we forded were coming down in spate; the stagnant canals were brimming over with brown water; the gardens and enclosures were steaming in the warm air; the solemn storks themselves looked more than ordinarily disconsolate, as if they were being hard put to it to pick up a living in spite of their lengthy legs and necks. Not more disconsolate, however, than Hamet, our soldier-guard, as he did his best to cover the priming of his primitive matchlock and pistol under his draggle-tailed *haik*. Yet persevere we did, till we drew bridle under the lee of the whitewashed tomb of some sainted *marabout*, which looked a likely place to partake of our luncheon-breakfast. It was but a melancholy meal, however, as we bivouacked on spongy grass under the drip of the palm-boughs. We felt somewhat the cheerier for applications to the sherry-bottles and cognac-flasks, which there was no object whatever in economizing; for the moment the meal was at an end we were again in our soaking saddles, bent on escaping back from the plague of water into the comparative comfort of the city we were sick of. Hamet led the way home at a hand-gallop, although the heaviest weight and the most indifferently mounted of the party. But the weather and the example of his unbeliev-



ing employers had been too much for his principles. He had set at defiance the unsociable law of his prophet, and indulged in draughts that were the sweeter for being forbidden. And there he was, shoving along in advance of us, recklessly driving his rusty stirrups into his charger's smoking flanks, and laying the road and showers of mud behind him, regardless of appeals, threats, and imprecations.

Plastered with the mud, and dripping from head to heel, the pitiful *mon dieux* of our sympathizing little landlord had welcomed us home, as we came straggling up the steep street that led to his hostelry. Since then, we had scarcely set foot across his threshold. The rain had been descending remorselessly as ever; depression had passed into despondency, and despondency settled into despair. Hamet, who had haunted the passage like an embodied reproach, had at last been discharged with a suitable guerdon. Our sporting experiences in Morocco had sufficed us. Even should the weather hold up, it must be days before the waters could subside; and our one idea was to effect a retreat, and find ourselves back again among our friends of the garrison.

It is true that we might have been worse off. So much of an admission was wrung out of us as we drew our chairs to the dinner-table of an evening, in the cheery little parlour with the bright chintz paper and gay crimson hangings, with the ormolu clock and candles on the chimney-piece, and the battle-piece of Solferino suspended over the fire, where the president of the Septennate, in his *garance*-coloured pantaloons, was flourishing his *bâton* among volumes of smoke. The little dinner, served to admiration, made way for a voluptuous dessert. On the table were dates and figs, bananas and Tangerine oranges, sparkling crystal, and wax-lights in silver candelabra, long-necked bottles of ruby Bordeaux, with a squat decanter of topaz-tinged Manzanilla. But brightest of all was the visage of our lively host, M. Dumolard, who was easily prevailed upon to gratify us with his company, and who chattered away merrily when he had fairly slipped himself out of his prim court-suit of decorous reserve.

It was on the fifth evening of our sojourn that M. Dumolard, for the third time, had made a movement to withdraw, observing incidentally—

"I will assure you, sares, she shall not sail before to-morrow at midday; I come from seeing M. the captain, and he tells

me the half of the cattle are not loaded as yet. There was a piece of the *bétail* passing down the street but now; messieurs must assuredly have heard them."

So saying, M. Dumolard bowed himself away; and as he closed the door, Jack Roper remarked to me, "I'm quite as well pleased we sha'n't have to make an early start of it, although I believe I should burn myself the brain, as Dumolard would say, if we had forty-eight hours more of this infernal purgatory. By the way, I hope the wind may fall as fast as it got up,"—for, just at that moment, a gust caught hold of the great fig-tree outside and rattled its branches against the casement.

Now any one who had the pleasure of Roper's acquaintance in happier days—Captain Roper, V.C., of the —th battery of her Majesty's Royal Regiment of Artillery—would have been sorely puzzled to recognize that genial officer in the morose accents of the foregoing speech. For no one had been in the way of taking life more happily, or had looked more naturally on the lively side of things. As he had been but a few short months before, even monotonous confinement through five wearisome wet days would have sat upon him exceedingly lightly, without the creature-comforts he enjoyed and the agreeable companion who shared his evil fortune. But through the last few months Roper had been changing fast, and thereby hangs the present yarn.

His reputation had gone before him when he got the route for "Gib," and men who only knew him by name were prepared to give him a cordial greeting. In the course of a week or so, he was "Jack" before his face to the set he was shaking down among; while all the rest of the world of the garrison men called him nothing but Jack behind his back. He had a merry eye and an open manner, with the faintest suspicion of an *arrière pensée*—something that warned you he could resent a liberty if need were. He was fairly good at most things, from rackets and billiards to waltzes and whist: he was an earnest and indiscriminate admirer of the fair sex—by the way, the prevailing tints of the rock and the garrison ranged between olive and the colour of parchment—but the ravages on his heart by each evening's flirtation were generally repaired with the morning's reflections. He had a modest certainty beyond his pay, with considerable expectations from a capricious uncle. So naturally he was weighted with a burden of



pecuniary embarrassments, although he contrived to carry them with unimpaired equanimity.

So life went smoothly with him at Gibraltar as it had gone elsewhere, till of a sudden its smooth tenor was ruffled. It was on a certain evening when yawning at the theatre that he set eyes upon the object of his grand passion without a presentiment of his coming fate. He merely admired as he was much in the way of admiring. It certainly struck him as odd next morning, not that the beauty of the evening had been smiling on him in his waking dreams, but that he had asked no one the night before who was the pretty girl opposite. Perhaps, had it been his habit to analyze the philosophy of his feelings, it might have occurred to him that the impression being deeper than he suspected, he had shrunk from the apprehension of hearing something, either to his disadvantage—or hers. She might have been engaged, or married, or on a flying visit—possibly no better than she should be.

He met her again in the Alameda that very afternoon, and she bore the sunshine as well as the gaslight. She was accompanied, too, by the same elderly gentleman who had mounted guard on her at the theatre; but Roper had no eyes for her companion; and, as it happened, the friend who was lounging on his arm had no eyes for any one else.

“Osalez! by all that’s infernal!” that gentleman exclaimed in considerable perturbation, pivoting round abruptly and carrying his companion with him. “What! you don’t know him?” he proceeded, in answer to Roper’s inquiries and expostulations. “Then all I can say is, that is very lucky for you. Bless my soul! Osalez is as much of a public character as his Excellency. Perhaps there isn’t a gentleman on the coasts of the Peninsula and Barbary to boot with a more miscellaneous acquaintance—and that’s saying something. Osalez! why, he’s reprobate of all trades and respectable in none—merchant, money-lender, smuggler, banker, broker—ay, and you may say butcher too. For he contracts to victual the garrison and he coals the fleet. He goes shares with the contrabandistas, and he squares it somehow with the civil guard. He’ll fly kites for anybody who makes it worth his while; but somehow when it’s Osalez that raises the wind you’re apt to be swept off your legs in a hurricane. Yes, you may say it’s scandal”—for Jack had interposed with unusual cogency of

argument, and still more unwonted excitement, pointing out that sleeping partners with smugglers were scarcely likely to obtain government contracts—“you may call it scandal, and I don’t profess to speak dispassionately, for he has a bill of mine, and he won’t hear of renewing. But where there’s a deal of smoke there must be fire, and Osalez lives in a most sulphureous atmosphere—ask any one.”

To cut a long story short—a story Roper had latterly bored me with so often, that I had thoroughly mastered all its details—though he did not follow up a conversation that gave him so little satisfaction, he was not to be deterred from making the acquaintance of the beautiful Hebrew. Perseverance has its reward. Often baffled, he succeeded at last, but it was even less easy to improve the acquaintance when he had made it. There was a yawning chasm between a gay young officer and a lady in the ambiguous position of the lovely and wealthy Miss Osalez; and the gossips of the garrison watched his efforts to bridge it with the keenest and most curious interest. The Osalez went out but little into society. Regarded as pariahs by English sets, they held themselves far superior to the “scorpions;” and when Jack had manoeuvred himself into one or two meetings with them, recklessly risking the loss of caste, he found himself opening the trenches in the light of day, under the eye of an exceedingly watchful parent. It was a standing puzzle to him, and a source of perpetual irritation, how that shy fluttering beauty, who divined his admiration and did not seem to dislike it, whose lustrous eyes flashed and fell, and whose colour went and came under his ardent glances, could ever have been bred in such a vulture’s nest. For Osalez was as unlike his offspring as might be, and had nothing whatever of the gentle or prepossessing about him. Short and stern, squat and grizzled, something like a sherry-butt rolling along on a couple of quarter-casks, you could only guess his race and religion in the unmistakable *cachet* that nature had stamped upon his nose.

No wonder Esther was shy and fluttered, that the usually off-hand Roper was very ill at ease, or that the shrewd Osalez never relaxed his observations on those rare occasions when the trio came together in society. Roper’s presence provoked remark and piqued curiosity. The whole room was wide awake to the unaccustomed visitor, as well as to the little drama that was going forward. Osa-



lez felt that he was being made a fool of. He feared, a little too late perhaps, that the same thing might possibly happen to his daughter; and finally, as the situation grew insupportably tense, he withdrew her into absolute seclusion.

Not being overburdened with military duties, Roper had leisure to indulge his despondency. Although Gibraltar is geographically Andalusian, the place is thoroughly English in pipeclay, pickets, rounds, and police arrangements. There is small toleration for serenades and rope-ladders. There is little of that "plucking the turkey," where the Peninsular lover presses and kisses the hands of his adored one through the ponderous window-bars that form her cage. Mr. Abraham Osalez lived in a charming cottage villa looking across to Apeshill—all bay-windows, verandas, and trailing masses of creepers. But Miss Esther was as sequestered in it as if she had been double-locked in a grilled and duenna-guarded chamber of Cadiz, with the windows turned inwards on a Moorish *patio*.

In these desperate circumstances, Roper decided on a dashing *coup*—as he told his story to the present narrator, whom he had installed as his confidant, *bon gré, mal gré*.

"As matters had come to a dead-lock, I thought the best thing to be done was to make Osalez's acquaintance professionally. He wasn't likely to decline to accommodate me on the ground of my being over-sweet upon his daughter; while, on the other hand, you know, it might increase his objection to me, if he heard that I had carried my custom past the family. And the connection seemed likely to be worth having; for, to tell the truth, since I had first set eyes on Esther, I had taken to revoking at whist, and all manner of follies, and it was high time I made arrangements for replenishing my purse. As the novels have it, Osalez was civil but distant when I made my advances, and I can't say he showed me much consideration on account of the romantic sympathy that drew me to him. Since then we have had no end of interviews, but the conversation has confined itself strictly to bills and discount—and now—"

"And now?"

"Now it seems to me I've been making stern-way rather than otherwise. I see much more of Shylock than I like, and just as little as ever of the lady."

So it had gone on. Now, as far as I could gather—and Roper would be only too minute in his confidences—Osalez

was revenging himself in the way of business on the handsome young gunner for all the domestic bother he was causing; and if that were really the Hebrew's game, it must be confessed that Jack played into his hands. What with blighted love, and accumulated money-worries, from being merely profuse he grew reckless. Whether he liked it or no, he had to seek more and more frequent interviews with the hard-fisted father of his Jessica, and the more he saw of him the less he liked him. The odd part of it was, that his growing antipathy for the parent was anything but an antidote to his fancy for the child: in an atmosphere that ought to have nipped it, his love flourished as luxuriantly as the tropical vegetation on the Alameda, and what had begun like a hundred other caprices, had gradually grown into an absorbing sentiment. So between his attraction and repulsion for and from the Osalez family, Roper was losing flesh and spirits: friends and acquaintances began to fall away from him; the regimental doctor prescribed change of scene, and as he would not be persuaded to banish himself to England, he had got up this flying trip to Tangiers.

And there we are back again, after this long digression, awaiting the precarious departure of the cattle-boat, which lay taking in her cargo in the bay. Dumolard was gone down-stairs, and Jack had begun to fidget in his arm-chair.

"I think I'll just stretch my legs before turning in: one sleeps all the better for being blown about a bit."

"Nonsense, my good fellow. Why, you'll never keep your cigar alight in the wind. The rain has hardly held up for an hour past, and you can hear the street coming down in flood."

But Jack was on his feet and obdurate: Osalez himself could not have been more impracticable, and, after all, the point was scarcely worth arguing. In a few seconds he was back again, looking rather pale and excessively savage.

"Stumbled on a ghost?" I inquired, with some curiosity.

"No such luck," he answered with vindictive vehemence. "I'd sooner be haunted any day in the spirit than the flesh. Whom do you fancy I ran up against, just outside the door, of all impossible people?"

"Why, by the way you take it, I can only suppose it was that eternal *bête noire* of yours, that sets you on to worry me in season and out of season. And though I see no particular reason why he should



not be in Tangiers, it does seem unlikely he should be abroad in such weather and at such an hour. A case of mistaken identity I expect, or perhaps a spectral apparition produced by a fervid imagination, acting on a couple of bottles of claret. I can't say on an empty stomach, although you are so desperately ——"

"Hang it, man, it's past a joke. There's a coincidence, a destiny—what do you call it?—about it. I tell you I spoke to him, and made him answer me."

"Well, I suppose I must give in to the evidence of a couple of your senses, for spectres seldom speak when they are spoken to, and ordinary hallucinations don't go from sight to sound. As I said, why should Osalez not be here? He must have irons in the fire at Tangiers as well as everywhere else. But if he has, you may be sure that old gossip, Dumolard, can tell us all about it, and something more. You had better ring the bell, and let's have him up again."

M. Dumolard proved to the full as well informed as I gave him credit for being.

"You ask if monsieur has met M. Osalez. But I believe it well; and why not? While the gentlemen have been detained with me, where, I dare to hope, they have found themselves not too ill," observed M. Dumolard, parenthetically, with a comprehensive bow, "M. Osalez, by a strange hazard, has been sojourning opposite. M. Mordecai, my neighbour, is of the same faith; and indeed I believe is of M. Osalez's relations. In every case M. Osalez has been there, as I say, and his daughter also—*très belle fille, parbleu!* I was admiring her from my belvidere but yesterday, when the weather cleared itself, for a moment ——"

"What!" shouted Roper, springing out of the chair into which he had subsided, and making the clock and candles clatter with the violence with which he threw himself against the chimney-piece—"what! you saw Miss Osalez yesterday; and you never told me a word of it. Pshaw! what am I talking of? I beg your pardon, Mr. Dumolard: I forgot you knew nothing; how should you? You were saying, I think, that you saw the lady ——"

And Jack had the nerve to recover his control as quickly as he had lost it; so that Dumolard, who had at first been scared at the mine he had sprung most innocently, quickly grew flattered at the extreme interest vouchsafed him, and exerted himself to gratify the curiosity he had piqued. The sum of his long story

was, that it was by no means surprising M. Osalez should be here at Tangiers. Quite the contrary. He did more trade with the town than any half-dozen other merchants put together. He had a contract for provisioning the English garrison. "By Jove! and that's true," interposed Roper. He owned the better part of the boat we meant to embark upon. And so on, and so on. M. Dumolard had plenty to tell; and all he had to tell went to magnify the means of the Hebrew.

After that last interpellation of his, Jack seemed somewhat *distrainé*. M. Dumolard's facile sympathies and quick perception had told him that the handsome young Englishman's distraction had its origin in a profound interest in the beauty over the way, and to him accordingly he had addressed his animated narrative.

But chilled by the preoccupation that had paid so little heed, his voluble talk flowed more and more sluggishly until, at last, with a slight but expressive motion of his shoulders, he relapsed into resentful silence.

Then my friend took the word, and, with a Machiavellian astuteness for which I should never have given him credit, addressed the Frenchman with the frankness that sat so naturally on him, but with a studied courtesy very foreign to his manners.

"You can do me a great service, M. Dumolard, if you will allow me to make a friend of you and give you my confidence. I am persuaded I can rely absolutely on your discretion."

Our little host was equally flattered and gratified. His face wrinkled amiably as it wreathed itself in friendly smiles; and he stood there bowing and scraping with his jewelled hand pressed upon his flowered waistcoat. It was plain that Jack had bound him to him, body and soul. So there Jack was away at score with the oft-told story—so much of it at least as suited his purpose; and he wound up with an "And now, M. Dumolard, if you only will, you can do me an immense service."

"Monsieur has but to command," M. Dumolard rejoined courteously.

"It strikes me, you see, that as Osalez has so much to do with this boat he means most likely to go over in her."

"And mademoiselle also—nothing more probable," assented M. Dumolard; "specially as he is always immersed in his affairs and enormously pressed for time."

"Exactly so. Now as he is master of the situation, and may send down sailing-



orders at any moment, he's safe to try to steal a march, and leave us planted here; and I'm sure it would be impossible to be more comfortable anywhere," he added, politely, as an after-thought.

Dumolard, however, looked sorely puzzled at the British idioms Jack had slipped into. Jack saw it, tried back, translated, and went on again. "The captain promised to let us know in time—he'd do it too, I think, if it were left to him, if there be gratitude in man or honesty in faces. He smoked a dozen or so of my best *partagas* coming across, and said he liked them; but —"

"But M. Osalez is the master, after all, as you have said—a man who will have his orders attended to. However, gentlemen, confide yourselves to me. Mohammed shall go over to M. Mordecai's and inform himself. He is, as it were, a child of the household. Meanwhile, I shall despatch Achmet to the shore, and ascertain what they are doing on the steamer."

So spoke our zealous ally; and it was no sooner said than done. In ambush behind the darkened window-blind, Jack could watch the effect of Mohammed's mission. Not a gleam of light from the lattices opposite. The envoy knocked at the jealously-barred postern—first gently, and then as loudly as he dared. Not a sign of life on the part of the servants. It was clear the garrison had its orders—more than probable that this unnatural quiet portended a *sortie* later. So Jack took it; and already he was bustling about the baggage. Suspicions changed to certainty on Achmet's return. He had seen the Mary Anne with her steam up. There might have been reasons for that, besides prospect of an early start; it was wildish weather and a shifty wind for a vessel lying in such open anchorage. But to make all sure, Achmet had boarded her with a boat-load of pilgrims, and then he heard from the crew that they expected to be off by morning.

"*Canaille of a capitaine! va!*" ejaculated Dumolard, apostrophizing the absent skipper; "it's always agreed between us that he let me know of the departure of the boat." And Jack was chiming in with some anathemas of his own, when there came a tinkle at the door-bell. It was the arrival of an anonymous and dirty scrawl that had been deposited in Mohammed's hands by a mysterious messenger.

"The Mary Anne may be away by the morning; and you had best burn this bit of writing."

"Our ally the Scotch captain's fist and

caution, for a thousand! Now, M. Dumolard, there's not a shadow of a doubt. Don't let a soul be seen stirring. Have your people ready to carry our traps. Trust to me to keep a bright look-out; and when once our friends opposite are fairly under weigh, we'll slip down quietly on their line of march."

And the lover was transformed into another man, all life and spirit, in place of languid indifference. He positively rubbed his hands at the prospect of a rough night on the straits, with but a plank between him and his mistress—to say nothing of a drenching for them both by way of prelude. As for Dumolard, he had caught fire at the other's excitement. I believe both of them would have forgotten all about the bill had not Mohammed and I been there to remind them.

Roper was an easy-going fellow generally—one of the last men you would have suspected of nerves—yet I could hear his heart thumping on his ribs at the creaking of those heavy bolts of Mordecai's. As for Dumolard, he was dancing behind us like a dervish, now standing on tiptoe to peer out between our shoulders, now doubling himself up for a look from under our arms. I was interested myself, I confess, for there was a strong dash of romance about the scene that was enacting. Hour, one of the clock, or somewhat over. A pale moon riding overhead among watery clouds that generally had the best of her. The splash of the rain. The wind moaning fitfully in the complaining boughs; and not another sound in the silent city, save the howl of a dog, or, it might be, the bark of a jackal. A Moorish archway opening into a *patio*, where you caught a glimpse of a sparkling fountain among the dark orange-trees, the interior lit partly by the fitful moonshine, partly by the reflection of torches held in the passages. Moors were coming and going in snowy raiment; and finally, Roper squeezed my arm hard as a couple of female figures emerged mounted on donkeys in Frankish waterproofs and under Frankish umbrellas. There was no mistake about the man's fancying himself in love, otherwise he would never have gripped me as he did.

The procession got stealthily under weigh, having taken every precaution to attract no notice from our hostelry, which to all appearance must have been buried in slumber. The muzzles of the donkeys were muffled in shawls. The glare of the torches was masked by umbrellas. Enveloped in a Spanish cloak, Osalez stuck



close by his daughter's stirrup, drawing her wrappings carefully around her. We could see him throw up a glance at our windows as he turned out of the yard. As for the lady, whatever she might have known or suspected, she never lifted her eyes.

Roper's head was out of the window before the last of the porters bearing bags and boxes had fairly disappeared round the corner of the house. When we set out in pursuit, it was all we could do to prevail on him to give them law enough, and let them commit themselves fairly to the deep before he ran into them on the steamer. "And after all," as I reminded him, "even when once we are safe on board, I don't see you'll be much advanced. Depend on it, Osalez is Turk enough to condemn the beauty to close sequestration for the passage. I lay you five to one in ponies, if you like, the captain gives her over the cabin you scented so fragrantly with those pet *partagas* of yours."

Jack declined the bet, observing sadly that I might just as well make the five fifty, but added, more sanguinely, that he would trust in pluck and the chapter of accidents to bring them together before the voyage was over. He spoke prophetically, as the sequel will show.

I have tried my hand at a sketch of Scene No. 1—"The Start." Its *pendant*, Scene 2—"The Embarkation"—was even more characteristic. The moon riding overhead as before, but by this time with a more angry halo round her disc, and her wan rays more sinister in their glitter. The waters of the bay heaving and tumbling in breaking outlines that communicated a sympathetic thrill to the diaphragm—the "tideless" sea rolling in upon the beach with a fair imitation of an ugly surf, and a dismal grinding and churning among the pebbles. Considering the bay was half land-locked as the wind came, the strength of the groundswell spoke volumes for what might be awaiting us outside. We had stopped short under the shadow of the houses that swept in a broken crescent round the shore, to observe the proceedings of the party in advance. Had Osalez shown the white feather at the eleventh hour, I for one should have been exceedingly glad of it.

But it was clear that the Jew's mind was made up to play Lord Ullin's daughter with the parts reversed; equally so that the lady's lover had no idea of being left on the shore lamenting.

The torches had been extinguished;

still there was moonlight enough to let us distinguish all that passed. A stalwart Moslem, tearing off his dripping haik, stood revealed in clinging shirt and pantaloons. He caught up in his muscular arms what Jack affirmed to be the fairy form of Miss Osalez, although the bundle might have been a bale of waterproof for all one could tell to the contrary. He balanced himself on his bare and stalwart legs; trode gingerly into the surf, embarrassed as he was with the precious package, and bent his oscillating steps towards a boat that was swaying among the bil-lows.

"The idiot's over with her, by —," ejaculated Roper, as the Moor made a stumble. And he would have rushed to the rescue, regardless of consequences, had not I made a snatch at his arm in time.

"The Moor's as sure-footed as the barb you bucketed so unmercifully a couple of days ago. The lady's as safe in the mean time, at all events, as if she were in bed at her kinsman Mordecai's, as I devoutly wish she were; how it may be towards the small hours is another question, and if you want to be near her when the danger may be real, you had better keep as quiet as may be in the mean time."

Indeed it was plain that the Moor knew his business, and once started he went as steadily as his comrade who was bestridden by the respectable Osalez in person. The boat took them all on board with their belongings, and went pitching away till we lost it in the uncertain light. Now it was our turn. Mordecai's myrmidons had hurried home and left the coast clear. We had taken a touching farewell of Dumolard, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy being soaked in serving a love-affair; not many minutes more and we were rocking in comparatively calm water under the bulging counter of the Mary Anne.

"Passengers" was our answer to the hail from the deck; but it was not till after the lookout had been appealed to again, that the order was given to let down the side-ropes—we fancied we could hear Osalez in suppressed wrath, while the captain was seeking to soothe him in hoarse whispers.

Bluff and weather-beaten sea-dog as he was, that old Scotch skipper had the makings of an actor in him. He came forward into the circle of light thrown by the mate's lantern, looking to any one behind him so far as his pea-jacketed shoulders were concerned, the very embodiment of astonishment and gruff discontent. But



for us, there was a twinkle in his eye that belied his language, as he growled out his surprise at our arrival.

"Never supposed you gentlemen were in any haste to be gone: didn't dream you'd be for quitting comfortable quarters with the weather like to be so coarse."

Jack acknowledged the signal the captain threw out with a faint quiver of his own eyelid.

"Haste indeed, you had our message, hadn't you? You don't suppose we sentenced ourselves to close confinement in this infernal hole till the weather cleared."

"Well, then, captain, I was mistaken, as it would seem, and there's an end of that; unless indeed you would be for putting cannily back again, now you've had some small foretaste of what we may expect round the point. You won't, you say? Very well, then, he that will to Cupar maun to Cupar; but I doubt you'll be scarcely so well put up this time as the last. My bit of a cabin's bespoke; and you'll find some queer-like characters in the saloon."

Some slight confidences that passed in the obscure companion gave the shrewd skipper a fair notion of how the land lay. At all events, when plunging down through the darkness we emerged below in comparative light, I believe it was felt on both sides that we understood each other. The "saloon," as its master was pleased to term it, was far from a tempting apartment in any circumstances. The white-painted boarding of the sides was guiltless of all pretence of decoration. The dingy ceiling was smoked black in the centre by the vilely-smelling lamp that now swung beneath it. It was lucky, perhaps, considering the manners of its present occupants, that there was but a tattered scrap of waxcloth on the floor, for on the benches that ran along the sides of the ship and encircled the battered deal table, were seated a strange company indeed, some of them smoking freely, and all dispensing with spittoons.

"Ay, they're a gey queer lot," repeated the captain, *sotto voce*, "gin only you could make them out more clearly through the reek. But with the weather and hindrances in the lading and one thing or another, we've been keepit here longer time than usual, and so all they folk have been gathering in about. These Jews there"—here he sunk his voice to a whisper—"are desperate hard set on money-getting; and wasting time is like wringing out their very heart's blood, otherwise they would hardly be so fond to go over

with us, for they've just a desperate antipathy to the sea."

"You don't think there's danger, captain?" I inquired.

"Danger, no, not to say danger: gin there had been, I would never have taken my orders to sail from old Osalez, with that bonny bit lassie of his brought on board, for, after all, it's me that's answerable. Lord preserve me! what was I saying, gentlemen? Mr. Osalez laid his injunctions on me—well, never mind, we're friends here after all, I hope, and gentlemen forbye; but as I was saying, for danger there's none; but discomfort's another thing, and with the wind and the water soughing and sucking us into the Riff shore, it may be longer before we make the rock than some of they fairweather gentlemen will care about."

"Oh, if that's all!" exclaimed Roper. He had been standing on full point at the door that divided this very common outer court from the inner sanctuary that shrined his idol. Oh, if that's all!" and he turned greatly relieved to have a look at our fellow-passengers. An odd lot they were, as the captain had remarked. Small as was the cabin, its atmosphere was so dense that we could scarcely embrace them in a single *coup d'œil*, but we could examine them more at leisure as we moved along between them and the table. There were stately Moors in their floating white draperies, with searching black eyes, sallow complexions, and sharpened features, staring before them in *farouche* tranquillity, and reminding me greatly of eagle-owls on the perch. All of them, I remarked, had singularly white and well-shaped hands, especially one venerable *santon* with a snowy beard, who clearly had never put those hands of his to use, although possibly with perpetual genuflexions his knees might be as hard as horn. There was a merchant or two of pure Berber blood, attired very similarly to the Moors, although there were no mistaking the different type of figures. There were a couple of thoroughbred negroes from the remote palm-groves of Timbuctoo, dealing in dates as their staple commodity, and probably speculating in flesh and blood on occasion. There was a Berberized Frenchman, most likely a renegade. But the lives and souls of the motley party were those countrymen of Osalez that the skipper had alluded to. Some of them, by their dress, settlers in Barbary, some of them from the Spanish seaports, not a few naturalized scorpions of the rock,—they were jabbering to each other of gains and exchanges and



every topic connected with money-getting, so far as we could make sense of their *lingua mixta*. One or two salutations I acknowledged from individuals whose faces seemed familiar to me, though I had never dealt with them for cash, cigars, or anything else. But if we could make anything out plainly in that dim pandemonium, it was that we could not possibly stay below in it. Better a fresh hurricane from heaven any day, or beds on the sloppy decks, *à la belle étoile*.

It might be pretty poetry talking of beds *à la belle étoile*, but looking at the matter practically they were altogether out of the question. The decks were as much encumbered as the cabin. The fore part of the ship was given up, of course, to the cattle. Dumolard's information had been accurate enough: scarcely half the animals had been shipped when Osalez took it into his head to be gone. But we were none the better off on that account; rather the reverse indeed in the event of a storm; for instead of being fast wedged as otherwise they would have been, our loosely-secured live freight might break away from their lashings, when, as the mate remarked, there would be the devil to pay, and no mistake. Meanwhile they stamped and dragged at their halters and filled the air with uneasy bellowsings that might have seemed ominous of coming disaster had one been much given to superstition.

Under the bulwarks aft, rows of Africans had made themselves as snug as circumstances admitted of. There was a general effect of dark blue cloaks picked out with white under-garments, of turbans and fezzes, and red and yellow slippers. For besides ordinary passengers we were freighted with a batch of pilgrims taken on contract. They were on their way to establish communication with a screw-steamer chartered from Gibraltar for the Mecca voyage, and advertised to touch at the various ports. While piled in barricades round the cabin skylights, were crates of poultry packed as closely as might be. Many of the cocks had apparently lost their heads already with the heat and stuffiness of their quarters. At all events they had entered on a mad crowing-match at the moon, as if they had mistaken her watery ladyship for the blessed sun at day-dawn.

The captain civilly cleared a space for us between the paddle-boxes, and offered us the run of the gangway overhead. As for Osalez we had seen nothing of him since we came on board, and for the mo-

ment I at least had forgotten both him and his daughter.

A yo-heave-ohing rises from the steerage over the lowing of the oxen. The anchor comes up, the paddles go round, and the Mary Anne is moving. A clumsy tub she was; immensely broad in the beam and round as an apple in her bottom, safe enough, in all conscience so long as she had moderately fair play, but rolling frightfully to the slightest shock on her sides. So it may be imagined how we began to feel it, when at last we drew out from under shelter of the land. I hope Miss Osalez may have been happy below, though I doubt it. I only know that when I last looked down into the main cabin while we were still in the bay, the pipes had gone out, the jabber of voices had been silenced, and nothing was to be heard but groaning, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; while the decks were littered with a moaning mass of miserable humanity, damped occasionally by the flying showers of spray. But all that was comparative elysium to what was to follow. Even out of the shelter there was no wind to speak of, yet the swell was singularly heavy, considering it came from the shore. Soon the decks were nearly as wet as the surrounding water. Wave after wave flooded us forward, each of them having scarcely time to wash out through the scuppers before it was followed by another and another. As for the pious hadjis, they were put through a course of involuntary ablution that should have relieved them from all such ceremonial observances for the rest of their natural lives. Meanwhile the engines were doing their best, but they sobbed like a pair of broken-winded screws, who have been pumping themselves with violent over-exertion. We made pitifully little way, and I felt it was matter for heartfelt congratulation that the gale should have so nearly blown itself out. If we were in difficulties labouring through the afterwash of a storm, how should we have behaved had we been caught in its fury?

I was to have an opportunity of judging before morning. I had sunk into a troubled sleep with Roper's head bobbing against my shoulder, when a tremendous roll flung me forward on my hands and knees in a rush of slimy, briny water. Nothing like a cold douche of the kind to bring the slowest man quickly to his senses. I had staggered to my feet in a moment, instinctively looking out to windward. The moon was brighter than ever overhead, in a sky that would have been clear



but for the fleecy clouds that were drifting with ominous velocity; but when I had time to think about it, I saw the wind had gone right about. That thick grey curtain I started at, came travelling up from Tarifa, slanting uglily in the upper half of it, as yet hanging heavily perpendicular below. Had I been innocent of what was awaiting us when the gale met the ground-swell with the steamer for their plaything, a glance at the captain's face might have warned me. It did not show a sign of fear, but was eloquent with the sense of a terrible responsibility.

I had once been struck by a white squall off Candia, when we barely saved our bacon by the skin of our teeth; but so far as a vivid recollection serves me, it was milder than what we experienced now. For myself I felt assured that it was all over with us; no use attempting to float in such a sea, and the crazy boats would have been overcrowded and swamped, even had we ever succeeded in launching them safely. For a minute or two we were involved in a damp, drifting darkness that might literally be felt, though it thinned and cleared fast as the gale tore it into tatters. It is true the sea did not run so very high, thanks to the conflict of opposing forces; but the jumble and turmoil of the breaking water gave one a good idea of indifferent weather in the Mælstrom. The scene on the one deck and the other baffles description. I could command them both when I had scrambled up on the gangway. The half-drowned oxen were plunging wildly, filling the night with frantic bellowings, those of them at least that had not slipped down on their sides to hang half-strangled in their halters. One or two had broken loose, so had a couple of water-butts, and these last went rattling about like shot in a bottle, making confusion worse confounded. The deck passengers had gone in a rush for the cabin doors, where the leading files had wedged themselves hard and fast. The rest were vociferating and blaspheming for the most part, clutching desperately at each other's garments, or anything else they could make themselves fast to; while a few were down on their knees praying devoutly. A hadji on pilgrimage who goes to the bottom has his felicity assured if he has faith to believe it. The cross-waves were making free with the decks, but as yet there was little danger of being carried overboard, although sundry of the cratefuls of poultry had gone cruising on their own account. The truth is, it was an awful moment for

all of us — Christian or Jew, Mussulman or Pagan.

But the mate backed the captain manfully, and their coolness somewhat steadied the crew. With a couple of men at the wheel, they got the boat before the wind again, and on the whole I thought we were well out of it. For the squall blew over almost as fast as it had come up, leaving nothing worse behind than a fresh nor-westerly breeze, and a sea that was seething in circles like a boiling kettle. At another time I should have been horribly sea-sick; as it was, I was far too busy in helping to secure the frightened cattle.

All at once, the labouring engines came to a standstill. There was a startling cessation of the vibration of the planks beneath our feet. Struck powerless, the steamer fell away, rolling purposelessly in the trough of the waters. There was a general rush amidships, for most of us guessed what had happened.

They say a sense of common calamity tames the wildest and reassures the shyest of animals, making them forget their feuds for the time. The wolf and the sheep have been seen cowering together while being swept down a flood on the same raft of refuge. Roper and Osalez almost rush into each other's arms as they meet over the scuttle of the engine-room.

Roper had clearly kept his head, whoever else might have lost theirs. He was much more curious than excited, when Osalez burst out with, "For God's sake, Captain Roper, is there any danger?"

Roper had come to loathe Osalez, and at that moment he despised him. To bring his daughter to sea in such weather, and then to give a thought to his own miserable safety. So he looked down on him for a moment in silence, and then shouted out, with blunt incivility, "Never fear for yourself, Mr. Osalez. I believe we're safe enough unless the storm comes up again, and you take my word for it, there are some of us who were never born to be drowned."

Probably, in selfish prudence, he would have given much to recall the words the instant they were spoken. At any rate he would quickly have done it from a more generous motive. It was just because he had brought his young daughter on board with him that Osalez had forgotten his enmity for a moment. Reminded of it so brusquely, his angry eastern blood flushed up to his fallow face; but mastering himself with a strong effort, he answered shortly, but not without dignity. Roper's



face got as hot as the Jew's. He would have given the world to atone for that piece of injustice. There was no unsaying his speech, but impulsively he seized his enemy's hand with characteristic vehemence that excited not the slightest response.

"I never was so sorry for anything in my life, Mr. Osalez" — but before he had got further Osalez had turned away with a chilling smile, and a "Forgive me, sir, if I leave you to reassure my daughter." He could scarcely have picked out words to revenge himself more effectually. Had Roper made a snatch at the olive-branch when it was offered, he might have been permitted to share in the work of consolation.

"Just like my luck and temper," he sighed. "I'll never have such a chance again, and — it serves me right."

"Who knows?" I ejaculated oracularly, looking away from the pandemonium on deck upon the surrounding turmoil of waters.

The engines had broken down past mending, but there was no return of the storm; the hours slipped by sluggishly, sea-sickness and oriental fatalism had generally got the upper hand again: most of us seemed resigned to endure stoically till time and the elements should bring us to some haven. I should have been tolerably contented myself, for simple squeamishness sits lightly on one after an escape from sudden death, had it not been for close observation of the skipper and his second in command. I saw them laying their heads together and whispering anxiously, and yet neither of them were men to "shake at shadows."

"Now that it's over, we're all right, captain, are we not?" I took an early opportunity of remarking cheerfully, as I went up to him where he stood on the gangway, peering eagerly out over the paddle-boxes.

His first answer was gruff enough and curt enough. But second thoughts succeeded, making him more civil and explanatory.

"God grant it, sir; but we may have our work cut out for us before breakfast-time, those of us that are men at least, for that lot of Jews and women and pilgrims are worse than the beasts that are bellowing below there." I looked inquiring, so he went on. "Ay, the wind's dropped, and it's as quiet as could be hoped for, and we might float forever, if we had plenty of sea-room, and may be we might rig up some duds of canvas that would

answer well enough till we could get help."

"But, God bless me! man, we're in the Straits of Gibraltar: they've only to get a sight of us and see that we are crippled, and they'll be racing after the salvage from Gibraltar and Algeiras. If you grudge the money, of course —"

"I don't grudge the money, sir; and I'll be bound my owner there, well as he likes it, would cast his about as if it were dirty water if he knew all I could tell him at this moment."

"What is it, then? You may as well take me into the secret; it's my profession to risk my life, you know; and I haven't got a daughter on board."

"Well, then, it's just this. Where would you take us to be now? Somewhere in the course between the rock and Tangiers?"

"Certainly. Where else?"

"Just so, and you would be sair mista'en. The worse luck ours. I haven't sailed the boat here, fair weather and foul, not to have some small acquaintance with the currents. I know the set of them at least, if not their strength; the day'll be breaking on us in another hour at the most, and then —"

"Then?"

"Then I jalousie we'll be no that far from the Riff coast; and with the air this way and the steamer helpless, I don't see what's to save us from going ashore. So you'll have to stand by us, if need be, when the time comes; that's what I wanted to say to you; and now I must be off to see after they bellowing beasts of cattle."

A pleasant hearing truly. I had heard something of currents and under-tows in the straits. I had seen the sea running like a millrace off the opposite point of Tarifa. And I had heard even more of the Riffs than the currents — the most savage and lawless tribe of the wild and warlike population of Morocco. Living almost under the guns of our great Mediterranean garrison, they were as reckless of life and as much of pirates within the limit of their means, as any rovers who ever put out from Salee. Fiercely independent of control, their emperor had very little to say to them. I had listened to stories of garrison yachts becalmed in that dangerous neighbourhood, whose owners, although not men to make parade of their piety or their fears, had expressed most heartfelt gratitude for hairbreadth escapes. A broken-down steamer would be the most tempting of prizes; and here were we with the most helpless of freights, our



passengers sure to be panic-stricken or unmanageable at the very first appearance of danger. I saw how it would be, when I went to take Roper into my council, and I had fresh proof, too, of how ridiculously he had fallen in love. As brave a fellow as need be, in thinking of Miss Osalez he lost courage altogether for the moment; then immediately he was a man again and something more, in the hope that the chance he had missed would come back to him. "We must save her somehow," was all he said; and, upon my word, I believe he thought no more of myself and the rest of us, than I did of the "Mary Anne" with her cattle.

One has witnessed the enthusiasm of an audience when the dull curtain flying upwards to the spring unveils some brilliant effect of the scene-painter. Passive actors in an agitating drama, the crew and passengers of the Mary Anne were in no mood to be enthusiastic about anything; yet I imagine there were few of them but must have been impressed in a way with the view that burst upon us with the breaking of the morning. We had been pitching and rolling in a dense watery vapour, which had been slowly thinning from black to grey as the doubtful light came filtering through it. Of a sudden we felt some fresh puffs of wind, and at the signal there was a vivid reddening overhead like the fierce reflection of a fire from behind a canopy of canvas. Then a round ball of flame burned out above the eastern horizon, and the veil that had wrapped us hitherto floated away as by enchantment. The glorious range of the Atlas seemed within arm's reach. Peak rose on peak, their rocky foreheads flashing out in rosy effulgence, although here and there one of the shaven scalps was swathed in a white vapoury turban, while shreds of the veil that had been about us but the moment before were still clinging round the mountains' waists or were to be seen streaming away over their shoulders. In the sweep of an amphitheatre, those mountains embraced a bay, that still lay with their spurs and their lower limbs in the coldest and deepest shadow, except here and there to the westward, where some solitary sun-shaft, shooting down through a crevice in the serrated crests, had fallen in a line of light on the strip of pearly beach. There was very little beach, though: whatever the glories of the scenery in the eye of the artist, it was as ugly a bit of coast from the mariner's point of view as you need care to look upon. Jagged rocks sinking

almost to the water's edge; long rugged reefs running out here and there, uplifting their heads in the most unlooked-for places, their slimy, weed-covered backs seeming to rise and fall on the swell like so many hideous sea-monsters waiting to swallow any castaways.

I knew not whether the noise of the swell breaking into surf, deadened though it had been by the distance, had given the captain preliminary warning of the imminent dangers awaiting us. I had not spoken to him for the last hour or so. All I know is, that so far as Roper and myself were concerned, that bit of surprise was dramatic enough in all conscience; and before we had well time to exchange an ejaculation, a common thrill had run round the ship, followed by wailing and shrieking almost as loud and wild as that we had listened to when the squall caught us in the night-time. It said more for the skipper's nerve than veracity that he belloyed, from his stand on the gangway, an assurance that we were in no manner of peril. His Scotch speech was Sanskrit to the most of the mob, and if any one had listened to him nobody would have believed him. Instinctively I swept the sea-board northwards, to see if there were assistance in sight. There was nothing visible but one faint dark line of smoke. Gladly should I have given all I possessed in the world could we have been transhipped on board that invisible steamer.

"For heaven's sake, Esther—Miss Osalez, I mean—don't alarm yourself!"

The voice was Roper's; and when I wheeled round upon him, there was his beautiful lady-love half-reclining in his arms. Don't believe that the fair dove had flown thither naturally, when she came fluttering up from the cabin at the sounds of lamentation on the deck. But a tall Berber, "scroodging" like every one else, had sent her spinning aside with a shove from his square shoulder-blade, and that lucky Roper had been on the spot to receive her, and now he stood steadying and soothing her a considerably longer time than was in any way necessary. Most ungratefully he cast one truculent glance at the unconscious Musulman who had acted as the rough go-between of love.

If Miss Osalez apparently found some consolation in having her ruffled plumage smoothed by that firm but gentle hand, it would have been hard to blame her. The circumstances were excuse enough for abridging ceremony; and then she had known Jack so long as a devoted admirer,



who had stooped from his higher position in society to make a fool of himself for her pretty face. There was assurance besides, as well as most delicious flattery, in seeing him not only cool but happy, when most people about him were in miserable panic. When the ground has been cleared beforehand, love-making naturally goes forward at a gallop in a supreme crisis of the kind; and to do him bare justice, Jack was the very man to profit by so fair an opportunity. Miss Osalez disengaged herself leisurely with a grateful smile and a murmur, which of course he had to stoop his head to hear. She let him support her to one of the benches aft, where he deposited her carefully out of the way of the general confusion. As for the father, he stuck by the pair, but made no objection. Jack's coolness had its influence on him too: apparently he began to regard the stalwart gunner as a life-buoy that it would be as well to keep within reach of the family—at all events, in the mean time.

For the more you looked at the situation the less you liked it. Our close vicinity to the land showed how fast the vessel must have drifted; and the set on the surface was still inshore, although it seemed as if some counter under-flow must be putting the drag on. It was a simple calculation, however, that if nothing could be done in arrest of our fate, we should know the best and the worst of it in an hour or so.

All this passed of course far more quickly than I have written it. I was on the point of going in search of the captain, when he spared me the trouble by coming to accost me.

"A bad job, sir. I trust you and your friend will lend us a helping hand."

"You may count upon us, captain; but what's become of your crew?"

"The crew, sir,—a wheen feckless, mutinous idiots! No, no; there's no a man we can reckon upon, forbye the mate and the engineer lad, who's a Yankee; and maybe—ay, there's ane dependable hand in the forecastle—that's Davidson."

"It might be well to see to the boats in case of accidents, eh?"

"Accidents!—it'll be nothing but an accident if anything save us; and that you may lay your account wi'. Boats! od, the only boat I would trust to swim in siccan a sea as yon, got a boom through her bottom the time o' the squall, when the foresail was blown out o' the bolt-ropes. And as you may see yourself, all they

Moorish and Jewish riffraff are making a rush for them already: if they should get them launched, they'll droon the sooner; but it's no worth disputing it with them, one way or another."

I might have laughed at another time at the skipper's peculiar philanthropy; but now it was anything but a laughing matter. "What the deuce do you mean us to do, then? Is there no means of bringing us up with the anchor?"

"It's our best hope, and it might easily be better. I doubt the ground-tackle's some the worse for wear, though it did hold us in Tangiers Bay yestreen, and it's bad mooring-ground here; and then gin once the cable rub on they reefs, it would snap like a tow in the flame of a candle. We'll do our endeavour anyhow; and that's what brought me here to speak to you."

"I'll tell my friend what you say, and you may depend on us."

"Ay," said the captain, glancing over to where Roper was lounging about in contemplation of Esther Osalez. "It may be bad for us men, should we take our lives ashore with us; but it'll be worse, maybe, for some of the rest of us."

"Well, one good thing is, the coast seems quiet enough in the mean time—not a sign of life stirring anywhere."

"That's all you ken about it. Beg pardon, sir, but I'll be bound now that they cliffs are swarming with these Riff deevils, if we could only see them. And it's like there will be ane o' those douars o' theirs, as they call their rickles of villages, up that bit of a gully. There's gey good pasturing about the nooks on the hillside, for all that it looks gruesome and barren. But I've no time for clavers, for here comes the mate, and it's like he's found the powther-barrel: we may as well be signalling with the bit brass gun we've got—there's the reek of a steamer there, and maybe they might hear us, though she be to windward. And, talking of powther, I wish you and Captain Roper would get up your arms and ammunition. You may have wilder sport than you missed at Tangiers before all's said and done."

The ancient piece of brazen ordnance made more noise than I should have fancied possible: the reverberation went rolling about among the rocks in the amphitheatre of mountains. Whether our friends in the steamer heard it or not, it was very certain to give the alarm on the Riff coast. With that feeling strong upon me, I dived below to look after the arms.



Roper was after me the next instant. "I say, old fellow, I think everything's going as swimmingly as possible."

"The devil it is," was my unsympathetic rejoinder.

"Yes, I know it ought to be no time for philandering; but isn't she a beauty, and such pluck. What do you mean taking the guns out of their cases, when everything's still dripping on the decks?"

"We may want them before the day's an hour older—that's to say, if you don't intend that we shall all be made peaceable prize of by these Riff savages."

A new light seemed to burst on Roper, and certainly I had no cause now to complain of his amorous distraction. He unpacked and overhauled our armoury and ammunition with a close and eager attention that augured ill for somebody, should the weapons be brought into play. A second salvo from the brass gun, and another rattle among the Atlas echoes, greeted our return on the deck, each of us loaded like Robinson Crusoe when he took the field against the cannibals. Esther Osalez gave a little scream, notwithstanding Jack's commendations of her courage. However, Jack threw out some private signal in return which seemed to reassure her. Yet we were very visibly drawing nearer to the shore. Now the sun was lighting everything down to the water's edge, and by this time the foreground had become unpleasantly animated. We were close enough to distinguish with the naked eye the dresses of the groups who were clustering at the mouth of the ravine the captain had remarked upon. And carrying the eye upwards and inland, I could see other individuals scrambling down grooves in the rocks that might have been footpaths, but looked as if they had been worn by the rainfall. It was plain that these apparent solitudes were peopled by an eminently industrious population, indefatigable in their particular avocation, and ready enough to help their providence when it sent them a godsend in the shape of a ship.

The stir that was going on ashore quickened the captain's movements, and impelled him to try our last chance of safety. Moreover, a stronger current had just laid hold of us, as we could tell by the increased velocity of the foam bubbles that went swirling past our sides.

"I doubt if the anchor 'll grip yet; but it is best trying." The cable rattled through the hawse-hole as the anchor went over the side; we waited anxiously for the jerk that should have brought us

up; but the sense of being swept smoothly onwards towards our fate was never lightened for a single moment. The captain shook his head ominously; the Yankee engineer's long face grew visibly longer, as he thrust his hands viciously to the very bottom of his trouser-pockets. So we manned the capstan gloomily, and brought the anchor up again; by the way, nothing could be less reassuring than the fretted strands of the cable. And still the steamer was setting steadily for the shore. The warm sun was drying the limpid air till we could observe the most minute details of the preparations made to receive us. The wild groups were gesticulating fiercely. Stalwart figures were flourishing lances and fumbling over matchlocks of portentous length. What was more serious, it was not merely a question of patience with them—of waiting till the friendly currents should wash the precious waif to their feet. For more than one long boat had been dragged down from its berth in the sides of the ravine, and was bobbing about by this time in the waters of the little estuary. Masts were being stepped and yards hoisted. And, "Od, sirs, they'll lay us aboard in the twinkling of a bed-post if we don't find the means of fending them off!" ejaculated the captain.

But in the mean time a bustle on board distracted our attention. The sight of the threatening preparations on the land had changed the abject panic of our passengers into the passing courage of desperation. Better to chance it on the troubled straits than trust the tender mercies of the Riffs. There was a rush made on the only boat, some members of the demoralized crew taking the lead; and somehow it was lowered without upsetting. The captain eased his conscience with a warning of its state, which went altogether unheeded. "Ye madmen! ye daft, doited idiots! I tell you she makes water like a bauchled boot; and she's bound to sink with you if you put over for the Spanish side." But, all the same, a ladder was let down, and a human cascade of hadjis and Jews and mongrel sailors began to precipitate itself over the side. The crazy tub floated comparatively comfortably under the steamer's lee. They managed to shove off before it was filled to the swamping-point; and, selfishly speaking, we could well spare them. Yet much of the company they left behind with us was even less desirable. There were the women and the children, the old and the feeble, all harmless and helpless; but besides



there was an ugly knot of sturdy Moslem fatalists. As no exertions of man could help him to elude his destiny, they had declined to scramble for accommodation in the boats. Besides, they might possibly think they had another chance. The miscreants ashore, though their hands were against most people, were after all of their own blood and faith. A judicious onset at the propitious moment might make them masters of the rest of us — infidel dogs, to be handed over as a peace-offering to our enemies.

"It's likely, doubtless, that may be their notion," responded the captain, when I suggested the idea. "And we'll do wisely to hold together when we go about our work, and keep an eye on each other and on them in case of accidents."

The weapons we could muster were dealt out, so that five out of the half-dozen of an effective force were formidably armed. Roper and myself had handy breech-loading carbines, the very thing for the circumstances, warranted deadly up to three hundred yards, and revolvers into the bargain. The captain and his mate had our No. 12 central-fires, loaded with B.B. cartridges, that would scatter like case-shot at short ranges. The Yankee engineer, backwoods-bred, had taken kindly to a ponderous ducking-gun. Mr. Davidson, able seaman, had to content himself with the rusty fowling-piece belonging to the vessel, and a pike he contrived to improvise for the occasion.

While making our preparations, the Moslems watched us gloomily, huddling themselves together, draping themselves in their mantles, and fumbling beneath them, possibly at daggers, as if by way of counter-demonstration. Aft on the quarter-deck the Osalez had kept themselves very much to themselves. Certainly their isolation was by no particular wish of the young lady's, and indeed she seemed to gain something more than courage from the affectionate looks her lover threw at her. She actually seemed to enjoy the excitement, and at all events had brightened up amazingly with the beautiful morning. She had let a great burnoose slip back on her pretty shoulders, and coquettishly adjusted her brilliant neck-ribbon. Positively, I saw her slip off her hat when Roper's back was turned, and, producing a tiny brush and comb from somewhere in her raiment, proceed to smooth those magnificent tresses of hers. It was sure she did not realize the worst terrors of her situation, or her eyes and cheeks would scarcely have been so lustrous.

Her father did. Evidently he was exceedingly sorry for himself, and, perhaps, to do him justice, still more anxious for her. Knocking about the straits and the African coast in the way of his very promiscuous business, he could scarcely have been altogether unaccustomed to danger. But this time the danger was far graver than usual, and then, as a careful man of business, he was irritated at having rushed into it wantonly. *Que diable* were he and his daughter doing on board of that unlucky *galère* at all? — at any rate, why had they insisted on sailing so soon, instead of waiting more favourable weather? Why indeed? All because of that bull-headed Englishman, who, after persecuting them with his attentions in Gibraltar, would come blundering up against them in Tangiers, suggesting ideas of abductions and elopements. He blamed poor Roper for his own folly, and in fact was frank enough to blurt out as much, trusting, it may be assumed, to the impunity insured him by that virgin-worship of Jack's which offended him. Were my life prolonged for a century I should never forget the figure he cut. He had got himself up against the night chills in a rough fur cap, a shaggy poncho, and a pair of ponderous riding-boots. Slung on one shoulder was a leathern bag, whose contents might possibly be inestimably precious. Swinging to the other was a bell-mouthed blunderbuss of his own, a most formidable weapon at close quarters. He paced round the spot where his daughter was seated with the methodical regularity of a sentinel on duty, but with the sullen ferocity of a wolf or hyæna exercising itself behind the bars of its cage. Every now and then he would stop to pull his daughter's wrapper more closely round her, giving her a savage pat of affection and encouragement. Then he would mutter, and make a dash out along the decks, probably bringing up alongside of Roper, who appeared to fascinate him with an odd attraction of repulsion. As the Moors on shore got more forward with their preparations he had grown more excited, until he began almost to rave.

"You've been persecuting us on the rock for these months past, and what evil demon brought you after us to Tangiers, Captain Roper? Should I ever return again in safety to my home —"

He looked the Shylock all over as he left the menace unspoken. Jack on his side burst out this time, but it was neither the unreasonable charge nor the implied threat he took fire at.



"What demon tempted you, you miserable man, to bring your daughter into such fearful peril for your blind, idiotical fancies? As if I had ever dreamed you were in Tangiers till that unlucky hour you ran into my arms."

The indignation in his eyes was the more terrible in a man habitually so calm and good-tempered. Osalez was overmastered and perhaps conscience-stricken. At all events, he said nothing, though he stood his ground, till Jack, who remembered himself, made a mighty effort over his temper, and extended his hand.

"Forgive me, Mr. Osalez, and set my speech off against yours. We have each of us grievances, it seems, and if I have done anything to make your life uncomfortable, again I entreat your pardon frankly. Surely when we are meeting a common danger, and know not what the next hour may bring to us, we can afford to forget our anger, and let bygones be bygones."

Osalez hesitated. His daughter had sprung up and drawn near to them at the first sound of the quarrel; her face was flushing with gratitude to the strong and stately Englishman for his forbearance; but, like a sensible girl, she resisted her first impulse to interpose. That would have been enough to harden the heart of her stiff-necked parent. It was the skipper who volunteered for peacemaker.

"Ay, ay, Mr. Osalez, let bygones be bygones, as the captain says. Shake hands, and let us all stand shoulder to shoulder, or else they misbegotten devils 'll be letting us have our kale through the reek long ere dinner-time. Take my word for it."

Sullenly acknowledging the cogency of the argument, the Hebrew touched the proffered hand.

"And now," resumed the captain, "we may as well clear the steamer forward, by heaving some of they brutes of cattle overboard; and when that's done, we'll have another try with the anchor. They're but sorrow and trouble to us, they cattle; but they may possibly divert the notice of our friends on shore there."

"The cattle belong to me," interposed Osalez; "and they're just as well where they are in the mean time. One never knows what may happen."

"But it's me that's responsible for the ship and the souls on board of her. You need not bend your brows that fashion, Mr. Osalez; it's long odds against both of us being spared for the one to dismiss the other."

"But it's no question of life, man — not for me at least," said Osalez, hurriedly, as if appealing to the captain against the doom he dreaded. "The Moors will know me: there are those on board who will tell them; though heaven knows what they may have out of me for ransom."

The captain gave his shoulders a shrug worthy of Dumolard. I couldn't help whispering to Roper, "A beautifully unselfish character, your father-in-law;" but I don't believe he heard me. His face was speaking comfort and sympathy to Esther, who was blushing for her father, till she looked more bewitching than ever.

It was, no very difficult matter getting rid of the cattle — only withdrawing a board and driving them overboard; soon they were to be seen striking out for the shore in all directions. And, as the captain had surmised, the Riffs got ready to welcome them.

While our stray stock were being roped and penned ashore, we had again let go the anchor. Indeed it was high time to make our last effort. There were reefs immediately ahead of us both to port and starboard; and judging by the whiter patches of broken water, we might strike on a submerged rock at any moment. Anxiously we watched again after the splash; again the anchor was dragging, and the steamer moving still. Again we had gone despondently to the capstan-bar, when a jerk responded to the strain. The anchor had bit, and held firmly.

The sense of relief was great, but it did not last. The reprieve seemed likely to be very temporary.

"We'll have time to look about us now, eh, captain?" exclaimed Osalez, shooting up buoyantly to the surface from the depths of his despondency.

The captain showed no corresponding exhilaration. "We might possibly have had the time, had you but fitted us with the new cable I begged of you the day before we left the rock. As it is, I'm thinking the few sovereigns you kept in your purse may cost you mair cash than you'll care to part with, and us many a life for-by."

Whereupon Osalez made a clutch at the cap that covered his hair, and literally wept tears of rage and regret over that piece of ill-timed economy. It was the captain's theory that the anchor had caught hold of a ledge of rock; that the cable at this moment must be fretting on the sharp stone edge. "And I'll take my solemn davy there isn't a sound strand in it; and more than one of them were snappit al-



ready, as you saw and found for yourselves."

"The Riffs, at any rate, are not in the secret of the quality of your ground-tackle," exclaimed Roper, after a time. "See! the beggars are getting impatient, and mean to come off to us as we won't go ashore to them."

It was even so. A couple of boats were being loaded down to the gunwales with people, and both parties bristled with matchlock-barrels and spear-heads. Sweeps were got out and manned by great muscular barbarians. They would be aboard of us in no time, if we made no objections. We looked blank, certainly, but I think determined. We had been preparing ourselves for this for some time; and then nothing is more wearying or worrying than suspense. Just then the mate, who stuck to his special charge like a man, and had been letting off his brass cannon at irregular intervals, walked up to it to fire another shot. The usual reverberations had risen and died away—hark! could that be an echo of them from the Spanish side? Latterly we had been too much occupied nearer home to keep a very bright look-out to seaward; but now we made a simultaneous rush to various vantage-points. Lightest and quickest, Esther Osalez had anticipated the rest of us.

"The steamer! the steamer! the steamer!" she shouted, letting her opera-glass rattle down upon the deck, clapping her little hands, jumping in joyous excitement on the cabin-hatch where she had perched herself.

"A gunboat from Gibraltar or Algeiras," pronounced the captain, after a long, steady look through his telescope.

"The Groper, for a thousand! Calverley's surveying ship. She's always poking about the straits in all weathers." Such was the idea of Roper, and he was notorious for excellent eyes.

But Groper or not, she was yet a great way off, and it was hard to tell for the tumbling waves whether she was actually heading down for us. We hoped the best, however, and soon had reason to believe it. If that was her gun, it must have been in response to our signal; so we fired again, and were distinctly answered this time.

Osalez having thrown himself down on his knees, got up to fling himself into his daughter's arms. Roper looked as if he would have liked to follow suit; but he had already taken advantage of the parent's paroxysm of devotion to press her hands

in his and do everything short of embracing her. It was the cool and collected skipper who reminded us that our rejoicings were premature.

"It's a race after all, remember, between friends and foes. There's no doubt of it that the Riffs have sighted that boat long before we did, and that's the reason they're so keen upon coming aboard here. They're dour devils to deal with in any case; and they'll be harder to beat off than ever now that they see us like to slip through their fingers."

"If it's a race, there can be no question who is making the running. I should say they must be pretty nearly within four hundred yards by this time, eh, Jack?"

Roper nodded assent, glanced round at his lady-love to see that she was admiring his adroitness, sighted his carbine to its longest range, and pitched it up to his shoulder. He "browned" the boatful, no doubt; still, allowing for the pitching of one craft and the other, it was a pretty as well as a lucky shot. The boat yawed visibly and shipped a wave. One of the men pulling had dropped his oar as if the handle had burned him. But all the same, on they came again; the master of the engines tried his long piece with no results; and a couple of shots of my own had expended themselves on the air or the water. Our enemies regained their confidence, and while one boat deliberately slackened speed, another went off upon a detour to approach us from a different quarter. We kept loading and firing again, but thanks probably to the double motion, our practice left a good deal to desire.

"This will never do," said the captain, very sensibly. "It's no time for practising at long ranges. We had best get down behind the bulwarks, let them draw nearer, and bide our time."

Roper and Osalez, acting as allies for once, forced Esther to lie down on her rug. She utterly refused to go below decks. Then they subsided like the rest of us, and we all waited. We could catch at last the splash of the sweeps in spite of the sound of the breakers. The captain raised his head over the bulwarks, and drew a scattering fire of musket-balls which did him no harm whatever. "Now then, all of you, and take it steady, for God's sake!" This time the warning we gave them was unmistakable. A couple of individuals who were standing up pitched head-foremost into the water, where they splashed about like wounded wild-fowl. One or two more dropped among the ballast of the boat. While the



Riffs were occupied picking up their crippled comrades, the battery of breech-loaders was charged again. Another round, more casualties, and confusion became more confounded. Leaving their friends to their fate, they turned this time and headed for the beach like Cleopatra's galleys flying from the fight at Actium.

The cheer that followed them in their retreat was cut short by a scream. It appeared that Miss Osalez's feminine curiosity had tempted her to peer out the other way, and the sight that greeted her was the second boat far nearer than we should have fancied. It had fetched a compass, caught both the breeze and the current, and with hoisted sail was slipping swiftly down upon us. But what made the scream finish more shrilly than it began, was the proceedings of the handful of Mussulmans on board. Naturally anxious to cut short the exchange of shots, they fancied the moment came to interfere with decision. The leader of them, the same who had jostled Miss Osalez the night before, had shuffled out of his slippers and was gliding towards Roper with uplifted knife. Roper, all unconscious, was in the act of delicately adjusting one of the Moslem's co-religionists, when Esther's scream brought him to his legs as if he had been galvanized. Changing his hands from the stock of his carbine to the muzzle, with the quickness of thought he anticipated his assailant by knocking him senseless — "a most salutary warning for the rest of the blackguards," as the captain observed. And meantime Osalez had placed the contents of his blunderbuss at the disposal of the second boat's crew. It was a long range for the weapon, but by luck or skill he shot plumb centre; though the charge did no serious damage, yet, thanks to the distance, it was so impartially distributed as to make the party stop short on their oars, and then promptly follow their fellow.

"Hurrah, my lads! here's the steamer coming!" exclaimed the captain in exceeding glee; and, indeed, it soon began to look like it. The hull was just rising out of the waters, and all hands agreed she was no other than the Groper. "Hurrah!" shouted Roper; "we'll get Calverley to spare us a couple of boats' crews and go and smoke the hornets out of their nests."

There's many a slip between the cup and the lip. The vessel gave a lurch that somehow sent Roper almost into Esther's

arms, and the lurch was followed by a marked increase in our motion.

"The Lord help us!" exclaimed the captain, "it's the tow that's parted. You've done it this time, as I said, Mr. Osalez; what would you offer now, would you have let me bend in the rope you refused?"

I believe most of us felt moved to cast the Hebrew overboard, but his fresh paroxysm of anguish and self-indignation might have disarmed us. It was only the tough texture of his garments that prevented his rending them; and failing that, he leaped up on a bench under the bulwarks, and began wildly gesticulating towards the distant steamer. Another roll — his feet go from under him, and he vanishes from our sight. I rushed forward to see the fur cap disappearing down the vortex of a small whirlpool; what hope was there of his being saved, with that thick poncho clinging to him?

Esther, I must say, looked sublimely beautiful, as she tore her cloak from her throat as if she were preparing to make a plunge overboard. She turned like a fury on the captain, who had laid hold of her promptly with great presence of mind; and slight as she was, she must have tasked his strength to hold without hurting her, had not an incident come to divert her excitement. The moment Osalez had tilted over, Roper had begun to strip. In a second or two he had parted with coat, boots, and braces. He too had taken a flying observation over the side, and had seen Osalez disappear under the counter of the vessel. The next moment he had bounded across the deck, taken a quiet header from the other side, dived and disappeared also. I knew he was as strong in aquatics as at any other manly pursuit, but I own I grew intensely anxious when time went by and he never showed again. Ten to one his header might have brought him to grief upon a rock, and who could answer for the strength of the under-currents? As for Esther, she dragged the captain to the other side by strength of will rather than of body, and utterly unconscious of the man who held her, gazed wildly down into the seething water. In vain — there was no penetrating for an inch below these swirling circles; death might be grappling your dearest within a fathom of you, but at best you could only imagine the agony.

"Hold up, old fellow!" I shouted, as if he could hear me, and my shouting would help him, for I had seen the fair



locks floating in the water beside the grizzled bullet-head of Osalez. A life-buoy, dexterously pitched, went skimming up to his very cheek, and the next moment Roper's arm was passed through it, and he was drifting in comparative safety. A rope went after the buoy, and at last we hauled the couple on board. Osalez was utterly insensible when we laid him down, and for a moment we believed it was all over. But his daughter, when her first agitation was passed, showed herself the best physician of any of us. She ordered us about, telling us what to do, and directed the application of different stimulants with such scanty means as we had at our disposal. At length the chest heaved, the eyelids trembled, and the blood began to stir in the veins, till we could perceive a faint beat in the pulse. Then, and when she was assured that life had revived, she raised herself to thank his preserver. But Jack neither gave her time to speak nor said one word himself. He merely looked, and opened his arms, and, all dripping as he was, she flew straight into them, resigned herself to his embrace, and buried her face in his bosom.

"And why the devil shouldn't she? I would wish to ask you," exclaimed the captain, looking round savagely, as if any one had impeached her delicacy; and to tell the truth, in the tension of our nerves we all regarded the impulse as perfectly natural.

The yarn has run already to an unconscionable length, and it boots not to dwell on the fag-end of it. Broken loose from her moorings, the steamer still set for the shore, and the Riffs took heart to have another try for us. Again they had to beat a bloody and ignominious retreat, encouraged as we were by the swift approach of the Groper. Her Majesty's vessel took the Mary Anne in tow, and the tardy voyage which might have been disagreeable at another time, seemed delightful after our recent experiences. Roper, in high good-humour, did not press Captain Calverley for boat-crews for a descent. By nightfall we were landed on the quays of Gibraltar. Osalez, enveloped in blankets, was under way for his residence, and, thanks to my preoccupations and the doubtful light, I can say nothing at all of Jack's leave-taking of his mistress. But, three months later, I had the pleasure of assisting at the quietest of weddings, when Esther Osalez, only daughter and heiress of the late Abraham Osalez of Trafalgar Cottage, Gibraltar, was married to John Augustus Roper, captain in

H. M.'s Royal Regiment of Artillery. What is more, I had been requested to give away the bride; for the late Abraham Osalez had died of the fever contracted on the eventful night when his ill-found steamer was wrecked off the Riff coast. I may add that, before breathing his last, he gave his child his blessing, with absolute *carte blanche* to marry the man who might please her fancy, surmising doubtless, with his customary shrewdness, the quarter in which her choice would fall. As for religious objections, Osalez, as it may be imagined, had never been a bigot, and had kept a great deal of Christian company in his time; while his daughter found Jack the most eloquent of controversialists, and changed her creed before her marriage.

For the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, the mercantile influence Jack had won in wedlock found excellent berths for the worthy skipper as well as the mate and the Yankee engineer. The boat-load of passengers, who had vanished from our sight and thought, had perhaps as much luck as they deserved. Driven ashore in the bay, they were duly stripped, but dismissed as scarcely worth the murdering.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
MONEY.

IT is singular that no psychologist has yet attempted to determine the exact nature of the relationship between mankind and money. Of all the ties which cramp us, of all the bonds which embarrass our free-will, of all the passions which choke the liberty of our aspirations, the lust for money is manifestly the most enslaving; but still no thinker has endeavoured, thus far, to analyze the manner of its action, to calculate the limits of its power, to investigate the precise import of its laws. The "experimental evidence" which modern science calls for as the starting-point of its inductions exists on the subject in limitless abundance; the facts stand out before us in glaring clearness; but the philosopher who is to work them into a system has not appeared. Money is to some few amongst us a mere useful tool; to many more it is a ruthless taskmaster; to all it is a necessity; but to no one does it present the character which must necessarily be assigned to it some day, of a measured universal force. There is an enormous gap here; the coming generation may see it filled, perhaps; but we, of



this day, can only gaze at the hole, and say, "How big it is!" However, as we are now standing on its edge, we may as well kick a few stones into it, in order to see how far they will roll.

The material elements of the question are even more evident than its moral conditions, for a good many people have some of them in their pockets; and yet we know but little of their annals and adventures. It was said in France, in 1854, when the Russian war began, that scarcely anybody was quite certain where the Crimea was; and that the majority of the French people, even in the educated classes, confounded it with the Morea, and Corea, and thought that all of them might be somewhere in the Pacific, or on the west coast of Africa. Our own notions about the history and the science of money are, pretty generally, of this vague kind; but really our ignorance of them deserves some pardon, for of all the repellent books which men and women can attempt to study, there are none which are more odiously displeasing than those which treat of money. Economists and cambists are useful people in their way, but they manage to make their way so outrageously unattractive that nobody ever follows it from joy or love. Instead of lending a new charm to a subject which is so generally seductive, they absolutely contrive to strip it of its inherent fascination, and to render it as ugly and as stupid as rain. There is nowhere a more flagrant example of misuse of a great occasion. They discuss an all-alluring question—a question which goes to the bottom of almost every heart, on which readers, no matter of what age or latitude, are eager to be fervid; and yet they handle it in such a fashion that they choke off enthusiasm, swamp zeal, and stifle ardour. Their books are like November fogs, inevitable, but choking, blinding, and depressing. They tell us absolutely nothing of what we are curious to know, and scarcely anything that the mass of us can understand. They talk to us about exchanges, and mint prices, and gold standards, and double valuation, and all the mysteries of bank-parlours; but, outside the city, these explanations have no meaning and no enticement; they hold no place in circulating libraries; they simply make the public shudder slightly, and force it, in spite of its natural sympathies, to murmur, "Horrid money!" And this is not the whole sum of their offending, for even on the arid points which they do discuss, they lead us into mazes of uncertainty, and add

confusion to our ignorance. Here is an example of their doings:—

Most people know approximately where their money comes from; some people know even how they spend it; but who knows what becomes of it after it is spent? If we go to the economists for information on the point, we find that they talk to us superbly about "circulation," about "the laws which regulate the movements of the precious metals," about "demand and supply;" so, in our confiding trustfulness, we immediately suppose that, according to their statements, money keeps on running restlessly about in obedience to necessities which it cannot resist—like the Wandering Jew or a white mouse in a revolving cage; that the inevitable condition of its existence is to keep on changing hands; that the coin with which we pay our bills to-day will serve to pay some one else's bills to-morrow, and will go on indefinitely paying bills, as is the duty of all sovereigns which are well behaved, and which properly discharge the functions of their place. But, having thus induced us to innocently believe that money leads a life like that of water—perpetually moving, perpetually varying, perpetually modifying and reconstituting its shape, but never disappearing—the same delusive economists then unfold to us just the contrary, and tell us, with appalling figures and the stateliest proofs, that, after all, money is constantly abandoning all shape whatever, and that the truest of all facts about it is, that it goes out of sight and comes back no more. This assertion looks, however, so utterly amazing, that at first we naturally hesitate a little before we admit its possibility. We are all so perfectly aware that everybody wants money, and that the possession of it is always the best way to acquire more, that we fail altogether to comprehend how so coveted, so useful, so indestructible an article can disappear at all. According to probabilities, it would seem to be quite certain to the unlearned that all the gold the world has seen must still be in existence somewhere—that such cherished property cannot anyhow have evaded the eagerness of our persistent clutch—that it never can have become impalpable or invisible. And yet we find, to our bewilderment, that the economists are more right in their second story than in their first: we discover, when we ask about it, that gold does vanish, that silver does become extinct, that the great object of the world's ambition fades from our pursuing hand like daylight, happiness, or life.



Where are now the hoards that history talks about? Where are the big collections we wondered at respectfully at school? Where are the golden stores of Cræsus, Solomon, Cyrus, and Sesostri? Where is the treasure which Shah Nadir conquered from the great Mogul? Where are all the heaps of metal that have been sifted out from river-beds and dug from mines? The present western world has certainly not got them—they exist in no place that we know of; and though we may suppose that a goodly portion of them has been hidden under ground, and there forgotten, and that another fraction is lying at the bottom of “the greedy sea,” those two explanations seem scarcely sufficient to account for the disappearance of so many of the much-loved millions that mankind has successively possessed. The difficulty will probably never be solved, which is a pity. The statisticians of the future may some day calculate the number of the hairs which grow upon our heads, in order to thenceforth measure the dismal progress of the growing baldness of young British gentlemen; professors may ascertain, to their own entire satisfaction, the exact quantity of atoms required to produce a soul; but no complete information is ever likely to be forthcoming as to the present hiding-place of all the bullion that men have had and lost. We do not even know, indeed, how much we really have lost; we can estimate it in a sort of way, it is true, but we can put no reliance on our computations, and it is only as a matter of idle curiosity that it is worth while to group together the figures which have been published on the subject. But as the curiosity is tempting, we may as well yield to it.

A Russian gentleman named Narces Tarassenko-Otreschkoff has written an odd book about gold and silver, has given in it a variety of laborious calculations, and has deduced from them, with curious inventiveness, that the entire stock of the precious metals which the world had owned from Noah down to Christopher Columbus amounted to £1,800,000,000. It is of no use to deny the statement, for we cannot in any way disprove it; it is not of much use to believe it, for it is based upon considerations, testimonies, and valuations which merit no serious credence. But as it is the only reckoning which exists upon the matter, its very loneliness supplies it with a worth, just as a white thrush possesses enormous value; for that reason we may as well take it as it

stands, with the trusting confidence of ignorance. And there is the more ground for not making too much difficulty about the product of the first few thousand years of the earth's existence, because the last four centuries alone have provided us with very nearly twice as much treasure as M. Otreschkoff attributes to the entire period antecedent to 1492. There does not seem to be much doubt on this latter point; for the monetary congress held at Brussels in 1873 has published official documents in which we are told, as a seriously probable fact, on the evidence of Humboldt, Jacob, and many more authorities, that the quantities of gold and silver of which we have become possessed since the discovery of America, represent a value of about £3,200,000,000. Consequently, on these two showings, the general total collected between the deluge and the Tichborne trial would be, approximately, 5,000,000,000. Now, according to these same Brussels papers, the entire stock of metal actually held, in any form, in Europe and North America, does not exceed £1,800,000,000 of which £1,000,000,000 is in gold and the rest in silver; so that, if we guess the share of South America, Australia, and the colonies at £200,000,000 more, the whole present store of the Christian countries of the world amounts to about £2,000,000,000. The other £3,000,000,000 we will look at separately.

The manner of employment of the Christian £2,000,000,000 would seem, as well as we can judge it, to be somewhat as follows:—£650,000,000 of it exists in coin, in effective circulation; on that point the economists appear to be tolerably of one mind, for the differences between them do not exceed the trifling sum of £100,000,000. The quantity absorbed in plate and ornaments (including house-gilding) can only be estimated arbitrarily; but as M'Culloch put it many years ago at £112,000,000 for Great Britain and Ireland only, it does not seem to be too fantastic to guess it now at nine times as much, or £1,000,000,000 for the entire Christian world. A balance of £350,000,000 would thus be left to represent the hoardings of baptized humanity. Of course these figures are partially imaginary, but as they are not in contradiction with any evidence on the subject, it is just possible that they may not be very outrageously wrong. If true, they indicate that one-sixth of the western store of precious metals is hidden away (probably in coin), that two-sixths of it are in effective circulation as



money, and that the immense proportion of one-half is held in plate and ornaments.

The annual loss by friction, shipwrecks, and accident, is counted generally at 1-2 per cent. on the cash in circulation; the waste and wear on the metal used in the arts may be put at 1-2 per cent.; and the loss on hoarded treasure at as much. If the fairness of this arithmetic be admitted, a total loss is constantly occurring on the £2,000,000,000, which belong to the civilized countries of the earth, at the rate of about £16,000,000 in a year. That is the first element of waste, and the richer we get the higher will it mount up. Luckily the annual production of gold and silver now averages about £40,000,000; there is therefore a margin still remaining for the current needs of the world, which are, according to M'Culloch, at the rate of £10,000,000 a year for increase of currency, and £12,000,000 for use in the arts.

The other £3,000,000,000 are more difficult to deal with, for we have scarcely any evidence to guide us; the books are dumb about the question. We know as a general fact, which cannot be disputed, that a vast proportion of this sum, especially in silver, has got away into Asia, but it is impossible to seriously suggest what has become of it there. M'Culloch does indeed express the opinion that £400,000,000 are now employed in India in coin and trinkets; and intimates that the burial of silver is carried on so actively in the East, that in six years only, from 1852 to 1857, £100,000,000 were so disposed of in Hindostan and China alone. It is true that this rate was exceptional; but when we remember that the exportation of the precious metals to Arabia and India was commenced by the Phœnicians, and that it has been going on, more or less, ever since their time, it becomes clear enough that a prodigious quantity of them must have drifted to oriental countries, whence very little, relatively, has come back. It seems to be accepted on all hands, that the sums successively interred there are altogether beyond measurement, and that the richest metallic deposits on earth are sprinkled over Eastern Asia in forgotten hiding-places. Even if we admit, for form's sake, that £1,000,000,000 still exist in use there, there would yet remain £2,000,000,000 unaccounted for; and though it is quite obvious that a part thereof represents the accumulated loss of forty centuries in Europe, it still continues to be reasonably probable that the

greater portion of this huge sum is somewhere underground in Asia. If, to gratify our curiosity, we capriciously suppose that only half of it is so interred, it would follow that one-fifth of all the bullion that the world is supposed to have ever seen has disappeared in this way, and that another fifth has been lost by war, by friction, waste, or accident. The true proportion may, perhaps, be larger still, and we certainly do not exaggerate in estimating it at two-fifths of the whole £5,000,000,000 on which we are calculating. Furthermore, whatever be the sum, it is increasing, and will continue to increase, with production and consumption.

Here, then, is an answer—for what it may be worth—to the question that was put just now. We guess the total disappearance of treasure since the Tower of Babel at £2,000,000,000, and we reckon that waste is now going on, in Christian countries only, at the rate of £16,000,000 a year. To make the account complete, the present annual loss in Asia, whatever that may be, must be added to it. We repeat that the figures are, to a great extent, fantastic; but they are just as likely to be right as any others that can be produced, and a very pretty picture they present.

And now that we have disposed of this first question, we can go on to another, which, though less amusing, has, at all events, the merit of being more practical. Why is it that we employ gold and silver for money? It is not improbable that the mass of us would reply, most conscientiously and convincingly, "Because they are gold and silver." If so, the mass of us would give precisely the very answer which, in spite of its simplicity, would best express the true reason: the economists themselves are forced to fall back before it in the end; for, as Turgot said, those "two metals became universal money, not in consequence of any arbitrary agreement among men, but by the nature and the force of things." They did not jump into their position without some competition, however; but when once they had won it, they held it against all comers. They had to struggle in the origin against iron, copper, earthenware, and painted wood; and, later on, against special local products; against glass in Arabia, stamped leather in Russia, salt in Abyssinia, cocoa-nuts and seeds in Mexico, tobacco in Virginia, and cowry-shells in Africa; but they beat them all. The same necessities have produced everywhere the same results; gold and silver



are adopted as the best medium of circulation because they really are so. The reasons of this superiority become evident as soon as we consider what are the qualities required in money; and it is worth while to put the question and to answer it, because, in all probability, very few of us, except the specialists, have ever bestowed two thoughts upon the subject. Those qualities are five in number:—

The material of money must be susceptible of division into the smallest portions.

It must keep indefinitely without deterioration.

It must be easy to transport, in consequence of containing much value in small bulk.

All pieces representing the same value must be equal to each other.

Its intrinsic worth must vary as little as possible.

The union of all these properties—that is to say, of divisibility, durability, facility of carriage, equality of parts, and steadiness of value—is found only in the two precious metals; many substances own some of them, but no other matter combines them all. For instance, grains of corn are eminently divisible, salt is of almost unvarying value, marble is very lasting, water is identical in all its portions, pearls and diamonds are easy to move about; yet not one of these things is fit to serve as money, for each of them possesses only one or two of the five essential requisites. It is because gold and silver unite the whole of them that, after comparison with all other known objects, they were long ago selected by common consent as the materials of money.

We all know that, originally, they were employed—as they still are partially in China—in lumps or ingots, which were weighed and cut when wanted, and that the many inconveniences of that way of effecting payments led naturally to the idea of substituting what we now call “coin.” There is a legend that coined money existed in those very early days when Saturn and Janus preceded Victor Emmanuel as kings of Italy; but the critics have demonstrated the falseness of the tale, just in the same way as they have proved that no such persons as Horatius Cocles and William Tell ever existed: they insist that there is no mention of coined money anywhere in Homer; they remind us that, as there was no cash in his time, the value of Diomed’s armour was estimated at nine oxen, while that of the dandy Glaucus represented a hun-

dred; they add that there is not a word about money in the Bible until the time of Abraham; and they wind up by the assertion that, according to the Parian chronicle, the first coins were struck in Ægina, under Pheidon, king of Argos, in 895 B.C.; they even tell us, with scrupulous precision, that these coins were silver, and had a turtle marked upon them. And then they go on again to say that that very wise man Lycurgus at once foresaw the deleterious influence of the precious metals on society; for less than ten years after Pheidon started currency, he (Lycurgus) prohibited gold and silver in Lacedemon, and allowed only coins of iron and copper. The luxurious Athenians, however, did not share this hard view of life, for, under Pericles, silver money had become so abundant in their hands that they were able to spend three millions of talents in public edifices, and to keep twice as much in reserve for the expenses of the Peloponnesian war. From its very first beginning coining was regarded as a prerogative of sovereignty; it was recognized that such a process could not be left to private hands; and that governments alone could certify the true value of the money current in their territory.

And here, as we have alluded to coining, we may as well put in a parenthesis about it, and draw attention to the often forgotten fact, that the value bestowed by the act of coining is only nominal. The real worth of a piece of money is altogether independent of that act, and results exclusively from the quantity of pure metal employed in it. All that coining does is to supply an official indication of quantity and purity, and to save, in that way, the trouble and the risk of weighing and assaying. And even this restricted though very serviceable merit is quite a modern property of coinage, for so long as governments found it handy to debase their money, the act of coining was simply a deception. It is only during recent times that the guarantee which States profess to supply by minting money has become a universal and substantial reality.

This leads us to a third element of the subject: the first we looked at was more or less imaginary; the second was practical; this third one is scientific. In our growing wisdom we have found out, during the last hundred years, that, though adopted as an emblem, money is a merchandise as well. It is both a measure and an equivalent: not, however, an ideal measure, like a yard or an hour, which can be conceived, abstractly, in space or time;



not an ideal equivalent, like a weight which is equal to another weight, or a force which is balanced by another force, — but an effective measure, a practical equivalent, possessing a value of its own identical with that which it is employed to express. It is not only a sign, it is the thing signified as well. It is this reality, this intrinsic substantiality, this inherent authenticity, which form the essential basis of the actual system of metallic money: it has been fought about tremendously; tons of angry books have been composed upon it; but it has at last attained the altitude of a principle, it has become a science all by itself, and nobody would now presume to entertain a doubt about it.

And yet from this reality springs up, like a butterfly from a chrysalis, like a flower from a bud, that pretty, airy, vaporous product — paper money, which forms the fourth, or elastic-fluid section of the subject. It is precisely because gold and silver money is so real; because, being real, it is excessively expensive; because it is risky to move about; because it wears away, and may be lost; because, in fact, it has all the inconveniences of reality, that it has been found necessary to replace it, as much as possible, by a counterfeit. This is indeed most curious logic. The economists first prove to us, by glowing and triumphant arguments, that money ought to be, must be, is bound to be, a reality; and then they go on, glowingly and triumphantly as before, to demonstrate that a fiction must necessarily be employed to replace that reality. Of course their arguments are convincing; of course it is impertinent to discuss them; of course it is indispensable to have sovereigns because they are genuine money; and of course it is consequently indispensable to have bank-notes because they are fictitious; of course reality is the essential parent, and of course a sham is the inevitable child; of course a bank-note is the necessary product of a sovereign, and of course sovereigns would be altogether incomplete without bank-notes. All this is without doubt quite true, and yet it does not look like either truth or common sense; but the economists require us to believe it, so we bow down our heads and meekly believe. But faith does not imply comprehension; faith is generally supposed to be a process by which we admit what we cannot understand, and that definition of it applies most certainly to this case. Our weak intellect might have grasped the logic of the economists if they had con-

tented themselves with recording that, as we have not got enough metallic money for our wants, we have therefore supplemented what we have of it by a simulated representative, to which, for the sake of convenience and facility, we have attributed a certain nominal value. We could have unquestionably agreed with them if they had asserted that, as real money is a costly and wasteful luxury, as, in England only, on our supposed £70,000,000 of circulating coin, we are paying, at 1 1-2 per cent. per annum, about £1,000,000 a year for wear, tear, and loss, it has been found practical to replace it by a cheap substitute. But they do not content themselves with elementary considerations like these; simplicity is good enough for the unlettered public, but is totally unworthy of economists; so, scorning facts, they mount to principles, and assure us, without inquiring whether we understand them, that, according to those principles, money is governed by two fundamental laws, — the first, that it cannot be money unless it is intrinsically worth what it pretends to represent — the second, that money which has an intrinsic value is so full of disadvantages, defects, and inconveniences, that it is indispensable to replace it by paper, because the latter has no value at all.

And yet, whatever be its theoretical position towards coin, paper money is particularly handy; and if we could only remain in ignorance of the fact that, possibly, it may lose its assumed value and be worth nothing, we all should be inclined to look upon it with a tenderness absolutely parallel to that which we accord to the brightest sovereigns. Unluckily, however, for our trusting fondness, it does sometimes happen that bank-notes deceive us, that they are not really convertible into the metal which they claim to represent, and then we mourn, and say it is a great shame. Our fathers did so, doubtless, in 1813, when the one-pound notes of the Bank of England fell to 14s. 2d.; and our various Continental neighbours have had, and have, frequent opportunities of conceiving the same sentiment. Whatever be the cunningness of bank acts, they do not suffice, in any land, to constantly maintain the price of this sort of currency. All that the cleverest governments can do is to lay down rules which work well in quiet times; for the whole world knows, by personal experience, that no rules whatever can be relied on to keep bank-notes at par in days of crisis. But, as days of crisis are not fre-



quent, we run the risk of them, and, from old habit and indifference, forget that all paper money is a sham—an excessively meritorious sham, but none the less a sham. It wants but reality to be considerably more perfect than the metals whose place it takes; and it is quite comprehensible that, notwithstanding its one defect, it should have spread all over the earth, since Marco Polo first discovered it in China six centuries ago. It weighs nothing, it costs nothing, and if it is lost, nothing is really lost. Of course the loser loses by his loss, but as the issuer gains an exact equivalent by the suppression of his liability, the loss is merely individual, not general; whereas, if a sovereign drops into a chink, the entire nation is twenty shillings poorer. These are immense qualities to possess, and it is indeed deplorable to be obliged, after enumerating them with hearty admiration, to come back again to what we said just now, and to repeat once more that paper money is a sham. It is, however, “currency,” which means that it has the capacity of being current; and so long as it retains that capacity unimpaired, it certainly merits to be regarded, with tea, gunpowder, and the compass, amongst the most admirable of the many inventions which we owe to the Chinese.

The fifth division of this many-sided question includes the differences of production, relation, and position between gold and silver. Before the discovery of gold in California and Australia, by far the greater part of the harvest of metal from Spanish America was in silver; the ratio of yield was then (in value) about four of silver to one of gold; but since 1850 the proportion has changed so utterly that it has now become one of silver to about three of gold. In other words, the worth of the gold raised, as compared with that of the silver simultaneously obtained, has risen seven-fold during the last twenty-five years. This must be humiliating for silver. It came into use so long before gold was heard of, that it might have legitimately expected, if men had gratitude, to continue to preserve its ancient rights undamaged, and to retain, in its venerable quality of the oldest inhabitant, a constant position of prescriptive priority over its richer and more gaudy rival. But, if silver did really have the presumption to think all this, it has been most unpleasantly undeceived, for gold has partially succeeded in turning it out offensively into the cold shade. Look, for instance, at this thankless England, where we

coined no gold money at all until 1527; where, until that date, we had nothing above silver, excepting such foreign gold pieces as managed to creep surreptitiously into use amongst our ancestors: well, even here, in the old home of strong conservatism, we have heartlessly turned out our poor old friend, and have forced it into the second place. It has lost “the battle of the standards;” not, as the phrase may possibly suggest to the unlearned, a fight, in war time, for regimental colours, but the struggle between white silver and tawny gold as to which of them shall constitute the official “standard” by which the money of the country is to be regulated—that is to say, which of them shall have an unvarying mint-value, fixed by law; the other being degraded to the contemptible position of a mere vile merchandise, of varying price, like sugar, indigo, or cotton. All other countries, however, have not acted towards unlucky silver with the same oblivion of former benefits. We have induced Portugal, Brazil, and Turkey to do like us, but elsewhere the ancient claims of silver have been kept up. They are recognized exclusively in America, Holland, Russia, the Scandinavian kingdoms, and the East; and though in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and the United States, gold has been admitted to an equality of rights with silver, the latter in no way suffers by the parity, but keeps up its privileges under the shelter of a “double standard.” It would be a gloomy process to explain exactly what a “standard” is, and how it works: those who desire to know all about it can study its mysteries in the special books, of which there are a tremendous number, for the fighting on the question has been long and bitter, each nation angrily declaring that its own plan is the only right one. The relationship of value between gold and silver is a different matter altogether: it has never varied very much in Europe; it has stood there regularly at one of gold to fifteen or sixteen of silver. In China, however, where silver has always been befriended, the rate was formerly about one to ten; and in Japan, when the latter country was first opened up, some twenty years ago, it was as low as one to three, so enabling sharp speculators to make enormous profits, for a time, by exporting gold.

But if the intrinsic value of the two precious metals has remained tolerably steady towards each other, the value of money itself has become, as we all know, immensely modified since it was first in-



vented. A careful calculation of the successive changes which have occurred in it was published, some years ago, by the well-known French economist J. B. Say, who arrived at his results by working out the variations of the price of wheat at different periods of the world's history. His tables indicate that, according to this gauge, money was five times more valuable in 200 B. C. than it is now; that in the eighth century, after the abandonment of the mines of Spain and Attica, it had risen to six and a half times; that in the fifteenth century it had got up to its maximum of seven and a half times our present scale; that immediately after the discovery of America, when quantities of metal began to circulate in Europe, it rapidly declined; that in 1514, only twenty-two years after the first voyage of Columbus, it had fallen to four and a half times; that in 1536 it was down to two and a quarter times; and that it was nearly at our actual value in 1640. By this showing, £100 were worth as much in the year 1450 as £750 are now; and as, in addition to this contrast in the practical worth of money, there were then, comparatively, no means of spending, no luxuries, and no needs, it is probable that the real difference of relative wealth was far greater still. It may indeed have been possible, allowing for these subsidiary considerations, that £1 produced four hundred years ago as much as £20 will offer now.

There are a dozen other points which might be talked about, but the line must of necessity be drawn somewhere; so we will cast a passing glance at but one more question—at the totally new notion of the possible internationality of money which our generation has seen born—and then abandon the material section of the subject. The not unnatural disposition of mankind, in every land, has always been to recognize as valid the coins of that land alone; the coins of other lands have always been regarded, everywhere, as mere metal, not as money. This rule is so universal that it exists even in Central Africa; for there the glass beads which form the circulating medium employed in exchange for ivory, are not accepted by the residents as cash unless they be of a certain fixed shape and colour. That shape and colour, just like national coinage, confer the character of local currency; the negroes will have that and nothing else. In the same way no British grocer, no German beer-seller, will take payment for his merchandise in francs, pesetas, or dollars. It is altogether use-

less to affirm that as they are just as good as reichs-marks or as shillings, they ought to be accepted in their places; the argument is valueless, though the fact is true. However full our pockets may be of foreign specie, we can obtain absolutely nothing to eat, drink, or smoke with it. Now this, in theory, is absurd: in theory it is a disgrace to our practical nineteenth century that the same coin will not pay bills everywhere; but in practice the old habit is so strong that ten yards across a frontier the contents of all purses must be changed. One would have thought, however, that certain exceptions might be found—that Dover, for instance, was a place where French and Belgian money would probably be admitted (at a discount); and yet it happened once to this present writer that the people at the Lord Warden refused indignantly to take payment in French silver for his bed and breakfast, and that he only managed to get honestly out of the hotel through the compassionate mercy of a high-souled waiter, who provided him with current sterling. Yet though this patriotic hatred of alien coin is universal, there positively were found, ten years ago, four governments who had the bravery and the common sense to make a treaty by which they erected a "monetary union" between their peoples, and enacted that their various moneys should circulate without distinction throughout their respective territories, and should be legal tender in them all. These countries were France, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland, the four States which possess a decimal coinage based upon the franc. When one thinks about it, this really was a most wonderful act. What a gigantic heap of prejudice and blind ignorance and unreasoning resistance must have been first removed before the result was obtained! Next to the adoption of a common language, the possession of a common money is perhaps the most practically useful end to which international negotiators can direct their efforts. An example has been set to us; it would be pleasant to hope that it will be followed.

And now let us turn back again to our starting-point, and try to discover for ourselves, in the entire absence of a guide or an instructor, what we can manage to make out, all alone, about the moral influences which are exercised by money. A good many of them ought to be easy to detect, for we have not to grope about for them in books, or even to feel for them in our pockets; they stare us in the face on all sides. And it is precisely because they



are so evident that they are doubly important, for their character of actuality, of contemporaneous development and existence, bestows upon the subject a special interest, and makes it more than ever desirable that a wise man should rise up amongst us to extract from it its teaching, and build a science on it. The nature of the influence of money has always been the same since the world began, but the present vast development of that influence is essentially a modern fact. So long as the relatively little money which existed was concentrated in a few hands, its action was special, limited, and individual; but in our time, an undetermined quantity of people are getting money, and almost everybody is drifting, directly or indirectly, under its mastery. It consequently is becoming urgently important that we should be well informed as to the precise nature of the new force which is thus growing rapidly around us. And, furthermore, present questions and present phases of old questions are vastly more attractive to us than ancient ones; so that even if this aspect of the subject possessed a past—which, in truth, it does not—that past would not offer any of the interest which its immediate character is now provoking. We do not particularly care to know that the effect of money on Lucullus was to incline him to live grandly, on Mæcenas to dispose him to keep poets, on Pericles to tempt him to build monuments. But we cannot fail to feel a special curiosity to learn how we ourselves and our daily friends are being moved by the new power which is so evidently beginning to dominate mankind at large. The rush of money in our generation is so violent and so all-pervading, that almost every one has been swept into its vortex; but it is not perhaps impossible to stand back a little, in a quiet place, outside the current, for a moment, and see what we can discover in the men and women who are being spun about by it. The one thing they desire is to be looked at; it is for that alone that they have flung themselves into the whirlpool; they cannot, therefore, make the slightest objection to our staring at them. The people who possess money, take usually such tremendous care that we shall see it, that in their frantic efforts to drag it into the sunlight, they unconsciously pull out their thoughts along with it, and expose them to us with a frank openness which they certainly display in nothing else. They think that it is modest to hide their virtues (if they have any)—they think that it is respectable to hide their

faults (if they can); but as to their money and its action on themselves, they advertise the two together, simultaneously, with an amplitude and an eagerness which could not be surpassed even by the proprietors of the *spécialité* sherry. This class of rich people—and it is now a big one—seems, however, totally unconscious that it is exhibiting its inner self as well as its money: it does not appear to be aware that it is offering the weaknesses, the stupidities, the ignorances of its members as a spectacle to lookers-on; that no one cares one atom about its carriages, its horses, its dinners, or its diamonds, but that everybody laughs at its poor efforts to render its riches public. This first and most conspicuous of the moral influences of money, as they are developing themselves in our actual society, is a consequence of the undeniable but prodigious fact that most rich people are radically convinced that to be rich is in itself a merit. It is amazing, but it is so. There are persons of this description—we all have seen them—who positively scorn other people because they are not rich too; who look upon sovereigns as the one test of merit, and who regard poverty as a condition of low inferiority, if not, indeed, of absolute degradation and disgrace. It is true that this strange state of mind exists, more or less, all over the world, but it is found particularly in societies where money is gained rapidly—where new men acquire it in a few years. It is frequent in America; we saw enough of it in France during the second empire; but it is incontestably in our own English land that it is now showing up most violently. British subjects of this generation seem to be particularly powerful in money-making, but how extraordinarily weak they are in money-using! A second influence which its possession exercises upon them is, generally, to convince them that wealth and pleasure are identical, that the degree of the pleasure depends upon the cost, and that pleasure can be paid for like gloves. Poor, wretched, misguided idiots! They require to be told (though they don't believe it even then) that enjoyment is not a material state, but a moral one; that no money can buy it; that it is more often a property of the moderately poor than of the very rich; that it depends on the condition of the mind, not on the condition of the purse. Surely some clever fellow might make a fortune by setting up as a "guide of rich people to happiness, on scientific principles—terms high." Unfortunately, as



soon as the clever fellow did make his fortune, he would probably require a guide for himself; for it is a most lamentable truth that though certain poor men, so long as they are poor, entertain the most praiseworthy contempt for money, and the soundest views as to its unworthiness and absurdity, they usually fall down before it and worship it, like everybody else, if chance should throw it abundantly upon them. It is indeed deplorable that the only people who really judge money wisely should be those who have not got it, and that they should lose their wisdom directly they acquire it.

In dealing with a subject of this kind it is difficult to avoid exaggeration; we are simply generalizing, and generalizations have the inconvenience of excluding the shadings, the reservations, and the explanations, without which precision and exactness are not obtainable. If, then, we assert that the effect of the possession of much money is to develop selfishness and vanity, we make a statement which, though altogether true as a collective proposition, is not necessarily true in all its applications, and which, in some few of them, is not true at all. Before applying such a statement to any special person, or to any particular society, the varieties of human nature must be taken into account; their workings must be watched and estimated; the circumstances and surroundings of individuals must be measured and allowed for; every internal or external pressure which can modify the rule and produce an exception, must be duly noted and assessed; and all this implies immensity of labour and perfectness of judgment. Let us hope that the philosopher of the future on whom we count to elucidate the whole subject, will be capable of performing the one, and will be sufficiently endowed with the other; but, pending his appearance, let us go on gazing at the outside lines of the work which is awaiting him, taking no account of the diversities of detail, and strictly circumscribing our expression of opinion to the great salient features of the sight in its public aspects. Within that limit we cannot get far wrong; for the influence of wealth, according to history and the Bible, has invariably been the same in all times as it is on a larger scale to-day—an influence which dries up the heart, which stunts the tenderer faculties, which chills the warmer impulses, which leads men on to measure life by the deceptive standard of their own vanity. Of course, though it is ridiculous to say so, a certain quantity of money is indispensable;

of course, with our actual system of education, and with our actual conditions of existence, it is impossible to live agreeably without material satisfactions, and without intellectual contentments which are only attainable with the aid of money; but the quantity of it which is really needed for such purposes is relatively small, and, even if it were large, it would in no way follow that its employment for legitimate and intelligent objects would necessarily do harm to its possessor. The danger does not lie so much in the proportion of the sum as in the unworthiness of the use; it lies in the fierce attempt to eat with two spoons at once, with the sole object of showing that the eater is rich enough to own two spoons. The world is growing full of people with two spoons; one sees them everywhere, and yet it scarcely seems as if their true character were yet rightly understood. Material progress is altogether separate from the two-spoon notion; it is, of course, to a great extent, a consequence of money, but of money well employed. Health, cleanliness, and comfort are indeed worth paying for, and our whole actual situation is so really pleasanter than that of our predecessors that we should be specially ungrateful if we despised the cash which has aided to provide us with it. "The Romans under Romulus had a badly-sculptured wooden Jupiter for a god, a hut for a palace, a handful of hay on a stick for a flag, and not a sixpenny-piece in their pockets: our coachmen have watches that the seven kings of Rome could not have paid for." Since Romulus we have all of us got up to shirts, and beer, and beds, and boots, and we owe them all to that most generous friend, ready money. The fault that we are mourning over is not in the sovereigns which pay for progress and well-being, but in the moral influence which we permit those sovereigns to exert upon us. And yet the fact seems not to strike our actual teachers: we had an example of their indifference to it recently, in that remarkable discussion which took place about "life at high pressure." Attention was then almost exclusively directed to the pressure of work,—scarcely any notice was taken of the pressure of riches; and yet, of the two, the latter is by far the more destructive, for the evil done by over-work affects men only, while the mischief which is wrought by over-money extends to women and even to children. The entire organization of society and of home is included in its action. The uni-



versality of that action, the extraordinary strength which it is now manifesting, are special to our generation; it is they which give to the subject its grave aspect, and which promise to lift it quickly to the height of one of the great questions of the time. It will be recognized before long that character is degenerating under the influence of too much money; that the conception of the objects and obligations of life is taking a more and more directly personal form; that a new and numerous class is everywhere seeking to shine out before the world, not because it is fitted to be brilliant, but solely because its interest is to force the world to admit that money is the coming power.

So long as money was merely a necessary adjunct of rank or name or high degree, it was nothing but a supplement of another totally distinct force; but actually it has grown into a force by itself, a force which claims to be independent of, and indeed to be superior to, all other forces. It is seeking to assert itself as a revolutionary power, violently, noisily, and impudently, and to thrust aside, if it can, the nobler rulers which have preceded it. This audacity is offensive; but the falseness of the theory on which it rests is more offensive still. That theory appears to be that money is not a simple stepping-stone to something better, but is, in itself, a result, a product, and an end. It is in this latter character that it now obtrudes itself, that it shouts out loudly for more room, that it insists upon its right to rank amongst the cardinal virtues.

It is not impossible that these impressions may seem somewhat overstrained to persons who have grown accustomed by long habit to the shape in which money is now so generally manifesting itself; but to those who behold from afar—to those whose perceptions are not blunted by the grinding-down of constant contact—to those who look on with the unprejudiced indifference, which is perhaps obtainable by distance only—the notions which have been just expressed appear to indicate the truth.

Of course it may be argued that there are about the world a quantity of rich people whose fathers have been rich for centuries—who from their boyhood regard their wealth, not as a privilege or an excellence, but as a necessity and a right; and that, in considering the question as a whole, the undamaging influence of their money on the members of this large division should be set off against the deleterious action of the other sorts of wealth

of which we have been speaking. But is it certain that blood and birth and ancient tenure do absolutely free their owners from the contagion which fills the whole air round them? They certainly resist it better than the mass; but can it be seriously pretended that it has no effect upon them whatever? Can it be honestly urged that they alone possess, from inherited ideas and habits, a special grace which places them beyond the reach of a disease which appears to be indiscriminately attacking the entire population around them? Would it not be more candid and more true to own that this argument is applicable only to the question of degree; that the whole thing is simply a matter of gradation; that the malady is in reality universal; that it respects neither caste nor place; and that all that can be said in favour of the higher classes of Europeans is that, thus far, they have suffered by it less than those below them? This difference, however, natural as it may now be, cannot be expected to last on indefinitely. The special moral characteristics of each period of history have shown themselves with such markedly equal vigour in all the classes of society without distinction, that it would be altogether in conformity with precedent, to anticipate that the great new striking characteristic of to-day will do the same. If so, the process of the canonization of money, which has been so energetically commenced in our time, will doubtless be carried by the next generation to complete success; all actual resistance to it will gradually disappear, and hard cash will be adopted in every family, from top to bottom of the scale, as the universally recognized tutelar saint of mankind.

It was said just now, incidentally, that certain persons regard their money as a right: the notion is so very odd that it deserves a little separate consideration. As to the fact of the existence of such an impression no doubt is possible; we meet each day a quantity of people who are quite convinced that wealth is due to them, that it is a merited appendage of their importance, a logically inevitable prerogative of their greatness. Now, of all the false states of mind which the possession of money can induce, this one is perhaps the most remarkable. There is a kind of bad excuse for a new man who has risen up from nothing, who finds himself, with stupefaction, at the head of a big house, who buys a picture-gallery as a stern duty, who yields to the intoxication of young wealth, and believes himself to have become a



personage in the state. The poor creature should be partly pardoned, for he is simply a snob, who, in ignorance and inexperience, takes a false view of life. But no similar apology can anyhow be offered in favour of the man who, born to wealth, misuses it; that man has to bear the responsibility of inherited advantages, for his father's position has given him an elevating education, which is wanting in the other case. A good many such men do bear their riches wisely; a good many of them have as much contempt for money, in itself, as the poorest philosopher can possibly feel for it. But still, however numerous these sages may be, they constitute, after all, but a small minority in the crowd; their fellows generally regard their incomes as a testimony of the high approbation which heaven entertains of their superiority to other people, as a natural birthright which distinguishes them from the mob. To ask such persons, men or women, to believe that their money is nothing but a mere accident, a simple hazard of the game of life, would be like telling them that two and two make five; they could not comprehend it—the allegation would surpass their understanding. And yet it seems, if we can trust the facts around us, that money simply stumbles on to people with its eyes shut; that it, like all the other elements of human fortune, is stone-blind; that it wanders helplessly no matter where, and gives itself unconsciously to no matter who. To argue, as is often done, that it is distributed by divine will alone, as a direct and express gift, is to introduce into the question a difficulty beyond solution; for if money is only obtainable as an intentional grant from Providence, it would follow that Providence occasionally employs swindling, robbery, usury, and lying, as means of action to enrich its elect. Will those who adopt this view of the matter undertake to prove that the Honduras Loan was got up in heaven? But, no matter what the source whence money comes, the people who have it do not invariably appear to be quite worthy of it; whilst amongst those who own none of it, we not unfrequently discover persons who seem to merit some of it. The character of its distribution indicates, with all the rest of the evidence, that the possession of money is not a "right;" that it is not a privilege accorded by the special intervention of Omnipotence; that it is not even a result obtainable with certainty by hard work or skill; but that it is, in the majority of cases, a chance inexplicable by reason—

a lottery in which the winners have had their tickets given to them for nothing.

To classify these facts, to group these truths, to test their relative importance, to assign to each of them its place in the total which they form, to extract from their assemblage a reliable and teaching theory, to lay before humanity a set of principles and laws on which it can rely for guidance amidst the misleading influences of money, — all this will be a practical and useful work for our successors. Perhaps the subject is not ripe yet; perhaps its signs, to certain eyes, may still appear to be conflicting, or at all events inconclusive; but as it cannot be denied that those signs are growing clearer year by year, that the symptoms are fast multiplying, and that their gravity is augmenting, it will perchance be recognized that it is not premature to call attention to them as an inevitable object of future study and research. At all events they merit watchfulness, for the power which money is assuming is not a matter which can be safely left to settle itself; the harm which it has done already is big enough to supply promise that it will become bigger still hereafter; and however absurd it may appear to assert that the very power which men most cherish is precisely the one which seems to be doing the greatest actual damage to them, it is well worth while to run the risk of being laughed at in order to suggest it. It is not in its political or social consequences that the matter is considered here; that section of it is purposely omitted. The irritations, the aspirations, the envies and the hates which are growing up about the world in consequence of the disparities which exist in the apportionment of money, are outside our immediate view; we limit ourselves here to the single question of the influence of money on the character of those who possess it; it is quite large enough by itself.

It would be out of place to say anything about the grand things that can be done with money, for great uses of it require a vigorous moral effort altogether in opposition to the habitual tendencies of its influence. Small goodnesses, such as public alms-giving and church-building, are beneath serious attention, for in this country they are little more than a local form of ostentation — a direct effect of the advertising vanity which is provoked in Britain by large possessions. There is infinitely more true charity amongst the Continental nations, notwithstanding their comparative poverty, than this rich English race



can show, for gifts abroad are almost always hidden; there the right hand is really unacquainted with what the left fingers do. The stain of money lies specially upon Great Britain — its great mark is here; it is consequently for us to set the example of a fight against it, and to show that though we are the only people in Europe of whom a "Book of Snobs" could be written, we recognize, at all events, our peculiar national defect, and mean to try to cure it. It is true that we have to struggle, in this case of money, against a universal domination, which is not proper to ourselves exclusively, which has shown itself, everywhere and always, to be stronger than much wisdom and much will; before which the most solid virtues have faded away, the noblest resolutions have vanished; against which, thus far at least, no preparation has enabled men to contend. But we English are an energetic people, and a fight of this kind ought to tempt us. And after all, the entire question is simply one of common sense. The objection is not to the fact of our growing richer; on the contrary, as money is an essential element of national strength, there are patriotic reasons for continuing to accumulate it. But is it altogether beyond our force to introduce some change into the miserable ways of viewing its individual uses which now are current amongst us? Must the attempt be recognized as quite hopeless? Smallpox has been stopped by vaccination, distance has been suppressed by electricity, the sources of the Nile have been discovered. Why, then, having accomplished these seeming impossibilities, should we not indulge the dream that some day, by a startling invention, the world will acquire the means of establishing a wiser nature of relationship between itself and money?

There we leave the subject, and we could not quit it in a better direction than to follow out a dream, for a dream it is to a good many of us. To have spoken about it at all is perhaps a folly; but, as Voltaire says, "It is more easy to write about money than to have it; and those who have it laugh at those who can only write about it."

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
A DEAD MAN.

It was just before the opening of the railway from Taganrog to Kharkof in

1869, and I was driving those dreary distances in autumn. For the first two days and nights the weather was lovely, but on the third morning, soon after sunrise, the sky became covered with heavy, torn and jagged clouds, a northerly wind arose, and with thunder, lightning, cold gale, and snow, the winter burst on us as it yearly breaks on Southern Russia. In half an hour the rich, black, rolling plains had become an ocean of inky mud, and we reached the post-station of Donski only to find the order — "Impossible to proceed."

I called for tea, and the *samovar* was brought in by a fine, upright, grey-bearded man, whom, from his black velvet tunic and slashed sleeves, I took to be the postmaster himself. He was followed into the room by a noble-looking Cossack woman of his own age, who said, "Little husband, why don't you ask the lord if he will eat a partridge and a bit of bread? The *kurupatka* is plump, and the day will be long before his *troika* can be harnessed to face the storm." She smiled sweetly as she spoke — he smiled lovingly upon her; then she left us, looking lingeringly back.

"Your wife's in love with you still, and you with her, postmaster," I said. "You must have beaten her well when she was young for her to love you so. How long is it since you were married?" "I am sixty," he replied; "I was married at twenty-five, thirty-five years ago; *five years before I died*." "What?" said I. "Five years before my death. Is it possible that you don't know my story? You must have come from a long way off, for I have heard that it is told even upon the Azof."

And throwing his legs across a chair, without more ado, he spoke thus:

"I was born in 1809, and can remember the return from Paris of my father and uncle — Cossacks of the Don. Those were grand days, when every Cossack was an officer by birth, and when the Hetman Platof was king of Europe, conqueror of the Turks and of the French, and friend and equal of the white tsar. Now, this Petersburg tsar says that we're no better than his Great-Russian slaves, and for years my sabre and long pistol have hung upon the wall unused; and when I have worn my red-banded cap and my red-striped breeches I've always hid as much as I could of the stripe in my boot, for I'm ashamed of it now; and they're even going to take away our privilege of the supply of salt.

"In 1834, as a young postmaster, for my father was dead, with a good place and a handsome beard, I was the best match in the two-church villages round. I could



pick my wife, and I chose Olga, that you saw just now."

"There," said I.

"Ah, wait and see! Wait, little lord. Don't be impatient. Olga was as lovely as she was good. You have seen her in her sixtieth year; her goodness is what it was, and, though I may be an unsafe judge, her beauty, I think, is not yet gone."

He looked at me. I nodded.

"We were happy at first, but I was young. I felt the chain. I was faithful to her as far as women went, but not kind. We had no children. One day in '39 she was in low spirits about me, and flung her arms upon a sudden about my neck, with 'Do you *really* love me, little John?' 'You know I do.' 'But not as I love you.' At that very moment, lord, the devil must have been unchained from hell. To tell you what thoughts flashed in an instant through my mad mind would be impossible. That what she said was true! That while I did love her in a kind of way, I was bound to her for life whether I would or no. In a fit of wild rage I struck her one short, sharp blow. She looked at me with despair in her eyes, and walked slowly into our other room. I ran into the stable yard. 'Harness a *troika*,' I said to the *starosta*. 'I leave at once for Kharkof with despatches that the courier dropped and that I've found upon the floor. Quick! quick! the best courier horses.' In an instant they were ready. Merrily jingled the bells in the crisp air. Paul took the reins, and off I whirled. In twenty hours I was at Kharkof. To my friend the *starosta* at the great Kharkof station, who was equal in rank and pay to most postmasters themselves, I said: 'Do me a service, little friend, as I would do one for you. I am going to leave my wife, to whom I have been unkind, and am going to enlist in the guards. But I wish her to forget me, and she must think me dead. Write to her in a week and tell her that I was taken with the cholera and died. Beg her to forgive me for my unkindness; say that I was grateful for her love, and that it was my last wish that she should marry again some lad more worthy of her than myself. Make interest to have the station continued to her as postmistress. She was a priest's daughter, and can write.' We crossed ourselves; he swore; we bowed to the image in the corner of the stable, we kissed, and in five minutes I was gone. At the recruiting-office I enlisted for the empress's regiment of cuirassiers of the guard, as a fourteen years' volunteer, and in a false name. I'd of

course no papers, but they asked no questions, for I was a fine recruit. My beard was shaved, my hair was cut, and when I got to Petersburg and was fitted with my uniform and eagle-crowned helmet no one would have known me. I rose to be sergeant and second riding-master. From your *padarojna* I see that you are English. Now, in '53, when I had served my time there were rumours of war in Turkey against you, and tempting offers were made to me to stop and drill the new recruits. But I was wretched, and home-sickness drove me south, though if I found my wife dead or married again I intended to kill myself. Petersburg is not a place for Cossacks either. By brooding over the past I had become madly in love with my wife. It was no use for me to tell myself that I had left her well off; that she was married again and happy; that she was forty-four and fat; or else, perhaps, a scarecrow. I was madly in love. I got my discharge and pension-papers, and started south. At Kharkof my friend was 'dead.' What if she too were dead? 'Who keeps the Donski post-station now?' I murmured, crossing myself the while under my long cloak. 'The widow.' 'A widow that has kept it fourteen years?' 'The same.' In eighteen hours I was there. I recognized two of the old men, but they not me. I rushed into the house. She was at her day-book writing, not changed. Only graver, and with silver in her black hair. 'My own little Olga,' in the best style of old days. She did not turn to look at me, but threw up her arms and fell forward on the table. I rushed to her and felt her heart, with mine, too, all but ceasing to beat. In a moment she came to herself—our lips fast glued together. That was in '53. This is '69. Sixteen years gone like a day. We have made up for the past, little lord.

"But, would you believe it? That wretched government at Petersburg insists that I am dead, and that the Donski station is kept by my widow. Or else they say the cuirassier riding-master must be dead, and with him his pension. My widow accepts the situation with a smile, for our neighbours all know better than to believe the government, but she keeps the books, signs the receipts and pays the taxes. I draw my pension in my cuirassier name. A great Petersburg noble who was passing here last week told me that he didn't believe a word of my story, but that the postmistress and I were 'quite in the fashion.' What did he mean?"



From Macmillan's Magazine.

## TORQUATO TASSO: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

## PART II.

FROM Rome Tasso was summoned by Alfonso II. d'Este, the brother of his late patron, to the ducal court of Ferrara. The duke, as we have already seen, desired, in the first instance, to retain him as one of the gentlemen of his court; on the other hand, it had long been the object of Tasso's ambition to be admitted into his service. He had endeavoured to obtain his wish through the influence of various powerful friends, and he attributed his success to the influence of the princess Lucrezia, now duchess of Urbino, and to her sister Leonora.

The gratitude which he felt on this occasion — alas, how soon to be cancelled! — is recorded in his letter to his friend Scipio Gonzaga: "He (that is, Alfonso) took me out of a state of misery and obscurity, and set me in the light and splendour of his court. Raising me from poverty, he placed me in a position of ease and comfort, declaring me to be worthy of every distinction, inviting me to sit at his table, and admitting me into the intimacy of his private life. Nor was any favour that I asked of him ever denied me."\*

Again, the passage in the "*Aminta*" is meant as another graceful acknowledgment of his gratitude. The "*Vom d'aspetto magnanimo e robusto*," who stood on the threshold of the "*felice albergo*," and with "*real cortesia*" invited Tirsi to enter, is doubtless intended for Alfonso, while Tirsi, who cannot decide whether the title of "*duce or cavaliero*" best befits his courteous host, is meant to represent himself. "*Ei grande e' n pregio, me negletto e basso*."†

But there is also another passage (act i. sc. 2) which tells us a different tale, picturing the evils of a court life, and the persecutions to which he was subject.

Tasso was admitted into the duke's household in 1573. In 1579 the calamity overtook him which darkened the rest of his life — which precipitated him from the height of happiness to the depth of misery, and has ever since made him an object of the tenderest compassion. It is by no means an easy task to trace the beginning of his misfortunes. Many of his early biographers, in their anxiety to shield the house of Este, give a purposely confused account of their origin. But later accounts tear away this flimsy veil, and reveal the

treacherous cruelty which lurks behind it. During the first three years his life was peaceful and happy. He wrote his "*Aminta*," a pastoral drama, composed in two months' time, so perfect, says Muratori, that it left no chance to posterity of ever surpassing it. All the former *pastorali* — the "*Sacrificio*" of Beccari, the "*Aretusa*" of Lollio, the "*Sfortunato*" of Argenti — appeared as the roughest sketches of that species of composition beside the polished beauties of the "*Aminta*," which will always remain as a gem in the Italian language for graceful elegance of diction and purity of style. Parini considered that in it Tasso had succeeded in engrafting the choicest specimens of Italian ideas and language on the ancient beauties of the Grecian stock. He is especially happy in his "*cori*," which are masterpieces of vigorous style, and each individual specimen in itself a perfect piece of poetry. Take for example the one at the end of the second act, beginning —

Amore, in quale scuola,  
Da qual mastro s'apprende,  
La tua sì lunga e dubbia arte d'amare?

Yet Tasso himself never thought very highly of the "eclogue," as he called the "*Aminta*," nor did he take any steps to have it published. It was not printed until after the control of his works had passed out of his hands during his imprisonment. At that time (1580) it was printed at the Aldine Press, with a preface by Aldo il giovane, in which he laments with much feeling the sad condition of "*Il Signor Torquato*."\*

The "*Aminta*" was represented with great splendour at the court of Ferrara in 1573; again a few years later at Mantua, when the artist and architect Buontalenti painted the scenery, and the duchess of Urbino summoned Tasso to her court that she might hear the famous *pastorale* from the lips of the author.

Tasso made a happy sojourn there of a few months, and during that time he wrote a sonnet (one of his most finished productions), "*Negli anni acerbi tuoi, purpurea rosa*," to the duchess, now in her fortieth year. Lucrezia rewarded his graceful compliments with a collar of gold and a valuable ruby, presents which afterwards, in his great poverty, he was obliged to barter for money.

Tasso's next care was to finish his great epic poem, which was eagerly looked for throughout Italy. In his anxiety to give

\* Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* vol. i. p. 300.  
† *Aminta*, act i. scene 2.

\* Tasso, *Opere*, vol. ii. p. 10.



to his country as perfect a production as possible, he consulted all his friends upon various passages of the poem, making journeys to Padua, Bologna, Rome, Sienna, and Florence, omitting no opportunity of gaining assistance in his task from all the learned men he knew. Thus portions of the poem would pass from hand to hand, till the printers somehow or other gained possession of them and surreptitiously printed them, to the great annoyance of Tasso, before the whole work was complete. In this manner, now two cantos, now four at a time, appeared in various cities of Italy, but even in this imperfect state they were received with enthusiastic applause.

At length, in 1575, the first complete edition of the poem was published, and throughout the literary *accademie* and circles of Italy nothing else was discussed, while comparisons were immediately instituted between the "*Gerusalemme*" of Tasso and the "*Orlando Furioso*" of Ariosto. A greater mistake could hardly have been made, for it is obvious that there is an essential difference between the two poems. Tiraboschi observes that you might as well compare the "*Æneid*" of Virgil with Ovid's "*Metamorphoses*;" but of this a few more words will be said at the end of the paper. It is only mentioned here because it was the first cause of the fierce attacks of the *Accademia della Crusca*, which so vexed and wounded the sensitive spirit of Tasso, the first cloud which announced the storm of trouble about to burst over his devoted head.

On his return to Ferrara in 1576 the duke appointed him biographer of the house of Este, in place of his former secretary Pigna, who from that time forward became his bitter enemy, and stirred up the jealousy and malice of the other courtiers to show itself in open persecution. Tasso's letters were opened and intercepted, and his papers stolen.

Notwithstanding their petty intrigues and jealousies, they had not as yet succeeded in poisoning the duke's ear against him, and he stood as high as ever in the favour of the court. The princesses continued to show him every mark of esteem. Leonora, in order to distract him from these harassing vexations and troubles, invited him to her villa at Consandoli, on the borders of the Po, about eighteen miles from Ferrara. Soothed by her kindness, and happy in her presence, he put the finishing touches to the episode of

Erminia,\* one of the favourite passages of his poem. He was never tired of polishing and repolishing this cherished work of his genius, and, far from having sanctioned the edition published in 1575, he complained bitterly that the poem had been fraudulently snatched from his hands before it was complete, and persuaded the duke to write to the pope, to the republic of Genoa, the duke of Parma, and many other Italian princes, to prohibit the publication of the poem without his sanction. Up to this period he seems to have succeeded in concealing from every one his passion for Leonora, although, to those who are now aware of his secret, the thought of her seems to pervade all his writings, and appears under some form or another in all the varied productions of his poetical genius.†

But on his return from Consandoli, in an unguarded moment he confided the first hint of his secret to one of the courtiers — Maddalò by name — whom he trusted and believed to be his friend. Maddalò proved himself instead to be a traitor of the blackest dye. Tasso became aware of his treachery — a quarrel and a duel ensued. The cowardly traitor brought his two brothers with him, and all three set simultaneously upon Tasso.

But Tasso, not unlike one of the brave heroes of his poem, proved himself more than a match for all his three enemies, so that they fled before him, and the streets of Ferrara resounded with the saying —

Colla penna e colla spada  
Nessun val quanto Torquato.

(Wield he the sword, or wield he the pen,  
Torquato is greater than other men.)

This skirmish had unhappily the effect of increasing his suspicions, and he sank into a state of melancholy from which nothing could divert him. He mistrusted everybody; he even began to doubt himself. He thought himself guilty of heresy — he feared his faith was not so firm as it ought to be — that his philosophical speculations had led him into error respecting the great truths of religion. Tormented and perplexed, he volunteered to go twice before the Inquisition at Bologna and Ferrara, and, although somewhat reassured, he was not satisfied, because absolution had not formally been administered to him. Then another apprehension as-

\* *Gerusalemme liberata*, c. vii.

† The whole question has been ably treated by Professor Rosini in an essay upon the "*Amore del Tasso*." (*Opere del Tasso*, vol. 33.)



sailed him, lest his enemies should take away his life either by poison or the sword. One of the attendants aroused his suspicion to such an extent that he forgot himself so far as to draw his dagger upon him in the apartments of the duchess of Urbino. For this action the duke caused him to be arrested, but more out of regard to his own safety than in punishment for the offence.

Up to this time the duke seems to have had patience with eccentricities and suspicions which might have aroused harsher feelings, for he soon set Tasso at liberty, and invited him to his villa at Belriguardo. It is here that Goethe lays the scene of his drama of "Tasso." But here, whether weary of the poet's importunities, or whether his malicious enemies first awakened in the duke's mind a suspicion of Tasso's passion for the princess, is not known; but Alfonso, as the only way of disposing of the unheard-of presumption that a gentleman of his court should dare to raise his eyes to one of the princesses of the house of Este, caused it to be intimated to Tasso that he should feign himself mad.

It was, indeed, no wonder that Tasso left Ferrara in indignation, recording the insult in the never-to-be-forgotten lines —

Tor mi potevi, alto Signor, la vita,  
Chè de' Sovrani è l' usurpato diritto,  
Ma tormi quel, che la bontà infinita  
Senno mi diè, perchè d' amore ho scritto  
(D' amore, a cui natura e il ciel m' invita),  
E delitto maggior d' ogni delitto.  
Perdon chiedi, tu mel negasti : addio :  
Mi pento ognor del pentimento mio.

He fled away poor, footsore, wayworn, to his sister at Sorrento, to whom he first showed himself in the disguise of a shepherd, and, to try her affections, told her that her brother was far off in peril of his life. When reassured, by her unfeigned grief, of her affection, he told her the truth, and she affectionately received him, striving by every means in her power to soothe his troubled mind.

While at Sorrento, Manso tells us that he received a twice-repeated summons back to Ferrara from "Madama Leonora." But it appears from Tasso's own letter to the duca d' Urbino that the duke never invited him to return. Happier far would it have been for Tasso had he resisted the invitation; for although on his arrival at Ferrara he was received at court, Alfonso had not forgiven him. The poet's enemies continued to pour their malicious tales into his patron's ear. Tasso was

never allowed a personal interview with the duke, and very soon the princesses were forbidden to receive him.

Again he fled from Ferrara to Mantua, to Urbino, to Torino, where, under the name of "Omero Fuggiguerra," he arrived in such a sad plight, that the keepers of the gates of the city would not have admitted him had not Ingegneri, the Venetian printer, who had printed sixteen cantos of the "*Gerusalemme*," recognized him, and announced who he was.

In vain did the marchese Filippo d'Este and the prince Carlo Immanuele implore him to stay at their court. His unlucky steps took him back to Ferrara for the third time. He arrived there in February 1579, just before the entry of the duke's third bride.

He presented himself at the threshold of the palace. The duke, intent on the wedding preparations, would not receive him; the princesses were not allowed to do so; the courtiers jeered at him. Tasso's bruised and wounded spirit could endure no more insults. He broke out into fierce invectives against the duke and the whole house of Este, retracted his praises, cursed his past life, abused the vile race of courtiers. Alas! there were too many evil tongues ready to carry these reproaches to the ear of the duke, and Tasso was shut up as insane in the hospital of Sant Anna in Ferrara.

It is not the intention of this essay to dwell on the piteous spectacle presented by Tasso in the asylum of Sant Anna, nor to recall the painful circumstances connected with it — details of physical and mental anguish so terrible that the pen of his contemporary historians refused to fill them in, and left the passages blank. Moreover, a subject so pathetic has naturally furnished a theme for great writers in poetry and prose.

Byron caused himself to be locked for an hour in the poet's cell, whose narrow limits contained

Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier,

before he wrote the poem which records his sufferings.\*

Shelley brought away with him a piece of the very door "which, for seven years and three months, divided this glorious being from the air and the light which had nourished in him those influences which he has communicated through his poetry

\* "Lament of Tasso." Byron's Works, vol. iii. p. 113.



to thousands." Montaigne visited him, and writes compassionately of his "*piteux estat*." And two modern poets,\* his countrymen, once more relate to free Italian ears the story of a prince's tyranny and a poet's fame.

Whatever may be the surmise as to the motive which prompted the iniquitous conduct of the duke, the real reason has remained wrapped in that impenetrable mystery with which it pleased the Italian princes to shroud their crimes. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that records of similar cruelties stain the history of almost every state and republic of Italy. The rippling waves of the Venetian lagoon yet hide the witness of many a deed of darkness, and the treacherous instruments still preserved in the arsenal remain as tangible proofs that no law of friendship, chivalry, or honour, was allowed to stand between a tyrant and the object of his revenge.

It suited the purposes of Alfonso that Tasso should be considered a madman, therefore he was imprisoned in the foul precincts of Sant Anna. The biographers of the house of Este use every endeavour to prove that the poet was really out of his senses, in order to excuse the conduct of the duke. Admitting, for the sake of argument, this to be true, would it justify him in condemning the great genius of the age to languish among the common herd of lunatics, stunned by their perpetual meaningless clamour, shocked by the sight of their sufferings, placed, in short, in circumstances revolting to every one of his refined and delicate senses? Had his affliction been of the nature which the duke pretended it to be, he should have been treated with every mark of consideration and respect, and not exposed to treatment which, far from curing it, was calculated to aggravate it in the highest degree. But such was not the case. Indeed, the perfect sanity of the poet's mind only added to the horror of his situation, enabling him to sound with fearful accuracy the depths of the abyss into which he had fallen. What higher proof of his sanity could be urged than that it withstood shocks sufficient to shake the reason of most men from its seat?

Let any one read his "*Dialoghi*"† — treatises composed during his imprisonment — models of calm, dispassionate reasoning, or his poetry, full of the deepest

and tenderest pathos, and then judge if Tasso's reason was not entirely within his control. Would they not rather wonder that, in spite of the fearful circumstances in which he found himself, he was able to retain a poet's keen imagination, a philosopher's serenity of thought?

The original of one of his treatises ("*Il Malpiglio Secondo*") written throughout in his own hand, is still to be seen in the British Museum,\* and as we reverently turn its yellow parchment pages, what a train of compassionate recollections do they awake! Copies can also be seen in the same place of his letters to the duke of Urbino, imploring him to procure his release from captivity.

But we must pass over the recital of his numerous entreaties, addressed either directly or indirectly to his inexorable tyrant; the palpable contradiction presented by his being called upon to write from a lunatic asylum the defence of his poem against the attacks of the *Accademia della Crusca* — "a handful," says Monti, of "insolent sophists, who, like a pack of yelping curs round a sick lion, have made it their business to insult the great genius of the age;"† and the alternations of hope and fear which must have often made his heart sick, — to notice the effect produced by his sufferings upon his character.

Despite the cruel nature of his imprisonment, no abuse of his tormentor ever passed his lips, nor did he ever turn against him the weapon he had once used in his cause; for it should always be remembered that the words "*Tu Magnanimo Alfonso*," still stand unerased from the first page of the "*Gerusalemme liberata*."

No dark thought of putting an end to his almost unendurable misery by suicide seems ever to have presented itself to his mind. The following passage in the "*Torrismondo*," gives us a clue to his thoughts on this awful subject. In it he blames him who —

Against himself

Would arm his impious and reckless hand,  
Scare from its sacred tenement the soul  
Which o'er the body keeps a holy ward,  
Placed there by GOD, yielding alone to Him  
The trust He gave. Who, when the task is  
o'er,  
Will call it back to heaven whence it came.‡

\* Manuscripts. Additions to the department of MSS. in the British Museum, 1841-1845, folio 12,045, p. 29.

† Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* vol. i. p. 31.

‡ *Torrismondo*, act i. scene 2. — So Spenser (who died one year after Tasso) writes:

\* Riccardo Ceroni, and Aleardo Aleardi.

† 1. *Il Messaggero*. 2. *Il Gonzaga*. 3. *Il Padre di Famiglia*. 4. *Il Malpiglio Secondo*, etc., vols. vii. viii. *Opere del Tasso*.



He held fast to those earnest religious convictions which had early sunk deep into his mind, and now in the midst of the wreck of his hopes he fixed his thoughts steadfastly upon God, "who," he says, in one of his letters, written from Sant Anna, "never abandons those that firmly believe in Him." And nothing ever shook this trust, not even when in the lonely hours of the night, worn with illness, and unable to rest, his fevered fancy would people his cell with strange forms and phantoms tempting him to despair.

But the years of patient endurance were not to remain unrewarded; the pale, haggard face was not always to gaze piteously through the iron bars of his prison, for the long-desired release came at last. We must again have recourse to surmise to account for the motive which suddenly induced Alfonso to set his victim free.

During the confinement of Tasso in the asylum, Leonora d' Este died, in the forty-fifth year of her age. Up to this period Alfonso gave no hope of ever releasing Tasso from imprisonment, but after that time he was gradually brought to relent. First a change of apartment was provided for the unfortunate poet. Later he was allowed to pay a visit to the duchess Marfisa d' Este, who was so enraptured with his poem that she implored her cousin (Alfonso) as a personal favour to allow her to invite the author to her villa at Maddaler for one day. This was granted, provided that he was conveyed there and back to Sant Anna in a close carriage. After this, by degrees, the rigour of his imprisonment was relaxed; and at length, but not till he was so ill that it was hardly possible for him to recover, in compliance with the supplications of the whole city of Bergamo, the united prayers of Vincenzo Gonzaga, Cesare d' Este and Virginia de' Medici, whose marriage was about to be solemnized, on the 5th of July, 1586, Tasso was set free.

Free once more to breathe the pure air of heaven, to drink in those beauties of nature which he has so eloquently described, to listen to the song of the birds, to enjoy the sweet smell of the flowers and all the summer glory of his enchanting country — to him these must in truth have seemed "an opening paradise."

Before closing this painful chapter of

his life, we must call attention to one of the worst traits in Alfonso's character — his refusal to allow Tasso to kiss his hand before leaving Ferrara — a last favour which, in token of his free forgiveness, the injured poet asked of his former patron.

Tasso lived nine years after his release from captivity. At first he was courteously entertained in the palace of the duke of Mantua, the father of his deliverer, Vincenzo Gonzaga. "I am in Mantua," he writes to his friend Licino, "the guest of his Excellency the duke. I have been allowed to choose my own attendants out of his household. I am treated with deference and courtesy. I have good food, delicious fruit, excellent bread, and choice wines like those my father used to delight in."\*

This state of ease and tranquillity was unhappily of short duration. Duke Guglielmo of Mantua died. Vincenzo, his son, was too much taken up with the cares of his new dignity to bestow much thought or care upon Tasso, who again set out on his wanderings. The poverty and misfortune which had clung to him all his life still attended him; and it is sad to see him roaming restlessly from city to city, from place to place — he, the author of the great poem of the age, forced to implore the loan of ten *scudi* to pay his expenses to Rome.

At first also he was tormented by fears lest Alfonso should even now drag him back to the cell whence he had escaped with such difficulty. A modern poet† describes his situation in very pathetic language, which can hardly be done justice to in a translation: —

O'er fields and plains he roams,  
Pale, soiled, a mendicant from door to door,  
His mind distraught with anguish. Can this  
be

The gentle poet-knight? Ever behind,  
Nearer and nearer still, there seems to come  
Fast in pursuit the gallop of a horse;  
Perchance some officer to drag him back  
To foul Sant Anna's narrow prison walls!  
Were there in truth around forms with weird  
hands

Outstretched to snatch from him his cherished  
lays,  
The polished work, the ceaseless toil of years,  
And cast them to the winds? Strewing the  
sheets

Along the way-worn track, or on the banks  
Which line the desert way! He almost doubts  
In sheer perplexity his very self.  
Was his poetic genius but a dream,

"The term of life is limited,  
Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it;  
The souldier may not move from watchful sted,  
Nor leave his stand until his captain bed."

*Faery Queene*, Book I. c. ix.

\* Manso, *Vita de Tasso*, p. 187.

† Aleardo Aleardi, p. 113.



A futile fancy his immortal work?  
 Tancred, Clorinda, all the noble forms  
 And bright creations of his poet's muse,  
 But vain imaginations?

Half tempted by the offer of the ethical and poetical chair of the academy "*Degli Addormentati*," at Genoa, he felt obliged to decline it because of the impaired powers of his memory; and once again he returned to Mantua, to dedicate his recently-finished tragedy of "*Torrismondo*" to the new duke. A long course of insult and injury had rendered the unhappy poet sensitive to an almost morbid degree. Dissatisfied with his reception, fancying that his new dignity had changed the countenance of his former friend towards him, he left Mantua for Rome, with the especial intention of making a pilgrimage to Loretto. Footsore, poverty-stricken, and well-nigh exhausted, he accomplished his vow, and then pushed on towards Rome. But fresh disappointment awaited him there. He had neither strength nor spirit left to struggle and strive among the crowd of place-seekers in the court of the papal palace to obtain the reward which ought freely to have been bestowed upon the greatest poet of the day.

Again he turned away and fled to Naples, cherishing, as a last hope, the thought of recovering his forfeited paternal inheritance. In this, as in every other matter connected with worldly prosperity, he was unsuccessful. Nevertheless, in that peaceful and beautiful sojourn his mind was able to rest content. The soft, delicious climate was like balm to his shattered health; his eye rested with pleasure upon the bay which has no rival in Europe, the deep blue of the glorious sea, the stately buildings, the fresh fountains, the abundance of fruits, and the ever-blowing flowers; and his interest was daily awakened by the scene of animation before him in the concourse of strangers from all parts of the world, the splendour of their equipages, and all the gay throng of chivalry which had had such charms for him in former days.

In order to escape from the courteous invitations which were showered upon him, he retired for a short time to the quiet monastery of Monte Oliveto. Many went thither to pay their respects to him; among others, Manso, Marchese della Villa, his great friend, and the writer of the biography often quoted in this paper. We next hear of Tasso paying a visit to Bisaccio, the villa of the marchese; and we read with pleasure the report of Manso,

that "Il Tasso is now become so keen a huntsman, that he despises all inclemencies of weather. In the evening we spend many pleasant hours listening to music and singing. He especially delights in the *improvvisatori*, admiring their readiness in versification, in which he always considered himself to be deficient." \*

But again his love of wandering carried him back to Rome, to be again received with coldness by his former friend, Scipio Gonzaga, and to throw himself once more upon the hospitality of the monks of Monte Oliveto, whence also he fled away, and was afterwards discovered in circumstances of the greatest poverty in the hospital of the Bergamaschi. However, his troubled life was not destined to endure much longer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

He had patiently borne each and all of the

whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

But a tardy justice was at last to be paid to his genius; and like a flame flashing for a brief instant before it expires was the earthly glory of the unfortunate Tasso. The duke of Mantua pressed him to return to his court. The grand duke of Tuscany invited him to Florence, and there all the academies and the literary world, with the exception of the envious Cruscans, poured out to welcome him and do him honour. In Rome, through the good offices of Cinzio Aldobrandini, the nephew of Pope Clement VIII., he was given an apartment in the Vatican, with an annual income of two hundred *scudi*. Here he completed the "*Gerusalemme conquistata*," an unfortunate result produced by the harsh criticisms showered upon the "*Gerusalemme liberata*." Lastly, the wreath of poet's laurel which had crowned Petrarch was now destined to adorn Tasso's head.

It is a fact worthy of note that in both cases this distinction was obtained by an inferior production of either poet: the "*Scipio Africanus*" of Petrarch, and the "*Gerusalemme conquistata*" of Tasso. And this coveted honour, which Tasso had deservedly won in the first flower of his youth, now came too late. The cere-

\* Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* vol. i. p. 316.



mony was delayed that it might be performed with more solemnity; and his health, long undermined by disease, hardships, and sorrow, at length gave way. His wanderings were over forever when his weary steps halted at last at the threshold of the quiet monastery of San Onofrio, on the summit of the Janiculum. "I come," he said to the monks, who received him with pitying glances, "to die among you." Here he spent the last weeks of his life sitting under the shade of the oak, whose boughs stretched out over the garden, looking on the beautiful prospect before him of the ancient capital of the world. Surely those mighty ruins, on whose dim outlines his thoughtful gaze loved to rest, must have added one more example to the long, stern lesson of his life as to the vanity of human greatness, the futility of earthly desires.

But further teaching was scarcely needed now. His spirit, long ago chastened by suffering, and firmly fixed on another and brighter world, was only waiting the last summons to flee away and be at rest. It was not long delayed. On the 10th of April, 1595, he was told by the papal physician, sent on purpose to attend him, that there was but little hope of his recovery, and from that day till the 25th, when he died, he turned his thoughts heavenward.

There is a touching simplicity in the contemporary narrative of the last days of his life. "Father," he said to his confessor, who was attending him, "write, that I give my spirit back to GOD who gave it, my body to the earth whence it was taken, to be laid in this church of San Onofrio. My goods I leave to the lord cardinal Cinzio, and I pray him to restore to Il Signor Giambattista Manso the little portrait of me painted by his wish, and only lent to me for life. To this monastery I bequeath this sacred image of our dear Lord," — and, as he spoke, he clasped the crucifix of singularly beautiful workmanship which hung beside his bed. A few days afterwards he received the last sacraments of the Church, and died peacefully with the unfinished ejaculation on his lips, "Into thy hands, O Lord —"

That same evening his body, according to his wish, found a last resting-place in the church of San Onofrio.

The simple inscription, "*Hic jacet Torquatus Tassus*," graven in the stone, still marks the place of his repose,—

And nought remains to mark thy last abode  
But the bright waters of a sparkling well,  
And simple stone, and the eternal smile

Of the Campagna. Suffer us once more  
To wake thy golden lyre, that we may touch  
With trembling hand the chord which tells  
thy fame.\*

When we remember that the pen of Tasso never rested from the time when, at seventeen, it produced the "*Rinaldo*" up to the very last days of his life, and that he died in his fifty-first year, we cannot wonder that twenty-five volumes remain to us of his writings. It would not only be presumptuous, but impossible, to attempt to do more than give a passing notice of them in these pages.

His prose compositions may be divided into "*Dialoghi*," "*Discorsi*" and "*Lettere*." His "*Discorsi*," Ginguené † tells us, especially the one which relates to heroic poetry, prove how much he had meditated on the poetics of Aristotle; the "*Dialoghi*" how deeply he had studied Plato. Any one of these "*Dialoghi*," the "*Messaggero*," for instance, is well worth reading as a sample of the clear reasoning and pellucid style which characterizes his prose as well as his poetic writings. Of these last the "*Rinaldo*" and "*Amin-ta*" have already been mentioned; of the "*Torrismondo*," begun before and finished after his imprisonment, Tasso himself had not a high opinion. The dialogue is reckoned dull and heavy, but the *cori*, like those in the "*Amin-ta*," are full of fire and spirit, and the concluding one pictures forth his recent sufferings with great pathos. The whole manuscript, in his own handwriting and the original vellum binding, has been recently added to the collection in the British Museum.‡

The poem on the Creation ("*Il Mondo Creato*") was the last work of Tasso's life, but only the two first books were ever finished, the five last being merely sketched out. In the completed portions there are some fine passages — the creation of light on the first day,§ that of the firmament on the second day, and a remarkable protest against the presumptuous folly of astrologers and star-gazers. Milton is supposed to have borrowed many of his ideas for "*Paradise Lost*" from this poem.

But all these minor works sink into

\* Aleardo Aleardi, p. 115.

† Vol. v. p. 30.

‡ Catalogue of Additional Manuscripts, 1860. Add. 23,778. This autograph manuscript of Tasso, filled with numerous alterations and corrections, was given by Licino (the friend who announced to Tasso his release from Sant Anna) to Abbioso the poet (1588); it subsequently fell into the hands of the Minorite Ottaviano Cameriani of Ravenna, and was presented by him to Cardinal Cybo (1650), whose arms it still bears on the cover.

§ *Mondo Creato*, p. 19.



comparative insignificance beside the great production of his genius, the "*Gerusalemme liberata*;" and here again the discussions and controversies which occupied for years the attention of the literary Italian world can scarcely be reduced into a few paragraphs.

It is necessary, however, to point out as briefly as possible the cause which first raised the storm of criticism.

When the "*Gerusalemme*" first appeared, the poem of Ariosto was at the zenith of its fame, and it was imitated with servility by all the inferior poets. But the genius of Tasso early taught him, that, if he was to rival Ariosto, it could not be by following in his steps, that he could not surpass the "*Orlando Furioso*" as an achievement of romantic poetry. An epic poem, however, like those of Homer and Virgil, had as yet been untried by an Italian poet, and this was the path which Tasso resolved to follow in pursuit of fame. This appears in his reply to the letter full of eulogy addressed to him by Orazio Ariosto, the nephew of Ariosto: "The crown you would honour me with," writes Tasso, "already adorns the head of the poet to whom you are related, from whence it would be as easy to snatch it as to wrest the club from the hand of Hercules. I would no more receive it from your hand than I would snatch it myself. I honour him (Ariosto); I pay him every mark of respect. I publicly declare him to be my father in the art of poetry, my master, my prince," etc.

But despite these protestations, despite the pains Tasso had taken to follow a completely different route from Ariosto, his enemies would insist upon accusing Tasso of the presumption of contending with Ariosto; and the ill-advised, but well-meant treatise of Camillo Pellegrino\* only confirmed them in this idea.

We will not attempt to deal with the pedantic criticisms and wholesale vituperations by which the recently-founded "*Accademia della Crusca*" † hoped to attain an early celebrity. To these Tasso replied with calm dignity, —

With a glory round his furrow'd brow,  
Which emanated then, and dazzles now,  
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,  
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow  
No strain which shamed his country's creaking  
lyre,  
That whetstone of the teeth — monotony in  
wire.‡

\* *Opere di Tasso*, vol. xviii. 20.

† 1583.

‡ Childe Harold, Canto IV. xxxviii.

It is a more pleasing task to quote the opinion of Metastasio. "If Apollo," he says, "were to take a fancy to endow me with a great poetical genius, and commanded me to declare which of these great poems ("*Orlando Furioso*" and "*Gerusalemme liberata*") I should wish the production of my genius to resemble, I should certainly make my choice with great hesitation, but I think my natural inclination to order, exactitude, and method would decide me in favour of the "*Gerusalemme*." "Thus he writes," says Tiraboschi, whose comment on this opinion is still more interesting, "with the modesty of a really great man; but I should reply with more courage to Apollo, and my answer would be different. Were he to ask me to write an epic poem, I should beg him to make me resemble Tasso; were I to undertake a romantic poem, I should desire to imitate Ariosto; but if I were to choose which of these poets I should most wish to resemble in their natural gift for poetry, I should first of all beg Tasso's pardon, but I should pray Apollo to bestow on me the natural gift of Ariosto."\*

It is certainly a truth not to be denied, that Tasso was apt to overlay with too refined and artificial ornament scenes of natural pathos which would have been more vigorously painted by the bolder hand of Ariosto. But this trivial failing does not justify the harsh opinion expressed in the spiteful lines of Boileau: —

Tous les jours à la cour un sot de qualité  
Peut juger de travers avec impunité,  
A Malherbe, à Racan, préférer Théophile,  
Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile —

which, eagerly caught up and repeated have done more than any other criticism to damage Tasso's reputation as a poet. Ginguené tries to explain away the lines. Boileau, he says, never meant to imply that because Tasso's poetry contained some alloy it was not also full of precious metal. He only blamed those who prefer the artificial portions of "*Gerusalemme*" to all the solid gold of Virgil, and, afterwards, in another passage of his "*Art Poétique*," the French satirist considerably modified his opinion of Tasso. It may be doubted, by the way, whether he was aware that Tasso's happiest imitation, the famous verse on the sick child, was taken from Lucretius. Unhappily Boileau's partial recantation is forgotten, while

\* Tir. vii. 1267, 1268.



the former lines are remembered; and it is difficult not to think, with Byron, that these were inspired by an envious motive.

Let us now turn from refuting the criticisms of the "*Gerusalemme liberata*," to point out some of the great intrinsic merits of the poem. In the choice of his subject Tasso was especially fortunate. At all times calculated to enlist the earnest sympathy of the Christian reader the circumstances of the age give it a still more marked and definite interest. The peaceful condition of Europe had left the Christian states free to turn their arms against the Turks, and it seemed hardly probable that they would shortly be compelled to surrender their "*grande ingiusta preda*,"\* for just at the moment when Tasso, in his twenty-seventh year, was still engaged on his poem, the Christian forces had won the famous victory of Lepanto (1571). This war against the Turks naturally diverted the stream of European thought back into the old channel of the crusades, and many warriors entertained the hope that another crusade would shortly be organized.

The oration pronounced in honour of Tasso before the academy at Ferrara, the year after his death (1596), concludes with a passionate entreaty to all the princes of Europe to avenge the depredations of the Turks, and not to cease from warfare till, like new Godfreys, they had hung up their victorious arms as trophies before the Holy Sepulchre.

In the military plan and operations of his poem Tasso is considered unrivalled by another poet, and this success is considered, in some measure, to be due to the instructions of Alfonso. During the happier days of his court favour at Ferrara, Tasso would consult the duke, who piqued himself on his generalship, as to the march of the troops, their plan of attack, the position of vantage, the method of conducting the siege, and all the military features of the enterprise.

Again, Godfrey de Bouillon is a model general, while he is also an example of calm, faultless virtue. The other knights, Tancred and Rinaldo, despite their courage and chivalry, are not so attractive as heroes as the bright, captivating Clorinda, or the modest, gentle Erminia as heroines. Each of the detached episodes in which they appear is in itself a perfect picture, while they do not hinder the unity of purpose which gives such a distinct cohe-

rence to the action of the poem, causing it to march in an undeviating course to its conclusion.

These are some of the main features of the "*Gerusalemme*," but every Italian scholar will rather turn to the poem itself, and recall some of the favourite passages which it contains — the grand opening stanzas, the soul-stirring description of the crusaders' first sight of Jerusalem, the pathetic beauty of Dudone's death, the flight of Erminia, Tancred and Clorinda, their battle and her death, which can hardly be read with dry eyes. In the description of nature, Tasso is peculiarly happy, whether he describes the gradual coming on of night with her "*stellato velo*" (vi. 103), or the sea with her "*cerulei campi spumanti*" (xvi. 4), or the cool waters of a spring which "*mormorando sen va gelida e bruna*" (xv. 56), or when he seizes upon the slightest circumstance, such as the varied hue of the feathers,

Che di gentile  
Amorosa colomba il collo cinge (xv. 5),

and interweaves it as a bright ornament in his chain of description, or, as a last example, when he rises to the sublime in his account of the ruins of Carthage (xv. 20).

It was, in truth, no wonder that the polished stanzas found a responsive chord in every Italian heart from the first moment of their publication. The princes caused them to be read aloud in their courts, the priests murmured them in the shade of the cloister, the people loved them, the gondolier would recite them in soft melancholy cadence as he steered himself through the water-streets of Venice or launched out towards the Lido, the brigand of the Abruzzi, with their sound still in his ears, would not hurt a hair of the poet's head when he journeyed alone and unfriended towards Rome; even the galley-slaves of Livorno, as, chained together, they dragged their weary steps along the shore, would chant fragments of the crusader's litany in the "*Gerusalemme liberata*."

In the space of six months after its first publication it was reprinted seven times — six times in Italy and once in France,\* and two thousand copies of Ingegneri's edition were sold in two days.

As the "*Rinaldo*" marked the dawn of Tasso's poetical genius, and the "*Gerusalemme liberata*" its meridian splendour, so the "*Gerusalemme conquistata*"

\* *Gerusalemme liberata*, C. I. v.

\* Milman's "Life of Tasso," vol. ii. p. 29.



may be considered as its sunset. The expiring rays still shine on such passages as the dream of Godfrey (c. x.), or the attack on Jerusalem; but whereas the "*Gerusalemme liberata*" will be considered one of the classics of Italy so long as her language remains, the "*Conquistata*," pared and tamed down in deference to the opinion of his merciless critics, and filled with elaborate allegories, is scarcely if at all read, and then only to compare with its predecessor, and lament over the omission of the finest passages of the first poem.

Space forbids the mention of his numerous *canzone* and *madrigali* in every varied form of poetical beauty; but however brief and imperfect this notice may have been, enough has perhaps been said to prove that his works were indeed the faithful mirror of his mind and character.

In his philosophical essays—and it should be remembered in what fearful circumstances many of these were written—we notice a calm, patient reasoning, a well-balanced order of thought, unmoved by passion, unshaken by misfortune. Nor can we render full justice to this gravity and sobriety of mind till we have learnt from his enthusiastic poetry that, far from being cold and reserved, his nature was sensitive and passionate in the highest degree, his tender love of everything that was beautiful or noble speaking in every line of every poem, and awakening a kindred feeling in the heart of his reader.

Of gentle birth, he was also a gentleman in the truest sense of the word. Courage, chivalry, loyalty, were among the brightest ornaments of his character, and to these may be added that essentially Christian virtue, forgiveness of injuries. How perfectly he fulfilled this last duty let each who reads his life judge for himself.

Lastly, the "*Gerusalemme liberata*" gives us the true clue to that deep piety which sustained him throughout his troubled, storm-tossed life, and guided him safely into the haven of peace and rest. It is true that the earthly crown of glory slipped from his dying grasp, but we cannot grieve on this account when we remember the words which he puts in the mouth of his favourite hero, and which are now so applicable to himself—

Già non si deve a te doglia nè pianto;  
Chè, se morì nel mondo, in ciel rinasci;  
E qui, dove ti spogli il mortal manto,  
Di gloria impresse alte vestigia lasci.  
Vivesti qual guerrier cristiano e santo,  
E come tal sei morto: o godi, e pasci

In Dio gli occhi bramosi, o felice alma,  
Ed hai del ben oprar corona e palma.

(*Gerusalemme liberata*, canto iii. 68.)

We need not mourn for thee, here laid to rest;  
Earth is thy bed, and not thy grave; the skies  
Are for thy soul the cradle and the nest;  
There live, for here thy glory never dies;  
For like a Christian knight and champion  
blest,

Thou didst both live and die; now feed thine  
eyes

With thy Redeemer's sight, where, crown'd  
with bliss,

Thy faith, zeal, merit, well-deserving is.

(Fairfax's translation.)

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

From The Spectator.

#### MISS AUSTEN'S COUNTRY.

IF there be a region easy to get at, beautiful when one reaches it, and calculated to satisfy all one's susceptibility to associations, that region is Box Hill and its surroundings. It has hitherto been specially honoured rather as a convenient and picturesque spot for picnics, than as a place of pilgrimage as it ought to be regarded in an age which is perpetually breaking out into memorials, and by people who think nothing of rushing to the ends of the earth in order to tread in the imperishable footprints of the unforgotten great. We cannot all follow Horace to Brundisium, even by rail, or come up with Alexander at the Oxus, but most of us could "explore to Box Hill," and find ourselves in company with those valued friends of whom Miss Austen painted miniatures on ivory which, though we do indeed "wear them constant next our hearts," have no other resemblance to the works of art made famous by Mrs. Gamp, for their colours don't "run," and we don't want them to be "took back."

The boundaries of Miss Austen's country are just vague enough to make speculation respecting them pleasant. She liked the cosy, rich, refined, cultivated "Home" counties, and the snug, most prosperous parts of them. Mansfield Park was in Herfordshire, and have we not seen many a parsonage which might be that very house in which Dr. Grant outraged the housewifely memories of Mrs. Norris by the introduction of a round dinner-table, and made little of the flavour of the fruit upon the apricot-tree which had "cost her—no, it was a present from Sir Thomas, but she had seen



the bill, and it had cost seven shillings, and was charged as a Moor-park!" Rosings was in Kent, and when we drive past those trim, lovely hedgerows, and see the plantations beyond, can we not make choice among the former of the garden-boundary of that abode in which Mrs. Collins dexterously assigned the front room to her husband, so that he might relieve her of his society while he watched for the pony-carriage in which "Lady Catharine and Miss de Bourgh did his humble dwelling the honour of passing it several times a day," and see, on the fringes of the latter, the very spot where Mr. Darcy put his angry love-letter into the hand of Elizabeth Bennet, to whom, by the way, one always grudges Darcy and Pemberley a little? But it is not "Pride and Prejudice," or "Mansfield Park," which travels closely with the visitor to the Box-Hill region, as much as "Emma," that quite incomparable novel, in which the unique talent of the wonderful woman whose works may fail to charm us in our youth, but are an ever-increasing joy to our middle age, is at its perfection. From the height we overlook the whole of her especial country (the Dashwoods were only episodically located in Devonshire, and there can be no doubt that Anne Elliot and Frederick Wentworth ultimately settled within easy reach of town); but Box Hill itself, and all the rich and beautiful valley beneath it, are the places which we identify with "Emma." Hartfield and Highbury, Randalls, Donwell Abbey, the Abbey Mill Farm; and the Vicarage, where Mr. Elton dwelt, and which was the scene of Emma's manoeuvring about her broken boot-lace; the street in which Mrs. Bates and her daughter and Jane Fairfax lived; the Crown Inn, where "the Westons" gave their famous ball, and "dear Mrs. Elton" was pronounced by Miss Bates to be "the queen of the evening," there they are, in the valley. All the people are there too, undisturbed by the railway, which would have been such a godsend to Frank Churchill; or the telegraph which would have killed Mr. Woodhouse merely by its suggestion of haste and decision. Even the general shop, in which Harriet Smith could not make up her mind whether she would leave her purchases made up in one parcel or in two parcels, and afterwards had that agitating interview with Robert Martin, which led, as all the world knows, to the happiest results, offers its odd mixture of wares to the public still. If the places did not actually stare one in the face, — there's

a house in the valley to which Harriet's description of the Abbey Mill Farm might serve as an auctioneer's advertisement, and Randalls is occupied at this moment by a distinguished novelist, who has most likely no consciousness of the fact, — one has only to look at the people. Old Mrs. Bates sits up in a window of a red-brick house, whence sounds of piano-playing issue, looking placidly at the changing of the horses of a huge wagon, laden with cauliflowers, packed with minute and tedious neatness, in front of the Crown Inn; she wears a tall cap, a silk shawl crossed over her breast, and mittens, and as we look at her, she takes off her spectacles, and holds them out towards some person in the room invisible from the street. Of course it is Frank Churchill, and the rivet of the spectacles is loose, and Jane is playing on the piano which "Colonel Campbell" sent her. That brisk figure which shows for a moment and then darts away is Miss Bates's, and she has come to tell her mother that they are invited to sup at Hartfield, on one of those occasions when "poor Mr. Woodhouse's feelings are in sad warfare," when "a basin of gruel, thin, but not too thin," is all he can conscientiously recommend, and though "he loves to have the cloth laid, because it was the fashion of his youth, his conviction of the unwholesomeness of suppers makes him sorry to see anything put upon it." The postman is actually coming out of Mrs. Goddard's gate, and oh! how nice it would be, if one might go in and ask to be shown the neat parlour hung round with fancy-work. Young Cole looks out of his office-window, and nods to Mr. Weston, who is on his way to tell tales of the unreasonableness of Mrs. Churchill to all Highbury, in strict confidence, but stops a moment to report upon his wife's health to Mr. Perry, talking through the window of the trim carriage which the doctor really has set up, since the memorable "blunder" which Frank Churchill made, and the delightful lovers' quarrel which arose out of it. This is William Larkin coming along the shady road; one knows him in a moment, for he glances contemptuously at some neglected timber — they don't neglect their timber at the Abbey — and one sees that he has been "having it out" with Mr. Knightley, perhaps about the store-apples.

Down here, however, one sees all these delightful people piecemeal; the secret for collecting them together at their best is to "explore" to Box Hill, in a barouche landau. We know from "dear Mrs. El-



ton" that a barouche-landau holds four perfectly, and that no other vehicle was considered so fit for "exploring" purposes at Maple Grove, that delightful place, where Mr. Suckling had been a resident for eleven years, his father having had it before him; at least, dear Mrs. Elton was "almost sure that old Mr. Suckling had completed the purchase before his death." If one has the good fortune to visit friends who know Miss Austen thoroughly, and are alive to the felicity of being in her country, of course they will not think of exploring to Box Hill in anything but a barouche-landau, and they will naturally regret that "Selina," and Mrs. Bragge, Mrs. Partridge, and Mrs. James Cooper, — those friends of dear Mrs. Elton's, who all gave up music after their marriage, and of whose toils she was reminded by "being shut up half an hour with her house-keeper," are not to be of the muster awaiting them at the scene of the famous picnic. It will be so charming to know that one's topography cannot be far wrong, because Emma and her party had only seven miles to drive to Box Hill, and Hartfield was sixteen miles from London.

"Box Hill is not Switzerland," says Miss Woodhouse to Frank Churchill (at Donwell, where dear Mrs. Elton has been doing the country-party business up to her notions by "wearing a large bonnet, and bringing one of her little baskets — that one with the pink riband — hanging on her arm," and has assured "Knightley" that he is "a humourist, quite a humourist"), — "it is not Switzerland, but it will be something for a young man so much in want of change." It ought to be quite enough for anybody, with the touch of the autumn loveliness upon it, the delicious stillness, and the sweet, fresh air. It has every kind of beauty that the "woodland wild" can combine, from the tender grace of the slight ash and beech trees, through which the sun's rays strike into the under-wood, revealing marvellous treasures of multitudinous growth and infinite variety of colour, the watchful processional formality of poplars, whose front ranks stand across country in the valley below, the massive grandeur of great acorn-laden oaks and wide-spreading, sturdy elms; firs with flame-tinted stems and storm-defying heads; gloomy, bitter, poison-fruited yew, and solemn cypress; to the masses of the sharp and shining-leaved tree, growing thick and black-stemmed in the dense darkness, which give the place its name of "Box Hill." It has dells and

downs, steep, heather-bordered road, and sharp-declining hillside, openings into undulating glades, o'erarching avenues, tunnels of shade of solemn blackness, wide stretches of green-velvet turf, dense thickets in which the crushed confusion of trees defies division, grand, solitary forest-lords standing in isolated majesty, each one a picture and a marvel. It has a gorgeous tangle of autumn flower and red poison-fruit, and acres of blackberry-bushes, with a purple bloom upon their berries. There are weird paths in it, with vistas into the wood, where the stems, shut from the sun, are bleached, and sickly, and distorted, like Doré's dreadful trees, with pain and writhing in their twisted limbs; and there are broad, jocund ways, with the generous sunlit growths bordering them, adown which the wood-nymphs might dance to-day without surprising anybody, so surely do they seem to have been laid out on purpose; and here the giant stems are dight in moss-like emerald velvet, and touched with gem-like flashes of ruby and topaz colour. There is a blue sky, with a transparent veil of hurrying clouds before it, a strong stirring and sound in the trees and the underwood; the ear might easily cheat itself into a belief that the plain below is a lake; but on the brow of the hill the whole superb scene is unrolled before one; forty miles of rich country laugh under the sunshine, and the little village of Brockham stands in its prim prettiness in the foreground of the valley, like a Dutch village just taken out of a toy-box, set up, and ready to be packed up again when the private view shall be over.

What a scene for the comedy of the exploring party, at which Emma flirted with Frank Churchill because she was angry with herself and with Mr. Knightley, and Frank Churchill flirted with Emma because he was angry with himself and with Jane Fairfax; Mr. Knightley was virtuously indignant, Miss Bates was voluble, snubbed, and forgiving; and dear Mrs. Elton was, as usual, the most finely humorous type of vulgar assumption and invincible self-complacency ever given to a world, which is, we hope and believe, increasingly grateful for the boon. Is there anybody who does not know her? To such we would say, read "Emma" thoroughly, in the first instance, and when you have mastered the book, "explore to Box Hill" in its company, — and a barouche-landau.



From Fraser's Magazine.  
OLD CHINA.

BY THE REV. R. H. CAVE.

WHAT is the peculiar spell and fascination, it is asked with amazement, which old china exercises upon many persons who are by no means deficient either in intelligence or common sense? At the present time there seems to be a perfect mania for collecting china which has any stamp of antiquity upon it; and not only fashionable society, but even the sober good sense of the middle classes appears to have caught the infection; in fact, the prices given at auction-rooms for any rare specimens are really so astounding and unprecedented, that outsiders stand by with uplifted hands and eyebrows of amazement, whilst 6,000*l.*, for example, is being given for a couple of vases, which are to be put away in the collector's cabinet, and shrouded from the common gaze thenceforth, like the beauties of an oriental harem. This is, of course, an extremely "fancy" price for old china; but it was given last year for a pair of Sèvres vases at Christie's. Two noblemen—or their agents rather—were bidding against each other, and the price was run up to 6,000*l.*; which in twenty-eight years, it must be remembered, at compound interest, is equivalent to 24,000*l.* It will be curious to trace the history of these vases in the year of grace 1902, if they are in existence then. A story is current that one of the persons to whom they formerly belonged was completely thrown off his balance by the unprecedented price given for them. He was heard exclaiming "Am I alive, or am I dead? Pinch me that I may know whether I am in my senses or not! I bought them for 70*l.* and sold them for 300*l.*; and now, gracious heavens! I have been done out of a FORTUNE!"

But to descend from these heights,—Elia remarks:

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house I enquire first for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery. I love those little lawless azure-tinted grotesques that under the notion of men and women float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china teacup.

And if we were in a discursive mood, or writing an essay in which it is permissible to wander and lose oneself at one's own will, we should like to dwell upon the moral and intellectual advantages of hobby-horse riding; to show what a healthful

pursuit it is, and how the collector of old china, or coins, or antique gems has his mental horizon enlarged, and his general knowledge of the world and of the things and people in it quickened, by the steady cultivation of a special taste. The study of antiques may in fact be considered one of the ornamental fringes of the muse of history; and a man cannot have been long in the habit of getting together a collection of antiquities of any kind without having had many curious questions of historic fact forced upon his attention, which all bear more or less directly upon the subject he is interested in. For instance—and we take an instance of that which lies closest at hand—the study of antique pottery brings us at once *en rapport* with fashions and modes of life in Egypt, Greece, and Rome, with which we should have been otherwise utterly unacquainted. There are, it is estimated, something like fifteen thousand Greek and Etruscan vases dispersed through the collections of Europe; and there is scarcely one of these which does not bear some subject of interest painted upon it from the old Greek life. The temples and sculpture-galleries of Greece, the Parthenon and Acropolis, are wrecked and ruined. A few mutilated bas-reliefs are all that remains to us of the old magnificence of sculpture when that art was at its fairest. But here, in these frail earthenware vessels, we have enshrined the spirit which has not been safely held by the marbles of Pentelicus and the bronze of Monte Catino. When Lord Macaulay inveighed against the "dignity of history," as occupying itself only with the march of great armies and the conquest of great kingdoms, whilst it neglected altogether the common every-day affairs of life which most come home to men's business and bosoms, he was uttering a tribute to those studies which lead us by pleasant paths through the byways of history. Many a man owes more than he is aware of, or perhaps would care to acknowledge, of his acquaintance with the past, to Shakespeare's plays and Walter Scott's novels.

To the outside public it would seem that pottery and porcelain are synonymous and convertible terms, included usually under the generic name of "china ware;" but, in fact, they are entirely different productions, as we shall endeavour to show in the short sketch we are about to give of the ceramic art.

The visitor to the International Exhibition of a year or two ago, who watched the deft hands of the potter moulding a



lump of clay upon the wheel in Messrs. Minton's *annexe*, was witnessing a mode of manufacture which has scarcely at all been altered or improved upon since its invention at the very dawn of history. Kingdoms have waxed and waned. Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, are but names, and shadows of names. Modern European science and skill have spanned the earth with a girdle, bridged over arms of the sea, and made wonderful strides in invention and manufacture, and still the old potter's wheel remains much what it was in the delta of the Nile four thousand years ago. And Mr. Minton's men work it under Queen Victoria much as it was worked by Egyptian artisans in the reign of Pharaoh Necho, or Rameses. But there is even an earlier pottery still than this, of which, too, we must take account. The savage prehistoric races seem at an early time to have moulded the clay of the river-brink or of the lake into some sort of vessel which would hold water, and which, after ornamenting its rim with some rude zigzag thumb-nail pattern, they dried in the sun. Specimens of this earliest pottery ware can be seen in the British Museum, and seem to show that a love of ornament is almost an instinct in man's nature; although there is a wonderful stride in intelligence and skill from the earthenware of Grime's graves or of Swiss kitchen-middens to the Sèvres teacup, with its lovely painting by Dodet or Chabry, which was sold the other day at Christie's for something like a hundred pounds.

But these specimens of the potter's art scarcely come into the same category as the pottery ware which is to be usually seen in the china-collector's cabinet, belonging rather to the department of the antiquary and ethnologist than to that of the general collector. Passing on, therefore, with a glance at the red Samian ware of Rome, for which there were large pottery works in England on the Norfolk and Kentish coasts, and specimens of which are still occasionally dredged up by fishingsmacks in those neighbourhoods, we come by a leap of a thousand years to the Hispano-Mauresque majolica ware, fine specimens of which were exhibited lately at the Bethnal Green Museum, and are to be seen also at South Kensington, and at that small city of antiquities which is open to the public three days a week in Bloomsbury. During that thousand years, the dark and gusty night of the decayed Roman empire, when the lamp of civilization was well-nigh blown out, earthenware no

doubt continued to be made in Europe, but few or no specimens seem to have come down to us.

In the twelfth century the Pisans, when they came back from an expedition against the Moors in Majorca, brought with them amongst other spoils some splendid dishes of earthenware, which were covered with an iridescent glaze, beautiful as mother of pearl or the sheen of a pigeon's neck or peacock's tail. These dishes they hung up in their churches as votive offerings. The old Greeks and Romans had done the same thing before them, for the same habits recur at various epochs of the human race. The fashionable ladies of Belgravia may at any rate be satisfied that they have good precedent for the adornment of their walls with pretty china plates and dishes. This Hispano-Mauresque pottery, which continued to be made for another hundred years, is exceedingly beautiful in colour, though rude in design; a dish, for instance, in the possession of the writer, has a golden glaze, which flashes and burns like fire, and gives green, and orange, and purple reflections, according to the angle of incidence at which the light falls upon it. Scaliger tells us that this earthenware was first called *Majorica*, then *Majolica*, from the island whence it was originally derived. Italian workmen, however, gained the secret of its manufacture, and gradually began to produce, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, that celebrated majolica ware, fine specimens of which bring such large prices at the present day. Its substance or body is merely a coarse earthenware, often very rudely moulded, with no great regard to symmetry or precision. It is afterwards covered with a thick glaze—not white, but of a rich cream colour, which gives it strength and beauty. But that which confers its chief value on the old majolica ware is the admirable artistic skill which has been applied to its adornment. The best pieces were executed at the very height of the Italian Renaissance. Raffaello, it is said, himself made designs for this earthenware. At any rate his pupils—Marc Antonio amongst others—adapted his designs to majolica dishes and platters. And it is on this account that genuine majolica ware may be taken out of the category of the mere manufacturer's work and placed in that of the true artist, who can make the dust we tread on precious, and give grace and beauty to the sand and clay and slime of the river-brink. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that genuine and well-



authenticated specimens of this ware fetch high prices. At Mr. Baker's sale last year at Christie's, "No. 129, a dish with sunk centre, painted with a female head and arabesques of lustrated colours by Maestro Georgio," dated 1529, sold for over two hundred guineas; a couple of fine ewers, painted with figure-subjects of Apollo, 300*l.*; and several dishes of the same period at about one hundred guineas each. But at the same time we would warn the would-be purchaser of majolica ware that the china market is flooded with modern imitations of these antiques, which are being manufactured, lustre, glaze, and all, at the potteries of Doccia, near Florence; and that, as a matter of fact, the position of the finer specimens in their various owners' cabinets is almost as well known to those whom it concerns as that of a genuine picture by Titian or Rembrandt in the galleries of Europe.

Simultaneously with the manufacture of the majolica ware in Italy in the sixteenth century, two other celebrated manufactories of earthenware took their rise in France; the faience of Henri Deux, and the Palissy ware of the great potter of Saintes. Of the former very few specimens remain; not, we should imagine, above two or three dozen in all. And these are literally worth their weight in gold; for whenever a chance specimen comes into the market, it is sure to sell for an almost fabulous price; five or six hundred pounds being gladly given by wealthy connoisseurs for an example of the cream-coloured niello ware of Henri and Diane. Genuine Palissy ware also fetches large sums, though not so large as the preceding. At Mr. Bernal's sale in 1855, "No. 2,076, a circular dish on a foot; a lizard in the centre, with a very rich border," which had been originally purchased in Paris in a broken state for twelve francs, and mended and sold to Mr. Bernal for four pounds, fetched no less than 162*l.*! Palissy ware is usually ornamented in relief with fish and frogs, and snakes and lizards, and snail-shells—the *rustique figuline* of a man who was a lover of nature as well as a skilful artist. This ware also has been recently imitated to a considerable extent in Paris, and unscrupulous dealers have been in the habit of getting their Palissy ware from thence for the benefit of inconsiderate and confiding purchasers; although, doubtless, the exhibition of a large stall full of the ware in the last year's International Exhibition at very moderate prices will for the future put a stop to this

lucrative and somewhat nefarious little game.

But with these specimens of earthenware, the china cabinet of the Belgravian lady, or of the collector of moderate income, has but little to do. We shall obtain a larger share of attention, perhaps, now that we come to speak of those lovely teapots and cups and saucers, and figures, and vases—true porcelain or china ware—which issued from the various manufactories of Dresden and Sèvres; and from our own Chelsea, and Worcester, and Derby during the last century.

The history of the discovery of porcelain in Europe is a kind of romance of itself—the romance of man's conquering difficulties, and of energy wisely and skilfully applied to a definite purpose; often, also, a story—too common in every-day life!—of the true inventor but poorly rewarded, and a rich harvest of gain reaped by some charlatan, who steps in at a fortunate moment to gather what another has sown. Long before the Christian era, however, porcelain or china had been in use amongst that quaint, almond-eyed, pig-tailed, peculiar race of people, who seem to have anticipated European discoveries in many another important particular. When England was a battlefield for kites and crows, Saxons and Danes, contending for its fertile lands, the art of china-making had in China pretty well been perfected. The difference between earthenware and china, or pottery and porcelain, is, that the one is opaque and the other translucent. Porcelain, in fact, is a substance which partakes of the nature both of earthenware and glass, and is intermediate between the two. Its bases are two earths, kaolin and petunse, the petunse fusing in the furnace into a sort of milk-white glaze, which covers the kaolin or china body. This beautiful china, as soon as it was introduced into England by the East India Company, about the middle of the seventeenth century, became immediately the rage. About the time of Queen Anne there was a perfect furore for the new china ware—as great a china-mania, in fact, as at the present day; so that Pope, and Hogarth, and other satirists of the follies of the hour, treated the subject in much the same laughing, satirical sort of way as our own *Punch* in his almanac of last year. Hogarth's belle comes home from the Christie's of that day with her negro boy grinning from ear to ear over a basket of quaint Chinese monsters which she has just been fortunate enough to acquire; and Pope's heroine, Belinda, is so



charmingly good-tempered, that she is able to be "mistress of herself though China fall." So Mr. Punch smilingly commiserates the Belgravian matron who has just broken a teacup that was unique, and refuses to be comforted by having her little daughter safe and sound, who is only one "of a set" after all.

China were being in such repute, it was natural enough that the secret of its manufacture should be enquired into by the potters of Europe, and as natural that the clever but mendacious race who had first made the discovery should wish to keep that secret to themselves. China—so said the Chinese—was made of egg-shells and sea-sand, and various other ingredients, mixed in certain proportions, and buried for a hundred years in the earth. Nay, more than this, it even required the blood of a martyr for its perfect production; for Pousa—so went the story—who is imaged in those quaint little modern figures which we call Chinese mandarins, being one of the earliest potters, and unable to execute a certain order of the emperor, flung himself straightway into the furnace in which the ware was baking; and behold, a perfect service was the result, and the consequent canonization of Pousa!

But, however carefully China might endeavour to keep the secret of its ware, European intelligence and perseverance were too much for it at last. The discovery or invention was made almost simultaneously in Germany and France; and the discoverers stumbled upon it at last by the merest chance. A barber of the name of Schnorr, in Germany, had been using, instead of hair-powder, a powdered clay, which turned out to be the kaolin of China, and which Böttcher, the potter of Meissen, soon employed as a basis of porcelain, and so laid the foundation of the celebrated Dresden factory. In France, too, the wife of a poor surgeon of St. Yrieux, near Limoges, found that a white unctuous earth in her neighbourhood made a capital soap; and this earth being submitted to a chemist, proved also to be a true kaolin, and was immediately turned to account in the royal manufactory of Sèvres. In England Richard Chaffers discovered that the decomposed granite of Cornwall was the substance which English potters had been looking for so long; and the factories of Plymouth and Bristol soon began to manufacture china ware no whit inferior to the imperial porcelain of China itself. Then began in Europe that great manufacture

of china ware in the eighteenth century which so far excels all that the nineteenth century, aided by schools of art and geological and chemical institutions, can do. Great monarchs did not think it beneath their dignity to take a personal interest in the porcelain factories for which their several kingdoms were famous. In order to keep the secrets of the art, potters were shut up in castles, which were guarded as if in a state of siege. "Be secret unto death" was the motto of the Meissen or Dresden factory, meeting one's eye everywhere upon the walls, and really meaning what it said, for it was as much as the workman's life was worth to disclose the secrets of those decorative prison-houses. Frederick William exchanges twenty-two vases for a regiment of dragoons, and King Augustus even thinks he has the best of the bargain in that matter. Louis XIV. watches over the Sèvres factory with quite a paternal interest; and the Pompadour and Du Barry are charmed at seeing their pretty faces appropriately enshrined in the frail clay of jewelled teacups and saucers. Even our bucolic George paid personal visits to the factories of Chelsea and Worcester, and ordered royal services for the kingly table and for gifts, asking the attendant potter a hundred rambling questions, if we are to believe Peter Pindar.

Having thus briefly sketched the history of pottery and porcelain, suppose we now follow Charles Lamb's example, and spend a few minutes in looking over the china-closet of a modern collector. It is certainly a pretty sight. There is scarcely a teacup there which might not be a lesson in taste to the modern manufacturer. The Sèvres and Dresden ware is beautifully painted with bouquets of flowers, and groups of figures, and landscapes. A few years ago, before the present mania for china set in, they might have been bought for as many shillings as they will now cost pounds. Here are some Chelsea figures—shepherds and shepherdesses in bowers of May-blossom and forget-me-nots, with cows and sheep. How exquisitely modelled they are! and in a paste which has never been rivalled, the art of making which was borrowed from the Venetian glass-makers of Murano. These are worth from ten to twenty pounds apiece. Then there are some old Worcester plates and dishes, with the square mark of Dr. Wall's time; the ground-work a rich purple-blue, with white medallions, on which are painted peacocks and peasants in the most glowing colours. Here—we beg you to handle them carefully, for they are



very precious — are three old Derby vases, modelled on the pattern of the Greek hydra, marked with the crown; also having a dark-blue ground, not quite so rich, perhaps, as the Worcester, but still fine; each one with a bouquet of flowers in a basket, so beautifully grouped and painted, that we doubt whether even Miss Mutrie could surpass them. Then, notice those old Staffordshire figures — not to be compared, of course, with the Chelsea or Dresden groups, but coming into favour now when all old china is growing scarcer, and certainly worthy of the collector's attention, for there is a great deal that is artistic and good in the pose and painting of them. Those mugs, teapots, and caddies are Lowestoft, painted, you see, after the oriental fashion, with quaint angular Chinese figures, and decorated with roses freshly plucked from the stalk. It is a moot point with connoisseurs whether much that we call Lowestoft china is not oriental after all; this being one of the big-endian and little-endian subjects which are never likely to have a satisfactory termination. Lastly, examine this genuine old Wedgwood *plaque* — not from Wardour Street or modern Etruria; look at it carefully with a magnifying glass, and say if it be not beautiful as an antique gem of Greece or Rome. The design, you must remember, was modelled by Flaxman himself, and its ivory-like figures stand out from the blue jasper ground sharp-cut and clear, without the smallest crack or fire-flaw.

To persons who are thinking of collecting old china we are almost inclined to give the well-known advice of *Punch* to persons about to marry — "Don't." Prices are almost prohibitory just now, except to people with very long purses indeed. Still there are bargains to be got, and there is china to be bought, though not at fashionable *bric-à-brac* shops, or at the great auction-marts of the metropolis. No one, for instance, can go far wrong who buys for a pound or so a pretty teacup and saucer which has a well-painted group of flowers upon it, or a fine landscape; the painting is worth all the money, and such things do turn up occasionally at out-of-the-way auctions, and in small country towns. The writer was not long since at the house of a country clergyman in a remote county, where he observed some apples upon a dish of old Worcester china — the square-marked Worcester — painted with exotic birds. Upon enquiring whether the owner knew its value, he was informed that it was a part of their com-

mon dessert-service, which had been in family use for two generations, and was thought to be nice, but not more valuable than other china. He examined the plates and dishes, however — there were about a dozen altogether — and told his host that this little service was worth probably a couple of hundred pounds, a communication which was received with a general laugh of amazement and incredulity. However, this dessert-service was sent to Christie's, and sold for a little under two hundred pounds!

But it may be asked, what is the cause of this factitious value which is attached just now to old china? And in answer we should be inclined to deny in the first place that the value is rightly to be called factitious. "The real value of a thing," says Butler, "is just as much as it will bring." And, although this may not hold good with regard to "securities" bought and sold on the Stock Exchange, which pass from hand to hand often without having any real existence at all, in the case of good works of old pottery and porcelain, the things have an intrinsic value, which must always be reliable under the usual conditions of national prosperity. They are beautiful in themselves, and under present circumstances they cannot be reproduced. The imitations, however near, are still inferior; a something of the original spirit is lacking; and if even tolerable they cannot be cheap. Men cannot in the nineteenth century afford to give the time for artistic work in manufactured goods which it really requires. In fact, our usual "manufactured goods" are not manufactured at all — that is to say, wrought by the hand of man — but made chiefly by machinery. The Greek vases, and indeed the Sèvres and the Chelsea vases of the last century, were not turned out by the gross. The Philistine world indeed may sneer at the artificial value set on old pieces of crockery ware or rusty iron. But the art-student knows their true worth; and he esteems them as precious, because standards of a better taste produced when men could afford time, and thought it worth while to do their work as well as they were able.

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From The Spectator.

#### A QUAIN EPITAPH.

SIR, — As you are not one to despise "unconsidered trifles" when they have



merit, perhaps you will find room for the following epitaph, on a Deal boatman, which I copied the other day from a tombstone in a churchyard in that town:—

In memory of George Phillpot,  
Who died March 22nd, 1850, aged 74 years.

Full many a life he saved  
With his undaunted crew;  
*He put his trust in Providence,*  
AND CARED NOT HOW IT BLEW.

A hero; his heroic life and deeds, and the philosophy or religion, perfect both in theory and practice, which inspired them, all described in four short lines of graphic and spirited verse! Would not "rare Ben" himself have acknowledged this a good specimen of "what verse can say in a little"? Whoever wrote it was a poet "without the name."

There is another in the same churchyard, which, though weak after the above, and indeed not uncommon, I fancy, in sea-side towns, is at least sufficiently quaint:—

In memory of James Epps Buttress, who, in rendering assistance to the French schooner "Vesuvienne," was drowned, December 27th, 1852, aged 39.

Though Boreas' blast and Neptune's wave  
Did toss me to and fro,  
In spite of both, by God's decree,  
I harbour here below;  
And here I do at anchor ride  
With many of our fleet,  
Yet once again I must set sail,  
Our Admiral, Christ, to meet.

Also two Sons, who died in infancy, etc.

The "human race" typified by "*our fleet*" excites vague reminiscences of Goethe and Carlyle, and "our Admiral Christ" seems not remotely associated in sentiment with the "We that fight for our fair father Christ," and "The king will follow Christ, and we the king," of our grand poet. So do the highest and the lowest meet. But the heartiness, the vitality, nay, almost vivacity, of some of these underground tenantry is surprising. There is more life in some of our dead folk than in many a living crowd.— I am, Sir, etc.,

A. D.

THE night of July 7-8, 1875, will be long remembered in Switzerland for the thunderstorms, several of them of almost unexampled severity, which occurred in Val de Travers, Liestal, Lucerne, Argovie, Zurich, and St. Gall (Rapperswyl), Langenthal, Grisons, Valais, Fribourg, and Geneva. Of these, the thunderstorm which broke over Geneva was unprecedentedly severe and disastrous. A detailed account of the phenomenon has been sent us under the title "*L'Orage du 7 au 8 Juillet, 1875. Extrait du Journal de Genève, du 9 au 12 Juillet.*" It appears to have originated to westward in the department of Ain, and took an easterly course up the valley of the Rhone to Geneva, on reaching which it spread over a wider area, and thence directed its course over Savoy. As midnight came on, though the heat was suffocating and not a breath of wind stirred below on the streets, light objects on the roofs of the houses began to be whirled about and carried off as by a tempest of wind. At the same time a dull rumbling sound, resembling neither that of wind nor that of thunder, announced the approach of the thunderstorm, and at twelve midnight exactly it burst over Geneva in all its fury. An avalanche of enormous hailstones with no trace of rain was precipitated from the sky, and shot against opposing objects by a tempest of wind from the south-west. In a moment the street lamps were extinguished, and in a brief interval incredible damage was inflicted, the glass and tiles of houses smashed

to powder, trees stripped of their bark on the side facing the west, and crops of every sort were in many places all but destroyed. The smallest of the hailstones were the size of hazel-nuts, many were as large as walnuts and chestnuts, and some even as large as a hen's egg. Some of the hailstones measured four inches in diameter, and six hours after they fell weighed upwards of 300 grammes. For the most part the hailstones were of a flattish or lenticular form, with a central nucleus of 0.16 to 0.40 inch diameter, enveloped in several concentric layers of ice, generally from six to eight, alternately transparent and opaque. An interesting map accompanies the description, showing the districts where the storm was felt as well as the degree of its intensity in each locality. The electrical phenomena were very remarkable; the flashes of lightning succeeded each with so great rapidity from midnight till a few minutes after 1 o'clock in the morning, that a mean of from two to three were counted each second, or from 8,000 to 10,000 per hour. Electrical phosphorescence was remarkably intense before and during the hail. The ground, animals, prominent objects, as well as the hailstones, were strongly phosphorescent. Immediately after the hail, ozone was greatly developed, the smell being so pronounced as to be compared by nearly all observers to garlic. The incessant electrical discharges passed from cloud to cloud over a central point from which the hail fell, but thunder was very rarely heard. Nature.



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## BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

A LITTLE pause in life, while daylight lingers  
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,  
When daily labour slips from weary fingers,  
And soft grey shadows veil the aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover  
Seen in the light of suns that long have set;  
Belovèd ones, whose earthly toil is over,  
Draw near, as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me, through the dusk return-  
ing,  
I hear the echoes of departed feet; —  
And then I ask, with vain and troubled yearn-  
ing,  
What is the charm that makes old things  
so sweet?

Must the old joys be evermore withholden?  
Even their memory keeps me pure and  
true;  
And yet, from out Jerusalem the Golden  
God speaketh, saying, "I make all things  
new."

"Father," I cry, "the old must still be nearer;  
Stifle my love, or give me back the past!  
Give me the fair old earth, whose paths are  
dearer  
Than all Thy shining streets, and mansions  
vast."

Peace, peace, — the Lord of earth and heaven  
knoweth  
The human soul in all its heat and strife;  
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth,  
But the clear river of eternal life.

He giveth life, ay, life in all its sweetness,  
Old loves, old sunny scenes will He restore;  
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness  
Shall taint thine earth and vex thine heart  
no more.

Serve Him in daily work and earnest living,  
And faith shall lift thee to His sunlit  
heights;  
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanks-  
giving  
Fill the calm hour that comes between the  
lights.

Sunday Magazine.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

## A BURIED LOVE.

OUR love was born amid the purple heather,  
When winds were still, and vesper lights  
were red;  
For one bright year we cherished it together;  
Now, it lies cold and dead.

Dead; and across the brown hill-ridges, wail-  
ing,  
Comes the wild autumn in her swift return,  
With sullen tears, and misty garments trailing  
Over the faded fern.

Ah, there may come a time — God send it  
quickly —  
When love's lone grave shall wear a fragrant  
wreath  
Of blooms, and velvet mosses, piling thickly  
Upon the dust beneath.

And we, across the heather slow returning,  
May seek, perchance, this sacred mound of  
ours;  
Seek it, unvexed by any foolish yearning,  
And find it lost in flowers.  
Good Words. SARAH DOUDNEY.

## FORGET-ME-NOT.

I AM the flower that every age has sung,  
My name has trembled on the unwilling  
tongue;  
Midst sad farewells how mournfully has rung  
Forget-me-not!

I image best the heaven's eternal blue!  
Though transient clouds may hide it from the  
view,  
It shineth still, faith's never-changing hue,  
Forget-me-not.

The restless brook, the river's deeper flow,  
Beside my quiet home still come and go;  
I kiss the waters, murmuring soft and low,  
Forget-me-not.

The birds above me hovering on the wing,  
List the hushed whisper, and the woodlands  
ring  
With the light choral as they answering sing,  
Forget-me-not.

The laughing eddies hastening to the sea  
With rippling echoes mock the symphony,  
The rude winds toss it on their pinions free,  
Forget-me-not.

And human voices catch the sweet refrain,  
In loving accents fraught with human pain,  
Repeating still the never-dying strain,  
Forget-me-not.

Golden Hours. ISABELLA M. MORTIMER.

## SONG.

WITH thee my thoughts are calm and sweet,  
Without thee they are wild and sad;  
With thee my life is all complete,  
Without thee it is stormy — mad:  
Be true to me, my love, be true!  
I'm nothing, if I have not you.

With thee my heart is aye at rest,  
Without thee it is tempest-tost;  
With thee my life is fully blest,  
Without thee I am wreck'd and lost:  
Be true to me, my love, be true!  
I'm nothing, if I have not you.

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THE ATOMIC THEORY OF LUCRETIIUS

CONTRASTED WITH MODERN THEORIES OF ATOMS, THE CONSTITUTION OF MATTER, AND THE ORIGINATION OF LIFE.\*

THE Roman poet Lucretius appears to have acquired at present a very strong interest for scientific men and others. His name has of late found frequent mention in reviews and magazines, even in sermons and newspapers. This unwonted popularity is not on account of his bold attempt to abolish the gods and give a deathblow to superstition, hardly caring, meanwhile, whether religion might perish at the same time. Nor is he read by all even for his splendid poetic genius, for some of his admirers are extremely unpoetic people. The true reason is that his poem contains an admirably clear and straightforward exposition of a scientific theory which is now very largely accepted, and which, in connection with evolution, has gained a new and somewhat startling importance. The propositions in which Lucretius has stated his atomic theory anticipate some recent scientific discoveries in a most marvellous way. Indeed, the agreement makes us wonder how the ancient students of nature, who had no means of verifying the observations of the senses through experiment, could have succeeded as they did. Like men walking abroad at night without a lantern, they could take with them no test of experimental inquiry by which to verify their hypotheses; but, in spite of all, some faculty enabled them to keep the right path. And this is the more wonderful, because (like our modern wave-theory of light and colour) the atomic hypothesis, in some points, goes altogether contrary to the evidence of the senses. Certainly, it must have been thought startlingly original when first proposed,

nor is it easy to imagine what could have suggested to any man's mind a conception which the senses seem so to contradict. In these points it illustrates the fertile insight of the Greek mind. But, while this theory is accepted as in great part true, Lucretius's deduction from it, the very thing for the sake of which he embraced it so eagerly, is completely false. Instead of the atoms being eternal—a mere assumption—so that the world could make itself, and the existence of a Creator be cut off, they enable us rather to infer from them a Creator, from whom their powers are derived. A famous scientific inquirer in the domain of molecular physics, in a late discourse, even infers from the character of the atoms and the exact "collocation of matter" which they exhibit, the existence of a First Cause, their Maker. Things which are unalterable cannot, he argues, have been formed by any of the processes which we call natural, and since each molecule is exactly similar to all others of the same kind, they bear the character of "manufactured articles," not of that which is eternal and self-existent.\*

The poem on "Nature," "*De Rerum Natura*," has an extraneous interest; it is of value for more than the thoughts of Lucretius. If the work of Epicurus, entitled "Concerning Nature," or the other, "Concerning the Atoms and Void," still existed, in which he set forth his theory of atoms, we should go to him as the older and more original source. Not that ever he was its author: the germ of the theory is attributed to Leucippus. It was next taught by Democritus (sometimes called a pupil of Leucippus), who died about B.C. 350, and it was nearly a century later before it was fully developed by Epicurus. The works of the latter two are lost to us, and this most astonishing fruit of ancient thought, which has been adopted and sub-

\* (1.) *Lucretius: De Rerum Natura*. Books I. and II.

(2.) *Address delivered before the British Association at Belfast*, by JOHN TYNDALL, President. Longmans. 1874.

(3.) *Molecules: a Lecture delivered before the British Association at Bradford*, by Professor Clerk-Maxwell, F.R.S. 1873.

(4.) *The Mystery of Matter, and other Essays*. By J. ALLANSON PICTON. Macmillan. 1873.

(5.) *The Atomic Theory of Lucretius*. North British Review, Vol. XLVIII.

\* Clerk-Maxwell. But, according to Professor Clifford, we have no evidence as yet that the molecules of any given gas are "exactly" of the same weight. Moreover, even if they were, we have no evidence that it is absolutely impossible for molecules of matter to have been evolved out of ether by natural processes. Besides the evolution of organized beings, resulting in a great number of forms, we can conceive, he says, other processes of evolution, resulting in a definite number of forms, such as the chemical elements.—"The First and the Last Catastrophe."



stantiated by modern experimental science, is to be found fully described only in Lucretius's poem. He has followed Epicurus closely, as coincidences with the letters of Epicurus, preserved by Diogenes, make very plain. He has added perhaps nothing really new to the theory: his contribution to it is only a most eloquent and plain exposition of what he found in Epicurus. One great aim of Lucretius's poem was to set forth the scientific truth of the time, and its value in the eyes of science now lies in its full and exact statement of an ancient theory, which the latest experiments confirm. This it is which at present gives Lucretius so special an interest.

The history of the atomic theory in modern times is well known. The name of the chemist in whose hands it acquired a new force is now inseparably associated with it. Dalton assumed the existence of atoms, conjectured that the weight of the atoms making up each element is constant, assigned different specific weights to the different kinds of atoms, discovered the laws according to which they combine, and thus founded his celebrated atomic theory. So important were these discoveries and their results that Dalton has earned the title of the "Father of Modern Chemistry." The progress of chemical knowledge during the last century has been vitally connected with the hypothesis that there are such things as atoms, ultimate particles of matter, and its developments, nor is its value, as concerns fresh discovery, yet exhausted. In 1873 a well-known chemist, the president of the British Association, asked, in the course of his address, "What is the meaning of the great activity shown at present in chemistry." He answered the question thus: "Chemists are examining the combining properties of atoms, and getting clearer views of the constitution of matter." Some of our readers may be surprised to find how similar the atom, as described by Lucretius, is to the modern chemical atom.

Professor Fleeming Jenkin, of Edinburgh, has gone over all Lucretius's statements in his first and second books as to the constitution of matter, and has shown that they are either certainly true, or else

that they foreshadow the truth. Therefore the theory, as its old discoverers held it, has more than a mere historical interest. Professor Jenkin's article on "The Atomic Theory of Lucretius" is both thorough and original; and in endeavouring to realize what Lucretius's theory of atoms was, and to understand how it enabled him to look upon nature and practically to grasp its force, the student is greatly aided by it. We shall go over Lucretius's propositions one by one, giving, at the same time, their modern equivalents, much as Professor Jenkin has done, also pointing out where we dissent from him, particularly with regard to the motion of the atoms. Professor Clerk-Maxwell's wonderful lecture on molecules, in which he describes the modern atom, will also help us. Unscientific readers will remember at once with what a thrill of discovery they read it, and how they seemed to themselves to follow a daring guide far into the region of the unknown. The views of modern science with regard to the process of evolution, the origination of life, and the character of matter, as illustrated by Tyndall's presidential address, will enable us to realize more definitely, by comparison, what Lucretius's actual creed on these points was. Both Lucretius and Tyndall advocate evolution: it is only to be expected that Tyndall's line of argument should be the more complete of the two.

Before beginning to set forth his philosophy in due order, Lucretius expresses in the strongest way his obligations to his master: "When human life lay shamefully grovelling upon earth, crushed down under the weight of *Religion, who showed her face from heaven, frowning upon mortals from on high with awful aspect*, a man of Greece was the first who ventured to lift mortal eyes to her face, and the first to withstand her openly." Neither stories of the gods nor the thunders of heaven could make him afraid, but rather spurred him on, says the poet, to burst the bars of nature and find her secret. "Therefore the living force of his soul prevailed, and he passed out far beyond the flaming walls of the world,\* and traversed in mind

\* What would Lucretius have said to the spectrum



the boundless universe, whence he returns, a conqueror, to tell us what can be and what cannot be; in short, on what principle each thing has its properties defined and its deep-set boundary-mark. *Wherefore religion is put beneath our feet and trampled on in turn; us his victory raises to heaven.*"

There is a boundless pity in the words describing the misery of men owing to the dominion of superstition — the same pity and enthusiasm for humanity that has made saints and philanthropists in all ages, from Saint Francis to Robert Owen (though, perhaps, there was more of the latter in the constitution of Lucretius). But we have quoted the passage to show what Epicurus was to Lucretius. Elsewhere he designates him a god; the popular deities, he says, are small compared with him. It is characteristic of the poet that, believing in no God whose help could avail mankind, he set up for worship the best thing that he could find, — a heroic man. But Lucretius is far more in earnest than he whom he delights to call his master. We cannot help questioning whether Epicurus would have approved of Lucretius's fervour even in the way of gratitude to himself. Was so great earnestness, even in the cause of his own philosophy, consistent with the calm and passionless tranquillity which the wise should seek? — This passage, moreover, gives the keynote for the whole poem. It is science *for the sake of theology* that is here treated.

The first two books contain a number of propositions as to the qualities of the atoms, exactly what is denominated in our text-books the *properties of matter*.

The first proposition is that "nothing is ever begotten out of nothing by divine power." This outset is science and theology mingled, and it is, in this, characteristic of his whole work. "Men see many phenomena take place in earth and heaven, the causes of which they cannot

understand, and therefore believe them to be done by divine power." But I will show, says Lucretius, how all things are done "without the hand of the gods." Fervently, and with submission, as Lucretius realized the order of nature, the notion of deities *interfering* therewith must have seemed to him mean indeed. This, his first principle, holds true invariably of matter once created, as we daily observe it, and is assumed in every scientific treatise of to-day. By it Lucretius means to express that the laws of nature are constant, that phenomena take place according to well-defined laws, and that nothing happens without a cause for it in nature. His illustrations of the principle show that, at any rate, he had distinctly grasped the fact of law as few, or perhaps none, in his day can have done. This is the meaning of his modern-sounding phrases about the "law of nature." "It is absolutely decreed," he says, "what each thing can do and what it cannot do, according to the conditions of nature." Indeed, on this principle of the constancy of law, his whole philosophy is based. It need not be pointed out that this conception of the regularity and orderly sequence of natural phenomena is the first thing indispensable towards a scientific view of nature. (But Lucretius's mistake on this point is the same as that of modern scientific men, — that, if anything is said to be done by the hand of God, if, for example, He answers prayer, thereby "a law is broken." "If, in consequence of prayer, external nature can be affected," says the man of science, "natural laws are thus at the mercy of man's volition, and no conclusion founded on their permanence is worthy of our confidence."\*) So, to Lucretius, definite physical laws and the hand of God, acting in the world, seemed absolute contradictions.)

Our space will allow us only to name the next four propositions. The second, which completes the first, is that "nothing is ever annihilated, but all things on their dissolution go back into the first bodies," that is, matter is imperishable. The third states the existence of void, but for which

analysis, by which the chemist can literally pass beyond the "flaming walls of the world" (that is, the fiery circuit of ether forming our heavens), and bring us tidings from the distant stars? Wonderful, indeed, he would have thought it; but he would have valued it most if it could have aided him in any way to prove that the gods have not created either the world or man, and are powerless whether for good or evil.

\* See Tyndall's essay on "Prayer and Natural Law."



motion would be impossible. The next two are that all nature is made up of atoms and void, and that nothing else but matter and void exists.

We come now to the most interesting part of Lucretius's system. The next proposition conducts us to the atom. "Some bodies," says the poet, "are first-beginnings of things, the remaining bodies are formed from a union of first-beginnings." These first-beginnings of things are the Lucretian atoms. He also calls them "shapes," as they are conceived to differ from each other in form, "first principles" (*elementa*), "matter" as that from which things are made, "bodies" or "seeds" of things. Anticipating a little, we may here try exactly to picture to ourselves an atom as Lucretius conceives it. It is a little hard kernel, perfectly solid and indestructible. "The first-beginnings of things no force can quench; they are sure to get the victory over it by their solid body." Experience can give us no notion of such solidity. Everything we see around us in the world, however strong it may appear, — iron, stone, brass, — is yet destructible. Reason alone forces us to believe that the atoms are not. Ordinary bodies have all void within them; but first bodies are perfectly solid. Without void "nothing can be either crushed or broken up or cut in two" (*nec findi in bina secundo*, Lucretius, who nowhere uses the word *atom*, by these words exactly translates the Greek *ἄτομος*). Without void, a thing cannot admit within it the destroyers, wet or cold or fire. Therefore the atoms, being impenetrable and indivisible, are indestructible. Lucretius is fond of calling them "strong in their solid singleness." This is the most characteristic epithet which he gives them. Each atom is a distinct, separate individual. Matter cannot be divided farther, after you have reduced it to a collection of these individuals. Their "singleness" (which means their distinctness of separate existence or individuality) is their strength. Though they enter into infinite fresh combinations, "though stricken by countless blows through eternity," they cannot be worn away. They are as perfect and fresh to-day as when the world was new. Each atom is perfectly hard, unchangeable and everlasting. (Of the more accessory properties of matter it is proved that Lucretius assumes them to be elastic.)

As to the composition of this little kernel, though extremely small, it yet has parts; each of these parts is "of a least

nature," so small that it never has existed separate by itself, and will at no future time be able so to exist, since by its very nature it is a part of the other. These parts appear to be quite identical with one another. Each part is a *minimum*: nothing can be smaller than this and yet exist. These parts have existed from eternity side by side in the atom; "in a close-wedged mass they fill up the composition of the first body." "The first-beginnings are not compounded from the union of those parts, but are to be considered strong in everlasting singleness." Lucretius appears to have thought three the smallest number of parts that an atom could have. Apparently he seems to have conceived each "part" as representing an angle or corner,\* so that an atom with three parts would appear to be a three-cornered or three-sided figure. As to shape, the atoms are not every one of them "possessed of an equal size and like shape with one another." They differ widely in form. Some are smaller. "The subtle fire of lightning is formed of smaller shapes," and can pass through openings better than "this our fire, which is born of wood and sprung from pine." Light is formed of smaller atoms than those of horn, and can therefore pass through it. Some atoms have hooks by which they are fastened together, and come closer to each other. Hard things, like diamond, basalt, iron, are formed of such atoms. Slow-flowing oil may have its atoms "larger or more hooked and intertangled" than those of wine. In general, things which gratify the senses are formed of smooth and round atoms; whatever is painful and harsh, its elements are more hooked and rough. Again, "Some elements are with justice thought to be neither smooth nor altogether hooked with curved points, but rather to have very small angles slightly projecting, so that they can rather tickle than hurt the senses," for example, tartar of wine and elecampane. Apparently Lucretius supposes the different shapes of the atoms to result altogether from the position in which the least parts are placed within each. "Every different arrangement of the parts yields a different manner of form of the atom." But there is a limit to these differences: the number of shapes is finite, but the atoms of each shape are infinite in number.† Epi-

\* See the note on Book I., line 600, in Munro's "Lucretius," third edition, 1873.

† In stating this, Lucretius supposes an atom formed of three least parts, and adds that "you may increase



curus held that the number of different shapes, though not infinite, was inconceivably great. Lucretius merely proves that it must be finite. As to size, we must keep well in mind that the atom, as Lucretius conceived it, is a very tiny body. "The whole nature of the first-beginnings," he says, "lies far beneath the ken of sense." Early in the first book he proves, by illustrations to which we shall afterwards refer, that "nature works by bodies which are invisible." This is why he so often uses the epithet "blind," that is, invisible, of the atoms and their movements. But he insists emphatically that the atoms are not infinitely small. Most likely Lucretius never thought of realizing the size of his atom. Sir William Thomson says that if a drop of water could be magnified to the size of our globe, the molecules composing it would appear to be of a size varying from that of shot to that of billiard-balls. According to Clerk-Maxwell about two million molecules of hydrogen placed in a row would occupy .039 of an inch, and a million million million of them would weigh something more or less than seventy grains troy. We question whether Lucretius would have assented to his atoms being rated at so small a size as this. In conclusion, Lucretius denies to the atoms all secondary qualities, which he sharply distinguishes from essential properties. They are colourless. They are not white or black or azure because existing things are white or black or azure. All colours can change into other colours, but that which changes is perishable, therefore the atoms are not endowed with colour. It is possible for us to conceive atoms colourless, just as "men who are born blind can yet recognize bodies by touch, though from the first they have never been associated in their minds with colour." Neither have they sound, or scent, or warmth, or cold. All such qualities belong to things which are perishable; but "they must all be withdrawn from the first-beginnings, if we wish to assign for existing things imperishable foundations, for the safety of the universe to rest upon, that you may not have things returning altogether to nothing." Lastly, the atoms are void of sense—mere dead matter. Thus all their characteristics are here summed up. This, then, is the Lucretian atom, tiny yet so strong; after it

has taken part in innumerable combinations, which have been formed and broken up and formed again, it remains fresh and perfect as ever.

It is interesting to know what was the reasoning by which Lucretius arrived at the result of ultimate atoms and their properties. He gives nine or ten arguments to prove either that there are atoms "of solid singleness," or that the atoms are indestructible: merely two forms of expressing the same statement. His reasoning is somewhat as follows:—

In the first place, he holds that, admitting the existence of matter and void, each of these must of necessity exist "by itself and unmixed." For, wherever void is, there matter cannot be; and wherever body is, there void cannot be. That is to say, from the existence of void, absolutely empty space, Lucretius infers the existence of its opposite, the not-void, perfectly solid matter. Again, things, it is admitted, have all void within them; but how could they hold it in and continue to keep it within them, unless their substance was perfectly solid, pure, unmixed matter? Thirdly, having no void within them, the atoms must be indestructible. (It is here—in its perfect solidity—that Lucretius's atom differs most from that of modern chemists, who, as Professor Clifford says, explain the hardness of solid matter "by the very rapid motion of something which is infinitely soft and yielding." Lucretius has no notion of this.) He argues next that, admitting solid atoms, you can explain the existence of soft bodies, such as air, water, earth, by the admixture of void; but if your atoms are destructible and soft, how can the existence of hard bodies be explained? Moreover, Lucretius is persuaded that, as Professor Jenkin puts it, there is an immense "wear and tear going on" in nature; if the atoms were at all frail, "it is not consistent that they could have continued from eternity, though stricken and tossed about eternally by countless blows." To sustain these fearful shocks, the strain of eternal combinations from atoms to things, and dissolutions from things back to atoms—"under that strong pressure within the very jaws of death," Lucretius says—there must be indestructible first-beginnings.

The sixth reason is an important one. We give it at more length, and in the poet's own words: "Had nature set no limit to the breaking of things, the bodies of matter would by this time have been reduced so far by the breaking of past

them by a few more." These words may be meant literally or not. It is calculated that from three parts six different shapes might be derived, from four twenty-four, from five 120, from six 720, from seven 5,040.



time, that nothing could be conceived out of them and reach its full growth within a fixed time." "But now, without a doubt, a limit has been set to their breaking, and abides sure, *since we see each thing produced afresh, and, at the same time, well-defined periods fixed for things, each after its kind, to reach the flower of their age.*" That is to say, we see in all the productions of nature that matter obeys definite unchanging laws; therefore, in order to produce these regular results, the ultimate basis of matter must be definite and unchangeable. Thus Lucretius deduces this property of the atoms from his great principle of law in nature, as illustrated by the regular periods within which growth and life go on. Lucretius justly feels the last to be a strong argument, and he repeats it in a slightly varied form: "Since nothing is changed, but all things are so constant that the different kinds of birds, all without intermission, exhibit on their body the distinctive marks of their species, they must, without doubt, also have their bodies formed of unchangeable matter. *For if the first-beginnings of things could in any way be vanquished and changed, it would then be uncertain what could and what could not spring into being; in short, on what principle each thing has its properties fixed, and its deep-set boundary mark; nor could the generations so often reproduce, each after its kind, the nature, habits, way of life, and motions of the parents.*" Thus he again deduces the properties of the invisible atoms from the character of existing things which we can see,—for do not these represent the powers of the atoms? From the constancy of all the phenomena of nature (as illustrated by the distinctive marks, habits, and motions of various species), he infers that the atoms are unchangeable. Lastly, if nature allowed of division beyond the atom, if matter were infinitely divisible, then nothing could be reproduced out of such least parts, because particles which are infinitely small "cannot have the properties which birth-giving matter ought to have." Exactly to the same effect Clerk-Maxwell says: "We do not assert that there is an absolute limit to the divisibility of matter: what we assert is, that after we have divided a body into a certain finite number of constituent parts called molecules, then any further division of these molecules will deprive them of the properties which give rise to the phenomena observed in the substance."

Professor Sellar, in his admirable work on Lucretius, says, somewhat heedlessly

—surely by a mere slip of the pen—"The hypothesis of the atoms is thus seen to be, in the first place, a mere guess." We think that hardly any one, who has read attentively the above abstract of Lucretius's argument, will agree to the statement that his atomic theory is but "a guess."

This theory of Lucretius that there really are such things as atoms, ultimate indivisible particles of matter, is now accepted. The modern chemist, too, believes, like Lucretius, in a limited number of different atoms, from each of which he supposes an elementary chemical substance to be composed. It is indeed strange to think what could have first suggested to any man's mind a theory so different from what the senses tell us. It has been thought by some a mere guess, suggested by the sight of the sunbeam kindling the countless motes afloat in the air. Lucretius's arguments prove at once that this cannot be. It is indeed possible that at sight of the motes in the sunbeam the thought, hovering unformed in the mind of the first discoverer, took distinct shape and expression, since the outer world always helps us to give form to our thought. A single glance at the principal reasons by which modern science has arrived at the atom, enables us to see how just Lucretius's reasoning was. We may give the general principle in Newton's own words: "All things considered, it seems probable that God, in the beginning, formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable particles, of such sizes, figures, and with such other properties, and in such proportions to space, as most conduced to the end for which he formed them." "While the same particles continue entire, they may compose bodies of one and the same texture in all ages; but should they wear away or break in pieces, the nature of things depending on them would be changed. Water and earth composed of old, worn-out particles would not be of the same nature and texture now with water and earth composed of entire particles in the beginning. And, therefore, that nature may be lasting, the changes of corporeal things are to be placed only in various separations, and new associations and motions of these permanent particles."

Therefore the song of nature over her task is,—

No ray is gone, no atom worn,  
My oldest force is good as new,  
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn  
Gives back the bending heavens in dew.  
If it were not so, were there not inde-



structible atoms, the rose that opened its dewy leaves to the sun this morning could not be as fresh and pure and fragrant as the first rose that ever opened its petals on this earth; sunlight and air could not be as bright and fresh, the human form as fair, all the world as beautiful, life as keen, and the longing in the heart of the youth to enjoy existence to the full as strong as it was a thousand years ago. Lucretius saw as clearly as Newton did that, while the atoms hold fresh and unalterably "strong in their everlasting singleness," though the bodies they compose should waste away, still, completely fresh and new ones, as strong and as perfect, may be formed when they unite again. The laws of chemical combination and the spectroscope furnish also two most powerful arguments, but are only special applications of the same general principle which Lucretius realized so clearly, and would, as such, have been welcomed warmly by him. That principle is, that "if matter really obeys definite, unchangeable laws, the ultimate materials employed to make matter must themselves be definite and unchangeable."

Having arrived at the atom, Lucretius proceeds to discuss rival theories. He sees very clearly where all systems that conflict with his own are defective, but space will allow us to refer only to his elaborate and vigorous refutation of Anaxagoras. One doctrine of Anaxagoras, adopted by the peripatetics, was in direct hostility to his own theory. In combating it, Lucretius defends the Epicurean side in a controversy of the day. Anaxagoras and the peripatetics held that the parts of a body are in every respect similar to the whole; that flesh is formed of minute fleashes, blood of minute drops of blood, earth of minute earths, gold or water of minute particles of gold or water. This doctrine (with other similar ones) was called in later times *Homoiomereia*, that is the "likeness of parts (to the whole)." It is not hard to see why the atomic theory is at enmity with this. If the one holds, the other must utterly fall to the ground. Suppose you take a grain of earth and divide it again and again. So long as the parts are visible, they possess properties similar to the whole grain. They are still recognizable as earth. Even after the parts are so small as to be no longer visible, we can still conceive of the process being carried on by some finer instrument. The question then occurs, can this subdivision be repeated forever? The atomists answer, "It cannot." After it

has been divided a certain number of times you will come to parts extremely small, which are impenetrable, no longer divisible, things which cannot be cut, that is to say, atoms. According to Anaxagoras, on the other hand, this process may be repeated forever. Every smallest subdivision of the grain of earth is still like the whole grain, and you may repeat the process of division without ever coming to an end. Thus the two doctrines were in direct hostility. In the remainder of the first book Lucretius proves that both matter and space are infinite. It concludes with these words to the disciple who will earnestly ponder his teaching: "One thing shall grow clear after another, nor shall the blind night rob thee of the road that thou see not to the full the secret ways of nature: so truly will one thing light the torch for another."

The second book begins with the well-known lines, *Suave, mari magno*, —

'Tis pleasant, when the seas are rough, to stand,  
And see another's danger, safe at land.\*

Of course Lucretius hastens to explain that this is "not because it is delightful or a pleasure at all that any one should be in distress, but because it is sweet to see dangers from which you yourself are free. It is sweet, too, to see great armies arrayed on the plains struggling in combat without yourself sharing in the danger. But," Lucretius continues, "nothing is more pleasant than to occupy the calm high places of philosophy, that are well defended by the learning of the wise, from which you may look down and see others, wandering hither and thither, and going far astray in their search for the way of life, the contest of intellect, the rivalry of rank, the striving night and day with exceeding toil to struggle to the height of power, and be masters of the world. O wretched minds of man! O blind souls! not to see in what darkness of life and in how great dangers is this little term of life spent, not to see that nature demands nothing else than for the body to be free from pain, and the mind to enjoy a sense of pleasure free from care and fear." Of course the "way of life" is that pointed out by Epicurus.

The pleasure described in the first lines of this passage is a somewhat selfish one. It does, indeed, stir the imagination to behold danger from a place of safety far away; but it is only a cowardly, senti-

\* Creech.



mental soul that can actually enjoy the sight of danger that it would not face itself. Lucretius, we are convinced, would rather have plunged into the waters to save a life at the cost of his own, than stand passive, enjoying a thrill of poetic sensation at the cost of drowning men. Lord Bacon was unfair in naming this the "Lucretian pleasure:" for Lucretius only uses this as an illustration from which he may pass to the bold figure of the mountain-tops on which the Epicurean stands. There is something very characteristic in the next lines. Sometimes we hear much the same language in our own day from men who have found for themselves new opinions as to God and hereafter, — a new creed different from the creed of other men. Occasionally they look down on the belief of the many with just such a calm and confident disdain as this; but their hearts are not warm enough for the pity which in Lucretius quite overpowers the disdain. With such a creed as Lucretius professed to have found for himself, and with his fervent temper, he must have felt that the mountain-tops, though lofty places of view, were very cold sometimes. At any rate, the rareness of their air could not chill the feeling for humanity in his heart.

Afterwards, in some splendid pictures, Lucretius proceeds to show how little wealth or birth or kingly power can deliver men from care and fear. Reason alone can do this. But all this time the atoms have been waiting, and, with a "*Nunc age*," Lucretius recalls his reader to the subject.

The second book contains, as Professor Jenkin remarks, what may be called the kinetics of the atomic theory. In it Lucretius promises to treat of the *motion* of the atoms. The book opens with the proposition that matter does not "cohere inseparably massed together." It is always in motion — coming and going. This he infers from the continual change in the world, by which individuals alter and perish while yet the whole world remains the same. The cause of these changes, what we should call the energy of the universe, Lucretius holds to be the atoms in motion. The only ultimate form of energy which Lucretius recognizes is the motion of the atoms. His next proposition is to the effect that the atoms can never stop. "No rest is given to the bodies of the first-beginnings." After they have come into collision with one another, they cannot either come to a stop or move more slowly, — they rebound in opposite direc-

tions, keeping their original velocity. In this it is of course implied that the atoms are elastic. Professor Jenkin has criticised Lucretius very acutely here. He shows that if the atoms were not elastic, "they must gradually slacken speed after striking and rebounding, stop for an inconceivably short time, and then gradually resume their pace in an opposite direction." If they rebound, before moving on again they must stop. Modern science explains that, even if they do stop, their energy yet remains unchanged, for the former energy of motion is now transformed into heat, vibration, or some other form of energy. It will be remembered that Lucretius's atoms have no secondary properties, but only hardness and, as he assumes, elasticity: But in a perfectly hard body such as he conceives, motion cannot be transformed into heat or anything else. We now know that a body which is perfectly hard is not elastic. Lucretius did not know this. His atoms must have come to a stop, and this "would be equivalent to the destruction of matter." The next proposition has been anticipated at the end of the first book, where it is rather implied than actually stated. It is that the atoms, as combined in various bodies, are in motion; they "mutually give and receive motions." As Professor Jenkin says, "Probably the reason why he does not state the proposition as a dogma by itself is, that the proof could not as yet be given." He farther develops this as accounting for the different densities of various bodies. In some bodies the atoms rebound, leaving smaller intervals; in others they leave larger. In a mass of iron or stone, the atoms are entangled with one another, and can only throb or oscillate, moving to and fro within very small distances; in softer bodies, like air or sunlight, the atoms rebound at greater intervals. We gather also a deduction from the last proposition that the atoms, even when they form such a mass of stone or iron, still move as swiftly as they did when streaming through the void. If some rebound within very small limits, they must move to and fro oftener than those which form more porous bodies. The modern explanation of density, of course, is not merely more molecules within a given space, but perhaps molecules of greater weight also.

It is worth while to pause for a moment to think how remarkable this statement of Lucretius is. A lump of stone or iron certainly does not give to our senses any impression that its particles are in motion:



the piece of inert matter certainly *appears* to be at rest. It is not easy to see what could have suggested to the discoverer a thought so opposite to what the senses tell us. Yet it is accepted by science now as certainly true, both for solid bodies, liquids, and gases. In solids, indeed, these motions of the molecules are confined within very narrow limits, and cannot be detected; yet Professor Tyndall says of the atoms composing the hardest body, when heated, "They collide, they recoil, they oscillate."\* According to Maxwell, "the principal difference between a gas and a liquid seems to be that in a gas each molecule spends the greater part of its time in describing its free path, and is for a very small portion of its time engaged in encounters with other molecules; whereas in a liquid the molecule has hardly any free path, and is always in a state of close encounter with other molecules." In both liquids and gases the molecules move more freely than in solid bodies, and the argument drawn from the diffusion of gases and liquids forms one of the strongest proofs of the motion of molecules. How could two different gases mix so very rapidly, unless the molecules composing them were in motion? The molecules of any gas flying about beat against whatever opposes them, and the constant succession of these strokes, according to the atomic theory, explains the pressure of gas. Further, as Maxwell says, "All the three kinds of diffusion, the diffusion of matter, of momentum, and of energy, are carried on by the motion of the molecules." Heat, viewed as a mode of motion, furnishes another argument. Lucretius states that the molecules of bodies are moving with more or less speed. Now if heat be a mode of motion of gross matter, then, as all bodies are more or less hot, the molecules of all bodies must be moving more or less quickly. This is just what Lucretius says, and this statement of his is perhaps his most marvellous anticipation of modern scientific discovery.

Lucretius next points out that the velocity of the atoms passing through the void is immense. Notice, he says, at sunrise,—an Italian sunrise, we must remember,—after the first rays have begun to shoot and the birds to sing in the woods, how soon and how suddenly the heaven is filled with light. Yet the rays of light are formed of countless molecules,

and have to pass through a medium, the air, the molecules being pulled back by each other and hindered by the air. How much more swiftly must the atoms, which are single bodies, stream through the unresisting void? Professor Jenkin remarks that Lucretius "may also have felt that if all the power of the universe depended on the motion of exceedingly small particles, it was necessary to suppose them endowed with great velocity; but we do not find this argument used, although it has led the modern believers in atoms to the conviction that, if their motion does represent energy, their velocity must be enormous. Lucretius would be glad to know that Herapath, Joule, Krönig, Clausius, and Clerk-Maxwell have been able to calculate it."

Dr. Joule calculated the actual velocity of the molecules of hydrogen, and found it to be exceedingly great, at the rate of nearly sixty-nine miles a minute. The velocity of other gases is less. Maxwell has calculated, from the data of Professor Loschmidt of Vienna, the actual velocity of the molecules of four different gases at °C. It is as follows:—

	Hydrogen.	Oxygen.	Carbonic oxide.	Carbonic acid.
Metres per second	1,859	465	497	396

The molecules of calm air, he says, are flying about in all directions at the rate of about seventeen miles a minute.

If all these molecules were flying in the same direction, they would constitute a wind blowing at the rate of seventeen miles a minute; and the only wind which approaches this velocity is that which proceeds from the mouth of a cannon. How, then, are you and I able to stand here? Only because the molecules happen to be flying in different directions.

But it is not only against us, or against the walls of the room, that the molecules are striking. Consider the immense number of them, and the fact that they are flying in every possible direction, and you will see that they cannot avoid striking each other. Every time that two molecules come into collision, the paths of both are changed, and they go off in new directions. Thus each molecule is continually getting its course altered, so that, in spite of its great velocity, it may be a long time before it reaches any great distance from the point at which it set out.

Again, referring to an experiment with ammonia, he says:—

The molecules of ammonia have a velocity of six hundred metres per second, so that if their course had not been interrupted by striking against the molecules of air in the

\* "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People." By John Tyndall. 1871. Page 12.



hall, every one in the most distant gallery would have smelt ammonia before I was able to pronounce the name of the gas. But, instead of going at this rate, each molecule of ammonia is so jostled about by the molecules of air, that it is sometimes going one way and sometimes another. It is like a hare which is always doubling, and though it goes at a great pace, it makes very little progress.\*

Maxwell has calculated also the number of collisions which each molecule must undergo in a second. They amount to thousands of millions, and are as follows:—

	Hydrogen.	Oxygen.	Carbonic oxide.	Carbonic acid.
Collisions in a second (millions)	17,750	7,646	9,489	9,720

"No wonder," he observes, "that the travelling power of the swiftest molecule is but small, when its course is completely changed thousands of millions of times in a second." So circumstantially has science developed the thought of Lucretius that the atoms really move with as great velocity when pent in stone as when floating free in the void. In the same lecture Maxwell divides the ultimate results of molecular science into three ranks, "according to the completeness of our knowledge of them." In the first rank he places the relative masses and the velocities of the molecules, which, he says, "are known with a high degree of precision." Other data, which are less precise, he places in the second rank, and others which are, as yet, conjectural in the third. Astonishing, indeed, is this weighing of the atoms and counting their numbers and measuring their speed,—to realize how, after long and patient processes of thought, the atom, hunted in the dark till it has been found, appears at length before the eye of the investigator. Indeed, a triumph of the scientific imagination and intellect! Yet there are one or two of Lucretius's propositions, which have been stated, the fruit of ancient thought unaided by experiment, which seem to us even as wonderful.

Before setting forth what the original motion of the atoms is, Lucretius shows that there is no exception to the universal tendency of gravitation. All motion, relatively to the earth, is downwards. The direction of the atoms is also downwards. Borne by their weight, they fall "straight down" in infinite numbers through infinite space with immense speed. We can fancy the bewildering vision of the falling atoms

haunting the poet's mind both awake and in his dreams. Lucretius, having now arrived at atoms in motion, sees the way clearly to construct the world.

His next proposition is a most remarkable one. In it he suddenly deserts the domain of physics altogether.

"*Illud in his rebus,*" Lucretius begins,—a rather prosaic phrase, of which he is fond when he wishes to call special attention to some point of the argument:—

This point of the subject we desire you to apprehend that when atoms are borne straight downwards through the void by their own weights, at quite uncertain times and uncertain places, they push themselves a little from their course, only just so much that you can call it a change of inclination. If they were not wont to swerve thus, they would fall down all, like drops of rain, through the deep void, and no clashing could have been begotten, nor any collision produced, among the first-beginnings: thus nature never would have produced anything.

He continues: if any one believes (as did Democritus) that atoms can come into contact through the heavier falling more quickly and striking the lighter, "he goes far astray from true reason." This is no substitute for declination. It would be so, indeed, did the atoms fall through water or air, which offer more resistance to the lighter than they do the heavier. Empty void, on the other hand, cannot offer resistance to anything, and, therefore, things of unequal weight fall through it with equal velocity. Had Lucretius known it, he would have quoted the modern experiment showing the resistance of the atmosphere,—a guinea and a feather dropped from the top of a receiver, exhausted of air, and falling to the foot at the same instant. Again, he defines the amount of this inclination more specially as "not more than the least possible." No one, he says, can positively state that falling bodies do not "swerve at all from a straight line." According to Epicurus, and, as Munro believes,\* according to Lucretius also, the results of the collisions among the atoms produced by this declination is that they are forced in an upward direction, whether perpendicularly or obliquely upwards. "Both Epicurus and Lucretius conceived the rising-up of the atoms in a direction more or less contrary to the only natural motion, as that which enabled things to come into being

\* "Molecules." A lecture by Professor Clerk-Maxwell. 1873.

\* See his notes on lines 1000 and 1044. The declination itself is not in an upward direction. For a falling body to move straight up is rather a violent alteration of its course.



and remain in being." As the natural motion of the atoms is downwards, every kind of upward motion would have an upholding power, and enable things to maintain their existence. "This swerving," says Professor Jenkin, "seems but a silly fancy, and yet consider this: it is a principle of mechanics that a force acting at right angles to the direction in which a body is moving does no work, although it may continually and continuously alter the direction in which the body moves. No power, no energy, is required to deflect a bullet from its path, provided the deflecting force acts always at right angles to that path — an apparent paradox, which is, nevertheless, quite true and familiar to the engineer. It is clear to us that Epicurus, when he devised his doctrine of a little swerving from the straight path of an atom, had an imperfect perception of this mechanical doctrine; a little swerving would bring his atoms into contact, and a modern mechanician would tell him you require no power to make them swerve." It may be so. The Greek mind had marvellous intuitions. An observant man could hardly have failed to notice that exceedingly little force is required slightly to deflect from its path a thing which is already in motion. Yet we can hardly think that Epicurus had such an idea in his mind: was it not rather an exceedingly simple, yet most original, solution of the difficulty,—given an infinite number of atoms, moving all in parallel lines, falling straight downwards and never touching one another, how to make them meet and combine, that they may create the world? This least possible declination, so little that it was hardly moving from the straight line, was sufficient and answered every need. There could be no simpler solution of a difficulty.

Professor Jenkin finds two inconsistencies in this part of Lucretius's theory. Firstly, as to the downward motion of the atoms, it is plain that "Lucretius unconsciously assumed the world as his basis by which to measure direction and velocity." The second objection (which Munro has quoted, apparently with approval) is a more important one. We have stated that Lucretius sought for an explanation of the power of the universe in the velocity of his atoms. But atoms pouring downward all at one speed, and in parallel lines, could really be no source of power. "Motion in mechanics has no meaning except as denoting a change of relative position." But it would be impossible for these atoms ever to change

their relative position; they would never be nearer, and could never be more distant from each other than before. Lucretius's atoms are all, relatively to one another, perfectly still and motionless. "Atoms pouring onward, as imagined by our author, could be no source of power." This fact, taken by itself, is of course undeniable. Again, he says of the atoms of Democritus (which moved to and fro in all directions indifferently), "One atom might then exert its force on another, but the Lucretian atoms would have remained in profound stillness, *except for that occasional swerve.*" But are all these remarks justified? Lucretius, of course, saw that his atoms, in their original downward movement, were relatively motionless. No collision could then take place among them. The truth is that Lucretius never conceived an atom as acting on another in any way beyond the declination and but for it. Professor Jenkin writes as if Lucretius's theory assumed or implied that the atoms could combine or act on one another even without declination. Now, surely, Lucretius\* states emphatically that but for declination, the atoms would never have touched each other, and "nature never have produced aught." The number of atoms being infinite, Lucretius saw that the slightest declension must produce innumerable collisions. In these collisions, of course, the whole velocity of the atoms comes into action, and they thus develop an ample "source of power." The Lucretian atoms are driven about, and move to and fro even more freely than did those of Democritus. The illustration of the motes in the sunbeam is used to express faintly with what restless and promiscuous motion they dash about. The swerve *does* universally change their relative position. This is just the force of it, and Lucretius (whether reasonably or not) thought this quite sufficient as a means to bring his atoms into contact. Whether it be sufficient or not, he is not inconsistent with himself in this.

But Lucretius has a double purpose in this swerving. Firstly, the mere fact of declination is enough to bring his atoms into contact. In the second place, it will be noticed that he carefully qualifies this declination: it takes place — "*incerto tempore ferme incertisque locis*" — at quite "uncertain times and uncertain spots." He has a reason for so doing. This is solely for the sake of meeting an impor-

\* Lines 216-224.



tant philosophical question, over which controversy raged as fiercely in Lucretius's day as it has done in our own — the question of free-will as opposed to fate and necessity. Epicurus emphatically maintained the doctrine of free-will in opposition to Heraclitus, Democritus, and most of the stoics, who held an everlasting and inexorable necessity, and denied the existence of individual self-will. We must take the forty lines\* in which Lucretius discusses this as the product of a philosophical controversy as fierce and voluminous as any that have raged in our own day, or been discussed in the pages of our philosophical reviews — the mystery ever dark and discussion ever fresh. We hear the clash of the combatants weapons as we read this short notice containing a phrase or two of decidedly controversial coinage: "Again, if all motion is always linked together, and a new motion always arises from the old in a fixed order, and if the first-beginnings do not swerve, and by so doing produce some commencement of motion to break through the decrees of fate, that cause may not from everlasting follow cause — if it be not so, how do all living things upon the earth possess this power? how, I ask, has the power been wrested from the fates by which we go forward whither the will leads each one of us, and likewise alter the direction of our motions (*declinamus motus*, the same word which he uses of the atoms), at no fixed time nor fixed place, but just as our mind has prompted?" When some force outside is pushing us on, there is still "something within our breast" which enables us to struggle against and resist it. "Therefore," he concludes, "you must admit that the same thing occurs in atoms too, that, besides the blows (of the atoms in collision) and their gravity, there is another cause of our movements, out of which this power of free action has been begotten within us; and a cause there must be since we see that nothing can come from nothing. . . . But that the mind itself does not feel an eternal necessity in all its actions, and is not overpowered after a struggle, so to say, and compelled to bear this coercion and endure it, this is caused by a minute swerving in the first-beginnings at no fixed place or time."

This power in the atoms corresponds to free-will action in men and animals; and in the conception of Lucretius it is the cause of it. Professor Jenkin here sug-

gests the alternative that, instead of permitting atoms to deflect their path at will, Epicurus might have given to man the power of deflecting the stream of circumstance. He says forcibly, —

The atoms may, as Democritus believed, build up a huge mechanical structure, each wheel of which drives its neighbour in one long inevitable sequence of causation; but you may assume that beyond this ever-grinding wheelwork there exists a power not subject to, but partly master of, the machine; you may believe that man possesses such a power, and if so, no better conception of the manner of its action could be devised than the idea of its deflecting the atoms in their onward path to the right or left of that line in which they would naturally move. The will, if it so acted, would add nothing sensible to, nor take anything sensible from, the energy of the universe. The modern believer in free-will will probably adopt this view, which is certainly consistent with observation, although not proved by it. Such a power of moulding circumstances, of turning the torrent to the right, where it shall fertilize; or to the left, where it shall overwhelm; but in no wise of arresting the torrent, adding nothing to it, taking nothing from it — such is precisely the apparent action of man's will.

Epicurus, accepting the atomic theory with all its assumed consequences, thought himself compelled from his point of view, either to accept necessity (as Democritus had done) or to endow his atoms with free-will, exercised not constantly, but at uncertain intervals. The latter is of course an absurdity. Yet it is not every one who would have thought of freeing himself from a difficulty in such a way, or would have had the courage to assign free-will to atoms.

The last proposition which we shall quote from Lucretius is, that matter was never more or less dense than it is now, and that the atoms have always moved, and always will move, with the same velocity; and because there is nothing else outside and beyond the atoms, nothing can alter the sum of things, "what we should call the energy of the universe." "This proposition," says Professor Jenkin, "foreshadows the doctrine of conservation of energy. It is clear that Lucretius conceived two things as quite constant: atoms were neither created nor destroyed, and their motion could neither be created nor destroyed. He believed that each atom kept its velocity unaltered. The modern doctrine is that the total energy of the universe is constant, but may be variously distributed, and is possibly due to motion alone ultimately, though this last

\* Lines 251-293



point has not been yet proved." "If matter in motion be conceived as the sole ultimate form of energy, *Lucretius must be allowed great merit in having taught that the motion of matter was as indestructible as its material existence*, although he knew neither the laws of momentum nor of *vis viva*. If energy, as he believed, be due solely to motion, then his doctrine is true." Thus, in the concluding proposition, Lucretius states that force is indestructible.

We have now enumerated the whole series of propositions containing Lucretius's atomic theory. His scientific style is admirably simple; its simplicity and plainness convey the impression of good faith. Our space will not allow us to refer to any of the illustrations which break the severity of the argument. Apart from their beauty of conception, they have, in many cases, a scientific value: they show, according to Tyndall, that Lucretius had a strong "scientific imagination."

Thus far Lucretius carries us with wonderful coherence. But, after following him as our guide so far, we now come to a gap in his theory, indeed a bottomless chasm over which he has thrown no bridge. With a single leap he passes from the whirling atoms to the world with all its life, beauty, and order, but hardly a word as to *how* the atoms have produced it, how the supreme result is reached. Sellar says: "He may, as was natural, have failed in adequately conceiving the transition from the fortuitous concurrence of lifeless atoms to the exuberant life and perfect order of the world:" perhaps it might be more correct to say he almost totally omits any attempt to show how this could take place. The intricate and countless movements of the clashing atoms, the combinations into which they fell in the course of their perpetual motion from eternity have produced this *machina mundi*, the world, elaborate machine that it is. All the life upon it has resulted from the complicated motions and collisions of these hard little kernels. For sole answer to the question, "How can this take place?" Lucretius gives a few vague hints. "Truly not by design have the first-beginnings of things stationed themselves each in their proper places by sage consideration, nor have they made agreement what motions they should each assume. "Not so in truth, the cause is that they are many in number, and have shifted in changes many all the universe over. They have been driven together and tormented by constant shocks from all eternity. After trying in this way motions and unions of every

kind, they fall at length into the arrangements out of which this world of ours has been formed, and by which too it has been preserved in being through many cycles, when once it has been thrown into the fitting motions." This passage contains Lucretius's whole account of evolution, certainly a short one. Of course, he has no protoplasm to bridge over the gulf between dead atoms and living beings. In fact, it seems never to have entered his mind that any reasonable man should doubt that atoms, if they do exist, moving in the way he described, would in the course of time produce life. Again, on the subject of the variety in nature, the fact that all the individuals of the same kind differ in their appearance, Lucretius does endeavour in a vague way to account for it. In the first place, the atoms are not all the same, but vary in form; and things which differ from one another are composed of atoms of unlike shape. Secondly, the atoms admit of many modes of combination, and things in general are composed of more than one kind of atoms. Lucretius often repeats the formula, — "It matters much with what others and in what position the atoms are severally held in union, and what motions they mutually give and receive." Its meaning is that the differences between all bodies are accounted for by differences in the mutual relations of the atoms. They differ in their

Intervalla, vias, connexus, pondera, plagas,  
Concursus, motus,

in the spaces between them, their passages, manners of being linked together, weights, collisions, clashings, motions." By their differences in shape, motion, and arrangement, the various degrees of colour, sound, scent are produced. Just as the same letters in different arrangements produce words of entirely different meaning, so the same atoms, in different relations as to order, motion, etc., may produce things of quite opposite qualities, such as fire and air. Again, life apparently depends upon the regular continuance of certain movements of the atoms. A blow produces death by altering the positions of the atoms, and "entirely stopping the vital motions." In fact, Lucretius conceives life as a "mode of motion."

But, after attentively receiving these suggestions, the reader asks, "How do the variously-shaped atoms combine so as to produce objects at all? How have they arranged themselves in such marvel-



lous order? After they have united, how is the regularity of their movements kept up?" To these questions he attempts no answer. In fact, Epicureanism compelled its convert to swallow this dogma without explanation. But how can this fact be accounted for? Simply in this way,—that the scientific mind of Lucretius's day pretty generally accepted atoms as sufficient to prove that the world was not created by God, and that it went on without either guidance or interference by Deity: much as the scientific mind of the nineteenth century (though far more competent to judge) takes for granted that some other hypothesis, such as evolution, could science prove it, *must* imply certain important consequences as to morals or religion, the connection between the theory and the result to be proved is overleaped. So the Epicurean argued, if once you allow that *atoms* exist, *ergo*, it must follow that the world made itself. At the same time, after considering it closely, the theory appears to us somewhat more plausible. At the cost of what to our modern eyes appear painful inconsistencies, it contains some provisions which are tolerably pliant, and seem a little more adequate to the assumed results. An atom that is possessed of volition, and can alter its direction at will, is certainly intelligent; or (since Lucretius flatly denies that atoms are intelligent) it is as good for our purpose as if it were so; it acts as if it were intelligent. When Lucretius assumes that atoms can swerve from their path the least distance possible, it seems a very small thing. Beyond question, if an atom could have free-will, as far as one could imagine, this is just the use it would make of it. It certainly could not use a will of its own in a more modest or less objectionable way. But in reality, a great deal is granted by this. Besides, as Sellar mentions, the words used by Lucretius to denote atoms, such as *semina*, *semina rerum*, *genitalia corpora rerum*, "seeds," "seeds of things," "particles which beget things," really imply a productive power residing in them. Another word applied to them by Lucretius is a very remarkable one, and most unusual as employed to denote things without life, namely *concilium*. At first sight it would appear that this word must have conveyed to a Roman ear the meaning of "an assembly" of living beings, its common sense, and indeed a rather startling image. But on consideration we find the meaning expressed by it to be very much stronger than this. This word, constantly used to

denote the atoms meeting together to form things, bears apparently its other sense, of "generative union," and is thus a vivid metaphor from living creatures. This and other phrases \* show that in Lucretius's conception the atoms possessed decided faculties of mutual combination and co-operative productiveness. Lucretius appears also to have conceived the atoms as attracted strongly towards each other, as if by some notion of molecular attraction.†

We now get a truer conception of what the atoms really are. They are not like motes in the sunbeam merely, or the drops in a shower of rain. As we can now imagine them, they are rather like the crowd pouring through the streets of a great city, every individual of which lives and has a will of his own to direct his course, or to turn from the path of the rest as he desires. If we conceive an atom as able to turn to the right or the left at will (and atoms of discretion will, of course, do this on the most necessary and suitable occasions), there is, perhaps, no very great difficulty in their producing the world and its contents. Not more remarkable, perhaps, than for a band of masons and carpenters to build a house. Moreover, only upon this hypothesis in which the atoms become, as it were, tiny workmen, building up the world, can Lucretius's atomic theory be conceived at all possible as an explanation of how the world and all it contains came into being. Like zoophytes building a coral reef, the mechanic atoms ply their mighty toil far beyond our senses' reach. Of course this is absurd, the reader says at once; not merely absurd, but glaringly self-contradictory, for has he not laboured to prove that the atoms are *non-sensile*, only senseless, dead matter? But though this was one dogma of his creed, his imagination worked the problem out in unconscious contradiction to it, and saw his atoms acting as living things might act. Do we not every day see men thinking, feeling, even living, in complete inconsistency with some article of their formal creed, and never realizing this; indeed, strongly defending the proposition which they practically give up? The professor of a cruel and gloomy creed has often been unselfish and hopeful in character.

\* For example, *gignere*, *genitali concilio*, *coire in concilium*, which are being always repeated in this sense.

† But when Sellar translates Book I. 778-9, as meaning that the atoms "in the act of creation exercise some secret invisible faculty," he goes too far. The words only mean that the atoms must have no secondary properties.



Lucretius's inconsistency is not greater, though it has taken a startling form. But, perhaps, this whole view of the matter is only an outside one. Perhaps we have not yet grasped Lucretius's real position.

It is now time to ask two questions which go to the very heart of the subject, and turn on the point we have been discussing. In the first place, "Is this inconsistency nominal only, or is it real?" the answer to this depending altogether on what Lucretius's actual conception of matter was. The second question is, "What arguments has the modern materialist at his command that help to bridge over the gulf which Lucretius has left between the atoms and the existing world?" Some modern speculations will help to throw light on both these points.

Professor Tyndall, in his presidential address for 1874, has set forth in full the arguments by which modern materialism defends its position. These are at the same time the arguments of the evolutionist, and it is in that light that Tyndall presents them. A more powerful exposition of what these reasons are we can hardly conceive. We do not mean to say that he is in reality a materialist, but only that the line of reasoning which he has stated with so much force is that followed by most who are such. To some evolution is but an argument for atheism. In the course of his long address, Tyndall endeavours to show that the old conception of an outside *demiourgos*, a divine workman, conceived by man in his own likeness, shaping and fashioning the world, has passed away before our increased knowledge of nature. Formerly, naturalists, he says, believed that a special creative act was necessary to account for the appearance of each new group of organisms. But to the natural philosopher, who has no prejudices of "previous education," no contrivance like that of a human artificer is to be seen in the productions of nature. The method of nature is not like that of man. She has her own method,—it is that of evolution, a constant unfolding. For this purpose no *demiourgos* need be present; we may "detach the Creator from his universe." We may remind our readers how Epicurus "detached" his gods from the world altogether. The marvellous adaptations, the so-called proofs of design, are but the offspring of nature, after her own method bringing forth all things of herself. But how can this take place? When we wish to account for the world and the life upon it, two courses, and two only, are open to us.

"Either let us open our doors freely to the conception of creative acts, or, abandoning them, let us radically change our notions of matter." After putting the alternative, thus, Professor Tyndall enthusiastically expresses his belief in the latter conception. "Abandoning all disguise," he says, "the confession that I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backwards across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and *discern in that matter*, which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, *the promise and potency of every form and quality of life*." The difference between the views of Tyndall and Darwin on the subject may be stated thus: Darwin conceives the world at the beginning as full of dead matter, and in the midst of this one primordial living form, capable of self-development into other living forms. Tyndall prefers to conceive at the beginning a world of matter in which there is no need of a single living germ, for there is no dead matter; all matter is living and able to evolve from itself living forms of every kind. Thus Tyndall rejects Darwin's hypothesis of the creation of a few living forms. If matter is animated, then such forms are not needed. But by this Tyndall only throws creation further back—back to matter which must have been endowed with such powers of producing life. Was matter, then, created? But this question he will not answer. Only after he has returned an answer can we decide whether his position is necessarily inconsistent with theism.\* Up to this point it certainly is not. Of course, if matter is not created, and as Professor Tyndall also implies, a God exists, it does not seem possible to evade the conclusion that matter is eternal, and God identical with matter. Perhaps Tyndall may be not unwilling to be ranked in the same class to which he has himself assigned Bruno, namely, as a "pantheist." Yet we must not forget that there is a "higher pantheism" as well as a lower. The opinions expressed in the address are not inconsistent with the existence of a Creator. Yet a deity such as Tyndall conceives, who is, in a very important sense, wholly detached from his universe, who cannot hear the voice of prayer, and whose worshippers must neither "seek nor expect"

\* On this subject we may refer, without expressing any opinion, to the appendix to Picton's "New Theories and the Old Faith," which contains a very remarkable note "On the Development Theory in relation to the Soul and Immortality."



aid (Professor Tyndall prefers to call it "personal profit") in the hour of need, does assuredly remind us of the ignoble Epicurean gods "who lie beside their nectar" and take no heed of men.

How, then, does Tyndall take the step from the moving molecules to the existing world with its beautiful and complex living forms? Accepting the doctrine of atoms (much as Lucretius held it) as the basis for constructing the universe, how does he explain the process? We can only refer to the three most important or most striking points in his argument. The first question that the materialist is called upon to answer is, "How can matter produce and account for thought and consciousness?" He finds little difficulty here—life, he says, cannot be conceived of apart from matter. Divorced from matter, where is life to be found? Vibrations in the brain invariably accompany thought, and actually are thought. He gives many an argument on the materialistic side to prove that there is no other self different from the brain-self, that the brain is the man. He can ask several questions very difficult to answer. Can you form a mental picture of any of the percipient powers, apart from the organism through which it is supposed to act? If consciousness is a proof of the true self being distinct from the body, what do you say of the whole body being deprived for a short time of consciousness, as in the case of fainting? If a change of brain makes an exemplary man a murderer, is it possible that the true self can remain as before, and that, with the physical change, his character is not altered? The brain cannot be viewed as a mere instrument, like an eye-glass or a staff. It is more. The union between brain and soul is so close that the conditions of the body react on the soul. Therefore, says the materialist, we are but

Only cunning casts in clay.

Professor Tyndall has with considerable force argued the opposite side—that molecular processes can never wholly account for consciousness. Darwin and Herbert Spencer have sought to show how the processes of evolution and of gradual development from lower to more perfect organisms fill up the gulf between the monad and the man, with senses, intellect, and consciousness complete.

But Tyndall has stated a second argument with great ingenuity in his endeavour to show by what scientific reasoning the materialist attempts to account for the

origination of life, a point which, as he says, has been but "lightly touched upon, if at all, by Mr. Darwin or Mr. Spencer." He takes a very striking illustration. If we break a magnet, he says, we find in each fragment two poles. If we continue the process of breaking, we find that each part, however small, carries with it, though in a smaller degree, the polarity of the whole. When we can break no longer, we prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules. "Are we not urged," he says, "to do something similar in the case of life?" The farther back we trace the line of life, we find it approaching nearer and nearer to what we call the purely physical condition: that is to say, we reach organisms of the very simplest type, like the *protogenes* of Haeckel, in which, so far as we can discern, "the vital action is almost wholly physical." But after we have thus reached the very simplest known organism, Tyndall bids us cross the border-land of sense and prolong the intellectual vision from the more perfect organisms to the very lowest ones in which life can be conceived to originate. Scientific men can justify scientifically their belief in the potency of matter, under the proper conditions to produce organisms. But they will frankly admit that they cannot point to "any satisfactory experimental proof that life can be developed save from demonstrable antecedent life." Bastian's experiments show that spontaneous generation does take place in the sense of life being produced from dead organic matter—what he calls *archebiosis*. But no one has shown that spontaneous generation takes place in the sense of heterogenesis, that is, the production of life from what we call inorganic matter. But, says Tyndall, scientific men, as already indicated, draw the line from the highest organisms through lower ones down to the lowest, and it is the prolongation of the line by the intellect beyond the range of the senses that leads them to the conclusion which Bruno so boldly enunciated, viz., that matter can originate life. With considerable force he argues that the phenomena of crystallization show that matter possesses a structural power. The polarity of magnetism appeals to the senses, and gives a basis for the "conception that atoms and molecules are endowed with definite attractive and repellent poles, by the play of which definite forms of crystal-line architecture are produced. Thus molecular force becomes structural. It required no great boldness of thought to



extend its play into organic nature, and to recognize in molecular force the agency by which both plants and animals are built up." He had formerly used the formation of ice as a simple illustration of this process. When solid crystals of ice are produced

by their own constructive power, molecule builds itself on to molecule with a precision far greater than that attainable by the hands of man. . . . Imagine the bricks and stones of this town of Dundee endowed with locomotive power. Imagine them attracting and repelling each other, and arranging themselves in consequence of these attractions and repulsions to form streets and houses and Kinnaird Halls — would not that be wonderful? Hardly less wonderful is the play of force by which the molecules of water build themselves into the sheets of crystals which every winter roof your ponds and lakes. . . . Latent in every drop of water lies this marvellous structural power, which only requires the withdrawal of opposing forces to bring it into action.\*

In a lecture delivered more lately, Tyndall has expanded the same thought. After showing some experiments to illustrate the forces of crystallization, he said, in concluding: —

Everywhere, throughout our planet, we notice this tendency of the ultimate particles of matter to run into symmetric forms. *The very molecules appear inspired with the desire for union and growth*; and the question of questions at the present day is — and it is one which I fear will not be solved in our day, but will continue to agitate and occupy thinking minds after we have departed — how far does this wondrous display of molecular force extend? Does it give us movement of the sap of trees? I would reply with confidence, "Assuredly it does." Does it give us the beating of our own breasts, the warmth of our own bodies, the circulation of our own blood, and all that thereon depends? This is a point on which I offer no opinion to-night.

This is a partial outline of what Martineau calls "the *new* book of Genesis."

It is now time to return to Lucretius, and endeavour to point out that though his store of arguments is less, his position is substantially the same as that of the modern materialist. It is easy to see that some minds in antiquity — members of the Epicurean sect in particular — felt a strong repugnance to the popular belief of a divine artificer, such as man is able to conceive, constructing the world. The Epicurean spokesman in Cicero's treatise,

"On the Nature of the Gods," expresses this thought very distinctly.\* Lucretius, too, casts teleology away. Neither the world nor the human body, he says, show any trace of design; our eyes, feet, hands, were not made for our sake that we might see, walk, labour. Nothing has been made for the use of men.† Commenting on the fact that men, animals of every kind, grains of corn, shells on the seashore, if we compare specimens of them together, are all different one from the other, he points out that nature's style of production differs from that of man. All these objects, he says, "exist by nature, and are not manufactured by hand after the exact model of one." Lucretius, like Tyndall, is opposed to the conception of an "artificer in the universe, fashioned after the human model, and acting by broken efforts, as man is seen to act." If, then, Lucretius did not believe in a Creator, can it be said that he had any notion of evolution? It is certain that his philosophy implied evolution, and Lucretius may fairly be taken to support it, though we question if he had anything like a definite conception of such a process. Had he become acquainted with such a theory, beyond question he would have eagerly embraced it as filling the gap in his system. Only he seems, as we have suggested, not to have been conscious that there was any gap. His theory of atoms, and his principle that "nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself, without the meddling of the gods," clearly point this way. The principle of natural selection was certainly dimly grasped by him. In the fifth book‡ he says that in the earth's history many animals must have died off. Only the possession of some special quality, such as courage, speed, craft, has enabled each race to exist and continue its kind. Some animals, such as dogs, oxen, sheep, are useful to man, and have, in return, been preserved through his protection. Such as neither had natural qualities to depend on, nor were useful to man, fell a prey to others, and died out in the struggle for existence: —

Donec ad interitum genus id natura redegit.

"That species nature utterly destroyed." In attributing the dying-out of such species, not to internal unfitness for life, but to

\* See especially chapters viii. and xx. of Book I. According to Lecky, Cicero's account of the Epicurean system is one of the grandest examples to be found of "sublime and scrupulous justice to opponents." — "History of European Morals," vol. i. p. 185.

† See Book IV. 823-857, and Book V. 156-194.

‡ Lines 855-877.

\* "Fragments of Science." Matter and Force, a Lecture to the Working Men of Dundee. Pages 82 and 85.



outward conditions, the competition with other individuals or species, in the struggle for food, there is certainly a glimpse of Darwin's theory. We might next ask whether Lucretius's conception of matter is contradictory or not to the theory of evolution. Tyndall has declared strongly that we must no longer speak of "inorganic matter," or "dead matter." Now it was one dogma of Lucretius's creed (and having found that creed for himself, he held all its dogmas rigidly) that matter is dead. For in reality his doctrine of declination is exactly consistent with the conception of matter being living. It would have seemed utterly absurd to all, but for some such notion in men's minds. It is a fact that Lucretius's generation, and still more so the generation of Epicurus, inherited from the earlier physical philosophers a conception of matter as living. The Ionic philosophers, whose researches culminated in the atomic theory, held this. It is only because Lucretius insists so strongly, in lengthened argument, on matter being dead, that we call the declination of the atoms an inconsistency. For, in reality, where there is no Creator, where matter is conceived eternal, where it is able to evolve life — there it is really conceived as living. For, truly, if matter be able to produce life and mind, there must be somewhat of life and mind in matter. Can we conceive of matter producing life unless by some power of life with which it is endowed? If matter, by the merely fortuitous knocking-about of atoms, is able to produce men who think and feel and have free-will, then that matter must have free-will also. From Lucretius's actual point of view the inconsistency does not exist. It is only nominally that he believes matter to be dead. Rather does every atom possess sensation, thought, volition, *life*. To him, in reality, matter is living. Like Tyndall, he is willing to believe that every clod of earth, every lump of stone on the street, is tingling and throbbing with life, — and the potency of life. This is pantheism.

When Lucretius says that the bodies of the gods would be dissolved if the supply of matter were not infinite, it is plain that the existence of matter is more real to him than that of the gods. *It* exists more truly and really. It is far more God to him than were his nominal deities, the absurd, idle Epicurean gods, who, we need hardly say (though Tyndall expresses admiration for the relations of Epicurus to the gods), could not be gods to him or any man except in name. Lucretius denies

that matter is animated, but the next original thinker, who followed in his steps and adopted his conclusions, must have taken this logical step, and another. He must have admitted the presence of life in matter, and at the same time have done away with the meaningless but pernicious shadow-deities whom Epicurus had pensioned off, to be well out of the way, in the *inter-mundia*. The mighty torrent of atoms streaming through space, and capable of striking out worlds full of beauty and life by their combinations — this is Lucretius's God. It is a universal fact that the mind of man longs for something unchangeable and unalterable amidst the decay and change that surround him on every hand in this world, where all things are shifting and altering, coming and going. He feels that he must have something to lay hold of, if he too would not be swept away. Plato \* strives earnestly to show that God cannot change. Lucretius's creed allowed him to find no such resting-place in the thought of God, but he dwells with great earnestness on the unalterable character of the atoms. All through the poem he points out the contrast between the perishable nature of all earthly bodies, of which we have experience, and the imperishable atoms. At their coming and going things change, but the atoms change not. After this world has passed away, only the atoms will remain, streaming on in an unceasing torrent through space. Though the soul lives not, but goes out like a torch, yet the atoms abide forever.

*Æternaque materies est.*

Here was ground on which his foot could rest. He may have found a measure of consolation or of strength in the thought — "There is something which does not pass away."

We have thus endeavoured to state what Lucretius's actual creed was. We have also attempted to show in what respects his position coincides with that of Tyndall, though we have greatly feared to be unfair in expressing the opinions of the latter, differing from him so widely as we do. One passage of Tyndall's address is very striking. This apostle of modern science, whom some call a materialist, as we have said, "discerns in matter the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." He supposes the world and all its life to be self-evolved from particles of matter, but inherent in this matter there is something which he cannot define.

\* In the second book of the "Republic."



In each particle there is matter and something more, matter and "mystery." In every process of evolution, in the unfolding of life, species, mind, he finds "the operation of an insoluble mystery." Thus Tyndall's avowed creed may be stated as "something more" than materialism.

Modern science has returned to the old problem which so interested the Greeks, namely, the constitution of matter. Present theories on this point resolve themselves into two, which may be compatible or not. There are the believers in hard atoms, formed either, as Sir W. Thomson believes, by indestructible elastic vortices of an omnipresent fluid or in some other way; and those who deny the existence of anything but force. According to the latter view, matter is but accumulated centres of force, while all forces are viewed as essentially one, since it is proved that each force can be transmuted into a different kind of force. We can only refer here to the manner in which Mr. Picton has worked out this theory in his essay entitled the "Mystery of Matter." He endeavours to show that the ordinary conception of atoms, as indivisible particles which occupy space exclusively, is untenable. If this opinion be accepted, how can "two substances—like oxygen and hydrogen—produce a third so utterly unlike both as water"? Why not rather think of the atoms as others do of the interspaces between them, and regard them as the mere "phenomena of force." "We may suppose these centres capable of interpenetrating one another, and of thus producing an entirely new mode of force, or, in common language, a new substance." The atomic theory, pure and simple, "first denies and then is compelled to assert the dissociation of matter and force." Mr. Picton, too, refuses to believe in "an unliving substance, a dead matter." "The notion of a dead substance, foreign to and incommensurable with spiritual being," is a mere "spectre" which is "entirely the creation of false inference." We are certain of only one thing, namely, the existence of life, our own or another mode of life. "We know that life is, but we do not know that anything else is." Matter is "in its ultimate essence spiritual." Mere force is no solution of the existence of matter. "Both forces and forms, so far from lending themselves to gross materialism, rather fascinate us with their shadowed hints of a mystery behind them both, far mightier than our will, and, *I will dare to add,*

*more keenly living than our life."* This is why landscape has the power to touch us so deeply. Thus Mr. Picton professes to have "gone right through materialism, and come out at the other side, where it merges into pure spiritualism." Our space will allow us to give no notion of the close argument by which this view of matter is defended. However mistaken his final conclusions may be, this is at least a grand poetic dream; not a few passages simply intoxicate the reader. In the last section, entitled "Christian Pantheism," Mr. Picton endeavours to show that his position is by no means inconsistent with Christian faith.\*

The English reader who has heard much of Lucretius's imagination and poetic charm is somewhat astonished when he finds the earlier part of the poem composed in great part of passages containing scientific argument and proposition of the most close and exact kind. When he comes to a passage like that beginning,—

Quod si forte aliquis credit graviora potesse,  
Corpora, quo citius rectum per inane feruntur,  
Incidere ex supero levioribus, atque ita plagas  
Gignere, etc.,

and so on for many verses, in which Lucretius tries to prove that heavy bodies do not fall more quickly than the lighter in the void, he naturally asks, "Is this long scientific discourse poetry?" To this we would answer that the poem is penetrated through and through in its most severe and protracted reasonings, its plainest and most matter-of-fact statements, by the earnest purpose of the poet. It is this that turns the prose of it to poetry, and informs the plainest line with feeling. He frequently reminds us that the aim of his inquiry is not scientific, but to overthrow superstition. It was a dogma of his master Epicurus that physics has a right to exist only for the sake of ethics, in order to show the falsehood of superstition, and that for any other end such inquiries are useless. Lucretius, a man of more earnest temper, held the same, though in a much less absolute form. In beautiful and tender words, frequently repeated in the course of the poem, he says, "Just as children in the dark tremble, and dread every object, so we in broad daylight fear, sometimes, things which are no more objects of terror than what children shudder at in the darkness, and fancy that they must exist. "This

\* "The Mystery of Matter and other Essays." By J. Allanson Picton. Macmillan. 1873.



terror, therefore, and darkness of the mind, must be dispersed, not by the rays of the sun and the bright shafts of day, but by the aspect of nature and her laws." Whenever this is apprehended, "forthwith nature is freed from her haughty lords," the gods. The first two books, in which he states the principles of the atomic philosophy—to be applied in the remaining four—are the basis of his whole argument. They are the foundation on which he hopes to build a system that shall deliver men from all such fears.

The position and aim of Lucretius, so far as we can gather, is this. He was a man of intense earnestness as a religious reformer and at the same time the vision of nature had filled his soul with the majesty of natural law. To him nature seemed far grander than the old gods of the Pantheon at their mightiest. Moreover, he could not but feel that the conscience-nature of man, with its stainless majesty and instinctive abhorrence of wrong, represented something infinitely higher than the old impure, selfish, jealous gods. Conscience, too (though he misunderstood its origin and the source of its authority), told him that they were false. But while he possessed a turn of mind for scientific inquiry, his strongest craving was not to pursue science, but to cast out the superstitious terrors of a false and insufficient creed. He was seriously impressed with the evils of the national religion, and sought on all sides for some philosophical weapon against them. He found this in the atomic theory, which, no doubt, he had first heard expounded in his student days at Athens. The philosophy of his age found little difficulty in accepting this as a proof that the gods have not created man, and so far as he is concerned are powerless for good or evil. He seized eagerly on it, and followed it up with all the strength of his intellect, the more so as he had a natural faculty and decided fondness for such pursuits; but Lucretius is to be viewed primarily as the opponent of paganism, and only in a secondary sense as a physical inquirer. Even the strong intellectual passion which he shows for scientific research pales before the intense white heat of his human sympathies. Perhaps these are nowhere more strongly shown than in the wonderful description of the sacrifice of Iphigenia. Who that has once read can ever forget that description of the weeping human victim—the young girl decked with the fillet on her soft hair, like a beast for sacrifice, dropping on the ground, in terror

when she sees the approving priests, who stand by and conceal the knife, appealing in vain to her father, and at last carried by force to the altar? The scene is painfully vivid. Probably Lucretius may have seen horrible punishments inflicted at Rome for offences against religion. At any rate he uses this story of the past because he believes that the religion of his own day is fit to produce evil deeds and crimes like this and does produce them. If he had drawn but this one picture, its every detail speaking his burning abhorrence of cruelty in religion's name, he had not lived in vain. Indeed this seems to us the noblest, bravest thing that he was allowed to do. Surely when man seeks to propitiate Deity and win his favour by sacrificing his weaker brothers, this is the incarnation of selfishness. Human self-seeking can go no farther. What could Lucretius do but protest against a power like this? The bare picture is enough, but his feeling rises to a climax in the single concluding word,—

*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!*

Could there be a God, and leave this appeal unanswered? Not in Lucretius's day did the answer come, not till years after he had died, perhaps, as tradition murmurs, by his own hand and in a moment of despair. Yet an answer did come, and the next generation saw it. Not in vain had he raised against paganism a voice which could never more be silent. Viewed in a wider horizon, and with reference to the progress of the world, we may look at his poem and even say, "It is well and rightly done," yet not altogether well for Lucretius himself, for he had done violence to the God-consciousness within him! His aim was to show that the ancient religion, which assigned for natural operations irregular, capricious divine agents, was contradicted by the newly-discovered majesty and regularity of nature's laws, while the conscience of man remonstrated against the cruelty and wickedness which it sanctioned. And beyond question the poem must have had a mighty power, especially with the thoughtful and imaginative, in destroying the old polytheistic creed, which could never be made new again and had to pass away. Moreover, the poet's conception of "nature" as a mysterious, all-pervading power—sometimes, in spite of himself, his language almost implies a personal power,—helped to prepare the way for a purer and larger faith. Though in defiance of his materialistic system, he, too, dimly



felt the presence in the world of a hidden power, a mystery, "something more" than matter.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE DILEMMA.

CHAPTER XXX.

NOTWITHSTANDING the loss sustained, the garrison were in high spirits for the rest of the night at the success of the sortie. And the state of things next day amply justified the night's enterprise. Not only was a great danger averted; the enemy were so cowed by the surprise that they did not attempt to resume their mining, or even to reoccupy the garden. The other side of the building being already kept clear by the occupation of the lodge, the garrison were thus practically free from molestation, although the rebels had not given up the investment, for they could still be seen collected about the court-house and in the village opposite the lodge.

Great, therefore, was the sense of relief; nevertheless, as the day wore on, a reaction set in from the excitement of the previous night, and, in the absence of any pressing emergency, a sort of lassitude and weariness was now becoming observable. Time and confinement were beginning to tell. The building, large and airy though it was, had become almost intolerably close and stuffy, with all the sides closed up in the savage heat of June; and the ladies, who spent a part of the night on the roof, purchased the comfort dearly, which involved a return to the sickening atmosphere below. All were tiring of the monotonous diet; they felt the need of food; but brought a sense of loathing to their meals. This morning, also, the two children had sickened, and lay side by side on their cot, each with the doll Kitty Peart had made for it on the pillow beside it, looking up at passers-by with languid preoccupied eye, while their mother sat fanning herself in a chair near them. Poor Kitty herself took her share of the nursing; and while fanning Jerry Spragge, gave him the particulars of poor papa's death, with such embellishments as had already gathered round the event. It did not occur to the poor girl that one of a party of soldiers might be shot, although not more prominently engaged than the survivors; so she described to the patient how her father had fallen covered with wounds, while heroically leading on his

comrades, and the better-informed young fellow had not the heart to set her right. Nor did Mrs. Peart keep to herself in her sorrow. For her there could be no seclusion for the conventional time, to be followed by a reappearance in decorous weeds, while face and voice should be attuned to proper keeping with the condition of bereavement. Some of the other ladies indeed offered to bring her share of the rude meals to their private room; but the two sick children lying there, peevish and crying, made such partial solitude unwelcome; and Mrs. Peart, although for the time suspending her share in the nursing, took her place as usual at the public breakfast-table, where the unpleasant-looking food was almost concealed from sight by the swarm of flies that settled upon it.

Mrs. Polwheedle presided at this meal. It had got to her ears that Major Peart had been left on the ground when he was wounded, and killed afterwards; and while helping to console the widow through the night, she had not forgotten to point out how the major might have been saved if he had not been left alone on the ground after he was wounded. Mrs. Polwheedle, who had been very active in nursing, and whose bustling cheerful manner had contributed sensibly to sustain the spirits of the female members of the garrison, but on whose temper events were beginning to tell, was not herself this morning; and was now holding forth with raised voice and flushed face in criticism of the last night's enterprise, the only gentlemen present at table being the brigadier and Captain Buxey.

"Better have a little of this stew, my dear," she said to Mrs. Peart; "it's the last day you'll get any, for the sheep won't hold out any longer. They have had no food for three days as it is. But there won't be many left soon to want meat, or chapattees either, if we go on like this. There's Braywell and Sparrow gone one day, and now your husband and young Spragge and a poor sepoy the next; I can't see what Falkland wants to be always going on in this way, attacking here, and attacking there, for. Why doesn't he keep quiet inside? I wonder you allow it, brigadier. It's as much your fault as his. You are responsible for everything, you know, for I suppose he made a pretence of asking your leave first."

"My dear, I said I thought there was a good deal of risk in the sally," replied the poor old man meekly; "but I deferred to Falkland's judgment in the matter, and he



considered it was necessary to do something. He is able to go about and see into things better than I, you know."

"Go about!" retorted the lady, "I should think he was able to go about. He goes about a great deal too much, to my mind; and then to leave that poor fellow to be hacked to pieces while he must be marching and countermarching up and down the garden like a madman. No! I don't care who hears me," she continued, as Captain Buxey pointed in the direction of a doorway from which Mrs. Falkland was advancing, "so long as the brigadier commands here I shall say what I please; and I say it's a shame, and you may tell Falkland so, if you like, my dear," she added, turning her flushed and angry face towards Olivia.

"My husband is busy enough as it is, Mrs. Polwheedle," said Olivia, taking her place, and leaning her head wearily on her hand, with the elbow resting on the table; "it would be better not to trouble him with our small difficulties; don't you think so, brigadier? No, thank you, Captain Buxey," she added, as that gentleman was handing her a plate of stew, "I can't eat anything this morning; I will take some tea, if you please."

"Yes, my dear," observed the brigadier to his wife, with an attempt at dignity, "what Mrs. Falkland says is very true; ladies should not meddle with military matters."

"And why shouldn't they meddle?" retorted the lady, turning sharply round on her husband. "Why don't you meddle yourself, then?" she continued, as the poor old gentleman sat silent under the question, "instead of sitting there, day after day, eating and drinking the best of everything, and never doing a blessed thing. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, that you ought: you are no more use to any one than that little half-caste idiot of an O'Halloran."

"Mrs. Polwheedle," said Falkland, who had entered the room when her voice was at its highest, "it is quite against rules to disturb the garrison by noise of any sort. I have the brigadier's orders to put any offender against the rules into confinement. Pray don't give me occasion to enforce them against you."

"Brigadier," said the lady, bridling up, and scarcely able to speak for passion, "will you sit there and see your wife insulted?"

"My dear," said the brigadier, mildly, "pray be calm and reasonable; Colonel Falkland is only doing his duty."

"The brigadier gives all his orders through me, ma'am. No, not another word, or you go to your room and stay there," and Falkland looked so stern that Mrs. Polwheedle gave up the contest, and sat still, silent and cowed; and Falkland, beckoning to his wife to follow him, left the hall.

"Olivia, my love," said her husband when they had reached the anteroom, "that old woman has got hold of the brandy-bottle again."

"Brandy-bottle, Robert?"

"Yes, dear; she has done it before. She took one from Buxey's store two days ago; and now she has done it again. He told me another bottle was missing; and she is evidently the worse for liquor. You must find out where she has hidden it, and give it back to Buxey. You look tired and worn this morning, my poor child," he added, fondling one of her hands in his, "and I daresay that old fury has been frightening you more than the enemy; but you must keep up your courage; we shall all of us want all the strength we possess."

And indeed, notwithstanding the present suspension from active measures by the enemy, Falkland had just now special cause to feel harassed and anxious. The supply of flour had almost come to an end—the stock laid in, through a miscarriage of plans executed in a hurry, having been much less than was intended, while the garrison was larger than was expected, owing to the reinforcement of faithful sepoys. There still remained several sheep, but the grain for them was failing also, nor would a meat diet keep the garrison in health. Moreover, the wounded were beginning to do badly. Maxwell talked of amputation for M'Intyre, but feared the consequences; and young Raugh's wound looked angry, although a clean sabre-cut; and the doctor said better things could not be looked for with bad air and bad diet. A still more serious matter was the state of the ammunition. A supply coming in from the palace had been intercepted by the *émeute* in the town on the afternoon before the siege began: notwithstanding the repeated injunctions given to husband the ammunition, the garrison, especially at first, had been disposed to fire oftener than necessary; and now, although there was abundance of lead for bullets, only enough powder remained for about five rounds per head. This state of things Falkland kept secret from every one but Braddon and Yorke; but the sepoys, as well as the rest of the garrison,



must guess the smallness of the store from the care with which it was husbanded. No one, indeed, had believed in the reality beforehand of a serious investment, or that if unsuccessful at the outset it would be persisted in so long; but they had now been shut up for six days without any tidings from the outer world. How far the mutiny had extended, and what other communities had been swept away, or were resisting like themselves, they had no knowledge; but that the government were in great straits might be inferred from the delay in sending relief. The last tidings before the siege had been that a regiment of local infantry was being despatched to their aid; but even allowing for delay in crossing the great rivers now swollen by the melting of the mountain-snows, this aid should have arrived long ago if not interrupted or diverted.

Two messengers had been sent out by Falkland—servants: one on the first night with a note to the government of the nearest province, to tell them of the condition of the garrison; he was to find his way to the nearest station or camp still occupied by British troops, and to deliver it there. The other had been sent out the previous night, on the east side, while the enemy's attention was diverted by the sortie, who was to bring back any news he could pick up, but he had never returned. If this man had proved faithless, the enemy might be encouraged to persevere in the blockade by learning in what straits they were placed. In this state of anxiety and suspense was passed the long day, the harder to bear from the quietude maintained by the enemy, which afforded nothing to divert attention from the tormenting heat.

When night came on, the jemadar, who was in his master's confidence and knew the importance to the garrison of obtaining news, volunteered to go out and seek intelligence of the state of things in the enemy's camp; and Falkland, although loath to let the brave fellow undertake this perilous office, for he was so well known in the city as to run special risk of detection, was fain under the emergency to accept the offer. Accordingly, Ameer Khan, disguising himself as far as possible to look like a sepoy, and taking musket and pouch-belt, slipped out and stole through the garden in the darkness. Shortly before dawn he returned, to the great relief of his master, who had entertained but little hope of seeing the faithful fellow again. He had managed to get over the

garden-wall without being perceived, and although soon afterwards challenged by a picket of sepoys, had got past safely by passing himself off as a sepoy of another regiment, and had been all through the rebel camp and city. The enemy showed no sign of raising the blockade: indeed in the bazaar the talk was all about the repulse which a body of troops marching to the relief of Mustaphabad was reported to have received. It was a new levy apparently, probably the same body whose march had been reported to Falkland before the blockade began. A large part of this force, it was said, had deserted to the enemy; and the remainder, after sustaining considerable loss in attempting to occupy a rebel town on the line of march, was in full retreat. Such was the tale brought back by the jemadar, amplified no doubt by bazaar gossip, but probably accurate so far that the attempt at relief had for the present failed. On the other hand, there was much talk about the doings of a body of horse said to be moving down from the settled country, the leader of which, who had gained the *sobriquet* of the "Black Feringhee," appeared to have already established a name of terror by his prowess and savage retaliations on the country through which he was moving; and the sepoy camp was evidently beginning to be uneasy at the prospect of his coming against them, although the general impression seemed to be that he could hardly venture to attack so large a force, without support from infantry or guns.

So much information Ameer Khan had managed to pick up by wandering about the bazaars, which all through the night were astir with people who took their sleep and kept at home during the fierce heat of day; and the conclusion to be drawn from it was far from encouraging. The jemadar had also learnt the fate of the emissary sent out the previous night; and the gallant fellow could not restrain the emotion he felt when describing how the unfortunate Kidmatgar, having been recognized, had been carried before the nawab's brother, who now ruled in the city, and in his presence horribly mutilated and then turned out into the street as a warning to others. Well might the bravest man shrink from so horrible a fate.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

DURING this night, spent by Ameer Khan on the expedition described above, and by the garrison at their posts, the ladies who were off hospital duty forgot for a time their dangers and hardships in



peaceful slumber on the housetop; when next morning, just as they were about to descend the stairs to the room below, something whistled over their heads with a rushing sound unlike anything they had heard before; a sharp report followed from the direction of the court-house. Falkland, always on the alert, hurried up to the roof just as another cannon-ball whizzing past warned the occupants to hasten down. A couple of field-guns were to be seen in front of the court-house, at a point where a good view of the house was afforded by a gap in the trees; and the sepoys could be made out busily engaged in reloading them.

"The nawab's guns," said Falkland, surveying the scene through his glass, "a present from our government; they used to stand in front of the palace. So, this accounts for the rascals' inactivity yesterday; they were getting this ready as a surprise. They may have guns, however, but they have no gunners," he added, as the balls from the second discharge passed harmlessly overhead and buried themselves in the garden behind, while Yorke, who had never been in the way of round-shot before, involuntarily bobbed his head. "I beg your pardon, sir," said he, laughing, as the colonel looked round and stared at him—"it was quite unintentional; I won't do it again."

"I wonder where they have got their shot from," observed the colonel, after a pause; "a good deal depends on that. Do you think you can pick up the one which has just lodged behind that bush? Thanks, my dear boy," said he, when, a few minutes afterwards, Yorke returned from the other side of the garden bearing a shot in his hand, and the latter felt Falkland's smile and look of approbation to be an ample reward for the service. "Yes, it is a hammered shot, as I expected; that will be the saving of us: the practice is sure to be bad with these lopsided things, and they won't have too many to throw away."

The sound of the guns created some consternation at first within the building; but Falkland reassured the members of the garrison assembled in the big room, by producing the specimen shot, and the inmates soon became accustomed to this new annoyance, which brought no harm at first. Even at that short range the enemy could not at first hit the mark. Some shot hit the ground about the building, but most of them flew over and buried themselves in the garden. "It is odd that there should be no stray gunners on leave

in the city to show them how to handle a gun," observed some one later in the morning, who had hardly spoken when there was heard a noise overhead as of falling bricks, and the messenger sent upstairs brought back word that a part of the roof parapet had been carried away, close to where the look-out man was standing.

Half an hour afterwards a shot came through the east veranda, making a hole in the sandbag parapet, and, sending up a cloud of dust, lodged in the outer wall of the building.

"That is no hammered shot," said Underwood, who was on duty in the east veranda, handing the shot to Falkland, who had come out to look at the place.

"This is a regular cannon-ball beyond a doubt," replied Falkland, examining the missile; "but they cannot have a large stock, or they would not have begun with the lopsided ones, and it will take a deal of hammering with nine-pounders to bring this building down; it was not constructed by the Public Works Department." But the sentries were withdrawn from this veranda, there being no danger of an attack upon it without warning; and the number of balls which came through during the day justified the precaution. For the most part they merely struck the wall, knocking out plaster and brickwork, without doing much damage; but occasionally they found their way into the adjacent side-rooms through the doorways; one shot of this kind went through a bag of meal in the storeroom, and another traversed what had hitherto been the sick-room, shortly after the patients had been removed to the west side of the house. Fortunately the guns were north-east of the building, so that the line of fire was oblique, and did not command the centre room.

Thus the hours sped by, and up to mid-day the garrison had suffered no harm. Then the fire was stopped for a time, to be resumed in the afternoon; but it was still so desultory and ill-directed that the garrison were becoming indifferent to the annoyance, when, late in the afternoon, a fatal shot came through the portico. It must have glanced against a tree or some other obstacle, and become deflected in its course, for the portico was out of the line of fire; but it came crashing through the thin sandbag wall, smashed the legs of an officer of the 80th, as he lay asleep on a camp-bedstead, killed two sepoys lying on one of the steps, and then glancing off from the stonework, and slicing



off the back of Braddon's pillow—he was asleep on another cot—without touching him, tore through the body of Yorke's horse as it stood picketed just beyond, and so made its exit through the parapet on the other side, those who had escaped starting up from their sleep, and gazing in wonder at the mangled forms of their comrades.

The news of the catastrophe soon spread through the building; and while those who were kept to their posts by duty were still questioning the others who had gone to learn particulars, another casualty was reported. A messenger from the lodge came over with the news that Layton, the shopkeeper, who was on duty there, and a very useful member of the garrison, had just been killed by a stray bullet coming through a loophole. So far the garrison had experienced a remarkable immunity from loss through the enemy's musketry-fire, and a certain proportion of casualties from this cause was reasonably to be expected; but coming at this time the loss seemed to be exceptionally hard to bear. An hour later there was another serious blow. Buxey was with one of the servants in the storeroom serving out supplies, when a shot came through the doorway, killing the man, whose mangled body fell over the open jar of meal they were handling, drenching its contents with blood. The rest of the stores were at once removed to a less exposed part of the house; but this accident had made a serious inroad upon the scanty stock remaining, and a feeling of despair now for the first time possessed many of the garrison, while the stoutest-hearted felt their courage sink at these losses in their slender numbers, which they were powerless to retaliate or guard against unless by some desperate effort. And when Falkland was seen to go up to the roof a little later with Yorke and Braddon, it was rumoured that another spell of "nervous duty" was in store for some of them.

"I think we might take those guns with a rush, sir," said Braddon to Falkland, as they surveyed the position from the look-out place; "we might come round on them from the flank, and spike them without much loss."

"I have been thinking of that too, but it would be a desperate remedy. We should lose time removing the barricade, which they have made as strong as ever. Even if we got as far without loss, they would never allow us to retire unmolested. The houses opposite the lodge are swarming with men, who would be almost

in the rear of our advance. The distance is full six hundred yards. It would cost us our last cartridge to retire over it, and even then we should have to leave our wounded behind us, if any were hit. No, I think it would be better to hold on, and keep a few shots for a last resource." And the garrison were not disappointed to hear that no sally was to be made. All felt with Falkland that the remedy would be too desperate.

That night another shallow grave was dug in the garden for Underwood and the two sepoy, and Layton was buried by Braywell near the lodge; the dead horse also was dragged out and buried, the enemy offering no molestation.

The firing had stopped, but the ladies were not allowed to sleep on the roof, and were crowded together in Olivia's room in the stifling heat, while sleep was driven away by the cries of young Raugh. The poor lad was now quite light-headed, and sang English ballads all through the night in a shrill voice.

That night, while Egan was on duty in the trench leading to the bath-house, he was suddenly startled by seeing something moving stealthily towards him from the direction of the garden-hedge. Soon making it out to be a man, he covered him with his rifle, but paused before firing till the nature of the attack should explain itself. He could only make out one man, and, being a cool fellow, Egan contented himself with keeping his rifle ready till the man had approached quite close, who then began waving his hand in a deprecating way, and whispered in Hindustani—

"A poor man, sahib, with news: don't fire."

"All right, old fellow," replied Egan; "come along, and don't be afraid. You've had a precious close shave, old gentleman, all the same," continued Mr. Egan in a lower voice, as he assisted the stranger to climb over the trench; and soon the word being passed, the messenger was brought to Falkland in the south veranda. He was a little wizened old man, a mere bag of bones, and naked save for a small cloth round his loins, and a pair of coarse shoes.

"A letter, sir," said the old man; and taking off one of his shoes, and drawing a couple of nails concealed by mud and dust, extracted a tiny piece of folded paper from between the layers of the sole. This letter, flattened out, was barely three inches square; written in faint ink on the thinnest paper, and soiled by the journey, the following words were with difficulty deciphered:—



"To C. O. [commanding officer] Mustd. Am marching down with a levy of Sikh horse. Juriana local infantry attempting the same thing have been beaten back with loss of many killed and deserted, and Jordan, commandant, badly wounded. The direct line from here strongly defended, and passage of river difficult, so I shall work round by the north; this is longer route, but only practicable one. Have sent you three despatches before this; news of you difficult to get, and accounts conflicting. Country generally smashed up. Delhi not yet taken, but expected to fall in a few days, when all will come right. My fellows promise well, but are raw at their work. And there is a lot to be done. But hold out for . . . days, and I will be with you . . ."

The latter part of the note was the most illegible of all; the number of days mentioned, the writer's signature, and the date of the letter, could not be deciphered.

This despatch thus entirely corroborated the account brought back by Ameer Khan. The writer was evidently the "Black Feringhee" talked about in the city, but who he was no one at first could guess. The old man could not give the information; he had not come direct from the camp, but had received the letter at a neighbouring village from his son, who said that he had come fifty miles with it in two days, but he fancied the name of the officer was "Carte Sahib." Carte Sahib? who could that be? There was no officer of that name in the army.

The old man was in a hurry to be gone, before it grew light, and refused to be the bearer of a letter out, saying he could not hope to find Carte Sahib and his horse, who were here one day and there another, like a wild elephant. And being rewarded with a handful of gold mohurs — a small fortune for a peasant — which he secreted dexterously in his waist-cloth, the old fellow, making his salaam, crept out and disappeared in the garden.

"Poor old gentleman," said Egan, as he went off, "he is sure to get his throat cut with all that loot about him."

Almost everybody in the garrison was asked to try and decipher the letter. None of the officers, however, could make anything of the signature; but when Falkland showed it to his wife, she at once said it was Kirke, and on the discovery being made, every one was surprised that he had not made such an obvious guess. Kirke was known to be on leave in the hills when the mutiny broke out, and so good a soldier would of course be at once employed

in an emergency. "No wonder," said Falkland, "the fame of the 'Black Feringhee' has got abroad; these are the times to show what men are made of. If it is possible to relieve us, Kirke will do it. To think," he continued, looking at his wife, "that a woman's wit should solve in a minute the difficulty we men were all blundering at."

Olivia blushed as he spoke. She could not tell him then how familiar her cousin's handwriting used to be with her.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

ANOTHER morning broke, and those who had been trying to rest rose sweltering from their beds, and set about making their scanty toilets. Guards were changed, the unsavoury rations were given out and cooked, and all applied themselves in their different tasks to live out another weary day. M'Intyre groaned with the fever of his wounds; Raugh was quieter, and only sang at times. The firing began again from the two guns and went on in desultory fashion; almost every shot now hit the building, no great feat in gunnery, but still an improvement on the practice of the day before.

Thus wore on the dismal morning. Only nine o'clock, and the day was already five hours long, and yet how many hours remained! when suddenly the garrison was aroused from its state of dull endurance.

"That shot must be wide of the mark," said Falkland, starting up from his couch in the drawing-room, on which he was taking a morning sleep, and resting on his elbow, as the report of a gun was heard without the accompanying whistle of the shot: "there goes another," he added, as the second gun was fired off. "Pandy must have come to an end of his cast shot, and be falling back on the hammered ones. If so, we are in luck."

As he spoke, the look-out officer came running into the room. "There is something up, colonel!" he cried; "they are turning their guns at somebody away out on the plain." Falkland hurried up to the roof.

Beyond the lodge, on the other side of the road, was the village surrounded by a mud wall, of which mention has already been made. This village enclosure was nearly square, and with its houses and surrounding trees interrupted the view of the open plain beyond, portions of which, however, could be seen through the gap between the village and the court-house, and again to the south of the village, al-



though in these directions also the view was a good deal intercepted by the trees in the park. And on this plain some object was now exciting the attention of the rebels, for, as the look-out man had reported, the two guns were turned away, and were firing in that direction, and a large column of sepoys was drawn up on the open space behind them. What it was could not at first be told; only a cloud of dust could be seen rising high in the sultry air, and floating over the village; but presently some horsemen could be made out to the south of the village, about three-quarters of a mile off, retiring slowly, the skirts of a larger body, and then as a light air blew the dust away, some cavalry could be distinguished drawn up in regular formation, now halted in column, and facing towards the enemy; and immediately the news spread through the building that relief had come — Kirke and his levy of horse.

"Kirke's levy evidently," said Braddon, who had been summoned to the roof; "the men are dressed in all sorts of ways, and very irregular is the dressing of their ranks. However, handsome is that handsome does! Kirke won't be the man I take him for if he doesn't soon find his way in, now that he has got so far."

"Is it Kirke's men," said Falkland, "or the levy of some native chief? I begin to think it must be the latter. Why should Kirke, if it were he, keep away out there, as if he were afraid of this wretched fire? It is to be hoped that they do not mean to sheer off, after all, and leave us in the lurch; but I can't make out any Europeans with them."

"Yes!" cried Yorke, who was looking through a field-glass; "I see a European there, on a grey horse, going along at a foot-pace, with his back turned this way, and with a helmet on, and there is an orderly riding behind him. Ah! now he is gone out of sight behind those trees. There he comes again, don't you see, sir, to the right?"

"It *is* Kirke, and no mistake," said Falkland, looking at the distant mass through his glass. "I could tell his figure on horseback among a thousand. Thank God, we are saved!" and the tone of relief with which he spoke showed how much his previous bearing had belied his real hopes of escape.

The news of succour had spread instantaneously through the building; discipline for the moment was suspended, and the staircase to the roof was crowded with people coming to see the relieving force with

their own eyes. Even the brigadier managed to hobble up; nor could Falkland refuse to allow each lady in turn to come up and have a look at the distant horsemen and try to distinguish the Europeans with the force, of whom two had now been made out.

All was now changed to life and high spirits within the building; a messenger was despatched to the lodge with the good tidings, while even the wounded began to cheer up, except Johnny Rough, who was still unconscious but quiet now, and breathing heavily.

The residency now was quite unmolested; but some of the occupants of the lodge showing themselves in their excitement incautiously on the roof, drew down a sharp fire from the village on the opposite side of the road, which was still full of men.

Still the relieving force made no attack; they could be seen now and then, through the gaps in the trees, moving about in the distance, but they came no nearer, deterred apparently by the difficulty of attacking so numerous an infantry well posted; and endless were the surmises of the lookers-on as they watched the movements of the horsemen with straining eyes and eager faces. Why don't they charge down to the south, and clear the ground up to the wall there? The enemy can't be in strength in that direction; they might relieve us in that way without difficulty. Can it be they have been told the residency has fallen? But no, that cannot be, or why should the rebels be investing it? But to make sure, Falkland had a standard hoisted on the roof—a table-cover on a pole. It took some time to manage this, and when the thing was done all sign of the cavalry had disappeared.

Kirke must be acting as the advanced-guard of a force which had come to reconnoitre, and has fallen back on the main body, to wait for the infantry to come up, said the more hopeful; but dread despair came upon the garrison when the news spread. It was as if a shipwrecked sailor were to see a ship sail by, unheeding the raft to which he was clinging.

"Main body or not," said Falkland anxiously to his two lieutenants, "we must manage to communicate with Kirke at once, for I am sure it is he; I can't believe that his sheering off like this is more than temporary. Kirke has pluck and judgment for fifty men, but every minute is critical; we cannot afford to run the risk of our want of ammunition being found out. The very fact of relief being



so near may incite the rebels to strike a final blow and be off. Which of your men, Braddon, do you think, could be best trusted to get out?"

"He would have to wait till dark, sir, would he not?" asked Yorke, "before making the attempt; and then if he succeeded he might lose all the night in looking for them. I have a plan to propose, sir; let me mount your mare, and take my chance of getting over the wall and through these brutes. They will be so surprised they won't have time to fire," he added, seeing that Falkland looked doubtfully at the proposal.

"That is a big wall to take," observed the colonel, after a pause, during which he had been regarding the young man with a look that conveyed his approbation.

"Kathleen would do it, sir, never fear," replied the other; "it is not five feet high there by the gateway; she is good for that any day."

"I think she is, but she will need to have her master on her back to do it, after being so long without being ridden."

"I think I can sit a fresh nag as well as most people," observed Braddon, "though I say it who shouldn't; but these are not times to stand on modesty. Let *me* go, sir, and you shall see me witch Pandey with noble horsemanship."

"No, Braddon, you are too heavy. Yorke's idea, however, is a capital one, but it will be better for me to go than either of you."

"But ought the commandant to desert the garrison, sir?" objected Braddon. "We shall never be able to get on without you; and the people would lose heart if they heard you were gone."

"I would rather stay of course, but this is a case of duty. Everything depends on communicating with the force outside, and for this it is necessary to get over the wall. Relief will then only be a question of a few minutes; my absence for so long can't do any harm."

"You have seen me take a wall, sir," said Yorke, "and on a horse that was a mere pony beside Kathleen. I believe I could do the trick all right. I am a good stone lighter than you, and certainly I can be better spared."

"No reflections on your horsemanship, my dear boy," replied the colonel, putting his hand kindly on Yorke's shoulder, and looking down as he spoke; "but Kathleen has not been out of her stall for ten days, and has been on half rations for a week. She will do best with her master on her back, but the credit of the plan is

all yours. But we must not lose time in talking."

They descended to the portico, and the mare was saddled, while the opening was cleared again which had been made in the parapet the previous night for removing the dead horse. The affair occupied only a few minutes, while Falkland, going aside with the brigadier, explained what was proposed, and obtained the old man's consent to his errand. Then turning to Buxey, who also had been summoned to the portico — "Buxey, old friend," he said, "we are all liable to accident; if I should come to grief, I charge you to convey to government my particular recommendation of Braddon and Yorke. The conduct of the whole garrison will speak for itself, and will, no doubt be rewarded suitably; but I wish it particularly to be recorded that these two have especially contributed to the success of the defence." Then he made a movement, intending to enter the building; but suddenly turned back again, and saying in a low voice as he passed Yorke, while he pressed his hand for an instant, "I leave Olivia in your charge," mounted, and passed out by the gap from underneath the portico.

The mare walked quietly out for a few paces, but when having got clear of the building Falkland pressed her sides, she gave a furious plunge which almost unseated him, the preface to a course of bounds into the air, which tried her rider's horsemanship, but did not advance his progress off the hard road. At last he got her on to the lawn, only one degree less hard, and put her into a canter towards the north end, the mare still plunging madly in the excitement of leaving the stable, trying to pull the reins out of his hands, but going with a short stiff action as if her limbs were cramped by the long confinement.

It was about midday, and the scorching vertical rays of the sun beat down on the fiery soil; shadow to the right or left there was none. As the rider and horseman approached the north park-wall numerous faces appeared behind it and from the out-house at the end, and there was rapid firing at the sudden apparition. The anxious and excited lookers-on thought at first he was going to take the wall at that end, which was very high, but he turned round when near it and came cantering back again towards the portico, saluted now by a shower of bullets from the enclosures beyond the lodge.

The guard of the portico had some of them clambered on the parapet, while



others unable to restrain themselves ran outside to watch the event. The lodge-picket, too, were all standing on the roof or on the pathway outside, but the enemy for the moment did not heed them.

Again Falkland turned the mare up the park and galloped her to the end and back. She is going more at her ease now, and the rider stoops over to pat her neck as the noble beast settles into her long stride. Now he turns her again, still going at an easy gallop, and describing an arc and bringing her round, puts her straight at the east wall, just above the entrance gap, where it was lowest. The distance is about a hundred yards, but to the lookers-on it seems a dozen times that length, as breathlessly they watch him nearing the wall. Then there is an instant of suspense as the mare rises at the obstacle and clears it gallantly. The leap accomplished, Falkland makes straight forward between the village and the court-house; the former seems alive with men, all firing at him as he shoots by, while a whole platoon is discharged from the men drawn up by the court-house; but the figure of the rider can be made out erect and harmless, galloping over the plain, the danger past, until lost to view in the distance by the intervening trees. "Hurrah! He will be up with the cavalry in no time at that rate, and we shall have them back again in a minute or two." Such are the cries echoed by the spectators of Falkland's successful feat, as they take the news into the building. All is joy again for the moment. It seems as if the relief had actually come.

But the minutes pass by, and there are no signs of the horsemen; no dust in the distance marks their return. And now there follows another long pause of dreary heart-sickening suspense. No one can guess what has happened; and the weaker members of the party put vague guesses and questions to each other, which no one can answer, while the sterner ones remain silent. Braddon and Yorke scan the scene from the roof; but the long hours pass by, and no signs can be discerned of relief. Once when Yorke descended to the building he met Olivia coming out of the sick-room, and her sorrow-stricken face told him that she knew of Falkland's departure; but as he advanced towards her she turned a look as of reproach and scorn towards him, and passed suddenly into the ladies' room to avoid him. Alas! thought he, even her firm mind is giving way under these trials, and no wonder.

About four o'clock news came from the

roof that the guns were being again turned on the building; and in a few seconds the whistle of the shot recommenced, with the accustomed accompaniment of falling masonry, as great pieces of the brickwork fell away under each discharge. Then despair seized upon most of them. This must surely mean that the relieving force has been driven off. A large body of sepoys, too, were seen moving down to join the outposts in the village. This looked as if another assault were intended. There was nothing left now but to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

But half an hour afterwards some of the portico-guard thought they heard musketry-firing in the direction of the city. All ears were turned anxiously in that direction, one or two men being sent outside to hear better. There could be no doubt about it. Nor was it a mere *feu de joie*, as some said at first; the noise was continuous but irregular, like sharp skirmishing or street-fighting. Hope began to stir again with them. It must surely be the relief coming at last. Falkland is leading an attack upon the enemy from their rear, to clear the city of them. Yes! it must be so. See, the sepoys are being called back from the village, towards the court-house, and the number about that building has diminished; they are evidently being sent forward to defend the city. The guns too have been withdrawn again, and are turned in that direction.

And now the sound of firing gets closer; the attacking party must be gaining ground.

Still the strife proceeds, but as the sun gets low, the sepoys can be seen coming back from the city and forming up irregularly to the south of the court-house, while some of their leaders are riding about on horseback as if trying to rally them. But it is of no use; they begin to break away by twos and threes and to make for the village again, from the rear of which other stragglers are now running away in the direction of cantonments. There will be no rally in the village, although the place would be hard to carry if well defended. The garrison can restrain themselves no longer; and a party headed by Braddon rush out from the portico, and, joined by those on picket at the lodge, they line the park-wall and fire their last cartridges at the rebels retiring in disorder over the ground in front. This completes the panic. The sepoys, instead of retreating into the village, send back a few desultory shots in reply, and now sheer off behind it to avoid the fire thus opened on them,



leaving a few bodies stretched on the plain. In a few minutes they have all disappeared, and the attacking force is seen emerging from the trees towards the city and advancing in skirmishing order up to the court-house. Amongst them can be distinguished in the dusk an officer on horseback, a European by his helmet. He looks ahead for an instant, and then hearing the cheers set up by the garrison on catching sight of him, gallops up to the gateway, the barrier at which is pulled down by eager hands to make way for his horse, and in another instant he rides among them within, and is surrounded by the excited group, each trying to grasp his hand, while they shout to the others in the building, who with some of the ladies may be seen hurrying down the walk. The siege is over, the garrison is relieved.

The horseman was Kirke. "You thought I meant to go off and leave you in the lurch," he said smiling, in reply to some of the numerous questions with which he was assailed. "We could have come down to the south and cleared the place in a jiffy, I know, but that would have driven the enemy back into the city, and it would have been a devil of a job to dislodge them. No, I determined to take them in rear; and besides, Falkland got news that a large party in the city were prepared to join our side and release the nawab, if we only showed ourselves near the palace, so we thought we had better begin at that end and work downwards; and very well the thing has been done. I wish you could have seen my fellows skirmishing through the streets, with nothing but their swords and carbines."

"And Falkland?" cried the eager group of listeners, who had forgotten him for the moment in the excitement of deliverance; "where is Falkland?"

"Ah!" said Kirke, looking grave as he dismounted. Falkland had been killed, leading the advance through the town. Who will break the news to his wife?

opposition to existing systems of life. It appealed only to men's desire to make the best they could of themselves. It called upon them to know the value of the treasures which were really theirs, but which they had let slip from careless hands. Around them were the riches of the past, the literature and art of Italy's golden days, which a wave of barbarism had scattered and hidden too long from the eyes of Italy's true sons. It was an object worthy of the best energies of the noblest minds to gather together all that could be saved from the wreck, to cleanse the remnants carefully and tenderly from the dirt and rubbish with which they had been encrusted, and then set them lovingly before young minds, which might learn from them all that was noble in the life of the past.

This was the spirit of the early Renaissance in Italy. It had no hidden meaning, it cherished nothing which it need be afraid to tell abroad. It combated nothing in existing systems, because it made no claim to have a system of its own. It went along its own course with a deep belief in man's perfections, and a deep desire to cultivate man's nature into all that it could become.

It is true that a time came when the spiritual enfranchisement brought about by the Renaissance began to degenerate into license. This is a danger which all movements towards greater freedom have always had to face. It is hard to pour new wine into old bottles, and there is always the same twofold danger—that the bottles will burst, and the wine be spilt. It was so with Italy of the later fifteenth century. Spiritual freedom tended to run riot; the self-assertion of the individual loosened the bonds of society; mental subtilty pared away the obligations of morality; religion was threatened with gradual dissolution before the gentle solvent of graceful and playful criticism. Culture had become a source of weakness rather than of strength. The Italian mind had lost its beliefs, and with its beliefs had lost all meaning. Under the hard rule of the foreigner, and under the galling fetters of the old dogmatic system, restored as a harsh despot, and ruling no longer as an indulgent master, Italy was doomed to learn, by three centuries of silent suffering, how freedom could be woven into the web of daily life.

Yet her experience had not been in vain. In the long years of her own darkness she still might feel that the torch which she had kindled was blazing steadily, if not brightly, in other more favoured

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

A SCHOOLMASTER OF THE RENAISSANCE.

VITTORINO DA FELTRE.

ONE of the chief features of the early Renaissance is its entire simplicity and straightforward earnestness. It was not perplexed by fear lest it might awaken antagonism, for it was not conscious of any



lands. To medieval Italy must all who honour culture turn with unfailing reverence; for she has ever been the home of great interpreters who have revealed man to himself, and have taught him in ever-changing forms to see and know what is the heritage which the past has handed on.

In the higher lines of literature and art this is perhaps sufficiently felt and has been often enough expressed; but in smaller things it is forgotten. We are accustomed, for instance, to look for the origin of our ideas of education to the gradual progress of society, to the workings of modern philanthropy or the enlightened teaching of modern science. Education amongst us has grown slowly to become a part of our political life. Its function is held to consist in drilling the young into fitness to discharge their duties as citizens. Our highest views of education rarely go beyond this. No teacher amongst us would venture to say that he had no belief in the efficacy of formal outward discipline, or of the rigid tests of unbending examinations, but that his aim was to develop with care and tenderness the youthful spirit into liberty, beauty, and grace.

It may perhaps be worth while to bring forward from his obscurity, for a little while, a great Italian teacher of the early and unconscious epoch of the Renaissance. Like all men who have been content only to teach without aspiring to literary fame, his name is seldom heard; for his labours left no other fruit than the noble actions of his scholars, which the world claimed for its own and straightway forgot. Yet his silence might deserve respect. Enough, he said, had been written by those of old; his work was to try and make men understand the meaning of the treasures which they already possessed.

Vittorino dei Ramboldini was born of a noble but poor family in Feltre, in the year 1378. Having a taste for learning, he went to the University of Padua, where he maintained himself by acting as tutor to younger boys while he pursued his own studies. He was not satisfied merely with the ordinary reading for the doctor's degree, but wished also to obtain a knowledge of mathematics, a science then so little known that there was at Padua only one professor who was acquainted even with the outlines. He, moreover, lectured publicly on philosophy, and refused to part with his mathematical knowledge, except to private pupils on payment of large fees. These Vittorino's poverty made it hopeless for him to pay. In vain he

strove by entreaties to prevail on the avaricious Biagio Pelacane to give him a few lessons for the love of knowledge. In vain he tried to melt him by humility—even offering to work out the fees by rendering menial service. For six months Vittorino acted as his servant, waiting on him at table, and washing his plates and dishes; but the proud professor was relentless, and would have nothing but the money. Stung by such unworthy treatment, Vittorino procured a Euclid, and never rested till he had puzzled out for himself its contents, and by that means obtained a firm hold of the principles of geometry. He did not, however, wish to use his knowledge as food either for vanity or avarice. What he had so hardly learned he readily taught to any who came to him, till his fame spread in Padua and his story became known. Pelacane discovered, when it was too late, that generosity in education is the best policy, and that a reputation which wishes to stand upon the exclusive possession of knowledge rests on an insecure footing. He was exposed to ridicule, his pupils all deserted him, and he had to leave Padua for Parma, where he died five years afterwards, in 1416.

Henceforward Vittorino had a secure reputation in Padua, but he lived as a retired student, teaching a few pupils and ready to assist all who came to him. He knew much, but still was ignorant of Greek, till, in the year 1420, when he was more than forty years of age, he went to Venice to learn Greek from Guarino. In him he did not find another Pelacane but a warm-hearted student, who gladly taught him all he knew, and warmly appreciated his simple moral worth. Vittorino returned to Padua, and was regarded by all with reverence as a prodigy; by his own efforts he had raised himself to the rank of one of the greatest scholars in Italy. He was now past the prime of life and had shown no desire for self-advancement, no interest beyond a genuine love for knowledge. His company was eagerly sought, and his advice reverently asked and listened to. In 1422 the students of the gymnasium besought him to be their teacher in philosophy and rhetoric.

At the age of forty-four Vittorino first became a public teacher, and instituted that system of education on which his reputation is founded. Having no object in life except the good of his pupils, he devised the plan of living entirely among them. Accordingly he chose a few, whom he took to live with him in his own house, and whose whole life was spent in his



presence. Though this was the plan which he afterwards developed, he does not seem to have been successful at first. In a year he resigned his professorship at Padua, disgusted by the insolence and vices of his pupils, and went to Venice, where he at once opened a school. Numbers flocked to him immediately, for he was already known there through his acquaintance with Guarino. Many, however, who applied to him were condemned to disappointment, for he adhered rigorously to two rules—that he would not undertake to teach more scholars than he could do entire justice to, and that he would choose his scholars solely by reference to their fitness in character and intellect to profit by his teaching. No offers of enormous pay could tempt him to relax these rules. The son of the wealthy merchant was sent away, as too much spoiled already to be made much of; the beggar boy whose face had attracted Vittorino's attention in the street was chosen to fill the empty place in his rising schoolhouse. He did not, however, remain at Venice long enough to develop his system fully; in 1425 he received an invitation from Gian Francesco Gonzaga, lord of Mantua, to go to his court and undertake the education of his children. Gonzaga had selected him for this office solely on the ground of his merits; but it was some time before Vittorino could determine to expose his simple and straightforward character to the perils of a court life. He came to the conclusion at last that he would not be justified in refusing such an opportunity of extending his usefulness. He went to Mantua, and there taught without intermission for the next twenty-two years until his death.

Gian Francesco Gonzaga was a wise and prudent ruler, who knew how to consult the interests of his State. The position of his city on a promontory between two lakes made it almost impregnable, and the marquis knew how to use his soldiers to advantage in the perpetual wars between Venice and Milan. He was careful always to be well paid, either for his services or his neutrality, so his people prospered under his rule, and he, in imitation of his more powerful neighbour, Galeazzo Visconti, had instituted a luxurious court, and aimed at introducing greater refinement and intelligence among his people. His wife, Paola dei Malatesti of Rimini, was a woman of really noble character, combining with decided intellectual tastes great practical benevolence and unaffected affability. The Mantuans

regarded her with great respect and affection; "the orphans, the poor, and the monks honoured her as children do their mother, and the people flocked round her when she went into the streets." Nor was she less beloved by her husband, in whose will are contained the strictest injunctions to his successor to consult and obey his mother in all matters. We may assume that Paola had desired to have the best possible education for her children, and that her husband made no difficulties. He was a worthy man, but not of remarkable elevation of mind. Poggio praises him for "virtue, prudence, affability, anxious care for the welfare of learned men, and unceasing diligence in self-education," and his treatment of Vittorino shows that he could certainly appreciate merit in others.

Vittorino was well pleased with his first interview with the marquis. His only request was that he might have full authority over the servants of his young pupils, and over the youths who were educated with them. He made no stipulation about salary, saying that he had come to propagate virtue, not to make gain; but the marquis made him a liberal monthly allowance, and ordered his treasurer moreover to pay whatever Vittorino demanded. The house in which he was to live with his pupils pleased him greatly, but the whole life to which the boys had been accustomed seemed to him radically wrong. Luxury of every kind, rich food and drink, obsequious servants to do the slightest office, a number of the noblest youths of Mantua as attendants, all bent on commending themselves to the princes, all braggarts and flatterers—this was what Vittorino found, and it filled him with despair. How was education to proceed in such an atmosphere, and how was he to change it? His first thought was to resign his post at once as hopeless; but his second thought was that he was at least bound to do his best, and see if the marquis really had confidence in him, and would uphold his authority. Accordingly, he waited for a little while, and looked on, a passive spectator of the scene around him. He allowed every one to think that he was weak and careless, till they behaved in his presence as though he were not there, and so showed him their real character. When he had by this means obtained sure information about them, he suddenly began his reform. All the noble youths of Mantua, with only a few exceptions, were summarily dismissed. The household was rigorously cut down, and



the exact functions of the remaining servants were accurately fixed; a porter was put before the door to see that no one went in or out except by Vittorino's permission; and simple fare took the place of luxurious living. Vittorino had waited to make sure that his knowledge equalled his zeal, and then introduced all his reforms at once, and carried them out with decision. Great was the commotion in Mantua, and many were the complaints made to the marquis by parents, who felt aggrieved by this ignominious expulsion of their sons; but the military habits of the *condottiere* general made him sympathize with vigorous and sweeping measures. He refused to interfere, and waited to see some definite results of the system thus begun.

Vittorino was encouraged by this tolerance to persevere, and soon produced results about which no one could doubt. The young princes were not at first sight very promising pupils. Ludovico, the elder, was so fat that he could scarcely walk, and moved as if he had been made in one piece. His brother Carlo was, on the other hand, a tall awkward boy, of weakly and attenuated appearance. Vittorino felt it was useless to make much of minds enveloped in bodies such as these. His first care was to reduce the size of Ludovico, and feed up Carlo into decent proportions. He had a horror of corpulence, declaring that the mind must always be wearied that had to carry a heavy load, and would never be able to see if the cloud of the body were too dense; so he cut down Ludovico's food, and allowed him only simple diet. At the same time, not wishing to seem cruel, he gave him other amusements; and often, if he saw him eating gluttonously at dinner, would interest him in talk to make him forget his absorbing interest in his food; or he would have music and singing introduced to distract his attention, and then would give a signal that his plate should be quietly removed. For Carlo, on the other hand, he provided simple and nutritious diet, telling him to eat whenever he felt hungry, but only allowing him between his meals dry bread, which would be enough to satisfy his wants without encouraging him in gluttony. Under this careful treatment the boys rapidly improved in health and appearance, and their parents understood in a most convincing way the wisdom and value of Vittorino's training.

Secure of his position, Vittorino began to develop his system. He received numerous applications for admission to

the vacant places which his expulsions had made, but he subjected all candidates to a rigorous test and rejected all of whose character he disapproved, or who he thought were better fitted for other than intellectual pursuits. He chose his pupils reverently, and impressed upon them that they were entering upon a lofty calling, and that their schoolroom should be to them a holy place (*tantum sacellum ingressuros*). He demanded that they should give up everything to their studies, saying that a love of knowledge and a love of pleasure could not exist at the same time. He preferred the sons of noble parents, if they were equally fit, for thorough-bred colts, he said, were best worth training; but he took in and taught with equal care poor and ignoble youths, who showed signs of promise, and the payments made by the wealthy were devoted to the necessities of his poorer scholars. Under this system Mantua became the great educational centre of Italy, and pupils even crossed the Alps to obtain the benefits of Vittorino's teaching. His fame brought credit upon the town, and his simple manners and entire devotion to his own duties disarmed all possible hostility. Mantua soon became proud of him, and he was treated with reverence by all. The marquis rose to meet him when he appeared at court, and would never suffer him to stand in his presence. Wherever Vittorino went the tone of conversation ceased to be trivial, and he reprovved even the marquis for loose or unseemly talking in his presence; the reverence due to youth was claimed by their teacher.

Vittorino's method of education was as universal and liberal as was the spirit of his age. He aimed at cultivating the entire man, in a fulness before which all modern definitions of culture seem narrow and one-sided. The idea of cultivation at present prevalent is that of the refined and high-minded man, who living in the world without being of it, tries to protect himself from its sordour by the free play of his critical faculties, which he uses with equal freedom upon everything, so as to avoid falling under the tyranny of any. Cultivation is realized by abstraction from the current of ordinary life. This was not the culture of the Renaissance, for then men felt that the world and all its contents were his own possession, and that his surroundings could be moulded entirely to his will. Vittorino did not arm his pupils merely for defence against this world. He equipped them that they might conquer it for themselves. Their future was dark



and admitted of endless possibilities; they might become princes, generals, statesmen, cardinals, bishops, or men of letters. Noble birth in those changing times did not necessarily imply hereditary rights; obscure origin did not hopelessly debar from the richest principalities. Any of the youths before him might be called by accident, or win his way by his own talents, to the loftiest positions. One thing only was certain, that the keen intellect was sure to carve out its fortune.

So Vittorino trained his pupils in all knightly and martial exercises, in which he always took part himself, and taught their bodies agility by athletics, which he always superintended. Riding, wrestling, fencing, archery, tennis, foot-races, and swimming, formed part of their daily occupations. Sometimes he would lead them to the chase, or instruct them in fishing. Sometimes he would divide them into squadrons, and organize a sham fight; now he would lead one party to the charge, now help their enemy to hold their mimic castle, and "his heart rejoiced when their shouts went up to heaven and all was filled with dust." He inured them to suffer hardships and be brave, to be indifferent to heat and cold, and never shrink from danger. "Remember, my dear boys," he used to say, "you know not what manner of life Providence may have ordained for you." He allowed no lounging round the fire even on the coldest day, but insisted that the boys should gain warmth by exercise. He was careful that their food should be simple, and set them an example of extreme sobriety; as they pressed things upon him at meals, he would laugh and say, "See how different we are; you are anxious that I should want nothing; I, on the contrary, am careful that you should have nothing unnecessary." He felt that excess of eating and sleeping, and personal indolence and effeminacy, were the first fertile sources of the moral and physical disorders of youth, and that it was useless to attempt to educate the mind, if the body were neglected. Yet with all this he was most careful of their health, watching over each of his pupils, and from time to time taking them all to the hills for change of air.

But he did not only develop the body in this way, he was most careful also to refine it. He corrected all faults in voice and enunciation, removed all awkwardness of manner, remedied small personal defects, and instilled dignity and decorum. He taught his pupils to avoid all obtrusive

peculiarities, and above all fidgetiness; if a boy was restless, he would draw a circle on the floor and bid him not come out of it for a given time. He insisted on great attention to personal neatness, and saw that every boy was well dressed in accordance with his rank, and always carefully; yet he was a bitter foe to foppery, and mocked at those who looked at themselves too long in the glass: he allowed no scents or unguents, for he considered them to be signs of effeminacy. His pupils were trained in all social graces as well as in bodily prowess: they were taught to dance and sing, that they might be fit to shine in the festival as well as on the field.

In matters of intellectual training he was equally universal in his principles and method. He did not disdain to teach the youngest boys, but rather was unwilling to build upon another man's foundation. His advice to all who were anxious to prepare for his teaching was, "to unlearn at once what by misfortune they had mislearned elsewhere." He taught little boys their alphabet by giving them as toys letters of various colours. He watched the direction which the growing curiosity of the youthful mind most naturally took, that he might gain indications of its natural capacity and bent. A boy's natural talents, he said, were like a field, which if well tilled would produce a fruitful crop of knowledge; but the tillage must be adapted to the field, and the boy's mind must be indulged in that study in which it took the greatest delight. So Vittorino was resolved to supply teaching in all possible subjects, and trained up teachers according to his own views, to whom he would assign special branches of knowledge. He even brought over four native Greeks that they might teach their language accurately. All these masters were treated by him with perfect impartiality, and their subjects met with equal respect. Civil and canon law and natural philosophy were the only special subjects for which he did not provide teachers; but if any student, who had gone through his general course, showed an aptitude for these pursuits, he advised him in the choice of a university, and, if he were poor, maintained him during his studies there. In days when manuscripts were a costly possession, Vittorino's library was renowned throughout Italy, so that his scholars were well provided with every means of study.

He taught first the ordinary subjects of the trivium, and began by a training in



the classical languages, literature, and history. "How foolish," exclaims one of his disciples, Sassuolo da Prato, "are those who strive to study philosophy without an accurate knowledge of the language in which it was written; who do not know that Plato is like Jupiter speaking Greek, and Aristotle rolls on a golden river of speech. No wonder that such incompetent inquirers fail to understand philosophy altogether, and content themselves with the barren teaching of the schoolmen; and while they think they are leading home Minerva as their chaste bride, know not that it is Calypso, a most wanton woman, whom they hold in their embrace." From this fatal ignorance Vittorino secured his pupils by giving them a broad basis of literary training. Virgil, Homer, Cicero, and Demosthenes, were the authors whom he first taught, and the experience of schoolmasters since his days has not been able to suggest anything better. When his pupils had obtained a tolerable knowledge of the classics, they were next taught dialectic, the science of sound logic, and were well exercised in the examination and detection of fallacies in common reasoning. From dialectic they went to rhetoric, and were taught to write, read, and speak correctly and gracefully. Public disputations were held by them, and Vittorino sat by to judge and arbitrate between their arguments. Mathematics and music were ordinarily the subjects next pursued.

As a teacher, Vittorino aimed especially at clearness and simplicity: he considered carefully beforehand the subject on which he was going to lecture, and then trusted to the impulse of the moment to enable him to state accurately and intelligently what he had to say. His expressions, as became his character, were always refined and modest; but he was careful not to seem to commend himself by his method of teaching, nor to allow graces of style to hide and overlay the matters he was explaining. He did not encourage his pupils to ask explanations at once of what they could not understand, but bade them go away after each lesson and think it over while it was fresh in their minds; if they found any difficulties they were to come for explanation afterwards. He was anxious to secure attention by kindling interest; he often purposely made mistakes in explaining passages from the classical authors, to see if his class would correct him. He strengthened the memory of his scholars by making them learn by heart the finest pas-

sages of the authors they were reading. He was very careful in looking over their exercises, and always pointed out accurately the reason for any objections he had to raise. So ready was his sympathy with his pupils that he would shed tears of joy over a good composition.

He maintained discipline by his force of character, and rarely had recourse to personal chastisement. Remonstrances and reproofs were sufficient, for he was never suspected of partiality, and was most careful to escape being misled by anger. He knew that he was naturally of a choleric disposition, and so took every precaution against it; his elder pupils were charged, if ever they saw him likely to lose his temper, to interrupt him by some question, or call him away to ask his opinion on some other subject, that so he might have time to recover his equal balance of mind. He knew well how to appeal by simple honesty to the boyish mind, and all quailed before his anger or scorn. He was careful by judicious praise to encourage the timid, and would remorselessly rally the forward to cure them of arrogance.

The moral side of Vittorino's system has been already noticed in some of its chief points. He would receive no boy whom he did not believe to be free from vices, and he allowed no one to come near his pupils except by his permission. He lived entirely among them, and never willingly lost sight of them. He fed them simply, and took care that all their time was well employed. Being a man of fervent piety, he attended mass daily and took his pupils with him. He kept far from them everything that could suggest disorder or even indecorum. Carlo Gonzaga, some time after he had left Vittorino's care returning to his old school and engaging in a game of tennis, forgot himself in the excitement of the moment, when he had made a bad stroke, and uttered an oath. Vittorino, who was standing by as a spectator, sprung upon him, seized him by the hair, and boxed his ears soundly, overwhelming the youth with such bitter reproaches that he fell upon his knees, and, confessing humbly his fault, besought Vittorino to forgive him. Moved by his sorrow the master's anger passed away, and, with tears in his eyes, he thanked heaven for a pupil so obedient to reproof.

Such is a brief sketch of the various sides of Vittorino's system of education; his pupils showed forth its fruits. Ludovico Gonzaga, who succeeded his father in 1444, was not only a second founder to Mantua and a great patron of the arts and



letters, but was beloved by his people for his justice and humanity. Carlo Gonzaga, it is true, quarrelled with his brother, and led a wandering life, but was renowned for his learning and personal kindness. The third son, Gian Lucido, was a prodigy of learning. Ambogio Traversari tells us that Vittorino once brought Gian Lucido with him on a visit to Camaldoli, when the boy, who was only of the age of fourteen, recited a Latin poem of two hundred lines, which he had written in honour of a visit of the emperor Sigismund to Mantua. "The poem was beautiful, but the sweetness with which it was recited increased its nobility and elegance. This amiable youth showed us two propositions which he had added to the geometry of Euclid. There was also a daughter of the marquis, about the age of twelve, who wrote Greek with such elegance that I felt ashamed of myself when I thought that scarcely one of my pupils could write it so well."

The daughter here mentioned, Cecilia Gonzaga, was a devoted pupil of Vittorino, and afterwards, to the great anger of her father, refused to marry the profligate Oddantonio of Montefeltro, Count of Urbino, and insisted upon taking the veil. The fame of her learning and piety is widely spread among the writers of the time. The youngest son of the marquis, Alessandro Gonzaga, suffered under ill-health, which he bore with patience, devoting all his time to literary pursuits, and living a retired and contented life till death.

It would be tedious to enumerate the various men of literary and political eminence in their day, who came from Vittorino's school and bore the impress of his training. A glance down the long list of his pupils shows how his teaching influenced the time; but one shines among them, who was Vittorino's favourite pupil, and whose noble life testifies that he deserved his master's preference — Federigo, who, on the murder of Count Oddantonio, was called by the people of Urbino to be their prince. Federigo of Urbino is the ideal Italian prince — a bold and successful general, a wise and merciful governor, a bounteous patron of arts and letters, a most polished and accomplished cavalier whose ready courtesy extended to the humblest of his subjects. He was a true father of his people, to whom they all flocked for advice and assistance in their personal difficulties, and whose sympathy and help the poorest knew he could claim. Under him Urbino grew into a political and literary capital, and his fame was so far

spread abroad that Edward IV. of England sent to invest him with the order of the Garter.\*

The account of Vittorino's school is also the history of his life; for all his interests were centred in his pupils, and when friends exhorted him to marry he would point to his scholars and exclaim, "These are my children." All the money which he received he spent in the maintenance of poor students, or in acts of charity. He was diligent in visiting the poor, he ransomed slaves, released debtors from prison, supplied medicine to those who could not afford to buy it, and indulged in the graceful charity of providing dowers for poor and deserving girls. For these purposes he drew from the prince's treasury such sums as he thought he might reasonably take as almoner. If he wanted more he would apply to the wealthy men in the city, and never failed to have his requests supplied.

The only important event that disturbed his orderly life was the quarrel between the marquis and his eldest son, Ludovico, who, thinking himself slighted by his father, ran away to Duke Filippo Maria Visconti of Milan, in 1436. His father, enraged at the political complications to which this gave rise, obtained from the emperor Sigismund an authorization enabling him to disinherit the rebellious boy. Vittorino tried to make peace, and was assisted in this emphatically, but not wisely, by the eccentric sage Poggio Bracciolini. His proceedings in the matter give an amusing specimen of the relations existing at that time between princes and men of letters. Poggio wrote to Vittorino, saying, that though they only knew one another by name, he had heard so much of Vittorino's love for learning and learned men, that he felt no scruple in lading him with the duty of delivering to the marquis of Mantua a letter which he enclosed. The letter contained a good scolding for the marquis. His son, Poggio said, had done wrong, it was true, but it was the father's fault for treating him unkindly. His offence had not been against the State, but against his father, and he had done himself more harm by his proceedings than he had done his father. It was not right to punish him so

\* A few other names may be worth mentioning of Vittorino's more eminent pupils: Francesco Prendilacqua, of Mantua, who wrote his life; Gregorio Corraro of Venice; Giambattista Pallavicini, bishop of Reggio; Taddeo de' Manfredi, lord of Imola; Antonio Beccaria of Verona; Francesco da Castiglione; Gregorio Guarino, whose father sent him to Vittorino as better able to teach than himself, and Lorenzo Valla.



severely. "I know," said Poggio, "that princes are praised whatever they do, and are surrounded by flatterers, who always approve of their plans. I write to give you good and sound advice." Vittorino doubted whether the letter would produce the effect which Poggio desired; so he waited two months before presenting it, perhaps trying meanwhile to prepare the marquis's mind for what was coming. His efforts, however, were in vain, as Gonzaga refused to receive the letter, and ordered Vittorino to send it back. Great was Poggio's indignation. He wrote angrily to Vittorino for not having executed his commission at once. A marquis of Mantua, he bitterly remarked, is not a second Cæsar, that his time should be so valuable as not to receive a letter when sent. If he had been a man of any culture such a letter would have been acceptable to him. It certainly was good enough for him, for it had been shown beforehand to the pope, and had met with his approval. At the same time Poggio wrote a respectful yet stinging letter to the marquis; he had heard that he had literary tastes, and assumed that he was consequently polished and refined, and superior to vulgar insolence and pride. Trusting to this belief, he had ventured to write and address him. He was sorry his letter had not been received as he expected: however, the marquis was the best judge of his own matters. The letter would be shown to those who could appreciate it, as it was founded on reason and supported by arguments which had cogency in themselves, and did not depend merely on their favourable reception by him to whom they were addressed.

We do not know the end of this squabble. Most probably the fear of affronting one who could use his pen with such pungency as Poggio induced the marquis to receive his letter at last. At all events, a few years afterwards Poggio writes of Gian Francesco Gonzaga in a friendly tone, which he would not have adopted if any grudge had rankled in his breast. The unhappy quarrel between father and son was settled by natural affection and motives of policy, and Gian Francesco laid aside his intention of disinheriting his son, to Vittorino's great joy.

Little remains to be told of Vittorino's life. He died at the age of sixty-eight, in 1446, two years after the accession of his pupil Ludovico. He continued teaching up to the time of his death, and reaped the fruits of his healthy and regular life by entire freedom from the annoyances of old

age. His biographers record their admiration that he showed no signs of decaying faculties or decreasing vigour. He was in appearance a little man, of impetuous temperament, of spare habit of body, with a fresh, ruddy complexion and sharp features, and a frank, honest, and genial expression of countenance.

Vittorino da Feltre possessed an honesty and simplicity of character, together with a noble self-devotion to a great cause, which would always arrest the attention of any one who came upon the record of his life. But besides his moral worth, the actual work on which he was engaged is still of living interest for us. The system of education existing at present is the legacy of the Renaissance impulse; the ideal of a "classical education" is embodied in the system which Vittorino carried out.

But Vittorino lived in one of the rare periods of the world's history when man had realized his spiritual freedom; when the world had lost its terrors, and its irreconcilable antagonisms were for a short space at rest; when, like Dante at the entrance of the earthly paradise, man felt both crown and mitre fixed firmly upon his brow. At such time the teacher, withheld by no inner contradictions, might venture to make his teaching a real reproduction of the variety of actual life. He was not bound to develop merely the intellect, through fear of venturing into dangerous regions of discussion if he advanced beyond simple intellectual training. He was not restrained from encouraging to their fullest extent all manly exercises through fear that they would become too engrossing, for Italian society was too refined to admit a mere athlete into any position of prominence. He was not checked in the adaptation of his teaching to the real conditions of life by the pre-eminent necessity of maintaining a decent standard of morality among an unwieldy and unmanageable mob of boys unnaturally removed from the ordinary motives to conduct.

In this last point lies the great difference between Vittorino's teaching and all modern methods. He dealt with boys whom he had previously selected as likely to profit by his teaching,—dealt with a number sufficiently small to allow of his real personal supervision. He lived amongst them an honest, simple life, and the fact of his presence among them was the foundation and system of order and discipline. There was no oppressive enforcement of trivial rules, insignificant in themselves and founded upon no obvious principle; but master and pupils lived a



common life, and acted freely together, because their ends were the same, and because the life they led was not different in kind, though simpler, healthier, and more active in degree, than the common life of the world whose voice surged round the walls of their schoolrooms. Schools amongst us are founded on a quite different basis from that of Vittorino. They are great public institutions for the good of certain classes in society, into which any one can claim admission, and from which expulsion is regarded as a serious disgrace. Hence they are overgrown, and unmanageable except by a system of military discipline. To discipline mainly are given up the energies of those engaged in education, and the real moral and intellectual advancement of the individual pupil is subordinate to the formal organization of the society. Schools grow up each with a recognizable type of character of its own, with traditions and customs which every now and then, when brought into prominence, create equal astonishment and disgust in the minds of those who have not been subjected to them; with a set of principles which have often to be exchanged, and always to be largely modified by the schoolboy when he goes out into the world. This essential difference, which is the fault, not of our schools, and still less of their teachers, but of our whole social condition and our social aims, renders impossible amongst us the flower of perfect training which Vittorino tried to cultivate and develop.

Vittorino's teaching was as broad and liberal as was the life of man, and aimed at nothing less than the full development of individual character, the entire realization of all human capacity and force. Yet it is wonderful to notice how this revolt against the narrow ecclesiastical spirit of the Middle Ages, this deliberate working-out of the freedom which the Renaissance had proclaimed, still clothed itself in the trappings of the old monastic institutions, and modelled itself after the fashion of what it had risen to subvert. Vittorino arose a monk of the order of the Renaissance, who went out into the wilderness and gathered round him a little band, whom he trained that they might labour after he was gone, till the waste places should blossom like the rose. He would have no half-hearted disciples; they must give themselves entirely up to him, and submit themselves to his will. "Unlearn," such were his requirements from a neophyte, "what grossness you have mislearned before. Purge your mind from

every prejudice and vicious habit, and give yourself up entirely to a teacher who bestows on you a father's care, and whom you must obey as a son." He trained them up to an ascetic system, not that they might elevate the spirit by subduing the flesh, but that they might acquire wholesome habits, and "have their bodies better fitted for all exercises of knightly and courtly grace."

He was their intellectual director and father confessor, to whom they came and told all the deviations of which they had been guilty from the course of life and study which he had laid down for them. His disciples went forth and preached to others the glories of their master, and stirred up sluggish souls to intellectual efforts. Here is a letter of one of Vittorino's zealous converts, Sassuolo da Prato:—"Let two things only be abolished, first bad masters, who being themselves ignorant of liberal arts, necessarily cannot teach them to others: secondly, those parents, the plagues of children, who, blinded by the most unworthy desires, are unable to see the brilliancy of virtue. For how few fathers are there in this our day who take their sons to school, with no other object than that they may come back really better! Every one despises literary culture, admires and loves law and medicine as the means best adapted for making money. The study of literature, they assert, is simply a short cut to ruin. Nor is this only the opinion of the ignorant multitude; but, what is more grievous to be borne, philosophers, themselves teachers of wisdom and instillers of virtue, allow their pupils to turn their attention to any source of sordid gain, to any servile task, rather than spend their time on liberalizing studies. Oh, wretched times! oh, age—would that I could call it iron, but it produces nothing but softness, languor, and effeminacy! But it is useless to storm. The recovery of the parents is desperate, as their disease is inveterate. But let us rather admonish and exhort youths who are fired with zeal for letters and virtue, to hold firm to the belief that natural affection itself requires them to oppose the wishes of parents such as these, and to hold to virtue. If they take my advice, they will shun not only all intercourse with their parents, but even their eye, as though it were a basilisk's, and will betake themselves instead to the excellent Vittorino, the common father of all studies. By him, let them trust me, they will be received with such hospitable liberality that they will feel no further



regret for relatives or home. Moreover they will have all the opportunities of study which they can desire, first, store of books, then teachers, both of Latin and Greek, not only Vittorino himself, but many others able and erudite, from whom they may learn oratory, mathematics, and philosophy."

We seem to hear a pupil of a new St. Francis preaching to all enthusiastic youths that they should break through every natural tie, and embrace the higher life of literary culture which this great teacher has to set before them.

In the same tone of respectful reverence does the pleasant Florentine biographer of the worthies of the fifteenth century, Vespasiano da Bisticci, speak of him:—

"Vittorino's sole employment was to show to others the admirable example of his own life, to exhort and rouse all to a life of good habits, showing them that all things that we do in this world ought to be done that we may so live as to receive in the end the fruits of our labours. He was not content to give, solely for the love of God, what he had gained by his own sweat and toil, but he laboured that others might do likewise. Poor boys, whom he undertook to educate, he not only taught for the love of God, but supported in all their needs; nor was it enough that he should spend his own salary in so doing, but every year, to supply their wants, himself went forth as a beggar. Almighty God, how great a light of Thy grace had Vittorino, who, having read the words of Thy Holy Gospel, 'Give and it shall be given,' not only did it with his substance, leaving himself nothing, but laboured that others should do the same."

Such was Vittorino da Feltre, a true saint of the Renaissance, who combined all the breadth and fulness of the new culture with all the zeal of the old faith, and by a life of cultivated asceticism and reflective self-denial, laboured to stamp upon the minds of his disciples the impress of his own character, the breadth and fervour of his own knowledge.

M. CREIGHTON.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### THE PARISH.

THE parish of Brentburn lies in the very heart of the leafy county of Berks.

It is curiously situated on the borders of the forest, which is rich as Arden on one side, and on the edge of a moorland country abounding in pines and heather on the other; so that in the course of a moderate walk the wayfarer can pass from leafy glades and luxuriant breadth of shadow, great wealthy oaks and beeches, and stately chestnuts such as clothe Italian hillsides, to the columned fir-trees of a Scotch wood, all aromatic with wild fragrant odours of the moor and peat-moss. On one hand, the eye and the imagination lose themselves in soft woods where Orlando might hang his verses, and heavenly Rosalind flout her lover. On the other, knee-deep in rustling heather and prickly billows of the gorse, the spectator looks over dark undulations of pines, standing up in countless regiments, each line and rank marked against the sky, and an Ossianic breeze making wild music through them. At the corner, where these two landscapes, so strangely different, approach each other most closely, stand the church and rectory of Brentburn. The church, I am sorry to say, is new spick-and-span nineteenth-century Gothic, much more painfully correct than if it had been built in the fourteenth century, as it would fain, but for its newness, make believe to be. The rectory is still less engaging than the church. It is of red brick, and the last rector, so long as he lived in it, tried hard to make his friends believe that it was of Queen Anne's time—that last distinctive age of domestic architecture; but he knew very well all the while that it was only an ugly Georgian house, built at the end of the last century. It had a carriage-entrance with the ordinary round "sweep" and clump of laurel, and it was a good-sized house, and comfortable enough in a steady, ugly, respectable way. The other side, however, which looked upon a large garden older far than itself, where mossed apple-trees stood among the vegetable-beds in the distant corners, and a delicious green velvet lawn, soft with immemorial turf, spread before the windows, was pleasanter than the front view. There was a large mulberry-tree in the middle of the grass, which is as a patent of nobility to any lawn; and a few other trees were scattered about—a gnarled old thorn for one, which made the whole world sweet in its season, and an apple-tree and a cherry at the further corners, which had, of course, no business to be there. The high walls were clothed with fruit-trees, a green wavy lining, to their very top—or



in spring rather a mystic, wonderful drapery of white and pink which dazzled all beholders. This, I am sorry to say, at the time my story begins, was more lovely than profitable; for, indeed, so large a garden would have required two gardeners to keep it in perfect order, while all it had was the chance attentions of a boy-of-all-work. A door, cut in this living wall of blossoms led straight out to the common, which was scarcely less sweet in spring; and a little way above, on a higher elevation, was the church surrounded by its graves. Beyond this, towards the south, towards the forest, the wealthy, warm English side, there were perhaps a dozen houses, an untidy shop, and the post-office called Little Brentburn, to distinguish it from the larger village, which was at some distance. The cottages were almost all old, but this hamlet was not pretty. Its central feature was a duck-pond, its ways were muddy, its appearance squalid. There was no squire in the parish to keep it in order, no benevolent rich proprietor, no wealthy clergyman; and this brings us at once to the inhabitants of the rectory, with whom we have most concern.

The rector had not resided in the parish for a long time — between fifteen and twenty years. It was a college living, of the value of four hundred and fifty pounds a year, and it had been conferred upon the Rev. Reginald Chester, who was a fellow of the college, as long ago as the time I mention. Mr. Chester was a very good scholar, and a man of very refined tastes. He had lived in his rooms at Oxford, and in various choice regions of the world, specially in France and Italy, up to the age of forty, indulging all his favourite (and quite virtuous) tastes, and living a very pleasant if not a very useful life. He had a little fortune of his own, and he had his fellowship, and was able to keep up congenial society, and to indulge himself in almost all the indulgences he liked. Why he should have accepted the living of Brentburn it would be hard to say; I suppose there is always an attraction, even to the most philosophical, in a few additional hundreds a year. He took it, keeping out poor Arlington who had the next claim, and who wanted to marry, and longed for a country parish. Mr. Chester did not want to marry, and hated everything parochial; but he took the living all the same. He came to live at Brentburn in the beginning of summer, furnishing the house substantially, with Turkey carpets, and huge mountains of mahogany

— for the science of furniture had scarcely been developed in those days; and for the first few months, having brought an excellent cook with him, and finding his friends in town quite willing to spend a day or two by times in the country, and being within an hour's journey of London, he got on tolerably well. But the winter was a very different matter. His friends no longer cared to come. There was good hunting to be sure, but Mr. Chester's friends in general were not hunting men, and the country was damp and rheumatic, and the society more agricultural than intellectual. Then his cook, still more important, mutinied. She had never been used to it, and her kitchen was damp, and she had no means of improving herself "in this hole," as she irreverently called the rectory of Brentburn. Heroically, in spite of this, in spite of the filthy roads, the complaints of the poor, an indifferent cook, and next to no society, Mr. Chester held out for two long years. The damp crept on him, into his very bones. He got incipient rheumatism, and he had a sharp attack of bronchitis. This was in spring, the most dangerous season when your lungs are weak; and in Mr. Chester's family there had at one time been a girl who died of consumption. He was just at the age when men are most careful of their lives, when, waking out of the confidence of youth, they begin to realize that they are mortal, and one day or other must die. He took fright; he consulted a kind physician, who was quite ready to certify that his health required Mentone or Spitzbergen, whichever the patient wished; and then Mr. Chester advertised for a curate. The parish was so small that up to this moment he had not had any occasion for such an article. He got a most superior person, the Rev. Cecil St. John, who was very ready and happy to undertake all the duties for less than half of the stipend. Mr. Chester was a liberal man in his way. He let Mr. St. John have the rectory to live in, and the use of all his furniture, except his best Turkey carpets, which it must be allowed were too good for a curate; and then, with heart relieved, he took his way into the south and the sunshine. What a relief it was! He soon got better at Mentone, and went on to more amusing and attractive places; but as it was on account of his health that he had got rid of his parish, consistency required that he should continue to be "delicate." Nothing is more easy than to manage this when one has money enough and nothing to do.



He bought a small villa near Naples, with the best possible aspect, sheltered from the east wind. He became a great authority on the antiquities of the neighbourhood, and in this way had a constant change and variety of the very best society. He took great care of himself; was never out at sunset, avoided the sirocco, and took great precautions against fever. He even began to plan a book about Pompeii. And thus the years glided by quite peacefully in the most refined of occupations, and he had almost forgotten that he ever was rector of Brentburn. Young fellows of his college recollected it from time to time, and asked querulously if he never meant to die. "You may be sure he will never die if he can help it," the provost of that learned community replied, chuckling, for he knew his man. And meantime Mr. St. John, who was the curate in charge, settled down and made himself comfortable, and forgot that he was not there in his own right. It is natural a man should feel so who has been priest of a parish for nearly twenty years.

This Mr. St. John was a man of great tranquillity of mind, and with little energy of disposition. Where he was set down there he remained, taking all that Providence sent him very dutifully, without any effort to change what might be objectionable or amend what was faulty; nobody could be more accomplished than he was in the art of "putting up with" whatsoever befell him." When once he had been established anywhere, only something from without could move him—never any impulse from within. He took what happened to him, as the birds took the crumbs he threw out to them, without question or preference. The only thing in which he ever took an initiative was in kindness. He could not bear to hurt any one's feelings, to make any one unhappy, and by dint of his submissiveness of mind he was scarcely ever unhappy himself. The poor people all loved him; he never could refuse them anything, and his reproofs were balms which broke no man's head. He was indeed, but for his sympathy, more like an object in nature—a serene soft hillside touched by the lights and shadows of changeable skies, yet never really affected by them except for the moment—than a suffering and rejoicing human creature.

On a fair landscape some have looked

And felt, as I have heard them say,

As if the fleeting time had been

A thing as steadfast as the scene

On which they gazed themselves away.

This was the effect Mr. St. John produced upon his friends and the parish; change seemed impossible to him—and that he could die, or disappear, or be anything different from what he was, was as hard to conceive as it was to realize that distinct geological moment when the hills were all in fusion and there was not a tree in the forest. That this should be the case in respect to the curate in charge, whose position was on sufferance, and whom any accident happening to another old man in Italy, or any caprice of that old man's fancy, could sweep away out of the place as if he had never been, gave additional quaintness yet power to the universal impression. Nobody could imagine what Brentburn would be like without Mr. St. John, and he himself was of the same mind.

At the period when this story commences the curate was a widower with "two families." He had been so imprudent as to marry twice; he had two daughters grown up, who were coming to him but had not arrived, and he had two little baby boys, whose mother had recently died. But how this mother and these boys came about, to Mr. St. John's great surprise—and who the daughters were who were coming to take charge of him—I must tell before I go on any further. The whole episode of his second marriage was quite accidental in the curate's life.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE PREVIOUS HISTORY OF MR. ST. JOHN.

THE reverend Cecil St. John started in life, not so much under a false impression himself, as conveying one right and left wherever he moved. With such a name it seemed certain that he must be a man of good family, well-connected to the highest level of good connections; but he was not. I cannot tell how this happened, or where he got his name. When he was questioned about his family he declared himself to have no relations at all. He was his father's only child, and his father had been some one else's only child; and the result was that he had nobody belonging to him. The people at Weston-on-Weir, which was his first curacy, had a tradition that his grandfather had been disowned and disinherited by his family on account of a romantic marriage; but this, I fear, was pure fable invented by some parish authority with a lively imagination. All the years he spent at Weston nobody, except an old pupil, ever asked



for him; he possessed no family possessions, not even an old seal, or bit of china. His father had been a curate before him, and was dead and gone, leaving no ties in the world to his only boy. This had happened so long ago that Mr. St. John had long ceased to be sad about it before he came to Weston, and though the ladies there were very sorry for his loneliness, I am not sure that it occurred to himself to be sorry. He was used to it. He had stayed in Oxford for some years after he took his degree, working with pupils; so that he was about five-and-thirty when he took his first curacy, moved, I suppose, by some sense of the monotony of an unprogressive life. At five-and-thirty one has ceased to feel certain that everything must go well with one, and probably it occurred to him that the church would bring repose and quiet, which he loved, and possibly some quiet promotion. Therefore he accepted the curacy of Weston-on-Weir, and got lodgings in Mrs. Joyce's, and settled there. The parish was somewhat excited about his coming, and many people at first entertained the notion that his proper title was honourable and reverend. But alas! that turned out, as I have said, a delusion. Still, without the honourable, such a name as that of Cecil St. John was enough to flutter a parish, and did so. Even the sight of him did not dissipate the charm, for he was handsome, very tall, slight, serious, and interesting. "Like a young widower," some of the ladies thought; others, more romantic, felt that he must have a history, must have sustained a blight; but if he had, he never said anything about it, and settled down to his duties in a calm matter-of-fact sort of way, as if his name had been John Smith.

Everybody who knows Weston-on-Weir is aware that Mrs. Joyce's cottage is very near the vicarage. The vicar, Mr. Maydew, was an old man, and all but incapable of work, which was the reason why he kept a curate. He was a popular vicar, but a selfish man, whose family had always been swayed despotically by his will, though scarcely any of them were aware of it, for his iron hand was hidden in the velvetest of gloves, and all the Maydews were devoted to their father. He had sent one son to India, where he died, and another to Australia, where he had been lost for years. His eldest daughter had married a wealthy person in Manchester, but had died too, at an early age, for none of them were strong; thus his youngest daughter, Hester, was the only one left to him. Her he could

not spare; almost from her cradle he had seen that this was the one to be his companion in his old age, and inexorably he had guarded her for this fate. No man had ever been allowed to approach Hester, in whose eyes any gleam of admiration or kindness for her had appeared. It had been tacitly understood all along that she was never to leave her father, and as he was very kind in manner, Hester accepted the lot with enthusiasm, and thought it was her own choice, and that nothing could ever tempt her to abandon him. What was to become of her when her father had left her, Hester never asked herself, and neither did the old man, who was less innocent in his thoughtlessness. "Something will turn up for Hester," he said in his cheerful moods, and "The Lord will provide for so good a daughter," he said in his solemn ones. But he acted as if it were no concern of his, and so, firm in doing the duty that lay nearest her hand, did she, which was less wonderful. Hester had lived to be thirty when Mr. St. John came to Weston. She was already called an old maid by the young and gay, and even by the elder people about. She was almost pretty in a quiet way, though many people thought her *quite* plain. She had a transparent soft complexion, not brilliant, but pure; soft brown eyes, very kind and tender; fine silky brown hair, and a trim figure; but no features to speak of, and no style, and lived contented in the old rotten tumble-down vicarage, doing the same thing every day at the same hour year after year, serving her father and the parish, attending all the church services, visiting the schools and the sick people. I hope good women who live in this dutiful routine get to like it, and find a happiness in the thought of so much humble hand-maiden's work performed so steadily; but to the profane and the busy it seems hard thus to wear away a life.

When Mr. St. John came to the parish it was avowedly to relieve old Mr. Maydew of the duty, not to help him in it. Now and then the old vicar would show on a fine day, and preach one of his old sermons; but, except for this, everything was left to Mr. St. John. He was not, however, allowed on that account to rule the parish. He had to go and come constantly to the vicarage to receive directions, or advice which was as imperative; and many a day walked to church or into the village with Miss Hester, whom nobody ever called Miss Maydew, though she had for years had a right to the name. The result, which some people thought very



natural, and some people quite absurd, soon followed. Quietly, gradually, the two fell in love with each other. There were people in the parish who were quite philanthropically indignant when they heard of it, and very anxious that Mr. St. John should be undeceived, if any idea of Hester Maydew having money was in his thoughts. But they might have spared themselves the trouble. Mr. St. John was not thinking of money. He was not even thinking of marriage. It never occurred to him to make any violent opposition, when Hester informed him, timidly, fearing I know not what demonstration of lover-like impatience, of her promise never to leave her father. He was willing to wait. To spend every evening in the vicarage, to see her two or three times a day, going and coming; to consult her on everything, and inform her of everything that happened to him, was quite enough for the curate. He used to tell her so; while Hester's heart, wrung with pleasure and pain together, half stood still with wonder, not knowing how a man could bear it, yet glad he should. How much there is in the hearts of such good women which never can come into words! She had in her still soul a whole world of ideal people—the ideal man as well as the ideal woman—and her ideal man would not have been content. Yet *he* was, and she was glad; or rather I should say thankful, which is a different feeling. And thus they went on for ten years. Ten years! an eternity to look forward to—a lifetime to look back upon; yet slipping away so softly, day upon day, that Mr. St. John at least never realized the passage of time. He was a very good clergyman, very kind to the poor people and to the children, very ready to be of service to any one who wanted his services, seeking no diversion or ease except to go down to the vicarage in the evening by that path which his patient feet had made, to play backgammon with the vicar and talk to Hester. I cannot see, for my part, why they should not have married, and occupied the vicarage together; but such an arrangement would not have suited Mr. Maydew, and Hester was well aware of the impossibility of serving two masters. So year came after year, and hour after hour, as if there were no changes in human existence, but everything was as steady and immovable as the surface of that tranquil rural world.

When Mr. Maydew died at last it was quite a shock to the curate; and then it was evident that something must be done. They hoped for a little while that Lord

Weston might have given the living to Mr. St. John, who was so much beloved in the parish; but it had been promised years before to his old tutor, and there was an end of that expectation. I think Hester had almost come to doubt whether her curate had energy to marry her when she was thus set free; but there she did him injustice. Though he had not a notion how they were to live, he would have married her on the spot had decorum permitted. It was some time, however, before he heard of anything which would justify them in marrying. He had little interest out of the parish, and was shy of asking anything from the few people he did know. When they were told of Brentburn, and the rector's bad health, they both felt it a special providence that Mr. Chester's lungs should be weak. There was the rectory to live in, and two hundred pounds a year, which seemed a fortune to them both; and they married upon it with as much confidence as if it had been two thousand. They were almost old people when they set off from the little church at Weston bride and bridegroom; yet very young in the tranquillity of their souls. Mr. St. John was thoroughly happy—not much more happy indeed than when he had walked down across the grass to the vicarage—but not less so; and if Hester felt a thrill of disappointment deep down in her heart at his calm, she loved him all the same, and knew his goodness, and was happy too. She was a woman of genius in her way—not poetical or literary genius—but that which is as good, perhaps better. She managed to live upon her two hundred a year as few of us can do upon three or four times the sum. Waste was impossible to her; and want appeared as impossible. She guided her house as—well, as only genius can—without any pitiful economies, without any undue sparing, making a kind, warm, beneficent, living house of it, and yet keeping within her income. I don't pretend to know how she did it, any more than I can tell you how Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet." It was quite easy to him—and to her; but if one knew how, one would be as great a poet as he was, as great an economist as she. Mr. St. John was perfectly happy; perhaps even a little more happy than when he used to walk nightly to her father's vicarage. The thought that he was only curate in charge, and that his rector might get well and come back, or get worse and die, never troubled his peace. Why should not life always go as it was doing? why should anything ever happen? Now and



then he would speak of the vicissitudes of mortal existence in his placid little sermons; but he knew nothing of them, and believed still less. It seemed to him as if this soft tranquillity, this sober happiness was fixed like the pillars of the earth, and would never come to an end.

Nor is it possible to tell how it was, that to this quiet pair two such restless atoms of humanity as the two girls whose story is to be told here should have been born. Hester's old nurse, indeed, had often been heard to tell fabulous stories of the energy and animation of her young mistress in the days of her youth, but these had always been believed in Weston to be apocryphal. The appearance of her children, however, gave some semblance of truth to the tale. They were the most living creatures in all the parish of Brentburn. These two children, from the time they were born, were ready for anything—nothing daunted them or stilled them—they did not know what fear was. Sometimes there passed through the mind of their mother a regret that they were not boys: but then she would think of her husband and the regret was never expressed. Their very vitality and activity made them easy to train, and she taught them, poor soul, and spent her strength upon them as if she knew what was coming. She taught them her own household ways, and her economy as far as children could learn it; and to read and write, and their notes on the old piano. This was all she had time for. She died when Cicely was twelve and Mab eleven. God help us! what it must be when a woman has to consent to die and leave her little children to fight their own way through this hard world, who can venture to tell? For my part I cannot so much as think of it. Something comes choking in one's throat, climbing like Lear's *hysterica passio*. Ah, God help us indeed! to think of it is terrible, to do it—Poor Hester had to accept this lot and cover her face and go away, leaving those two to make what they could of their life. Her death stupefied Mr. St. John. He could not believe it, could not understand it. It came upon him like a thunderbolt, incredible, impossible; yet, to be sure, he had to put up with it like other men. And so tranquil was his soul that by-and-by he quite learned to put up with it, and grew calm again, and made himself a path across the common to the churchyard gate which led to her grave, just as he had made himself a path to her father's door. Everything passes away except human

character and individuality, which outlive all convulsions. The parish of Brentburn, which like him was stupefied for the moment, could not contain its admiration when it was seen how beautifully he bore it—"Like a true Christian," the people said—like himself, I think; and he was a good Christian, besides being so placid a man.

The two children got over it too in the course of nature; they had passions of childish anguish, unspeakable dumb longings which no word could utter; and then were hushed and stilled, and after a while were happy again; life must defend itself with this natural insensibility or it could not be life at all. And Mr. St. John's friends and parishioners were very kind to him, especially in the matter of advice, of which he stood much in need. His "plans" and what he should do were debated in every house in the parish before poor Hester was cold in her grave; and the general conclusion which was almost unanimously arrived at was—a governess. A governess was the right thing for him, a respectable, middle-aged person who would have no scheme for marrying in her head—not a person of great pretensions, but one who would take entire charge of the girls (whom their mother, poor soul, had left too much to themselves), and would not object to give an eye to the housekeeping—of ladylike manners, yet perhaps not *quite* a lady either, lest she might object to the homelier offices cast upon her. Mrs. Ascott, of the Heath, happened to know exactly the right person, the very thing for poor Mr. St. John and his girls. And Mr. St. John accepted the advice of the ladies of the parish with gratitude, confessing piteously that he did not at all know what to do. So Miss Brown arrived six months after Mrs. St. John's death. She was not too much of a lady. She was neither old nor young, she was subject to neuralgia; her complexion and her eyes were grey, like her dress, and she had no pretensions to good looks. But with these little drawbacks, which in her position everybody argued were no drawbacks at all but rather advantages, she was a good woman, and though she did not understand them, she was kind to the girls. Miss Brown, however, was not in any respect a woman of genius, and even had she been so her gifts would have been neutralized by the fact that she was not the mistress of the house, but only the governess. The maid who had worked so well under Hester set up pretensions to be housekeeper too, and called herself the



cook, and assumed airs which Miss Brown got the better of with great difficulty; and the aspect of the house changed. Now and then indeed a crisis arrived which troubled Mr. St. John's peace of mind very much, when he was appealed to no one side or the other. But yet the life of the household had been so well organized that it went on *tant bien que mal* for several years. And the two girls grew healthy, and handsome, and strong. Miss Brown did her very best for them. She kept them down as much as she could, which she thought was her duty, and as what she could do in this way was but small, the control she attained to was an unmixed advantage to them. Poor Hester had called her eldest child Cecil, after her father, with a touch of tender sentiment; but use and fondness, and perhaps a sense that the more romantic appellation sounded somewhat weak-minded had long ago improved it into Cicely. Mabel got her name from a similar motive, because it was pretty. It was the period when names of this class came into fashion, throwing the old-fashioned Janes and Elizabeths into temporary eclipse: but as the girls grew up and it came to be impossible to connect her with any two-syllabled or dignified word, the name lent itself to abbreviation and she became Mab. They were both pretty girls. Cicely had her mother's softness, Mab her father's more regular beauty. They spent their lives in the pure air, in the woods, which were so close at hand, in the old-fashioned garden which they partly cultivated, or, when they could get so far, on those bleaker commons and pine forests, where the breezes went to their young heads like wine. Miss Brown's friends in the parish "felt for her" with two such wild creatures to manage; and she occasionally "felt for" herself, and sighed with a gentle complacency to think of the "good work" she was doing. But I don't think she found her task so hard as she said. The girls did not look up to her, but they looked very kindly down upon her, which came to much the same thing, taking care with youthful generosity not to let her see how much insight they had, or how they laughed between themselves at her mild little affectations. Children are terribly sharp-sighted, and see through these innocent pretences better than we ourselves do. They took care of her often when she thought she was taking care of them; and yet they learned the simple lessons she gave them with something like pleasure; for their natures were so vigorous and

wholesome that even the little tedium was agreeable as a change. And for their father they entertained a kind of half-contemptuous—nay, the word is too hard—a kind of condescending worship. He was a god to them, but a god who was very helpless, who could do little for himself, who was inferior to them in all practical things, though more good, more kind, more handsome, more elevated than any other mortal. This was, on the whole, rather safe ground for two such active-minded young persons. They were prepared to see him do foolish things now and then. It was "papa's way," which they accepted without criticism, smiling to one another, but in their minds he was enveloped in a sort of feeble divinity, a being in whom certain weaknesses were understood, but whose pedestal of superiority no other human creature could approach. Thus things went on till Cicely was fifteen, when important changes took place in their lives, and still more especially in their father's life.

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From Temple Bar.

#### TWO DANES.

THE grand little northern land which inspired the greatest genius of all time with his most sublime creation—which ages before had sent forth her sea-kings to graft on our English nature some of our greatest qualities; which but yesterday gave one of her royal maidens to create a new and fresh interest in her people—has again centred around her the thoughts and affections of all the nations of the earth. To our own age she has contributed two of the greatest characters of the century—each in his path unsurpassed. The sublime materialism and grand plastic creations of Thorvaldsen impress all who know them with the loftiest estimate of his creative powers. Genius embodied in imperishable marble, yet as destructible as the perishable material in which it is enshrined. The other, Hans Andersen, who has just passed away amid the tears and sorrow of all tender hearts, the absolute antipodes of his great friend and predecessor—gentle, loving, affectionate, simple to a fault, and absolutely without guile, yet engraven in men's memories in a material which can never perish or pass away, ethereal and unsubstantial as it may seem to be. The hammer of his own Thor could by the blow of an iconoclast destroy all that the one has left; the very



hand of Time himself cannot efface the memory of the other.

Born of poor and uneducated parents, each had to struggle in early youth and manhood against poverty, vicissitudes of every kind, and uncongenial surroundings. Thorvaldsen, as a child and growing lad, was loved and sought by the companions of his own age. Hans Andersen, on the contrary, was shunned and unloved by all those with whom he held daily intercourse as a boy; and the effects in after life of this early training left its indelible mark on the character of each man. Thorvaldsen was large-hearted and large-minded, capable of intense admiration for the works of others, often acknowledging a brother artist's superiority, or seeking his advice in the finish and detail of his wondrous creations. Andersen, whose early childhood was passed in dreaming dreams in a world of whose existence those around him only dimly understood, and could neither appreciate nor sympathize with, remained through life egotistical, the centre of his own interest and concern, thoroughly unconscious that any other standard but his own, that any outer circle of which he might be a part but not the centre, existed in the minds of men whose friendship and love he accepted as naturally as the air we breathe or the food we eat.

Both men when young mixed rarely with the world, possessed by a spirit of reticence and reserve which made them shrink from expansion with their fellows, and gave taciturnity and hardness to their manner, which only long years of after success and fame softened and subdued. Neither, again, ever cared to study any subject not specially connected with his own individual art. Whatever Thorvaldsen learned was through his personal intercourse with men. Whatever Andersen knew was derived from the same source, added to a marvellous intuition and power of observation of the laws and characteristics of nature.

Thorvaldsen was about twenty-five when he left his native country and betook himself to Italy. There, in that soft, sunny clime, the birthplace of the immortal Michael Angelo, Thorvaldsen studied and afterwards created the most beautiful of his numerous and magnificent works. Seeking inspiration to his mighty genius in the grandeur, memories, and living voluptuous passion of that art-breathing land, he sent forth to the world as the years rolled on proof after proof of his grand creative power, thrilling to the

heart's core the pride and glory of his northern home, and compelling by the force of his marvellous genius the intellects and minds of all nations to acknowledge him as the greatest sculptor of our century. Here it was that he created and modelled the divine figure of the Saviour surrounded by his twelve apostles, and the pure exquisite figure of the kneeling angel of baptism, which were afterwards placed in the Church of Our Lady in Copenhagen, and render that edifice, not beautiful in itself, distinct in charm and grandeur before every other church perhaps in Europe.

It is strange that the man who could conceive and design the figure of Christ, blending in such perfect harmony the divine and human, not only in the face and features but in the attitude and pose of the figure, a man of such gigantic intellect, broad mind, and impassioned temperament as Thorvaldsen, should have had no hope of faith in a future world, rather believing that the soul was as perishable as the material he modelled with his hands, and ceased to exist as soon as the body ceased to breathe. Materialism was his creed, nature and chance his religion. He worshipped beauty for its own sake, reveling in the creations of his own mastermind, never acknowledging that any power of divine origin was the giver of the genius he possessed. He accepted life as it came to him, taking care to gather from its deep resources all the mental and physical pleasures within his reach, knowing no fear of death, and looking forward to the end of his days as a simple and complete state of annihilation.

How different to the poet and fairy-tale writer, Hans C. Andersen, who at the time that Thorvaldsen had reached the height of his fame was only just beginning to let the voice be heard that was destined later on to charm and delight the hearts and homes of the whole world.

Unlike his friend of later years who went forth to the scenes of excitement and classical renown, to develop the creations of his brain, Andersen remained at home in Denmark, receiving inspiration to his peculiar ethereal genius from the familiar, dearly-loved haunts of his own native country. First poetry, then acting and singing, then novels, with here and there shorter romances, Andersen had advanced far on the road towards middle life before he devoted his serious attention to the weaving of those wonderful fairy tales which made his fame world-renowned, and crept into the hearts of the



child-world in every continent of the globe. As a reward for his literary efforts, the Danish government bestowed upon him a small pension, which enabled him to travel and see foreign shores, and gave him the opportunity at forty years of age of choosing his own mode of life, and indulging in the work he loved best—that of writing for children. By degrees he advanced in fame till he had reached the highest point even his innocent vanity could desire—that of being the most universally known and universally loved author Europe ever produced.

The whole civilized world admired the exquisite creations of his imagination, and his simple, rare, peculiar genius commanded an audience even wider than Shakespeare; for Andersen chained the affection of children, as well as fascinated the attention of grown people. His simple, childlike nature, his untroubled belief, his perfect faith in God, breathed itself into all his writings, and mirrored itself into every animate and inanimate thing around him. To him nothing was soulless, because he was a child himself, with a great imagination and a child's pure soul. He understood children in all their varying moods, simply because he was a child himself, and the secrets of the animal and flowery world were equally known to him. For children Andersen never invented a story that would frighten them, or tire them with the sense that it was beyond their comprehension, and he never made a mistake when he gave a soul and a costume to a flower or an insect in its colour or character, or the accessories of his personification. "God is love," and does all things well, was his creed, and his religion was his faith that God is good. Thorvaldsen compelled men to admire his works by appealing to their intellect and brain, and overawing their minds with the grandeur, sublimity, and refined classical beauty of his conceptions. The universe was proud of him, learned men bowed their heads in silent adoration mingled with fear at his grand ideas embodied in form; and the great of the earth honoured his genius as a thing immortal.

Andersen crept into people's hearts, belonged to every household, was loved and worshipped by the weak as well as the strong, and imbued his warm sympathies and exquisite charm of creation into the very centre and soul-being of home life. If "Thorvaldsen belongs to the entire universe,"\* as Jupiter is made

to exclaim in a loud, sonorous voice in an allegory representing the various towns contesting for the right to the mighty sculptor's fame, surely Andersen belongs familiarly and intimately to the heart and being of every house throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Thorvaldsen returned to his native country after forty years' absence, and was fêted, worshipped, and honoured by his countrymen to a degree that reflects as much honour on Denmark as on the sculptor, for it proves the general love of art and intense appreciation of genius embodied in this northern nation.

It was during the declining years of Thorvaldsen's life, when fame and honour had been poured out in boundless prodigality and gratitude on the great sculptor's silvered head, that he personally became intimate with his now famous countryman, Hans Christian Andersen. Diametrically opposed in character, disposition, faith, intellect, and genius to his younger friend, Thorvaldsen had yet a genuine admiration for the poet's chaste, graceful, inborn perception of the fitness of things, where perhaps his knowledge was limited or his ignorance only too apparent.

In Plon's "Life of Thorvaldsen," already alluded to, an interesting incident is mentioned in which the sculptor one day consulted Andersen as to the fitness of the drapery on a figure he was then modelling. With his usual simple frankness Andersen quietly examined the figure, and then gave his opinion, and suggested an alteration which did not please those standing around. "You are quite right," replied Thorvaldsen, and immediately destroyed the figure in order to commence another with the alteration proposed by the never-erring instinct of the poet. Both men loved and honoured each other, the one with his grand mind, and frank, genial temperament, accepting the admiration and respect of the whole world as naturally as the earth receives the warmth of the sun's rays; the other with his childlike, vain, egotistical belief in himself and the genius the "good God" had given him, taking it for granted that his friends must love him and admire his works because *he* had written them.

Thorvaldsen's declining years were crowned with the affection and respect of all around him; his studio was besieged by persons of all ranks anxious to person-

the French of Eugene Plon by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Bentley & Son.

\* Thorvaldsen's Life and Works. Translated from LIVING AGE. VOL. XII. 600



ally do homage to his master-mind. Day after day the street in which he lived was lined with carriages whose occupants desired his presence at dinner, and would wait in unmurmuring patience for the honour of a few moments' conversation with this highly gifted mind.

In the year 1841 the grand wish of Thorvaldsen's later years was accomplished, and the museum to contain the works of a long life and fertile imagination was completed. The day it was formally presented to him, decorated with flowers and evergreens emblematic of his successful career and life, he walked through its halls and galleries gazing with an earnest, silent expression at the result of his own labours till he reached the inner court. There, in the very centre of this grand monument raised to his glory, the old man bowed his silver head for a few moments, and was silent. He himself would be buried there; but his works, the imperishable witnesses of his immortal genius, would remain side by side with the ashes of his mortal frame.

"Now I can die when I like, for Bindesböll has finished my tomb," he said, smilingly, a short time after, alluding to the museum.

Once his friend Andersen, in speaking of the sudden and unexpected death in the theatre of Admiral Wulff, who was celebrated as the translator of Shakespeare and Byron, expressed his terror and horror at such an event. "What!" exclaimed the sculptor, with an earnestness and enthusiasm which petrified the poet, "don't you think death in that form is the most enviable one that can happen?"

A year later, Andersen met Thorvaldsen as he was leaving Baron Stampe's, where he had been dining, for the theatre: "Come with me," said the sculptor, "and let us pass the evening together."

"Not to-night," replied Andersen. "I have something in my head that I must write," and passed on.

An hour later, Thorvaldsen was seen to stoop his head as he sat in his stall. His friend Oehlenschlaeger spoke to him, but, receiving no answer, he cried out, "Thorvaldsen is ill!" The old man was carried from the theatre and laid on a couch; but his end had come, and the death he coveted had swiftly and noiselessly claimed him in the midst of his friends.

The whole nation mourned him. Denmark wept for the loss of her great son. Every house was draped in black. The king uncovered his head before the remains of the subject whose life and works

reflected honour on his throne, and flowers strewed the way which led to his grave.

Thirty-one years later — a short few weeks ago — Hans Christian Andersen, Denmark's second great son, was also buried amid all the pomp and splendour that it was possible for a grateful country to bestow on the passing-away of a man, whose genius and simple, beautiful life had won every heart and become a part of every household.

Andersen's life, his marvellous fairy-tales, his simple childlike nature, are all too well known to need more than a few passing remarks. In his "Story of my Life," he has graphically described his poverty as a child, his sad youth, his unhappy attempts to become an actor and singer, his travels, and, later on, his success. His early works are not cared for even in his own country, where he was recognized later as a poet of no mean order. The little poem, "The Dying Child," as perfect in its way as Shelley's well-known "Skylark," first brought him into notice. Outside his native country he is best known for his wonderful fairy-tales and tales for children, surpassing in charm and beauty every other production of the kind; but some of his larger works are decidedly worthy of deep and earnest attention. His poetry lacks strength and power; but his prose works are full of exquisite descriptions, beautiful soft dream-land views, and grand masterly pictures. His "O. T.," "The Improvisatore," and "The Two Baronesses," are perhaps the finest of his novels, or rather romances; but the exquisite charm of his quaint mind and imagination he concentrated in his writings for children; for them he lived and wrote, with rare exceptions, the last thirty years of his life.

No man was so well known in Copenhagen as Andersen. The great sculptor was courted, admired, honoured; but Andersen was *loved*. High and low, rich and poor, he belonged to all. If he went out for a walk, every one saluted him; if he visited the theatre, all present welcomed him; children worshipped him, claimed him as belonging peculiarly to them; every household reserved for him a warm corner by the stove; not a family, from the king to the peasant, but had a knife and fork and a seat at the table ready for him. He was first with every one, and considered himself the centre and interest of every one's thoughts. Besides his one unrivalled talent of arranging fairy-tales, Andersen had other gifts of precious and rare value. With his



melodious voice and exquisitely modulated tones and expression, he would read aloud his own composition till his hearers would forget they lived or breathed in aught but the scene he was describing so charmingly. Sometimes, at parties and other gatherings of friends, the whim would seize him to cut out figures in paper. He would beg for a pair of scissors, and then, folding some paper with his great ugly hands, he would begin cutting, clipping, twisting, and snipping, and in a few moments fairy scenes, flowers, plants, and trees would appear, perfect in form, charming in delicacy and design, before the eyes of those who wondered how it was possible he could manage to produce anything from such crude materials.

He would take a few flowers in his hand, and with scarcely a touch, just a mere whisper to them, and immediately the most fairy-like nosegay would grow into being, that Titania herself would have worn in her bosom.

In his walks in the country he would poke his huge stick, as ugly and ungainly in appearance as himself, into every rut and hole on the wayside, and pick up the first object that attracted his attention, and then, gazing at it tenderly and caressing it with his fingers, he would begin and tell its history, weaving some ethereal charming romance into its inanimate nature, and make those around stand wrapt in delight and wonder at the man's strange quaint imaginations and fancies.

About two years ago Hans Andersen's health began to fail, and a disease, supposed by his medical attendants to be cancer of the liver, declared itself. His sufferings at times were fearful for one of his temperament, who shrunk from the slightest physical pain even when feeling strong and well; and for many long weeks his placid, childlike nature became irritable and trying in the extreme to those of his friends who personally nursed him. But he grew better, and about a year ago was able to return to his old habits of visiting those of his dear friends whom he, in his own quaint fashion, designated his "daily friends." Now and then he felt well enough to mix in society, and to enjoy, in his quiet way, the music and conversation going on around him. One evening last winter there was an entertainment at the house of one of his oldest friends, to which he was specially invited. For some days past he had seemed better and stronger than usual, and many looked eagerly forward to his presence amongst them. He kept his promise, and was one

of the first guests to arrive. He looked very frail and weak, and for a time during the evening he was obliged to lie still, away from the buzz and excitement of the talk and lights. Presently he recovered, and slowly dragging one foot before the other, he re-entered the drawing-room. After replying to all the anxious tender inquiries of those around, he said gently, in his usual childlike, simple fashion:

"I will read you a story; you would like to hear it, dear friends?"

And taking from his pocket a folded paper, he gave, in his usual invariable fashion, a few words of explanation as to the meaning and purport of the tale he was about to read. Then, in wondrously sweet low tones, slightly trembling with the effects of his recent indisposition, he began the story of "The Statue-Destroyers."

It was a poem, beautiful and exquisite in thought and charm, as is always the case with his fancy productions. As he read on, his voice growing louder and stronger with earnestness, the graphic scene in the cathedral became vivid and real; one could hear the glorious tones of the organ swelling out in rich devotion, the "*Ora pro nobis*" of the worshipping congregation, the loud voices of the angry mob thrilled us to the heart as they rushed in to destroy and break the statues and figures sacred to the faith of that kneeling people. As Andersen dropped his voice in whispered pathos, one seemed to hear the moan and wail of agony from saint and virgin as the sacrilegious hand was raised to strike. The organ suddenly became still, the prayer was silenced, the fearful work was accomplished, and only destruction and confusion now reigned where, a few moments before, music, devotion, and peace had held their sway.

As the winter passed away it became only too evident that the dear old man's life would not be spared long. He was obliged to relinquish, one by one, his daily habits and pleasures, and often refrain from going to see his dearest friends because he was not strong enough to mount the stairs leading to the various flats. Mr. Henriques' eldest son Robert was devotedly attached to Andersen, who returned his affection with a warmth and delight which was exceedingly lovely to behold. Every day during the last winter of his life the lad would fetch the old man for a walk, coaxing him out in the sunshine, guiding his failing steps, and watching his face for signs of weariness with a tender care that Andersen



thoroughly appreciated; and when it was too cold for out-of-doors, sitting by him in his room, refreshing the old man's spirit, worn with pain, by the bright details of his fresh young life, and receiving as reward for his patience some choice story, some delicate fancy from the lips of the weary man whose hand was too tired to wield the pen again.

With the spring his seventieth birthday would arrive, and the nation who loved him so truly were determined to honour "dear Andersen" to the height of their power. On that day, April 2nd, deputations arrived from all parts to greet him. Money was raised to erect his statue in the town; a copy of one of his tales was presented to him in thirty-two languages; a plate inscribing his name and date was placed in the little house in Odense where he was born; the king conferred yet another honour on the subject whom he delighted in calling his friend; and last, but not least, money was collected to found a home for poor children bearing his name. On the evening of that day, exhausted and worn out with the excitement of so much heartfelt homage, his head bowed with the weight of so much honour and fame, Hans Andersen met in private a few of those who were his nearest and dearest friends. "My heart's wish is fulfilled," he exclaimed, with the tears of emotion running down his cheeks. "I am tired and weary, dear friends; but my heart is satisfied, for my own country acknowledges me *great*, and all the world *loves* me!"

That was his last appearance in public. In June he went to stay with his friends, the Melchior, and it soon became evident that his end was very near, and that he would never again be able to leave the house. Unlike his great friend Thorvaldsen, Andersen had a shrinking from and terror of death, that, added to his intense physical sufferings, rendered nursing him a task of fearful responsibility and untold misery. But Mrs. Melchior devoted herself to him, never wearying, never tiring. In his wild accessions of pain, overcome with the dread that death was near, it was she who soothed and quieted him, and bore with unflinching affection the irritability of his temper and childish displays of anger. Towards the end of July all pain suddenly ceased, and the dear old man became once again the child he always was, pleased at every trifle, ready to weep at every adverse word or look. He began to speak calmly of his approaching death. When the agony of his sufferings was

over, he seemed to trust in God's mercy, and would often softly whisper —

"I feel so happy now; would that the dear Creator would release me whilst I feel like this."

August 1st, he could not be moved from his bed. He slept much, only waking now and then to say, "How delightful; how nice to sleep," and closing his eyes again in perfect peace.

His friend Mr. Henriques went to see him as usual, but Andersen could only press his hand fervently and whisper —

"Go, dear friend, I can see no one now."

He slept continually to the morning of the 4th. About 10 A.M. his devoted nurse, Mrs. Melchior, looked at him, and thought to herself, as she watched his quiet sleep, "Oh, that he might pass away thus!" His prayer for the "dear Creator to take him whilst he felt happy," was heard; for he did not wake again, and without a sigh, without a struggle, he passed through the gates of death to his eternal home.

Hans Andersen had no relatives, so his friends, the Melchior, the Henriques, and the Collins, were his mourners at his funeral; to them he has bequeathed all he possesses, except certain gifts to private and public bodies.

The day he was buried the shops were shut, the town of Copenhagen, in remembrance of their love for him, put on mourning, and the Church of Our Lady was crowded to excess.

This church is not beautiful; but lit with gas, crowded with black-robed people, the aisles filled with deputations from various parts of Denmark, holding crape-bordered banners, and standing in long solemn array; the children he loved so well grouped in a mass, strewing flowers all around; the large coffin standing in their midst covered with brilliant flowers, laurels, palm-branches, and wreaths; the imposing figure of the Christ-God by Thorvaldsen, breathing in the calm serenity of His outstretched arms the peace He came on earth to proclaim, standing in pure, divine repose in the centre of the chancel, His twelve apostles near, — all combined to make this edifice look imposing, and added to the beauty and magnificence of the ceremony.

The king, with his eldest son and Prince John of Glucksberg, stood bareheaded near the coffin, in rich robes of state. The high and powerful in Church and State, each had a place near the altar, giving additional splendour to the scene by their uniforms, stars, and ribbons. The king and his son had often visited Ander-



sen during his last illness. They loved and understood the quaint old man's vanity, and could sympathize with his childish weakness. And now he was gone, and the pomps of this world were nothing to him; yet each and all vied with one another to adorn his funeral with all the grandeur and beauty he loved in life. "What a pity Andersen cannot see this splendid scene," was more than once murmured by those around, as they glanced at the oaken coffin in which lay his cold, earthly remains.

At twelve o'clock, when all were assembled, the organ played a prelude, and presently the mighty voice of that vast multitude, led by the choir, sung Andersen's own beautiful hymn,\* "Like to the leaf which falleth from the tree."

All who knew Andersen intimately were deeply moved by these words, written long ago before his illness, but wonderfully expressive of his own *trembling spirit* before the throne of his Creator. His prayer, "Shake off my fear," was heard ere he died. The hymn ended, Dean Rothe stepped in front of the choir, and amid the silence and intensity of the whole listening people, recited one of Andersen's last poems—a short poem, full of calm grandeur and beauty of expression; then, with earnest, eloquent words, his hands pointing to the still coffin before him, he spoke Denmark's farewell to her great son: spoke of his noble and good qualities, touching lightly on the faults of the one *all* loved, and in faltering tones did justice to the man's peculiar, quaint, childlike soul, full of strange fancies and God-fearing aspirations and true poetic spirit.

Then a very old man—the bishop of Odense—rose, and in a few touching words spoke the farewell from Andersen's birthplace; after which some beautiful lines by Carl Plough, "Sleep, weary child" (composed expressly for this occasion), were sung, which I have endeavoured to translate:—

#### SLEEP, WEARY CHILD!

Thy love for fatherland was deep —  
That filial tie can ne'er be mended.  
'Neath nature's flowery carpet sleep,  
Worldly praise and kindness ended.

Sleep, weary child!

God's wondrous mercy through thy life,  
Dark childhood's weakness first protected;  
Always a child, tho' years were ripe,  
Bright honour's call was ne'er neglected.  
Sleep, weary child!

\* LIVING AGE, No. 1639.

The figures painted by thy hand  
Sparkle with thy matchless humour;  
Dim shapes from heaven, they brightly stand.  
Now all is o'er, "life's fitful fever."  
Sleep, weary child!

The dread great secret learnt at last,  
Now dawns a new and endless morning;  
Through God's own gates thy soul hath passed,  
Thy guileless soul required no warning.  
Sleep, weary child!

But still, in this thy little world,  
In faithful hearts forever shrin'd;  
Praised by the old, by young ador'd,  
For the rich treasures of thy mind.  
Sleep, weary child!

May art and science in our land  
'Gainst force and fraud for aye prevail;  
Thy name on Denmark's banner stand,  
And loadstar-like grow never pale.  
Sleep, weary child!

Then Andersen's old friend, just seventy years old, another great son of Denmark—Hartmann, the composer—played on the organ the cantata he had written for Thorvaldsen's funeral. This cantata is a wonderful piece of music, exquisite and beautiful in its every detail. In the trumpet accompaniment one seems to hear the trump of the angel at the gate of heaven, the gate itself opening; and presently soft flute-like notes of exquisite pathos, yet blended with joyous strains of delight, announce the angels' welcome home to the wanderer from earth. And as the gate closes and the angel voices die away, a grand, thrilling outburst, expressive of triumphant victory, brings the cantata to a close.

The wreaths on the coffin were sent from all parts, at home and abroad. Friend after friend, ere they left the church, walked quietly up to the chancel and added yet another, and still another, to the mass of immortelles and sweet-smelling flowers already covering and hiding from view the large oaken coffin. A palm-branch and wreath from Odense lay in the centre, and around on all sides the ground was strewn in bright-coloured profusion with these floral tokens of affection. One laurel wreath from Berlin bore the touching inscription, "Thou art not dead, though thine eyes are closed. In children's hearts thou shalt live forever," an inscription which, if dear Andersen's spirit was hovering over this sad but beautiful scene, must have made him rejoice again and again.

When the organ and the thrilling notes of the brass instruments had ceased to sound, a number of students came for-



ward, and, lifting the coffin from its stand in the chancel, slowly bore it down the centre of the church, followed by the various deputations carrying their floating banners, the long file of mourners and friends joining behind. At the church door the coffin was placed in an open funeral car, literally covered with flowers. Along the route from the Church of Our Lady to the gates of the cemetery, just outside the town, ladies clad in deep mourning sat at the windows. Many of the houses, and all the ships in the port, had flags flying half-mast high, and every shop was closed. And thus, with many a tear and deep regret, Hans Christian Andersen was carried to the grave, where he sleeps in peace, at rest.

As soon as the mourners and friends had left the church, numbers of poor people rushed in to gather the flowers and leaves which had fallen from the coffin, in memory of the dear old man. Perhaps the most touching incident of this never-to-be-forgotten day, was that of a poor woman, who, simply dressed in a peasant's garb, timidly advanced towards the altar, and, after eagerly, but in vain, searching all round for a flower or fallen twig, murmured sadly, half aloud, half to herself, "Too late—they're all gone," as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Do you want a flower, my good mother?" asked a bystander, moved to pity at the woman's evident distress.

"Ah, yes, good sir! My boy at home will break his heart if I don't take him just a leaf. You see, sir, that dear departed angel often came to see him when he was ill, two winters ago, and to'd him a story, and the doctors say those beautiful stories saved his life; and he's my only one, sir, and he just worshipped dear Andersen, and he does miss him so terribly, and cries so now the old gentleman is dead, that I promised to bring him a flower, as I heard his coffin was to have some on it. He is lame, and can't come himself."

"Take this one. I picked it up from the spot as it fell."

"Ah, you are good, dear sir!" And the woman tenderly kissed the little sprig, as, reverently and gratefully laying it in her bosom, she turned away.

Andersen had no relatives; he seems to have stood alone, the only living survivor of his family on his mother's or father's side. Not one distant connection even came forward at his death to claim relationship or kindred with the man who was more widely known in Denmark than

any other of her children. He left his property (which was not inconsiderable, when one takes into account the small sums he received for his numerous works) to his dearest friends, and those who had aided him in his struggling days.

In the years gone by, Andersen suffered for a time the saddest of all sad sorrows—unrequited affection. For one of his childlike nature, with his frank, simple belief that every one admired him, the grief he suffered was keen and bitter when he found out that the woman whom he fancied (for with him the more earnest passions of human nature had no voice) he loved and esteemed higher than any other being on earth, could not return the affection he asked from her. His vanity was wounded, and he never again attempted to set up an idol in his heart, and while for long years he mourned and bewailed his own sad fate, yet he never ceased to weave some of his brightest and loveliest ideas around the image of the only one woman whom he once had loved.

He sleeps now under the shadow of the city which loved and honoured him truly and well. No man will be so deeply regretted, no one's smile so genuinely missed, and no one's memory be so tenderly and lovingly treasured in every household, as the late fairy-tale writer and poet, Hans Christian Andersen.

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From Temple Bar.

#### LAUZUN.

A BALL at the Hôtel de Soissons. Spring had scarcely dawned upon the outer world, but the world of fashion rose superior to the tardy rotation of the seasons, and here summer was at its meridian—the walls and ceilings covered with immense masses of foliage; the long galleries turfed so as to resemble the most symmetrical lawns; the staircases strewn lavishly with the roses of Fontenay; the lamps shining forth from the depths of gigantic leaves, like immense tropical flowers. It was a summer garden—an Eden in the very centre of Paris!

Olympe, Countess of Soissons, sometime favourite of the Grand Monarque, niece of the late all-powerful cardinal, had imagined this entertainment as a means of restoring herself to the good graces of the king, who had no sympathy with sorrowful faces and who loved dancing very passionately. She had some right to congratulate herself on the suc-



cess of her expedient, when Louis himself deigned to suggest, in the graceful language which was ever the property of royalty, that, as shepherds were wont to celebrate with dances the return of spring, the ball the countess was about to give should be invested with the character of a *fête champêtre*, he himself appearing in the character of Tircis.

"My dear Olympe," he added, softly, in her delighted ear, "I will send you my violins!"

Not to be alone in wearing masquerade, his Majesty also expressed his wishes that there should be a quadrille of four shepherds with their shepherdesses chosen from the *élite* of the court. The music was to be composed by Baptiste, and the steps and figures—marvels of intricacy, lightness, and originality—were to be learned and practised in the greatest secrecy.

The evening arrived, and after opening the ball with his cousin Louise of Orleans, the royal Tircis realizing the most romantic visions of pastoral beauty by the grace and suavity of his demeanour, retired to the side of the young queen, and throwing himself into a *fauteuil*, prepared to become a spectator of the "*quadrille des bergers*." The violins gave the signal: three cavaliers, dressed as shepherds, advanced leading their shepherdesses. But where was the fourth? The Duchess of Valentinois, after looking for a moment helplessly round, appeared alone at her post. All eyes were vainly employed in seeking for the absent shepherd. The name of M. de Villequier was repeated anxiously on all sides. The masters of the ceremonies rushed about the rooms calling for the lost dancer with the most lamentable vociferations. The king himself was seen to frown, and the general distress was at its height, when a young man, dressed in the ordinary habiliments of the court, emerged from the crowd and seized the hand of Madame de Valentinois, who gave him a friendly smile, and the quadrille proceeded.

Not only did the unknown execute with precision the figures which had been practised with so much secrecy, showing himself thereby a perfect master of court mysteries, but he added embroideries of his own to the complicated steps which had been combined by the *directeur des ballets* himself, and appeared in grace and agility as much superior to his companions, whose efforts were so serious and studied, as poetry is to prose. Murmurs of astonishment arose on all sides. The

assembly, which had been thrown into such consternation at the fear of a catastrophe which appeared inevitable, was seized with enthusiasm. But who, then, was this unknown? A dancing-master, suggested one; but that was negatived by M. de la Rochefoucault.

"No amount of study could ever give the true nobility of carriage which distinguishes a man well born and bred. I would engage this gentleman is of the best blood in France."

"His name, for pity's sake!" implored a dozen melodious voices.

"I know it," said M. de Villeroi. "He is one of the old and illustrious family of the Caumonts. He is called Lauzun."

"A cousin of the Maréchal de Gramont!"

"And Madame de Valentinois has of course revealed to him the secret instructions of the ballet-master! Ah, now the mystery is cleared up."

"What a beautiful figure!"

"Not tall, but so light and elegant."

"The same style as the king."

"The prettiest leg in the court."

"And such beautiful fair hair!"

Such were the encomiums passed upon the young stranger by the spectators of his marvellous *début*; and when the king, having summoned him to his side, was seen leaning gracefully at ease in the embrasure of a window, his crook laid aside, his left hand hidden in the folds of his pastoral *haut de chausses*, and upon his lips that rare smile which was ever so sure a signal of the royal favour, the murmurs of applause threatened to become almost too pronounced for the scrupulous sobriety of court etiquette.

It has been said, that if history were only written by historians, absolutely nothing would be known of it; but, luckily, there is such a thing as biography.

An extraordinary ambition, a sudden rise to kingly favour, a grand marriage broken, disgrace, imprisonment, and an inexplicable return and pardon, would be all that the nineteenth century would know of Lauzun, if his adventures had been solely handed down by the historians of the day; but St. Simon, Madame de Sevigné, and the memories of Mademoiselle, have left us a truer picture of a man who was remarkable in many ways, but in none more so than that he was the only royal favourite on record who succeeded in elevating himself after having lost the support of the hand which raised him. His pride, his arrogance, his blind devotion and slavery to the prince whom



he loved; his fierce enmity when that love was turned into hate; his brilliant qualities, his elegant vices, form a pretty correct picture of the time in which he lived. At twenty he possessed the appearance of a man of mature age, and could win over a friend or crush a foe with equal facility. His logic was without a flaw, his genius bent towards intrigue and subtle machinations—one of those exceptional men whom nature has created with an unstinting hand, but in whose soul are placed insatiable and unscrupulous desires; one whom posterity cannot applaud, but who cannot fail to win the interest and admiration of the philosopher, like those wandering stars whose place in the skies is never distinctly determined.

The king could no longer do without Lauzun. His Majesty loved perfumes; Lauzun was a perfect connoisseur in the distilling of flowers. The king was curious in precious stones; Lauzun became the most perfect lapidary in the kingdom. He was a judge of horses, arms, and devices, because the king was fond of such topics; and he became an optician because the king had a set of magnifying glasses! Offices about the court full of emolument were showered upon him. The court beauties smiled whenever he drew near; tender glances, approving smiles, tones pathetic and confidential, met him at every turn. Mademoiselle herself, who had refused many foreign alliances, and whose grave and scrupulous conduct was the astonishment of the age, did not hesitate to make known her partiality; and Lauzun was well aware, even before the words *c'est vous* were traced by royal fingers on the looking-glass, that the duchy of Montpensier was at his feet. He was not, however, yet prepared for a demand so audacious; and it was with no little diplomacy that he managed to postpone too clear an intimation of the unexampled honour which was about to be offered him until he was satisfied of the policy of either accepting or declining it. It was pleasanter and more prudent to employ the time in breaking the hearts of maids of honour, provoking the jealous anger of Madame de Valentinois, and paying respectful court, in the absence of his Majesty, to "la Montespan."

But whilst the popularity of the favourite appeared so well assured, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand was discoverable to the accustomed eye. Louis had become jealous of Lauzun. It was one of the peculiarities of the Grand Monarque that he never could bear about his person

much talent, accomplishment, or elevation of mind. He preferred mediocrity, even in his ministers. He was once heard to admit that the death of Seignelay and of Louvois was, each in its way, a most sensible relief; and there was found but a very small number of courtiers in whom the exercise of mental superiority was no bar to advancement.

Lauzun was not long in discovering that his day was over. The king's avoidance and averted looks would bear but one interpretation. He determined himself to take the initiative, and, seeking a private audience, he overwhelmed his royal master with tender reproaches, imploring at least to be made aware of his fault. Louis, more than ever irritated, was at no loss to find cause of offence in his words.

Lauzun was arrested and thrown into the Bastille. It has been hinted by his enemies that he had schemed for this, unable longer to endure his false position, and in order to increase his general popularity as undeservedly disgraced; and, if it were so, he succeeded, without subjecting himself to too long a martyrdom, for the woebegone looks of Mademoiselle, the pleading eyes of La Vallière, and, it may be, a fear lest it should be suspected that the downfall of the favourite was due rather to his supereminent graces than to his demerits, induced the king to pardon him. He was even apparently restored to double favour. Then came the project born in the unscrupulous brain of Condé, but which Louis so naïvely appropriated that he sincerely believed it to be his own, of putting an end to Holland, that little colony of rich republicans living in perpetual battle with the elements, whose very existence is a triumph of the genius of man over nature. The exterminating spirit of Louvois entered fully into the scheme, and the preparations were quite out of proportion to its magnitude. Nothing could have been more easy than to destroy the little corner of land rifled from the ocean, and to reduce it to a mere marsh; but the support of England, with the co-operation of her fleet, were to be invoked; and in the mean time a visit of inspection was made by the king in person to the different stations of his armies, accompanied by the queen, the court, and household. Lauzun, whose *savoir vivre* was universally acknowledged, was to be commander-in-chief under his Majesty. With an eye to the comfort and luxury of the expedition, and profoundly as it suited his purpose, no one was more fully aware of the folly and uselessness of such great



preparations to crush such a feeble enemy. No one better understood that it was not the strategy of a Turenne which was wanted, but rather the wild impetuosity of a Beaufort; and that whilst the pride and vanity of Louis suggested to him the glory to be won by so easy a conquest, executed without danger with an overwhelming force and with no undignified haste, the severe genius of William of Orange would have time to set to work to win sympathy and succour from his neighbours. Such reflections as these were, however, safely confined to his own breast. His apparent energy and enthusiasm knew no bounds. He allowed no detail to escape him, no luxury to be forgotten—nothing that could contribute to swell the glory of the Grand Monarque in his triumphal progress to remain unfulfilled. He even found time to rescue Madame de Montespan from a fall, receiving her in his arms, and thereby obtaining profuse expressions of gratitude and the assertion that “he had saved her life;” but then, as he himself said epigrammatically, “Most women possess a prodigious facility for getting their life saved.”

The king's jealousy, which had been set aside for the moment, was however only smouldering, and quite ready to blaze forth again. Lauzun arrived at the conviction that a marriage with Mademoiselle was his only safeguard against the chances and changes of the future, and, after a long conference with her Royal Highness, it was decided that she should at once appeal to Louis for his consent to their union.

His reply was sufficiently gracious; he remarked on the extreme distance which separated his cousin from a simple gentleman, but added, that, the first surprise over, he did not see that the thing was impossible.

The news spread like wildfire. “Mademoiselle is to marry Lauzun,” was the only echo repeated through the court for one whole day. Felicitations, flatteries, *cadeaux de nocces*, poured in on every side. The contract was signed; the duchy of Montpensier and the principality of Dombes were settled on the bridegroom-elect. But all the sunshine was presently overclouded. The king sent for his cousin and informed her that he had been reproached for sacrificing her and her fortune to the aggrandizement of Lauzun, and that he could not permit the affair to proceed. All her tears and supplications were of no avail. The king's will was in-

flexible; but that of his cousin was no less so. A clandestine marriage took place, and Louis, who had now a legitimate excuse for getting rid of a man whose presence had become importunate, sent for his *mousquetaires*, and Lauzun found himself very shortly on his way to the Château de Piquerol.

Nine years of exile had passed away when a whisper spread like wildfire through the court. Lauzun was pardoned—Lauzun had returned—Lauzun was to be presented! The count's old friends hardly knowing what sort of welcome should be accorded to the banished man, determined to wait, and regulate their conduct by that of the king. More than one tender heart began once more to tremble at a name so long forgotten, whilst the younger members of the court burnt with anxiety to behold so brilliant a star which had been so long eclipsed. It was remarked that even the king's eyes wandered frequently to the door upon the evening when the liberated captive was expected to appear; whilst Mademoiselle, whose happiness it was impossible to disguise, awaited her lover's arrival with true womanly faith, well assured that his accustomed *savoir vivre* would inspire him with the very looks and words with which to satisfy his Majesty and to reinstate himself in the good graces of the court. At last he came, and not the statue which descended at the banquet of Don Juan, had it taken a fancy to present itself at the Louvre, could have produced a more startling impression. The count's worn-out habiliments, his long beard, his disordered hair, his altogether Gothic toilette, produced a sensation equally sad and profound. It was thought that his long sufferings had deprived him of his senses, and the stupefaction became general. But Lauzun advanced with an air of dignified sadness and knelt before the king, who was startled into an ejaculation of surprise.

“This is rather a singular toilette, M. de Lauzun!”

“Sire,” he replied, “it is the costume of a man who has had the misfortune to displease your Majesty. The royal lips have not yet uttered my pardon, and I consider myself still a prisoner.”

“Rise, then, monsieur, and receive your pardon.”

“Ah, sire! the blow which felled me was so terrible, it requires a no less powerful hand than your own to raise me up.”

The royal fingers were graciously extended and covered with respectful kisses.



"Ah, well, my dear count," said Louis, smiling, "I see with pleasure that you have not forgotten the courtly graces in which you ever stood unrivalled. We must, it seems, forget your bygone follies, and become indulgent to those which are to come."

This little scene having been got through very effectively, Lauzun regained in a few hours all his former popularity. His marriage with the king's cousin procured for him a distinction which no amount of royal coldness could destroy. Louis would not consent to restore him either the *grandes* or the *petites entrées*, but to this prohibition he easily reconciled himself. Freedom! freedom, in its full sense, was the only word which had any charm left for him; and, his ambition still unsatisfied, soared higher now than the servitude of court favour. No one had been more scrupulous and devoted to the religion of etiquette, no one more joyous and docile in harness; but the time had come when the caprices of others must yield to his own, and his way was to be made over the necks of his enemies.

Some months had passed, and Lauzun was absent from the court—in England, it was said; when the most singular agitation prevailed amongst the silks and laces of Versailles. The queen of England had arrived in Paris! By whom escorted?—by whom protected in her flight and exile? *By M. de Lauzun!* Never had hero of romance so gloriously ended the most brilliant of his adventures! Louis the Fourteenth returning in haste from Marly, received the count's respectful letter:

"SIRE,—The king of England confiding to my care the queen and the Prince of Wales, has commanded me not to leave them except under the protection of your Majesty.

"I am greatly embarrassed, as my disgrace interdicts me from presenting myself at court."

A response amiable and gracious, as the king well knew how to make it, authorized Lauzun to conduct the queen to Versailles, restoring him at the same time the *grandes entrées*. . . . This return was a complete and final triumph. The intimate counsellor of the Stuarts could not fail to regain the confidence of Louis, who was their sworn protector and ally. The depth of his views and the hardihood of his propositions rendered him indispensable. The king acknowledged that his courage and sagacity were necessary to him, and Lauzun found himself at last so

safely anchored at court that his displacement was no longer possible.

About fifty years later, after the death of the Grand Monarque, the ladies of the court, during their drives in the Bois de Boulogne, used to point out to each other a man still strikingly handsome riding the most furious horses and managing them with equal strength and dexterity.

"That," they would say, "is the celebrated Lauzun! He is ninety years of age if he is a day!"

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From The Saturday Review.

#### NATURALNESS OF CHARACTER.

WHEN we attribute naturalness to a character, we mean it for praise of no common order; it is intended as a distinction where it is deliberately given; and, in fact, we do not commonly award it unless the qualities and habits of the mind which reveals its workings to us are engaging, and such as secure our sympathies. Plenty of people are transparent—we can read their motives at a glance—whom yet we do not call natural, either because what nature reveals is not to our mind, or because there is nothing distinctive or forcible enough to attract our notice. Naturalness of character, to be praise at all, must be superadded praise. Nor is it a quality to be consciously aimed at; we must lay ourselves out to be honest and true, but naturalness, as a characteristic, is not to be got by striving after. It is a gift as well as a grace; a gift, we might almost add, of fortune. For are not the people we single out as examples favoured persons, favoured in circumstances? was not their youth a happy one? were they not, as children, tenderly treated, considered, listened to, encouraged to express their thoughts, driven to no subterfuges, rarely snubbed, set down, or disparaged? have they not a charm in their candour, beyond the candour itself, derived from a well-founded reliance that whatever they say will be well taken? In fact, those whom we thus distinguish among our acquaintance have escaped the dangers incident to prosperity, which in inferior minds are fatal to simplicity of character.

Most people keep too strong a hold of their personality to be able to forget themselves in their subject; they carry an unacknowledged self-consciousness along with them. If to be single-minded is to have an undivided interest in things, they



are not single-minded. Beauties are aware that they are handsome; clever people are in the way of showing themselves to advantage, however little their subject lends itself to these considerations. The natural character is not by any means blind to its good points, nor ashamed to own them; it is not bashful, but the thing under discussion is *bond fide* the subject of thought; it has no feigned interests, no ministering to self-love by indirect means. Naturalness is the gift of unconsciousness, of doing things without thinking or knowing how you do them; and perhaps we should add, doing them well. Under the charm of such a spirit we feel a sense of liberty and expansion; we breathe a purer air. One natural person makes many, and inspires a confidence in human nature. And how straightforward intercourse becomes under these conditions! Thus thinking, thus influencing, Miranda could say, "I'll be your wife if you will marry me"—though she presents a signal instance of the circumstances that form the charmingly natural character. Prospero's darling could have had no experience of flouting or discouragement. Half the rules of social intercourse are accepted by us all on the latent understanding that men are not single-minded enough to dispense with checks upon design and hidden motive, that spontaneous action of thought and tongue would lead to awkward results. Selfishness and vanity would grow intolerable without them. But neither selfishness nor vanity is a necessary cause of the artificial as opposed to the natural manner; timidity and subservience are enough in themselves. Every one whom we distinguish as natural has independence of mind. The judgment may not be correct, or founded on the wisest grounds, but it is what it professes to be, the man's own opinion. No secret unacknowledged influences are at work. Hence no one can be natural without strength of character; and every one is natural when the occasion drives him out of the familiar appeal to some external authority and throws him on his innermost conviction. Mere independence of mind implies a courage and self-reliance which often strikes the looker-on as heroic. We suppose that typically natural persons either expect to carry others with them—and they are sanguine both from temperament and favouring circumstances—or they are indifferent to hostile opinion. We do not doubt that Sir Thomas Coventry, who, as Clarendon tells us, "with a plain way of speaking and

delivery, without much ornament of elocution, had a strange power of making himself believed," was a natural character. What is more persuasive than to see a man possessed by his own arguments? To hold a view and to be confident of being able to put it in a convincing form makes all people natural for the time being. And independence of mind implies in itself something that may be called originality. The natural character is active and fresh in its modes of working; keenly alive to the question whether the thought that occupies it is its own or derived from without—a point of perception to which so many are unequal—and confident of sympathy and appreciation.

No one owns to being less natural than his neighbour; it is a matter to be considered through observation, not self-study; to resolve to be natural would be like breathing by rule. What then are the points that interfere with natural manner? Of course a defective or pedantic or narrow education is a conspicuous cause. All education but the best aims at reducing its subjects to a level, and a level is flatness. Every age has its educational system at war with nature, substituting for it conventional proprieties; as it was forbidden to the fine lady of the Middle Ages to laugh, a rule enforced in the last century by Lord Chesterfield. Such conflict with nature is not wholly without reason, for the majority of men cannot afford to dispense with the safeguard of reference to a standard. Fine people dare not be natural, for fear of losing consequence by it; and their inferiors imitate the affectations of their betters in the hope of attaining to their level. Not that the reverse of nature should necessarily be described as affectation. Most men prefer to adopt the tone of other people, and to keep their more particular selves for home or special occasions. The dulness of society is owing to this selection of times and seasons for the man to be himself. The dulness of most intercourse between different classes is especially due to the suppression of nature on both sides. The moment that a man shows his real self, the fog of dulness disperses. The ideal natural character shows us this spectacle in the most unexpected circumstances, in the very arenas of prescription and convention. In the House, in the pulpit, at the bar, at the hustings, in the stateliest ceremonial, in contact with the rabble, in excitement, in depression, we detect no disguise, and in proportion to the vigour of this self-manifestation the man breathes



into others the same spirit of frank enlargement from the bonds of custom. Naturalness in any character, removes our fear of it; the man is not thinking of his external advantages, of the points in which he stands above us, but of that part of himself with which we have most in common. All people whom we think of as natural require sympathy, and are not too proud to show their need of it. Thus we have it in our power to serve them—a relation which establishes a certain equality, and quickens regard into personal affection, mounting, we have sometimes seen, into enthusiasm. And it is a point on which all men are judges, whether they know it or not. Nobody can deceive us long, or be delightfully natural by fits or starts or to serve a purpose; it is of the substance of a character; it is ingrained. And the charm and sweetness of the natural manner lies in the witness being the sole appreciator of the quality in full play before him. Thus, like modesty, naturalness is not a grace for which people ought to be praised to their faces. In fact, to recognize it is to disturb it, if not to change it to its opposite. Nor should children ever be taught to be natural, or hear the word used in relation to themselves. The affectation of nature is the worst and most offensive form of the artificial. We might almost say that nobody ought to know whether he is natural or not; certainly it would not be those most clear as to their own claim who would gain the general suffrage.

Novelists revel in the delineation of affectation, but the really natural character is to be found only in our masterpieces of fiction, and those probably so masked by other characteristics that the charm may be felt rather than recognized. It is observable that our play-writers make all their characters equally candid and transparent, bad as well as good. In the old comedies people are never ashamed of showing themselves just as they are; the working of their minds is no secret, their worst motives are above-board. Where all is artificial, this is the trait most at variance with experience. The depraved may be brutal, but can scarcely be natural.

It may certainly be said of some people that affectation is their nature; nobody has ever seen them without it; they are incorrigible from native incompetence; they have no standard apart from the people about them, or the images which a feeble fancy constructs out of books. They can change their model, but they do not know what it is to be themselves; they cannot

grasp things firmly, or hold opinions definitely enough to be natural. Again, affectation of speech, gesture, or manner is often the result of mere idleness and indifference. Self-interest or feeling shakes men into naturalness, but we must live with people, or be indebted to some rare chance, to know the effect upon them either of important business or strong emotion. In fact, it implies considerable vigour to be strictly and emphatically ourselves on every occasion, small as well as great. Hence, in the search among our acquaintance for cases in point, it is no reflection on them that these cases are not numerous. Our friends have all some distinctive merit, if we set ourselves to look for it; but the quality we mean, regarded as one to strike observers and form a characteristic, is very rare, needing at once strength and sweetness, courage and candour, for its fitting development, and along with these a necessity for free expression. A reserved temper has nothing akin to affectation; yet it will effectually exclude its owner from such a definition, because it can seldom be stimulated into effusion, and, if betrayed into it, is painfully conscious of self-exposure. The natural character is not given to such regrets, however strict and keen-sighted the conscience. Nor do we imagine it to be a severe judge in the matter of want of naturalness, and we should be surprised indeed to find it eloquent on that favourite subject of popular denunciation—shams. Perhaps this is mainly because it clears the air wherever it shows itself, and brings simplicity into fashion. In such company everybody is ashamed of secret ends, whether of display or self-interest, and risks, moreover, having his design unmasked in the contact.

There is a naturalness which is rather the result of circumstances than of character, charming as a contrast to an artificial state of society, but showing none of the independence which we have attributed to the ideal quality. Children are always supposed to be natural, and many young girls are “adorably” natural whom a few seasons change into another development altogether. The thing we mean sticks by its owner through all vicissitudes of time and fortune. Natural when a child, he is more transparent still in old age from a habit of self-trust. If we look into the formation and growth of such characters—and they are certain to excite our curiosity—we shall, as we have said, find them favoured at starting by at least a recognition of their powers. Dr. Johnson,



whom we take to be a natural character, had to endure much, but his talents and even genius were recognized from infancy. The examples that come most readily to mind have had an early chance; there has been no drawback in themselves or their surroundings to free expansion. When we consider the hindrances to such genial development which are the common lot, we need not wonder that everybody is not natural after this pattern. With the majority the training of circumstances does not nicely harmonize with their nature, and they do not possess the temper and vigour to make it fit. With most persons the law of necessity is too strong for nature. A man is born with certain tendencies, and circumstances compel him to their contraries. Such a one does not know himself; too many things external to him alter and change him from what nature planned him, and from what he instinctively inclines to. He is neither what he feels himself nor what he appears to others to be. If this discrepancy is in any degree the general lot, the charm of a natural manner can be no common gift.

From The Athenæum.

PHILIP STANHOPE.

A DUBLIN correspondent sends us the following :—

*Some Anecdotes of Philip Stanhope, illustrative of his Character, and of his Father the Earl of Chesterfield's Disappointment. By James, first Earl of Charlemont (born 1723, died 1799).*

Stanhope with all his awkwardness, had certainly good parts, and a great share of clumsy liveliness. When a mere Boy he was comically ungainly, a Defect pardonable and even laughable at that time of life, but which in him lasted much too long. He was, in Effect, even in his riper days, a perfect Tony Lumpkin. When at Berne, where He passed some of his Boyhood, in company with Harte and the excellent Mr. now Lord Eliot, He was one evening invited to a Party, where, together with some Ladies, there happened to be a considerable number of Bernese Senators, a dignified set of elderly Gentlemen aristocratically proud, and perfect strangers to Fun. These most potent, grave, and reverend Signors were set down to whist, and were so studiously attentive to the game, that the unlucky Brat found little difficulty in fastening to the Backs of their chairs the flowing Tails of

their ample Periwigs. This done, He left the Room, and presently re-entered, crying out Fire! Fire! The affrighted Burgomasters suddenly bounced up, and exhibited to the amazed Spectators their Senatorial Heads totally deprived of ornament or covering. This certainly comical but wonderfully impudent Frolick was carefully concealed from Lord Chesterfield, who would scarcely have pardoned it even to the childhood of his Son and Pupil.

The following Anecdote, which as well as the foregoing was related to me by Lord Eliot, an eye-witness, will serve to show how totally all the anxious Father's Pains were thrown away on the utterly incurable Son. Among others of his uncouth qualities, Stanhope was both an Epicure and a Glutton; a Lover of good things, and a gross Feeder upon them. One day, not long after his Return from abroad, He dined with Lord Chesterfield in a large and polite company. The Table, which was always elegant, was covered with delicacies, but of all others, that which attracted most our Hero's notice was an oval Silver Dish, containing a quantity of excellent baked Gooseberries, then a Rarity, Snow'd over with a rich covering of whipt cream. Lady Chesterfield, who at all times piqued herself upon showing the greatest and kindest attention towards her Husband's Son, and who knew Stanhope's Predilection for this his favourite Dish, had already helped him most copiously to its delicious contents, all of which he had greedily devoured, when, the Service being changed, He, with much Regret, observed a Servant carrying away a very considerable Remnant of his darling Food. Unable to resist the Temptation, He beckoned to the Servant, who presently put him into possession of his Heart's Desire, when impatient, either from appetite or from a wish not to delay the change of courses from which a change of Delights might be expected, He hastily placed under his chin the Oval Dish, still foaming with rich cream, and began with all possible celerity to lap it up in hasty Spoonfuls. Lord Chesterfield, who with grief of Heart beheld the mortifying operation, but whose Humour and good Humour were not to be altered, and whose Politeness towards his Company smothered that Rage which almost choked him, called out to the Valet who stood behind the chair of his *graceless* Son, in these words :— "John, why do you not fetch the Strop and the Razors? you see your Master is going to Shave himself." An-



other of Stanhope's failings was an insatiable curiosity, the gratification of which, even upon the slightest occasions, he could never resist. At Dinner with His Father and a select company in a front ParLOUR, while he was voraciously indulging his Appetite for good things, another of his appetites was roused to exertion by an unusual noise in the Courtyard. Up he bounced with an intention of gaining the window, but unfortunately forgetting that He had with admirable grace stuck the Table cloth into his Buttonhole, by the effort He exerted in rising the Dishes were displaced, and the Soup overturned to the amazement and annoyance of the Guests, and to the utter consternation of his distressed Father.

Sir William Stanhope, who with less good Breeding and more Satire, had perhaps as much wit as his Brother, tho' of a kind rough and unpolished, upon hearing of the Earl's bitter disappointment in his Son, made the following not very brotherly remark:—"Why, what could Chesterfield expect from his Bastard? He got him upon a Dutch woman, Sent him to Leipsick to learn manners, and that, too, under the direction of an Oxford Pedant.

This Pedant was Doctor Harte, a good man, of considerable Erudition, but certainly inelegant, both of which qualities are clearly discernible in his writings.

While I was at Rome, together with my Friend Lord Bruce, Stanhope, and several other Englishmen, there arrived in that Metropolis an elderly gentlewoman calling herself Mrs. Peters, with a young person supposed to be her Daughter, and named Miss Eugenia Peters. The difference between the Mother and the Daughter was obvious and striking even to our uninterested eyes. The Former was a true English goody, if vulgar and unbred, while the latter, tho' plain almost to ugliness, had apparently received the most careful Education, and was accordingly endowed with all the choicest accomplishments of her sex. She sang well, was perfect mistress of her Harpsichord, and was in a word as elegant as her Mother was vulgar. This unnatural contrast was, however, with us only the Talk of an Hour. As Englishwomen, we frequented their lodgings, while some of the unoccupied among us, of which number Stanhope, in spite of his Father's earnest and galant Exhortations was one, persuaded themselves that they were smitten by the accomplishments of the amiable Eugenia. The Ladies, having passed some months

at Rome, set out for England, where, as I have been informed, the younger was owned by Mr. Domville, a well-known and wealthy Gentleman of Ireland, for his natural Daughter. At what time Stanhope made her his wife, or whether They had been contracted during their intimacy at Rome, I cannot say; but it is certain that upon his being appointed, thro' the Interest of his Father, Minister at Hamburgh, They were generally supposed to be married, and the Lady accompanied her Husband to the Place of his Destination, a circumstance which wholly alienated the already vexed and disappointed Father from his Son, by defeating his few remaining hopes, and utterly disconcerting all his Plans. Upon the death of Stanhope, which happened about Eight years after, the Widow returned to England, where she was coolly, though civilly received by her Father-in-Law; and afterward, upon the Demise of Lord Chesterfield, her treatment from the remaining Family, both in point of attention and of Emolument, not being by any means equal to her Expectations, and to what she deemed her Deserts, partly out of Resentment, because she well knew their dislike to Publication, and partly for the sake of pecuniary advantage, which was certain, and now become necessary, in spite of Remonstrances, Threats, and Promises, She gratified if not improved the world by publishing those curious Letters of which she was the sole Depositary, and which have been the subject of so much discussion and difference of opinion.

I have said that Mrs. Stanhope *accompanied her Husband to the Place of his Destination*. Of this, however, I am by no means certain, but rather believe that the marriage, tho' suspected, was not publicly known till some years after Stanhope's departure from England. From the Tenour of his Letters one would at least suppose that it had not been authenticated to Lord Chesterfield.

I forgot to mention in its proper place that Vanity was not the least among Stanhope's Failings—a foolish quality, which principally turned, as well it might, upon his close connection with Lord Chesterfield, of which great and Honourable advantage He was much too apt continually to remind his hearers. Vanity usually brings on itself its own chastisement. The Master of the *Manège* at Lausanne was a man of Sense and a Gentleman, and had been much too frequently teased by Stanhope, who rode at the Academy, with the perpetual Repetition of his fa-



yourite expression, "*Mon père, Milord Chesterfield.*" To this childish Folly a period was, however, at length put, to the mutual advantage of Stanhope and his audience; neither were the foolish words ever more repeated after the Gentleman had made the following sharp observation, "*Comment, Monsieur, Milord Chesterfield est votre Père? Apparemment donc Miladi Chesterfield est votre Mère?*" With all these failings, Stanhope was, however, what is usually called a Pleasant Fellow. He was good-humoured though perfectly inattentive. Not unendowed with sense, though his Talent was obscured by a naturally bad Enunciation. A good scholar, and well versed in many of the modern Languages, though the same Defect attended him through them all. His Face was rather handsome, but his person was Dutch built, thick, short, and clumsy; and the very reverse of grace seemed to be the Essence of his whole Demeanour. Yet might he have passed well enough thro' life, if his Father had not insisted upon making him a *fine gentleman*; and however the memory of Lord Chesterfield may have been affected by the Publication of his Letters, certainly Mrs. Stanhope has thereby most essentially injured the memory of her Husband, whose obvious Deficiencies have been rendered more glaring by our knowledge of the unavailing Pains that were taken to obviate them. So true it is that the first principle of Education is the Discovery of that for which Nature has fitted our Pupil, and that which She has rendered it impossible for him to attain —

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam.

But where there is no *vis insita* of the sort you wish to promote, Education, with all its Powers will, I fear, never be able to impart it.

Mrs. Stanhope had two Sons by her Husband, of whom Lord Chesterfield, from his Letters to her, appears to have taken care. His coolness towards the Mother is, however, also apparent from these same Letters, where He never styles Her Daughter, or even *Dear Madam*, but simply *Madam*. — *From the MSS. of the first Earl of Charlemont.*

## THE PRAYER OF THE SWINE TO CIRCE.

HUDDLING they came, with shag sides caked with mire,

With hoofs still sullied from the troughs o'er-spurned,

With wrinkling snouts; yet eyes in which desire,

With some strange light, unutterably burned, Unquenchable, — and still where'er she turned

They rose about her, striving each o'er each, As if with brute importuning they yearned

In that dumb wise some piteous tale to teach,

Yet lacked the words thereto, denied the power of speech.

For these, — Eurylochos alone escaping, — In truth, that small unhappy band had been,

Whom wise Odysseus, dim precaution shaping,

Ever at heart, of peril unforeseen,

Had sent inland; whom then the islet-Queen,

The fair disastrous daughter of the sun, Had changed to semblants of the beasts unclean,

With evil wand transforming one by one To shapes of loathly swine, imbruted and undone.

But the men's minds remained, and these forever

Made hungry suppliance through the passionate eyes,

Still searching aye, with impotent endeavour,

To find, if yet, in any look, there lies

A saving hope, or, if they might surprise

In that cold face soft pity's spark concealed,

Which she, still scorning, evermore denies,

Nor was there in her any ruth revealed,

To whom with such mute speech and dumb words they appealed.

"What hope is ours — what hope! To find no mercy,

After much war and many travails done? —

Ah, kinder far than thy fell philters, Circe,

The ravening Cyclops and the Læstrigon!

And, O, thrice-cursed be Laertes' son,

Through whom, at last, we watch the days decline

With no fair ending of the quest begun,

Condemned in styes to weary and to pine,

And beat with mortal hearts through this foul veil of swine!

"For us not now, for us, alas! no more,

The old green glamour of the glancing sea;

For us not now the laughter of the oar,

The strong-ribbed keelson where our comrades be;

Not now, at even, any more shall we,

By low-browed banks and reedy river-places,

Watch the beast hurry and the wild-fowl flee;

Or, shoreward steering, in the upland spaces Have sight of curling smoke, and fair-skinned foreign faces!



"Alas for us!—for whom the columned  
houses,  
We left afore-time, cheerless must abide;  
Cheerless the hearth where now no guest  
carouses,  
No minstrel raises song at eventide;  
And O, more cheerless than all else beside,  
The wistful hearts with heavy longing full;  
The wife that watched us on the waning  
tide,  
The sire whose eyes with weariness are  
dull,  
The mother whose slow tears fall on the  
woven wool!

"If swine we be, if we indeed be swine,  
Daughter of Persè, make us swine indeed;  
Well-pleased upon the litter's straw to  
lyne,  
Well-pleased on acorn-shales and mast to  
feed,  
Moved by all instincts of the bestial breed;  
But O Unmerciful, O Pitiless,  
Leave us not thus with sick men's hearts to  
bleed!  
To waste long days in yearning, dumb dis-  
tress,  
In memory of things gone, and utter hope-  
lessness!

"Leave us at least, if not the things we  
were,  
At least consentient to the things we be;  
Not hapless doomed to loathe the acts we  
share,  
And senseful roll in senseless savagery:  
For surely cursed above all cursed are we,  
And surely this the bitterest of ill;  
To feel the old aspirings fair and free  
Become blind movements of a powerless  
will,  
Dispersed through swine-like frames, to swine-  
like issues still.

"But make us men again, for that thou  
mayst!  
Yea, make us men, enchantress, and restore  
These groveiling forms, degraded and de-  
based,  
To fair embodiments of men once more;  
Yea, by all men that ever woman bore;  
Yea, e'en by him, who yet, brought forth in  
pain,  
Shall draw sustaining from thy bosom's  
core,—  
O'er whose thy face yet kindly shall remain,  
And find its like therein,—make thou us men  
again!

"Make thou us men again, if men but  
groping  
That dark hereafter which th' Olympians  
keep;  
Make thou us men again, if men but hoping  
Behind death's door security of sleep:  
For yet to laugh is somewhat, and to weep;  
To feel delight of living, and to plough  
The salt-blown acres of the shoreless  
deep;  
Better, yea, better far, all these than bow  
Foul faces to foul earth, and yearn—as we  
do now!"

So they, in speech unsyllabled. But she,  
The bitter goddess, born to be their bane,  
Uplifting straight her wand of ivory,  
Compelled them groaning to the styes  
again;  
Where they, once more, in misery, were  
fain  
To rend the oaken woodwork as before,  
And tear the troughs in impotence of pain,  
Not knowing, they, that even at the door  
Divine Odysseus stood,—as Hermes told of  
yore.  
Good Words. AUSTIN DOBSON.

**BOTTLED LIGHT.**—Countless accidents, as  
every one knows, arise from the use of matches.  
To obtain light without employing them, and  
so without the danger of setting things on fire,  
an ingenious contrivance is now used by the  
watchmen of Paris in all magazines where ex-  
plosive or inflammable materials are kept.  
Any one may easily make trial of it. Take an  
oblong phial of the whitest and clearest glass,  
and put into it a piece of phosphorus about  
the size of a pea. Pour some olive oil, heated  
to the boiling point, upon the phosphorus:  
fill the phial about one-third full and then  
cork it tightly. To use this novel light, re-  
move the cork, allow the air to enter the  
phial, and then recork it. The empty space  
in the phial will become luminous, and the  
light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp.  
When the light grows dim, its power can be

increased by taking out the cork, and allowing  
a fresh supply of air to enter the phial. In  
winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the  
phial between the hands in order to increase  
the fluidity of the oil. The apparatus, thus  
prepared, may be used for six months.

Cassell's Magazine.

AN oriental museum has been lately opened  
at Vienna, which is very curious and com-  
plete. It consists of fourteen rooms assigned  
to China, Japan, Egypt, Persia, Turkey, Tunis,  
and Morocco. A well-known orientalist,  
Baron Hoffmann, is at the head of this new  
establishment.



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## AUTUMN HEDGES.

SEE the purple vetches climb  
Through the lush green grasses ;  
Hear the bluebell's fairy chime  
As the light wind passes ;  
The poppy, like a scarlet flame,  
By snowy starwort blazes ;  
The buttercup its golden head  
By rosy campion raises ;  
The bramble in its lavish bloom  
A fruitful future pledges ;  
The elder's glossy berries droop  
O'er the autumn hedges.

The bindweed flings her graceful wreath  
Where soft green nuts are darkening ;  
The fern-leaves bow their lovely fronds,  
The thrushes' gurgles hearkening ;  
There the tall campanula  
Its lilac bloom is showing ;  
Subtle fragrance tells us where  
The purple clover's blowing ;  
Soft and hoar, the briony  
Hangs from rocky ledges,  
Where tansy's rugged royalty  
Rules the autumn hedges.

The lordly foxgloves, side by side,  
Guard the creeping mosses ;  
The thistle to the wooing air  
Its thorny circlets tosses ;  
The crowfoot glitters like a gem  
Where golden-rod waves thickest,  
Where the orchis studs the green,  
Where moneywort runs quickest ;  
The rush-flower and the yellow flag  
Bloom amid the sedges,  
Where the bonny becks dance down  
By the autumn hedges.

With a beauty all his own  
Reigns winter, keen and hoary ;  
Sweet the springtide's vivid smile,  
Sweet the summer's glory ;  
But the autumn's bounteous hand,  
In the cloudless weather,  
Brings flower, fruit, and harvest-home  
To the world together.  
So lovely dreams, bard-born in May,  
A brooding fancy fledges  
To life as lavish, rich, and bright  
As glows in autumn hedges.

Tinsley's Magazine.

S. K. PHILLIPS.

## LOVE'S WHISPER.

Go, heart of mine, and hasten to my love ;  
Tell her I mourn throughout the slow, sad  
hours,  
And that I wander through forsaken bowers  
Like some disconsolate and widowed dove,  
Who, being once forsaken of her mate,  
Doth wander ever after desolate.

Go, heart of mine, and tremble in her breast ;  
Tell her that I am like the winds that scour  
O'er hill and dale, that leafy woods deflower,  
And meadows many-hued, yet find no rest,  
But, making moan which never doth abate,  
Do wander up and down disconsolate.

Go, heart of mine, and whisper in her ear  
That I am like a tree no longer green,  
Where winter's barrenness may be foreseen  
In branch and bough, by autumn's touch made  
sere ;  
And like the leaves which rough winds  
violate,  
The days from off my life drop desolate.

And if that move her not, go, kiss each lip,  
And tell her that I can no longer live,  
Unless she come again to me, and give  
Her sweet and ever-constant fellowship.  
And from her lips thou shalt not separate  
Until she swear to be compassionate.

Chambers' Journal.

## SINGING.

LET me count up the songs of life that we  
Have sung together from the first till now :  
The simple baby-rhymes of bird and bee,  
Of sun and star, of stream and blossom-  
bough.  
The deeper music of our youth's new song,  
In days when life looked wonderfully fair ;  
When hearts were daring, pulses quick and  
strong,  
When woe was not, and joy was everywhere.  
The wilder strain of passion, smiles and tears,  
When love awoke with power to slay or  
save ;  
The calmer melody of graver years,  
In minor key, like music by a grave.  
And now we have another song to learn,  
'Tis written for us, we but wait our turn.

I often think this unseen, unsung song,  
With all its strangeness, will have notes we  
know ;  
And we shall hear its awful chords among  
The mingled music of our long ago.  
The simple snatches of our baby-rhymes ;  
The thrilling bars of youth's triumphant  
strain ;  
The peals of melody, like wedding chimes,  
That bring our summer love-song back  
again.  
It may be this new song is hard to sing,  
But shall we grudge to learn it, who have  
grown  
Tired and voiceless in earth's carolling,  
Yet fain would have some melody our own ?  
And, though it is the song of death, we know  
That, singing it, to endless life we go.

All The Year Round.



From Blackwood's Magazine.  
MICHAEL ANGELO.

DURING the course of the month which has just passed, the artists and the critics and the art-lovers of Italy — no inconsiderable band — along with all the populace of Florence, which inherits as its birth-right that knowledge and love for the beautiful which in other regions is connected with the highest culture only, have been celebrating the fourth centenary of the birth of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, the greatest of all those great masters whose works have glorified Florence and made her illustrious. We have little inclination to enter into the details of a ceremonial more or less like all ceremonials of the kind. By this time, at least, everybody has learned that in such celebrations genuine enthusiasm is so alloyed and mixed up with the spurious, and so diluted by that love of shows and pleasuring which is common to the crowd everywhere, that the vulgar and ludicrous sides of the matter are more generally prominent than the heroic. But it cannot be amiss to take advantage of the occasion, and to remind the reader of the real claims upon posterity which are possessed by so remarkable a man. These claims have been already set before the world again and again, but it is not easy to exhaust a genius so great and a personality so striking; and the moment is propitious, and tempts a word more on so attractive a subject. In an age remarkable not only for artists but for notable men of every description, Michael Angelo stands alone in greatness and individuality, more universal in his genius, more striking in character, than any contemporary artist, unless, indeed, it be the kindred but much less well-known figure of Leonardo, whose prodigious powers we all take to a great extent on trust, impressed still, at the distance of centuries, by the extraordinary impression which he made upon his time. But Buonarroti stands in no mysterious glory, vaguely disclosed among the mists of ruin and still vaguer vapours of praise, like Leonardo. His steps are clearly traced for us across the far distance; his actions, his works, even his thoughts, are preserved in distinctest certainty; and himself, even

in his characteristic features, in his ways of speaking as in his ways of working, in the infirmities of his temper and the greatness of his soul, is as well known to us, nay, better, than if he lived to-day. There was a third, as great as the others we have named, living at the same time in Italy; but to compare Raphael with either of these veterans would be almost as strange as to measure the angel of the Annunciation with the men who gaze at him in the pictures. Raphael's very youth cuts him off from the comparison, as well as the manner of his mind, in which the characteristic peculiarities of the others find no place. He is not one who appeals to the intellect and the judgment, as they do. He does but take our hearts, smiling, so that neither he nor we are fully aware whether it is the mightiness of his genius or the sweetness of human sympathy which subdues us to him. But the others are not unconscious. From the first to the last Michael Angelo is aware of himself; he knows his power, and that he is not as other men; with no generous confidence of sympathy, but with a certain despotism he rules — nay, domineers — over us, pleased if we tremble somewhat as well as applaud, and feel his superior greatness to the bottom of our hearts. He stands like his own "David" looking down upon the smaller figures round him, with no kind delusion in his mind as to the difference between them and himself. And as he has thus held his place, supreme in Florence, from his youth, almost from his childhood, not without a certain brag of his strength, half-humorous, half-angry, so he does still, reigning imperiously, not careless of his sway, nor indifferent to the homage which he will force out of us, rather than go without it. In the picture-galleries and on the hillside; confronting us in the public piazza at the very doors of the old palace; and in the deepest gloom of the dark cathedral, behind the altar, surprising us even in the dimness with his princely presence — he is everywhere, throwing vivid sayings at us where there is nothing else to be done, and even by means of the great works of others, leaving a certain trace of personal magnificence to show where he has passed



by. More people, we believe, think, when they look at the great gates of San Giovanni, of him who said they were fit to be the gates of heaven, than of him who made them; and when we pass by Donatello's San Giorgio, the critic who for all comment gave that noble figure the word of command and bade him "March!" is almost more present with us than the older sculptor. And from his early youth, when he called the splendid church of Santa Maria Novella, all sweet and shining in those frescoed glories which his own boyish hand helped to dress her in, his bride—to that moment in which he chose his resting-place in Santa Croce at the exact spot whence, when the great doors were open, he could see the cathedral, and watch from his tomb the glorious dome through all the centuries, rising steadfast against the Italian sky—his very sayings usurp the sovereignty of the city, putting him before us wherever we turn, and, whether we will or not, first and foremost before any other man.

The story of Michael Angelo's long life has been so often told, that, so far as mere information goes, it may be thought a work of supererogation to give it over again; but it is impossible even to think of Florence, and leave out the man, who of all the despots of Florence was the most potent, and the only one whom all Florentines accept heartily and with no jealousy of his power. He is altogether different from the homelier type of Tuscan character, the *pâte* which produced such men as Giotto, Donatello, and Botticelli, a race joyous and robust and simple, children of the soil and of the sunshine; but he is still more characteristically Florentine in his masterful force and haughty personality, manifestly of the same blood as him who made the great journey through hell and heaven. Men of this class are always remarkable, whatever may be the landscape that encloses them. They are like mountains, austere and solitary in a grandeur of nature, which no effort can bring others up to, or amiable inclination on their own part bow down. Such men have always a certain gloom about them, a habit of imperiousness, an impatience almost pitiless of the smaller crowd around,

to which, on the other hand, they can be as gentle as angels when the meaner mass perceives its own inferiority. Perhaps the half-solemn, half-contemptuous bravado which we find in Michael Angelo, the pleasure he evidently had in making it apparent how easily he could excel and surpass other men, was peculiar to himself; but the consciousness of an elevation above their kind is common to this type of greatness, not so attractive as the brotherliness of the sweeter nature, but perhaps more impressive to the common imagination, which always in its soul believes more in self-assertion than in natural humility. The great artist was but a boy-apprentice in the workshop of Domenico Ghirlandajo when he drew round one of his master's designs in the hands of a fellow-pupil, the correct outline of the figure which the hand of the *bottega* had drawn badly or carelessly—a boyish feat which is much more important as an evidence of character than even as a proof of the superlative genius which taught him more than his master could; for such contemptuous indifference to the feelings of others is as striking in its way as the wonderful power displayed. Reverence or subordination do not seem to have been virtues possible to Michael Angelo; then and after he brooked no control or reproof, and having no doubt of his own right to be first, took his place always with an arrogance which, whether we like it or not, we are forced to accept as an integral part of his character. The same mixture of scorn does not appear in the more solemn arrogance of Dante. When the poet said, at a great public crisis, "If I go, who will stay? and if I stay, who will go?" the utter seriousness of the question veils the prodigious self-estimation in it; but the painter's attitude is one of proud carelessness, as of a being so much above the others that even they themselves could have no doubt on the subject. So intense a sense of personal value and importance is not amiable; but it is, as we have said, deeply impressive to the common mind, and entirely characteristic of this manner of man.

Like Dante, too, Michael Angelo was of noble birth, a fact which perhaps ac-



counts in some degree for the marked difference between him and the lowlier class of artists already indicated. It was but a *petite noblesse* after all: neither the poet nor the painter came from any lofty house, or was born in the purple; but yet no emperor was more unlike a medieval peasant or craftsman than the artist who boasted a surname and belonged to the Buonarrotti, was unlike those who were of the soil, the sons of John or Peter, the apprentices of a Brunellesco or a Botticello, picking up a name in this quaint way. Cimabue is almost the only other in the long succession of Florentine painters who shares this distinction. Scarcely one of them possesses a family name. Giotto, Donatello, and the rest, have nothing but those given to them at their baptism to make glorious. Domenico of the Garland-maker, and Andrea of the Tailor, are still more homely in their means of identification; and many more wear a changed version of their master's name, like those quoted above (Brunelleschi from Brunellesco, Botticelli from Botticello), instead of the non-existing patronymic; while others are distinguished by locality, as Baccio of the Gate, Pietro of Perugia, Paolo of Verona. Michael Angelo, however, was separated from the common herd by a good round mouth-filling set of syllables, and a legendary descent from the counts of Canossa, a legend which the great family was delighted to give its sanction to when the distant kinsman became a great man, courted by popes and princes. It would be vain to say that he took any importance from this fact. The much nearer and more important fact that he was himself Michael Angelo, moved him a great deal too much to leave room for any smaller pride about the counts of Canossa; but such was the fact, and it is not without importance in his life and character. He had hot, knightly blood in his veins, little disposed to turn off a foolish piece of condescension as Giotto did, for example, with the laugh and the shrug of peasant humour, maintaining his independence with a sharp but good-humoured gibe, as peasants do everywhere — a mode of treatment, let us allow, by which the artist gets the better of his adversary more

effectually than were he ever so indignant. But the son of the Buonarrotti, like the son of the Alighieri, has at all times an *animo sdegnoso*, too indignant, when not too contemptuous, of all pretences of superiority, to put up with them lightly or pass them off as a jest.

Michael Angelo was born in March of the year 1474 according to the old reckoning, 1475 according to ours, so that the real fourth centenary of his birth was in the spring of this year. His father held an honourable office as *podestà* or chief magistrate in the little town of Caprese, and the child was sent to the hills near Arezzo, according to the custom of his time — a custom which prevails in many parts of the world till this day — to be nursed by the wife of a mason, from whom, he declared afterwards, he derived his love of the chisel. His father Ludovico had so many children and so little money, that he was fain to get his sons disposed of in "the arts of wool and silk;" but he seems to have been somewhat disinclined to allow that one of them, from whom, it appears, he expected better things, to engage in the art of design. It might have been supposed that art, properly so called, was sufficiently honoured in Florence to prevent the struggle which so often attends the selection by a promising youth of one of those crafts of genius which are so ineradicably and universally marked as vagabond and precarious in the opinion of the sober-minded of all countries and generations; but it does not seem to have proved so in his case. He was scolded and sometimes beaten by his father and his elder brothers, "who thought, perhaps," says Vasari, "that this faculty of his, uncomprehended by them, was something mean and unworthy of their ancient house." Finally, however (and there was not much time lost, for he was but fourteen after all), the boy was apprenticed to Domenico Ghirlandajo, and began the formal study of art.

This was the moment when the greatest of the Medici was at his highest point of power; and the connection between the great Lorenzo in his mature manhood, and the young Buonarrotti at the very beginning of his career, is at once pictur-



esque and interesting. Lorenzo, who loved art, as he loved everything that was beautiful, had collected in his garden a number of classic antiquities, *anticaglie*, statues and busts, and every scrap of antique art which could be scraped together by diligent collectors, agents everywhere for the princely Florentine. It was the very height of the Renaissance, and Lorenzo and his favourite society were deeply classical, prizing nothing that was not Greek, and very eager to introduce as many classical customs as possible, and to found a school of art which should rival that of Athens. In his garden—with perhaps a side gleam from the example of Plato, changed to suit the circumstances—where all his wealth of *anticaglie* was arranged, he placed the old sculptor Bertoldo, who had been a pupil of Donatello; and sending round to the art-*bottegas* in the city, desired that any of the youths who were inclined towards sculpture, should come and study there. Among those who were sent by Ghirlandajo was Michael Angelo, who took to the clay and marble with an eagerness and rapid comprehension that astonished everybody. “After a few days,” Vasari tells us, “the lad was so advanced as to attempt to copy a faun’s head in marble; and though he had never before touched either marble or chisel, his attempt was so successful that the Magnifico was startled. So pleased was he, that he began to banter the boy, reminding him that his faun was old and that old people lose their teeth, and that it was very unlikely that the jaw of his model could have been in such perfect condition. It seemed to Michael Angelo in his simplicity, loving and fearing the master as he did, that he meant what he said,” Vasari adds; and his is the most agreeable version of the story, though there are others who represent the youthful Buonarrotti as doing that for policy which Vasari says he did out of his simplicity—a more natural explanation at so early an age. But whether simpleness or cunning, so it was, that the boy took the Magnifico’s hint, broke out some of his faun’s teeth, worked at the jaw to make it appear that they had dropped out, and putting the mask in Lorenzo’s way, waited, no doubt with a beating heart, to see what he would say next time. The great man was delighted with the effect his joke had produced. It became one of his favourite stories which he told to his friends, and laughed at with kindly enjoyment; and he lost no time in showing his good-will. He took the young artist into

his house, where we are told he was treated like one of Lorenzo’s own children, and at the same time he gave the old Buonarrotti an appointment, providing thus for both father and son. This good fortune lasted for four years, till Lorenzo’s death, during which time the boy-sculptor must have had many opportunities of self-improvement, and especially that of intercourse with the most cultivated men of his time, the wits and philosophers and connoisseurs who collected round Lorenzo’s table. When the Magnifico died, his unworthy son and successor Piero continued his father’s patronage to the young artist, but not in Lorenzo’s princely way. Instead of great subjects in marble, Piero set the sculptor to make a statue of snow; which, however, considering that the artist was scarcely twenty, probably did not disturb him so much as it has disturbed his worshippers since, as a slight to his great powers.

When the Medici family were expelled from Florence, Michael Angelo seems to have been seized by a temporary panic, lest perhaps he, almost a member of Lorenzo’s family, should share the disgrace and ruin which no doubt the party expected must follow the downfall of their head, as had always happened heretofore; an unnecessary panic, as it happened, for Savonarola’s influence kept the demons of party retaliation in check. No doubt, however, the fright was good for the youth, enlarging his horizon by the sight of Venice and Bologna, in which last place he found a warm welcome. Shortly afterwards he was taken to Rome, where his fame had gone before him by means of a cupid sold to Cardinal Riario as a genuine antique. Here, before he had reached the age of twenty-five, he executed the great “Pietà” in St. Peter’s still known as one of his most perfect works; and, it is evident, by that and other productions got himself to so great a height of reputation that even his own city found it worth while to remember and tempt him home again. This was done by a bribe of an entirely characteristic kind. A certain mass of marble which had been badly *abozzato* a hundred years before by Maestro Simone da Fiesole, whose intention it had been to make a giant out of the huge marble, nine braccia high, but who had only gone far enough to spoil it—had been left for all this time a shapeless wreck, upon the hands of the *operai* of the cathedral—the commissioners of works or building committee, as we should call them. There had been talk of hand-



ing over the piece of valuable material thus rendered useless to Leonardo and various other sculptors; but either Michael Angelo himself, seeing possibilities in the stone, claimed the disposal of it, or the *operai*, as the story says, feeling their fellow-citizen to have the first claim, offered it to him. The young man, as may easily be supposed, jumped at this chance of distinction. "Michael Angelo made a model in wax," says Vasari, "of a young David with a sling, intended for the front of the palazzo, in order to show that, as he had defended his people and governed it with justice, so whosoever governed that city should boldly defend it and justly govern it. He began to execute this figure in the workshops of Santa Maria del Fiore, where he made a tower with wood and stone round the marble, and worked it out without being seen by any one."

No more congenial piece of work could have been imagined for him. Huge though the mass of marble was, it was so awkwardly shaped by the mistake of the old artist who had spoiled it, that it was no ordinary achievement to evolve out of it the splendidly proportioned and gigantic youth whom the young sculptor, all his energies stirred by the difficulty of the undertaking, saw in the stone. The failure of the material to afford full expression to this heroic figure is apparent, we are told, in one of the shoulders of the "David," which ought "to advance a little further, and to be more fully rounded, but which is flat in consequence of the imperfection of the marble, in which still appear the strokes of the chisel by which it was first so unskilfully begun. Certainly Michael Angelo performed a miracle," says Vasari, "in thus resuscitating one who was dead." This great work was begun in 1501, and erected in the place which it held till a very recent period, before the door of the Palazzo Vecchio, in 1504—"a proof," says one of the commentators, of the "terrible genius with which divine providence had endowed" the sculptor. There is a description of Michael Angelo's work given years after this when he was an old man, which recurs forcibly to the mind when we endeavour to realize the singular and striking scene which Vasari indicates: "I have seen Michael Angelo at the age of sixty . . . make more chips of marble fly about in a quarter of an hour than three of the strongest young sculptors could do in an hour—a thing almost incredible to him who has not seen it. He went to work with such impetuosity and fury of manner that I feared

every moment to see the block split in pieces. It would seem as if, inflamed by the great idea which inspired him, this great man attacked with a species of fury the marble in which his statue lay concealed." What, then, must have been the eager energy of the work when the young artist of twenty-five, shut up in the solitude of his huge shed with that contorted mass of whiteness *storpiato* and *guastato* by his predecessor, out of which his "David" was struggling, getting limb and sinew gradually free, as blow after blow resounded on the stone, worked in a fury and passion of inventing, day after day, till the long throes were over and the imprisoned had got free!

With all this we are obliged to confess that the great "David," the pride of the Florentines, which stood so long white and strong against the stern Tuscan walls of the Palazzo Vecchio, gigantic in its roundness and force of youth, touches our heart individually in no wise, and is absolutely indifferent to us. We do not attempt to defend ourselves from the well-merited stigma of want of taste and artistic appreciation, but freely acknowledge a personal defect which fortunately is not general. But dulness of admiration in respect to the work produced need not diminish the interest with which we regard its creation—the conflict of the sculptor with the spoiled marble out of which he forced the vast proportions of the young champion and patriot, against all hope or precedent; as picturesque and interesting an incident as any to be found in the annals of art.

After this great effort in sculpture, the most remarkable that had been made since the awakening and revival of art, Michael Angelo seems to have turned off at once by caprice of nature or sport of circumstance to the other branch of his great craft, so different in its requirements from the grandeur and stillness of sculpture. Circumstances no doubt had to do with the composition of the great cartoon intended for the decoration of that hall of the Consiglio Maggiore which Savonarola had built, and in which he spent the last night of his life; but no doubt he was simply returning to his original profession when he accepted the commission for that picture, now in the tribune of the Uffizi, about which Angelo Doni, the friend of Raphael, for whom it was painted, endeavoured to bargain with such disastrous effect, the haughty painter doubling his price, like the sibyl, for every reduction attempted to be made. Both these compositions, however, bear traces of the



characteristic method of the sculptor. The uncomfortable strain of attitude in the Virgin of the Uffizi detracts greatly from the beauty of the picture; but in the cartoon the sculpturesque treatment is in perfect accord with the subject, which represents a party of soldiers bathing, and suddenly disturbed by the appearance of the enemy. Scraps of this only have come down to posterity, the cartoon having been torn in pieces, according to Vasari, by the envious hands of the sculptor Baccio Bandinelli, whom it would be absurd to speak of now as a rival of Buonarrotti, though he considered himself as such in his day. The companion cartoon designed by Leonardo da Vinci has met with a similar fate, and is only known to us in a fragment copied by Rubens, and known as "The Battle of the Standard." The most perfect idea of what Michael Angelo's cartoon was, is to be seen from an old copy in the possession of the Earl of Leicester, which has been engraved, and of which Mr. Black gives a photograph in his beautiful book.\* These pictures mark but an episode in the life of the great artist. It pleased him to put away one tool and take up another—transferring to the canvas the grand forms and muscular development of sculpture, and, curiously enough, revenging himself for the stillness of the one in the vehement action of the other. Neither Leonardo's picture nor his own was ever executed.

Immediately after this interval of painting occurred that encounter of two of the most notable men of their time, which has given a striking and humorous page to the history of art. Julius II., probably some years after his accession to the papacy, took the great sculptor, whose temper and character were not unlike his own, into his employment, in order that he might glorify himself with a tomb worthy his own estimate of his greatness—a most wise precaution for all who share the impulse of posthumous vanity. The pope and the artist were a fit pair to meet in that great old Rome, so full of memories; and the warlike narrative of their friendship and quarrels, hot on both sides, yet on neither without a mixture of genuine regard and liking, is full of interest and character. Its beginning, however, was not of an agreeable kind. Excited by hopes of a splendid work, not less honourable to himself than to Pope Julius,

Michael Angelo had first to betake himself for eight dreary probationary months to the marble country of Carrara to choose the blocks for his statues, and to get them painfully conveyed to the sea, to be sent off to Rome. In this exile, during which it is easy to imagine the eager anticipation of the great sculptor, held, as it were, in the leash, and unable to get to work, though with such wealth of virgin material round him, he had hard ado, Vasari tells us, to keep himself from striking out with those fiery vehement strokes of his, some huge *abozzo* in the white rocks of a cave, as a memorial of himself and his weary vigil. What pilgrimages we should all have made to that powdery waste had he left some such vast mysterious image as the uncompleted "Day" of San Lorenzo, to keep the world in mind of the long days he passed there among the rough marble of those precious caverns! The blocks which he sent to Rome half filled the piazza of San Pietro; and as soon as the artist was released from the labour of collecting them, he rushed at his more congenial work *con grande animo*. Such was the eagerness of both artist and patron, that a communication, "a bridge," as Vasari calls it, was made between the Vatican and the great shed in the piazza which had been erected over the sculptor and the marble which he attacked in a sacred fury of creation. It is not difficult to understand how the perpetual intrusion, at any moment, however critical, of such a visitor as the fiery old pope, with the license of age added to that of absolute power, inquiring, criticising, praising and blaming with more zeal than knowledge, must have gone far to drive the equally fiery young sculptor half frantic by times, when he had to suspend his chisel, and subdue his *furia*, and listen to all his Holiness might choose to say. Perhaps an impatient word burst from him at some especially unpropitious visit, which nettled Julius; but at all events, when a new arrival of marble from Carrara made it necessary for the sculptor to get money from the pope, his Holiness was busy and could not see him. This was repeated two or three times, at first to the surprise, and afterwards to the furious indignation, of Michael Angelo, who felt himself as great and independent as either prince or pope. "You don't know who it is to whom you refuse admittance," a wondering bystander said at last in his hearing to the lackey who shut him out. "I know him very well, but I am here to obey my orders," said the man. Michael Angelo turned

\* Michael Angelo Buonarroti, Sculptor, Painter, Architect. By Charles C. Black. Macmillan: 1875.



away breathing fire and flame, and bidding the lackey tell the pope that if he wanted him he must send for him, went off to his house, where he gave his servants orders to sell everything to the Jews, and left Rome instantly, riding all through the night in hot haste, and never drawing bridle till he reached Tuscan soil. As it proved, he had taken the only wise course; for he had scarcely reached Poggibonsi on the Florentine frontier, when no less than five couriers arrived one after the other, with letters from Julius recalling him. But the sculptor was no less proud than the pope; all the messengers could get from him was a brief note of reply, proudly informing his Holiness that it was impossible for him who had been "*cacciato via come un tristo*," to go back again; after which he made his way to Florence, settling down in his old quarters, it would seem, with all the haughty sadness of an injured man.

Notwithstanding this tremendous breach between them, however, a certain hankering after each other is visible between the two who were so fitly mated. Michael Angelo betook himself to the work which he had left to obey the summons of Julius, working sullenly at the cartoon, it is said, which he had not finished; while the pope, on his side, wrote angry letters to the Signoria, demanding that his artist should be sent back. At the end of three months Julius came to Bologna, and here the odd quarrel came to a characteristic conclusion. Persuaded by Soderini the gonfalonier, who had already shown himself much his friend, and moved by the patriotic fear of involving his country in the dispute, Michael Angelo was induced to go to Bologna, and present himself before his great adversary. Evidently this time the *entrée* was not refused to him. When he reached the presence-chamber the artist knelt down, apparently not venturing to speak. His Holiness cast a sidelong look at him, lowering and *sdegnato*. "Instead of coming to us, thou hast waited till we came to thee," he said gloomily. Then Michael Angelo took heart of grace to ask pardon, no doubt a hard thing to bend his mind to; and the two proud men, neither willing to make a step too far, yet both longing to be friends, were silent for an angry and anxious moment; when happily one of those conciliating courtiers who are always to be found where princes are, ready to smooth away every difficulty, interposed with ingratiating folly. "Forgive him," said this Polonius — bishop, monsignor, or simple retainer, it does not matter which;

"your Holiness knows that these kinds of men are poor ignorant creatures, and good for nothing except in their art." Quick as lightning the pope turned upon the foolish mediator. "It is thou who art ignorant!" he cried, delighted no doubt to have some third person to relieve his mind upon — and turning the meddler out of the room, forthwith gave Michael Angelo his blessing, and received him gladly back into full favour.

Thus ended the quarrel with a humorous transference of guilt, which no doubt filled the old pope with glee. As a pledge of their renewed union, the sculptor made a statue of his patron in bronze for the town, which is described by all who saw it as of the most admirable force and likeness. Julius himself, with his usual half-amused, half-angry clear-sightedness, is said to have asked, when he saw this representation of himself, and especially the proud and spirited action of the right hand, which was elevated, whether he was supposed to be blessing or cursing? Michael Angelo, with unusual courtiership, replied that his Holiness was warning the people of Bologna to be upon their good behaviour; and asked whether he should place a book in the left hand. "No," said Julius, in high good-humour — "not a book, but a sword, for I am no man of letters." The reconciliation, it is evident, had united these two minds, so original and vigorous, more closely than before. There is another story, less pleasant, of this statue, which did not long survive, being injured in a riot, and finally recast into a cannon, called from it *La Giulia*. Francia, who was of Bologna, where still his pictures are the inheritance of the city, was brought to see the image of Pope Julius, as no doubt the whole population was, one way or other; and, whether by inadvertence or by jealousy, called it, "*uno bellissimo getto*" — a very fine cast — as if, says Vasari, he praised the bronze more than the art. Michael Angelo was not the man to accept such poor commendations. He answered hotly that his material was no more to him than were the colours with which he worked to Francia himself. "You and Cossa are two solemn block-heads," the enraged artist added, in the presence of several *gentiluomini*, to the confusion of the artist. Even this does not seem to have satisfied his wrath. Shortly after he saw a son of Francia's, a very handsome lad, to whom he exclaimed with as much bad taste as injustice, "Thy father does better in flesh and blood than on canvas!" We are disposed to hope



that Francia was not jealous, but only confused by the greatness of the presence in which he found himself, and that Michael Angelo, when his passion was over, recognized the cruel injustice of his retort.

Meanwhile, according to the story, mischief was brewing against the sculptor in Rome. Vasari, who is so often incorrect, may well have lapsed here, as contemporary writers so often do, into imputation of motives for which no proof can be offered; and that Michael Angelo himself held the same opinion is no great proof in its favour. According to Vasari, then, the architect Bramante, who was Raphael's relation and Michael Angelo's enemy, had ere now interposed to arrest the progress he was making,—first, by persuading Pope Julius that it was unlucky for a man to build his own sepulchre in his lifetime; and secondly, by representing that the then existing cathedral of San Pietro was too small to receive fitly the great groups already partially executed, for the completion of which all those blocks of purest marble of Carrara encumbered the piazza. The San Pietro of that day was not the great temple with which we are now acquainted, and which from all the adjacent heights shows its great dome, the only distinctly visible object upon the vast level of the Campagna, the one thing which is Rome. The older church was an ancient Roman basilica founded by Constantine, rich and splendid with antique marbles, but not raising itself in imposing height, the genius of the city, like the present edifice. We speak of our own age as careless of the monuments of the past, and with still warmer zeal we rave against that eighteenth century which the fashionable caprice of the present day is beginning to rehabilitate. But even the eighteenth century with all its vandalism did nothing which can be compared to the daring of the sixteenth—the Renaissance age—in which, without a pause or compunction, the old basilica of Constantine, the earliest cradle of the faith, was pulled to pieces, in order to place on its site a bran-new cathedral. Pope Julius and his advisers did this *en gaieté du cœur*, without a single pause of consideration or alarm; and it was natural that with such a tremendous enterprise on his hands, Julius should cease to be anxious about his sepulchre, especially as for the moment there was no place to put it, had it been even more near completion. So much of the story is fact and indisputable. Bramante, however, did not stop here; and Vasari attributes to the architect the too cunning no-

tion that the Florentine artist should be invited to change his trade—which, however, he had already been known to do of his own will—to put aside the chisel with which he had wrought such wonders, and to take to painting instead, with the idea of thus securing a downfall for the pride of the man who had shown himself unrivalled and above all competitors in marble. With this intention Bramante is said to have suggested to the pope the idea of filling the Sistine Chapel, the private chapel of the papacy, with frescoes in remembrance of Pope Sixtus, the uncle of Julius, and of confiding the execution of them to Michael Angelo. This subtle attempt to ruin the artist by forcing him into the work which has become almost his highest distinction, is too fine surely, even for a keen Italian brain of the sixteenth century inspired by the profoundest hostility; and good Vasari, who is so often assailed by his critics, may, it is to be hoped, be as wrong in this as he is often in the more innocent particulars of dates. But, anyhow, whatever the cause might be, it is certain that Pope Julius, leaving the marbles of his sepulchre for the time—and indeed throwing off all thought of sepulchres altogether in the delight and splendour of these new undertakings, which surely must have had power enough to keep an old man alive if anything could—ordained with imperious yet flattering tyranny that his Florentine, and no other,—not Raphael, though Raphael too was a favourite,—should paint his uncle's chapel, the place which he used for his own devotions, such as they were. Michael Angelo was profoundly disappointed by this change of plan. He had made his design for the tomb—a design to our eyes by no means remarkable for its beauty—in the classic taste of the time; and his whole heart was in his marble, which he had chosen so carefully, quarried, and made roads for, and superintended in every stage of its progress, and out of which he had already got four finished figures, and eight more which were *abozzato*, just in that stage of suggestiveness which delights a true artist's soul. But nothing that could be said would turn the pope from his determination, and probably, after their recent breach, Michael Angelo had no desire to break with the kind old despot again. He submitted, therefore, with one fling at Bramante, who could not fix the scaffolding necessary for him without making holes in the roof, till the sculptor, delighted with the passing triumph, invented on the spot



the necessary means, and humbled his rival on the eve of the undertaking into which he no doubt believed that rival had helped to force him — a characteristic pleasure.

To tell the story of the Sistine frescoes would be too long, though it is full of the same quaint humour as distinguishes all Michael Angelo's intercourse with Pope Julius. They quarrelled perpetually over it, the painter refusing to uncover his work, the pope insisting on seeing it, making perpetual invasions even upon the dangerous footing of those scaffoldings from which once, in a fit of passion, he threatened to throw the great workman down. More than once it hung on the balance of a chance whether the artist would rush off, as he had done before, and leave his patron to get the works finished as he could. But, as all the world knows, they were completed at length, to the admiration of Christendom, and the great content and glory of Pope Julius, whose perpetual interruptions and aggravations must on the whole, one would imagine, have kept the painter amused through his long and exciting labour, and which add a sparkle of kindly nature and character to the graver record. "Oh, truly happy age of ours!" cries Vasari; "oh blessed workmen, who in your own time have been able to enlighten the dimness of your eyes at the fountain of so much light, and to see growing softly before you by degrees all that was difficult in this marvellous and singular work!" If Bramante moved the pope to it out of a malicious intent to ruin Michael Angelo, no scheme could have failed more signally: the frescoes of the Sistine left him as unique in painting as he had been in marble, and filled all Italy with admiration and pride.

Not even now, however, could the cherished work over which he had spent so much thought, the tomb of Julius, get accomplished. The pope died only a few months after the completion of the roof of the Sistine Chapel, leaving to two of his nephews, both cardinals, the charge of completing, but *con minor disegno*, this memorial of himself, to which Michael Angelo was but too anxious to give up his time and labour for love of the work, and for love of the pope who had scolded and thwarted and loved him. The new pope, however, Leo X., a Medici, one of the family to whom Michael Angelo owed his beginning in art, stopped the execution even of this "minor design," and sent him back to Florence to take in hand the magnificent new works of embellishment and

completion, by which the church of San Lorenzo there was to be turned into a shrine for the Medici, and celebration of their greatness, now raised into loftier elevation than ever by the accession of the new pope. These Medici had been banished from Florence with scorn and hatred eighteen years before; they had been kept at bay ever since by the struggling republic, who feared them as her worst enemies, with a just appreciation of the persistent purpose of the race to make themselves reigning princes of the city, which Cosimo and Lorenzo had ruled astutely by means of the old forms of constitutional liberty. Slowly and surely, however, while the republic laboured with its cumbrous hierarchy of rulers, the chief of whom was changed every two months, to the great hindrance of public business, the fallen house began to right itself, as rising dynasties have a way of doing, and, aided by Pope Julius whom Florence had thwarted and offended, again got footing in the city, in the disastrous year 1512, the same year in which the Sistine frescoes were finished. The dangerous race were admitted as "private citizens only" — a transparent fiction in which nobody believed — and were surrounded by mercenary troops, who cowed the city, which, with her best men banished, and her moment of fate arrived, fell helpless into their hands. The first thing the Medici did was to dissolve the Consiglio Maggiore, instituted by Savonarola, and which perhaps had not proved so successful as had been hoped, and to establish a servile government, by means of the old farce of a public *parlamento*, which was the ancient way of flattering the foolish masses into support of despotism. When, however, on the death of Julius, the cardinal Medici was made pope, Florence, dazzled by the elevation of the first Florentine who had ever occupied the Holy See, almost for very pride forgave the Medici. It was at this moment that Michael Angelo was suddenly sent away from the work in Rome, to which he felt himself bound both in honour and gratitude. Leo was a man of very different calibre from his imperious, eager, and warlike predecessor. Though he has got much false fame as the most cultivated and elegant of popes, there was in him no such *naïve* magnificence, no such impatient curiosity and love of vast and splendid things, as had thrust Pope Julius into all manner of noble undertakings. Family pride and a politic attention to please and amuse the Florentines till the chains should be safely riveted on their shoul-



ders, would seem to have moved him more than any real appreciation of the great sculptor's powers.

Leo's commission was of little advantage or pleasure to Michael Angelo, whose submission and obedience to the new pope's orders, so unlike his proud rebellion against Julius, betray at once not only his own advancing age and lessening courage, but the melancholy failure of that free Florence which no longer had the power to protect her sons, and the heaviness of those bonds of ancient gratitude and friendship, which the generous spirit cannot shake off, however unworthy may be the heirs of an unforgotten benefactor. Once more the great artist had to take his weary way to Carrara, or still worse to Serravezza in the Florentine territory, where marble had been found—a withdrawal of custom from the lord of Carrara, which brought the enmity of that potentate upon the sculptor; and to make roads for the conveyance of the marble, and block out columns never to be used, and banish himself to the savage wildness of these hills in the very height of his glory and power. The only distinct memorial of this wretched interval, in which he kept coming and going between Florence and the quarries, chafing at the thousand delays, and longing to get back to real work, is the *finestre inginocchiate* of the Florentine palaces—the ironwork, formed like a kneeling figure, which every visitor of Florence must have remarked, a picturesque feature of the streets—which the great sculptor invented at some stray moment, throwing his great imagination into the humblest as into the highest art.

Leo's pontificate lasted nine years; and this period remains like a great desert in Michael Angelo's life dividing its grander activities, a curious evidence of that pontiff's patronage of art. And after Leo came the short and unhappy reign of poor Pope Adrian, a good, pious, humble-minded Teuton, as much out of place in that corrupt and splendid court as it is possible to conceive. During this short interval of quiet, the artist returned, it is said, to those marbles of the Julian tomb which lay so heavy on his mind and conscience, and which he seemed fated never to complete. The second Medici pope, Clement VII., was elected in 1523, on Adrian's death; and it is to him finally that the world owes what is perhaps Michael Angelo's most wonderful work, the tombs of the Medici in San Lorenzo, with those marvellous allegorical figures, which, if they have ever been equalled, have cer-

tainly never been surpassed, either in ancient or in modern art. But before we reach this magnificent and melancholy climax of the sculptor's powers, there intervenes an episode at once in his personal history and in that of his country, without which it is less easy to understand their meaning, and to give to his character its full development.

Clement VII. was unfortunate. He had not the wisdom of combination which distinguished his great kinsman Lorenzo, and the times were not favourable. Twice over he was driven into the castle of St. Angelo for safety; once by personal enemies, the second time by the German army, which sacked Rome, and sickened the world by its atrocities. Florence, which had been chafing under the re-established rule of his family, seized the moment of the pope's downfall to make one desperate effort for emancipation. The young representatives of the Medici were sent out of the city, the Great Council was restored, the popular government reconstituted, and for a moment it seemed possible that Florence might again triumph, and her old liberties be restored. Then burst forth once more, after the long interval of thirty years, the strenuous religious impulse which Savonarola had given, and which—sternly suppressed and held down both by the republicans of the other party, who had killed the prophet, and by the depraved and despotic Medici—had endured throughout all persecutions. The Piagnoni party, the Puritans of the time, was made up of the surviving followers of the prophet, and their sons and successors; and to this party belonged the new gonfalonier, Niccolò Capponi, of the same family as that bold Piero Capponi who defied France in Savonarola's time. Appointed to this high office at a crisis which somewhat resembled that memorable revolution through which Savonarola had piloted the republic, Capponi saw nothing better to do than to throw himself back upon the traditions of that most glorious moment of recent Florentine history; and when the struggle recommenced, he electrified the great popular assembly by proposing to the newly appointed council that they should elect Jesus Christ as king of Florence! The Consiglio Maggiore was Savonarola's special institution, and the memory of a man so great had sunk deep into the heart of the people. All the enthusiasm of old surged up to answer this appeal: with a quaint regularity, such as contrasts strangely with the fervour of popular passion, they put the proposal to



the vote; and out of eleven hundred citizens only eighteen dropped the white bean of dissent, and rejected the heavenly monarch. A memorial of the election was still, until very recent times, engraved over the doorway of the Palazzo Vecchio—the monogram of Christ, sign of the only kingship which Florence would allow; and once more “*Viva Jesu Cristo nostro Re!*” was shouted about the streets as in the days of the prophet. This singular echo of the one only strenuous attempt ever made, entirely independent of party, to establish on a sound basis the freedom of Florence, has a ring of despair in it, as echoes so often have; but it animated the town to its last great struggle, as perhaps nothing else could have done. The name of Savonarola was still a word to conjure withal; for no Florentine whose judgment was worth having, not the most hostile to him, not Machiavelli even or Guicciardini, could despise the prophet, or think of him as a vulgar fanatic. His genius, his high honour and enthusiastic love of freedom, were as undeniable as his power.

After the emperor's forces had done their worst on Rome, and paralyzed the power of the pope, to the great comfort of all who withstood the Medici, one of those sudden transformations came about which destroy all schemes and make all calculations vain. The belligerent powers after doing their worst paused and softened, and a great peacemaking and reunion took place,—a union which filled Florence with fear and horror—Florence, which had made alliances with France according to her traditional policy, and had made herself doubly objectionable to the pope, both as pope and as Medici. For some time she hoped that France would help her; but by-and-by France too made peace, and the alarmed republic found herself standing out against a world of foes, the pope breathing threats and penalties, and all the retainers and hangers-on of the Medici getting ready to return in double force. Perhaps the fact that they had already sinned beyond reach of forgiveness against Clement and his kinsfolk, helped the Florentines to maintain a steadfast face in a moment of such danger. Their lives or their possessions, or both, were forfeit anyhow; in any case, exile and social destruction was the best they could expect; and in very desperation, a strenuous resistance was determined on. At least, for the moment, they were free from the hated presence of the Medici, and to defend their city was the sole possibility that remained to them.

The very foundation of the new alliance between the pope and the emperor was the contract for the marriage of Alexander, the illegitimate representative of the Medici, with Margaret, the illegitimate daughter of the emperor—the two to be sovereigns of Florence, no longer under any pretence of republican liberty, but openly and simply as duke and duchess. Such news as this was enough to make the most timid burgher fight. The Florentines sprang to arms with universal consent. They called their best men to counsel, collected all possible means of defence, and prepared to do grim battle for their liberties. The most available way to the city was over the leafy hill of San Miniato, which even at that distant period was gay with smiling villas, the country-houses of the wealthy citizens; and here, accordingly, the first thoughts of the defenders turned. From San Miniato even the feeble artillery of the time must soon have made an end of the beautiful town below; and the fortification of this weak point was the first step. Michael Angelo was as near idle as it was in his nature to be at the time, designing *fenestre inginocchiate*, and working languidly at Pope Julius's tomb. It would be a strange idea now to select the greatest artist of the age as the natural constructor of fortifications for a threatened city; but there was nothing strange in it then. He was appointed commissary-general of the fortifications; and immediately set to work upon them with neither hesitation nor doubt of his own powers. It is true he had been a retainer of the Medici, cherished and nurtured by them; but all the descendants of his patron Lorenzo had died out, and any loyalty he may have still felt towards that great name was claimed by no representative. The young Medici were bastards; the pontiffs of the name had wasted his time and spoiled his existence; and duty to his native city was infinitely beyond any shred of youthful attachment to them or rather to their relations, which might have deterred the artist, had they treated him better, from working against them. Fortunately, however, for Florence and himself, the two popes had done nothing to perpetuate the hereditary friendship; and thus Michael Angelo was left at liberty to work for and think of his country alone.

From the broad and peaceful road which rounds the base of San Miniato the traveller may still see traces of dark masonry stretching upwards, overgrown by the facile vegetation of Italy. These are



the last remains of the walls which the great sculptor built. He traced the line of his defences through all the peaceful wealth of the hillside, and even posted cannon upon the top of the tower which looks so serenely over Florence, peacefully guarding the dead who lie there wreathed and covered with *immortelles*, and distinguished by those fond inscriptions to which the Italian tongue lends a certain grace. The sun blazes on those stony graves all gay with uncongenial ornament, and shows us nowadays nothing but pretty villas peeping out from clouds of soft foliage—the olive-gardens and wealthy orchards of the *Colli*, the suburban slopes which Florence loves. She loved them even then in her moment of trouble three hundred and fifty years ago, and had covered them with pleasant houses, with peaceful monasteries, with gardens and fountains and greenness. But in the opening of 1529, when everything was at its sweetest, bands of young men with hatchet and hammer were set to work on the fair hillside to cut down their own houses, their own trees, everything which stood in the way of the defence. It is touching to find that when they had nearly pulled to pieces the convent of San Salvi, on the roadside—that convent at the door of which Corso Donati fell dead two centuries before—they paused before a fresco painted there quite recently by Andrea del Sarto, and spared the half-ruined walls for the sake of the picture, like true art-loving Florentines. But they did not spare those villas which were as the apple of his eye to each good burgher who possessed them. Michael Angelo was sent off in the midst of these heart-rending clearings to Ferrara to study the fortifications there as an aid to his work, and was received with great courtesy by Duke Alfonso, who playfully called him his prisoner, proposing with flattering grace the ransom of a picture to be painted when time permitted. When he returned to his work on San Miniato, the conflict had begun. A curious life he must have led at this exciting time. From his engineer's work on the hill among the demolished villas and down-trodden gardens, when he could escape from trench and battlement, he hurried down to his studio and solaced himself with an hour's work at one of the Julian statues, or diverted his thoughts from the troubles of the time by that allegorical Leda, which he had begun to paint for the duke of Ferrara; and when such escape was impossible, on the very heights themselves, amid his

workmen digging and building round him, the great artist employed his impatient hands in a bas-relief of a winged Victory, giving his orders, chisel in hand, and turning back to his own creative labour when he had measured a trench or watched the strengthening of an outwork. Had victory been with the Florentine arms, what noble place had that *abozzo* been worthy of, carved in the free air, within the walls that stood for the defence, not of Florence only, but of all hope and freedom for the Tuscan race! As it was, this Victory—poor image of the true—perished somewhere in the tumult of defeat, and exists no more.

For Florence was conquered, as everybody knows, by panic and treachery—fit weapons of the Medici—more than by arms; and her long and glorious career came to a close, never to revive again, under the ignoble sway of an illegitimate duke—not even a lawful Medici, though wearing in their right the first coronet of princely authority which had ever been acknowledged in the free city. The Medici slew, confiscated, and imprisoned, as was their nature, as everybody had done before them; and Michael Angelo was one of those who had to keep in hiding—it is said in the tower of San Nicolò Oltr'arno—for some time after. But at length it came to the recollection of Pope Clement that San Lorenzo and the family tombs were still uncompleted, and that there was but one Buonarrotti in the world. Accordingly, he sent his emissaries to seek the sculptor, with orders to say nothing to him except that his usual allowance was waiting for him, and that he ought to attend to his work. What Michael Angelo replied to the man who first told him so, we are not informed; but hiding breaks the strongest spirit, and he returned to his work, as he was told to do, in silence, working with a sombre *furia* at the great figures in the sacristy, by means of which, as no other man in Florence was capable of doing, he could write in majestic despair the tragedy of Florence, how hope had departed, how life had become a desert, and how it was hard to struggle into waking consciousness, but good to sleep and to forget—nay, better, best of all, to be of stone, and feel no more.

This is the burden of the famous figures which all the world has thronged to look at since, and which few, we imagine, have parted from lightly or without a profound impression. Of the men to whom so sublime a monument has been raised, who knows anything, or cares to know? the



monument is not to an inconsiderable Giulio or Lorenzo, but to the great city which had struggled and erred so long, which had gone astray and repented and suffered and erred again, but always mightily, with full tide of life in her veins and consciousness in her heart; until now the time had come when she was dead and past, chained down by icy oppression in a living grave. Michael Angelo saw that hope was ended in Florence; no more eager conspiracies, no more fortunate chances, no other bold burgher or inspired prophet to break her chains; but the lethargy of death, the chill of the tomb, the very stupidity of unconsciousness, was to be her fate. "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!" he might have cried, as Dante did when the death of Beatrice darkened heaven and earth to the poet; but with a deeper reason. Buonarrotti said nothing; he took the marble which he had quarried out at Serravezza, weary yet not despairing, and with the fire of grief in his eyes put forth his sombre strength upon it, and rent out of its white depths the symbols of his despair, — not after the model of that still beauty of the Greek, the passionless godhead of pure line and form, the material poetry of a stony perfection. The four great figures of Day and Night, Twilight and Dawn, are instinct with the sentiment of modern thought, that profound struggle of feeling which ancient art eschews. As we look at them, suggestions, not one but many, pour into our minds, of mortal conflict, anguish, and hopelessness — of a fatigue and despair of the soul which go infinitely beyond the most intolerable weariness of the body; yet of the inevitable waking, the acceptance of our burden and penalty which nature and Providence alike impose upon men. Night sleeps, but it is the sleep of a sublime despair; not rest, but oblivion of ill, is what the great slumberer has desired, yet sorrow unforgotten hovers upon the very stillness of her exhaustion: and with what pain upon her beautiful brow that sad Aurora wakes! not the rosy-fingered Aurora of the classics, but a heavy mortal Dawn, rousing herself painfully, reluctantly, to meet the care which is awake before her. What anguish, what mortal conflict, what forced assent to the cruel laws of nature — submission, yet resistance, — a duty compulsory and terrible yet not to be cast off, and which the sufferer accepts, though she loathes it, too strong in honour and right to shirk the needful act, whatever it may be! All this, and more than this, is in these gigan-

tic yet beautiful figures; and, again, a something additional in the great Day, bursting Herculean from his stony prison, half hewn, nothing known of him but the broad brow and resolute eyes, and those vast limbs which are not yet free from the cohesion of the marble, though alive with such strain of action. Here is the second great poem of Florence, self-utterance and revelation of a mighty intellect overpowered by mortal sadness, yet incapable, how painful soever the exertion, of failing to the claims of life and nature. The spectator who remembers what was the fate of his country and what his own — compelled, both man and city, to come back after the defeat of all their hopes, to the perpetually recurring task, to bear the burden that every day brought with it — will gaze with reverence and an ennobling pang of feeling at this great setting forth before heaven and earth of the weird of humanity; not like those mysterious and awful pangs of the divine Sufferer, with the representation of which that age was so familiar, and which it beheld wherever it turned, imaged forth in highest and in rudest art, but something almost more bitter, as being less holy, involuntary, and aimless — anguish bearing no fruit or recompense either to God or man. He who can stand unmoved in presence of these wonderful creations, or leave them without a sense of something learnt and felt beyond the usual lessons and emotions of ordinary life, passes our comprehension. They mark the climax of Michael Angelo's genius, the height of power and expression beyond which it was not given to him or any other mortal man to reach.

Lest we may be supposed to impute too much meaning, as it is so easy to do, to the great artist in this his most impressive work, we quote his own interpretation of the sentiment of his "*Notte*," addressed to an anonymous poet, who had, in true Italian fashion, in an elegant sonnet, bidden the spectator who doubted the real existence of the wonderful sleeper to awake her, and be answered. Here is, in the person of his great conception, the sculptor's reply: —

Grateful is sleep, and still more sweet, while  
 woe  
 And shame endures, 'tis to be stone like me,  
 And highest fortune nor to feel nor see;  
 Therefore awake me not; speak low — speak  
 low.\*

\* Grato m'è l' sonno, e più l'esser di sasso  
 Mentre che l' danno e la vergogna dura;  
 Non veder, non sentir, m'è gran ventura;  
 Però non me destar, deh parlo basso!



The statues that Michael Angelo has placed above the sarcophagi which support his emblematic figures are professedly of two quite unimportant personages; the Lorenzo, dead not long before, who was the father of the child Catherine dei Medici, portentous infant, then in Florence—and a brother of his, who died without even so much distinction as lies in that fact. And which is which no one can now say. We are told that when remonstrated with as to the features not being correct, the sculptor replied with haughty carelessness that he did not suppose people a hundred years later would care much how the dukes looked—an unquestionable truth. And yet one at least of these statues is remarkable and interesting in the highest degree,—the figure popularly called the *Penoso*, long supposed to be Lorenzo, now supposed to be Giulio, very likely in fact neither, but a noble representation of thought and intellect in opposition to the insignificant and commonplace good looks of the classical young warrior opposite. Perhaps the artist meant to represent in these contrasted figures the types of practical and of contemplative life; perhaps he only made the helmeted thinker so impressive and grand because he could not help it, and had exhausted all the possibilities of commonplace in him, by the creation of the light-minded and small-brained individual who sits in serene insignificance above the mighty spirits of the "Night" and "Day."

It is almost a relief from the strained feeling with which we contemplate this greatest of modern works to return to our biography, and to find the old fiery humour of the artist breaking out again in presence of a fine gentleman and courtier who came from Ferrara to fetch the picture which Alfonso had asked for, and who, finding it so many square feet or inches less than he expected or approved, declared it to be *poca cosa*—a small affair; which foolish sentiment cost courteous Alfonso his picture. The wrathful painter sent the emissary packing about his business, and would hear no more of him. He gave the picture afterwards, in careless generosity, to one of his pupils, to portion his sister,—not displeased, perhaps, to show the dainty Ferrarese, and all the world, how little store he set by the commission which they had placed so high a value upon.

Shortly after the execution of the great groups of San Lorenzo, in the year 1535, when he was approaching sixty, Michael Angelo left Florence. There was nothing

to keep him there any longer. He had finished all the work he cared to do, and Alessandro, the new duke, was no friend of the proud artist who had done his best to keep him and all despotism at bay. He went to Rome, where he had now the cartoons of his "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel to think of, as well as the still unfinished tomb of Pope Julius, which, however, after a long interval, he got clear of, by the erection of the great "Moses" over his early patron's tomb in the church of San Pietro in Vinculis, though in a setting and with accompaniments very different from those originally proposed, and much less appropriate. And though he had, we think, attained his highest point of achievement, there was still great work before him—in one branch of art, the magnificent conception of his "Last Judgment," and, in another, the great dome of St. Peter's, which had yet to be "hung" in mid-sky over Bramante's new temple. In this latter undertaking, as well as in the cupola of San Lorenzo in Florence, he refused to depart from Brunelleschi's models, which he had already said might be altered but not improved ("*Si però variare, ma migliorare no*"). With the same obstinate loyalty to the great Florentine model, he declared that the dome he was about to build should be the sister of Santa Maria del Fiore, *piu grande, ma non piu bella*. These works were undertaken in the pontificate of Paul III., the successor of Clement, who displayed much of the eagerness of Julius to secure Buonarroti's services and keep him near. There is a curious mixture of tyranny and flattery in the words with which the new pope took possession, whether he would or not, of the great sculptor. "I have wanted you for the last thirty years," said Paul; "and now that I am pope I will not be disappointed." Michael Angelo was no longer the hotheaded young Florentine of the Julian days, when he treated his pope almost on equal terms. He had lost courage for such daring deeds, and learned the necessities of submission. But though he was more self-controlled in his intercourse with the authorities, the old half-savage wrath, mingled with grim humour, would burst forth now and then, as when he took his revenge upon Biagio da Cesena, an impertinent courtier who ventured to criticise the "Last Judgment." The artist turned the Minos of his great fresco into a likeness of his audacious critic with a swift stroke of rage, which is like Dante in its grotesque vindictiveness—



though no doubt amusement mingled with wrath before the revenge was half accomplished. "Where has he placed you?" asked Pope Paul, when the aggrieved official made his complaint. "In hell," said Biagio. "I am sorry to hear it," the pope said gravely: "if it had been in purgatory I might have done something; but in hell I have no jurisdiction:" and there Biagio stands, in eternal expiation of his ill-advised remarks, till this day.

Michael Angelo never again returned to Florence: his exile was voluntary, not forced, like Dante's; and while the one made frantic efforts to return, the other refused all invitations to go back to the desecrated and subjugated place. But in both these great and kindred souls a bitterness as profound as their love seems to have risen against the home of their affections, the peerless city which both held up to the world with a kind of adoring hatred. Dante pouring upon Florence the fiery torrents of his wrath, yet moving heaven and earth to get back to her; and Michael Angelo fondly copying — though it was against all the habits of his imperious individuality to do so — the beloved dome of Santa Maria del Fiore, yet refusing so much as to enter the town upon which at last, after all struggles and anguish, the chains of petty despotism had been riveted, are but different manifestations of the same intense patriotic passion. But in Dante's day there was hope for the vigorous and turbulent race which had yet so much fighting and so many revolutions to get through, and every reason why the *fuorusciti* should get back if that was possible; while hope was over for the fallen city upon which the great Buonarroti turned his back, his heart heavy with shame and sorrow, with no desire but that he might be able to forget her, and never see her outraged beauty more.

After the climax of his genius and grief, however, he lived for a quarter of a century in a sufficiently tranquil old age, in Rome; and here it is, perhaps, as the softening shadows of the evening smoothed away most of his fierceness, that the great artist comes nearest to our sympathies. He was more happy and more beloved personally, in this lingering conclusion of his days, than he had ever been in his life before. In his earlier years, indeed, some traces of domestic affection may be dimly perceived through the record, which is full of other things. He had loved his father and his young brother Buonaroto, of whom he wrote in the early days of his work in Rome, that "if Buona-

roto be in danger, I will leave everything." At the same youthful period, "Your Michelagnolo, sculptor in Rome," as he signs himself, desired his father to "think only of your life, and let everything go rather than inconvenience yourself, for it is more precious to me to have you alive and poor, than all the gold of the world if you were dead." But these tender and filial sentiments are the only indications we have of his private existence; and no woman seems ever to have crossed his lonely path till the fair and noble Vittoria Colonna, in middle age and faithful widowhood, came all at once into his life, and charmed the old man into a tender and reverential warmth of friendship, more delicate and exquisite than any relationship between man and man, which was, nevertheless, as distinct from love, commonly so called, as night from day. He wrote to her constantly, composed sonnets for her, found in her house while she lived in Rome the best society of the time, and a happy refuge from the weariness of his declining years and many labours; and derived from her altogether a new consolation and brightness. All the more sorely did he feel the want of her when vague accusations of heresy and the establishment of the Inquisition drove her from Rome in 1541, after some five years of close intercourse. He is said to have shown his grief at this separation in the most characteristic way. He had hurt his leg by a fall from some part of the scaffolding on which he had been working at the completion of his "Last Judgment," just at the moment when this much more serious calamity befell him; and in his misery the proud old man, falling back, no doubt, with a bitter and sore heart upon the habits of his lifelong loneliness, shut himself up in his room, trying to defend himself from his real suffering by the old harsh traditions of stoicism and independence of external aid. He was baffled in this unnecessary martyrdom by the determined kindness of a Florentine doctor — Baccio Rontini — who forced his way into the room and defied the sufferer to turn him out. But a profounder affliction still lay before him in the death of the beautiful and generous woman who had thus opened his heart. She died in 1547, and the old darkness fell back deeper and more solitary than ever on the old man's waning days. And Urbino died, his faithful servant, whom he had expected, as he says, to be the prop and support (*bastone e riposo*) of his childless age; but who "dying, has taught me to die, not unwillingly, but with



desire for death." Heavily the shadows fall over such long and lingering lives. It is sad to die young; but sadder still to outlast all loves, and drop after, instead of before, one's time into the grave which has already swallowed up all life's attractions. And no man, we suppose, ever gets far enough off from himself and his work, however long he may live, to estimate time calmly, or take comfort in the fame that will live after him. Fame at its best is but a poor compensation for the ills of existence. It may be a pleasant crown of happiness, an ecstatic elixir to stimulate the energies of youth; but it becomes poorer and poorer as the mind matures, and is but emptiness and vanity to the aged soul. Here are his own solemn reflections in the dim twilight of his closing years.

The course of life has brought my lingering  
days  
In fragile ship, over a stormy sea,  
To th' common port where all our counts  
must be  
Added and reckoned—works for blame or  
praise.

Here ends love's tender fantasy, that made  
(I know the error of the thought) great art  
My idol and my monarch: now my heart  
Perceives how low is each man's longing laid.

Oh thoughts that tempt us, idle, sweet, and  
vain,  
Where are ye when a double death draws  
near,  
One sure, one threatening our eternal loss?

Painting and sculpture now are no more gain  
T' the soul which turns towards that God-  
head dear,  
Who holds His arms out to us from the  
cross.

No better conclusion could be given to  
the story of Michael Angelo than thus to  
leave him in his sorrow, old age, and great-  
ness, with those words of mortal fading,  
yet everlasting loyalty and hope.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AUNT JANE.

THE St. Johns had one relative, and only one, so far as they knew. This was Miss Jane Maydew, who lived in London, the aunt of their mother, a lady who possessed in her own right—but, alas, only

in the form of an annuity—the magnificent income of two hundred and fifty pounds a year. To think that this old lady, with only herself to think of, should have fifty pounds more yearly than a clergyman with a family, and all the parish looking to him! More than once this idea had crossed even Hester's mind, though she was very reasonable and could make her pounds go further than most people. Miss Maydew was not very much older than her niece, but yet she was an old lady, sixty-five, or thereabouts. She liked her little comforts as well as most people, yet she had laid by fifty pounds of her income for the last twenty years, with the utmost regularity. A thousand pounds is a pretty little sum of money, but it does not seem much to account for twenty years of savings. A stockbroker might make it easily in a morning by a mere transfer from one hand to another; and to think how much wear and tear of humanity can be in it on the other hand! It is discouraging to poor economists to feel how little they can do, labour as they may; but I don't think Miss Maydew had anything of this feeling. She was on the contrary very proud of her thousand pounds. It was her own creation, she had made it out of nothing; and the name of it, a thousand pounds! was as a strain of music in her ears, like the name of a favourite child. Perhaps it was the completion of this beautiful sum, rounded and finished like a poem, which gave her something of that satisfaction and wish for repose which follows the completion of every great work; and this brought about her visit to Brentburn, and all that directly and indirectly followed it. She had not seen the St. Johns since Hester's death, though they were her nearest relatives, the natural heirs of the fortune she had accumulated. And the summer was warming into June, and everything spoke of the country. Miss Maydew lived in Great Coram Street, Russell Square. She had two charming large rooms, her bedroom at the back, her sitting-room at the front, the two drawing-rooms in better days of the comfortable Bloomsbury mansion. But even when your rooms are airy and cool it is hard to fight against that sense of summer which drops into a London street in the warm long days, waking recollections of all kinds, making eyelids drowsy, and the imagination work. Even the cries in the street, the "flowers a-blowing and a-growing" of the costermongers, the first vegetables, the "groundsel for your birds," and the very sight of the greengrocer opposite with his groves of



young cabbages and baskets of young potatoes awoke this sensation of summer in the heart of the solitary woman at her window. Her youth, which was so full of summer, stirred in her once more, and old scenes all framed in waving foliage of trees and soft enclosures of greensward, came before her closed eyes as she dozed through the long long sunny afternoon. A frugal old maiden, lodging in two rooms in a noisy Bloomsbury street, and saving fifty pounds a year, is as little safe as any poet from such visitations. As she sat there musing in that strange confusion of mind which makes one wonder sometimes whether the things one recollects ever were, or were merely a dream, Hester and Hester's children came into Miss Maydew's mind. She had not seen them since her niece's death, and what might have become of the poor children left with that incapable father? This thought simmered in her fancy for a whole week, then suddenly one morning when it was finer than ever, and the very canaries sang wildly in their cages, and the costermonger's cries lost all their hoarseness in the golden air, she took the decided step of going off to the railway and taking a ticket for Brentburn. It was not very far, an hour's journey only, and there was no need to take any luggage with her as she could return the same night; so the excursion was both cheap and easy, as mild an extravagance as heart could desire.

The air was full of the wild sweet freshness of the pines as she landed on the edge of the common; the seed-pods on the gorse bushes were crackling in the heat, the ragged hedges on the roadside hung out long pennons of straggling branches, blossomed to the very tips with wild roses delicately sweet. Miss Maydew was not long in encountering the objects of her interests. As she went along to the rectory carrying her large brown sunshade open in one hand, and her large white pocket-handkerchief to fan herself in the other, her ears and her eyes were alike attracted by a little group, under the shadow of a great tree just where the gorse and the pines ended. There were two tall girls in print frocks of the simplest character, and large hats of coarse straw; and seated on the root of the tree slightly raised above them, a plain little woman in a brown gown. Some well-worn volumes were lying on the grass, but the book which one of the girls held in her hand standing up in an attitude of indignant remonstrance, was a square slim book of a different aspect. The other held a huge pencil, one of those

weapons red at one end and blue at the other which schoolboys love, which she twirled in her fingers with some excitement. Miss Maydew divined at once who they were, and, walking slowly, listened. Their voices were by no means low, and they were quite unconscious of auditors and indifferent who might hear.

"What does 'nice' mean?" cried the elder, flourishing the book. "Why is it not ladylike? If one is clever, and has a gift, is one not to use it? Not *nice*? I want to know what *nice* means?"

"My dear," said the governess, "I wish you would not always be asking what everything means. A great many things are understood without explanation in good society —"

"But we don't know anything about good society, nor society at all. Why is it not nice for Mab to draw? Why is it unladylike?" cried the girl, her eyes sparkling. As for the other one, she shrugged her shoulders, and twirled her pencil, while Miss Brown looked at them with a feeble protestation, clasping her hands in despair.

"Oh, Cicely! never anything but why? — why?" she said, with lofty yet pitying disapproval. "You may be sure it is so when I say it." Then, leaving this high position for the more dangerous exercise of reason, "Besides, the more one thinks of it, the more improper it seems. There are drawings of *gentlemen* in that book. Is that nice, do you suppose? Gentlemen! Put it away; and, Mabel, I desire you never to do anything so very unladylike again."

"But, Miss Brown!" said the younger; "there are a great many gentlemen in the world. I can't help seeing them, can I?"

"A young lady who respects herself, and who has been brought up as she ought, never looks at gentlemen. No, you can't help seeing them; but to draw them you must *look* at them; you must study them. Oh!" said Miss Brown with horror, putting up her hands before her eyes; "never let me hear of such a thing again. Give me the book, Cicely. It is too dreadful. I ought to burn it; but at least I must lock it away."

"Don't be afraid, Mab, she sha'n't have the book," said Cicely, with flashing eyes, stepping back, and holding the volume behind her in her clasped hands.

Just then Miss Maydew touched her on the sleeve. "I can't be mistaken," said the old lady; "you are so like your poor mother. Are you not Mr. St. John's daughter? I suppose you don't remember me?"

"It is Aunt Jane," whispered Mab in



Cicely's ear, getting up with a blush, more conscious of the interruption than her sister was. The artist had the quickest eye.

"Yes, it is Aunt Jane; I am glad you recollect," said Miss Maydew. "I have come all the way from town to pay you a visit, and that is not a small matter on such a hot day."

"Papa will be very glad to see you," said Cicely, looking up shy but pleased, with a flood of colour rushing over her face under the shade of her big hat. She was doubtful whether she should put up her pretty cheek to kiss the stranger, or wait for that salutation. She put out her hand, which seemed an intermediate measure. "I am Cicely," she said, "and this is Mab: we are very glad to see you, Aunt Jane."

Miss Brown got up hastily from under the tree, and made the stranger a curtsy. She gave a troubled glance at the girls' frocks, which were not so fresh as they might have been. "You will excuse their schoolroom dresses," she said, "we were not expecting any one; and it was so fine this morning that I indulged the young ladies, and let them do their work here. Ask your aunt, my dears, to come in."

"Work!" said Miss Maydew, somewhat crossly, "I heard nothing but talk. Yes, I should like to go in, if you please. It is a long walk from the station — and so hot. Why, it is hotter here than in London, for all you talk about the country. There you can always get shade on one side of the street. This is like a furnace. I don't know how you can live in such a blazing place;" and the old lady fanned herself with her large white handkerchief, a sight which brought gleams of mischief into Mab's brown eyes. The red and blue pencil twirled more rapidly round than ever in her fingers, and she cast a longing glance at the sketch-book in Cicely's hand. The girls were quite cool, and at their ease under the great beech-tree, which threw broken shadows far over the grass, — shadows which waved about as the big boughs did, and refreshed the mind with soft visionary fanning. Their big hats shadowed two faces, fresh and cool like flowers, with that downy bloom upon them which is the privilege of extreme youth. Miss Brown, who was concerned about their frocks, saw nothing but the creases in their pink-and-white garments; but what Miss Maydew saw was (she herself said) "a picture;" two fair slim things in white with touches of pink, in soft shade, with bright patches of sun-

shine fitting about them, and the green background of the common rolled back in soft undulations behind. Poor lady! she was a great contrast to this picture; her cheeks flushed with the heat, her bonnet-strings loosed, fanning herself with her handkerchief. And this was what woke up those gleams of fun in Mab's saucy eyes.

"But it is not hot," said Mab. "How can you speak of a street when you are on the common? Don't you smell the pines, Aunt Jane, and the honey in the gorse? Come under the tree near to us; it is not the least hot here."

"You are a conceited little person," said Aunt Jane.

"Oh, no! she is not conceited — she is only decided in her opinions," said Cicely. "You see *we* are not hot in the shade. But come in this way, the back way, through the garden, which is always cool. Sit down here in the summer-house, Aunt Jane, and rest. I'll run and get you some strawberries. They are just beginning to get ripe."

"You are a nice little person," said Miss Maydew, sitting down with a sigh of relief. "I don't want any strawberries, but you can come and kiss me. You are very like your poor mother. As for that thing, I don't know who she is like — not our family, I am sure."

"She is like the St. Johns," said Cicely solemnly; "she is like papa."

Mab only laughed. She did not mind what people said. "I'll kiss you too," she said, "Aunt Jane, if you like; though you don't like me."

"I never said I didn't like you. I am not so very fond of my family as that. One can see you are a pickle, though I don't so much mind that either; but I like to look at this one, because she is like your poor mother. Dear, dear! Hester's very eyes, and her cheeks like two roses, and her nice brown wavy hair!"

The girls drew near with eager interest, and Mab took up in her artist's fingers a great handful of the hair which lay upon her sister's shoulders. "Was mamma's like that?" she said in awe and wonder; and Cicely, too, fixed her eyes upon her own bright locks reverentially. It gave them a new strange feeling for their mother to think that she had once been a girl like themselves. Strangest thought for a child's mind to grasp; stranger even than the kindred thought, that one day those crisp half-curling locks, full of threads of gold, would be blanched like the soft



braids under Mrs. St. John's cap. "Poor mamma!" they said simultaneously under their breath.

"Brighter than that!" said Miss Maydew, seeing across the mists of years a glorified vision of youth, more lovely than Hester had ever been. "Ah, well!" she added with a sigh, "time goes very quickly, girls. Before you know, you will be old, too, and tell the young ones how pretty you were long ago. Yes, Miss Audacity! you mayn't believe it, but I was pretty, too."

"Oh, yes, I believe it!" cried Mab, relieved from the momentary gravity which had subdued her. "You have a handsome nose still, and not nearly so bad a mouth as most people. I should like to draw you, just as you stood under the beech-tree; that was beautiful!" she cried, clapping her hands. Miss Maydew was pleased. She recollected how she had admired the two young creatures under that far-spreading shade; and it did not seem at all unnatural that they should in their turn have admired her.

"Mabel! Mabel!" said Miss Brown, who knew better, lifting a warning finger. Miss Maydew took up the sketch-book which Cicely had laid on the rough table in the summer-house. "Is this what you were all talking about?" she said. But at this moment the governess withdrew and followed Cicely into the house. She walked through the garden towards the rectory in a very dignified way. She could not stand by and laugh faintly at caricatures of herself as some high-minded people are capable of doing. "I hope Miss Maydew will say what she thinks very plainly," she said to Cicely, who flew past her in a great hurry with a fresh clean white napkin out of the linen-press. But Cicely was much too busy to reply. As for Mab, I think she would have escaped too, had she been able; but as that was impossible, she stood up very demurely while her old aunt turned over the book, which was a note-book ruled with blue lines, and intended for a more virtuous purpose than that to which it had been appropriated; and it was not until Miss Maydew burst into a short but hearty laugh over a caricature of Miss Brown that Mab ventured to breathe.

"You wicked little thing! Are these yours?" said Miss Maydew; "and how dared you let that poor woman see them? Why she is there to the life!"

"Oh! Aunt Jane, give me the book! She has never seen them: only a few innocent ones at the beginning. Oh! *please*

give me the book! I don't want her to see them!" cried Mab.

"You hate her, I suppose?"

"Oh! no, no! give me the book, Aunt Jane! We don't hate her at all; we like her rather. Oh! please give it me before she comes back!"

"Why do you make caricatures of her, then?" said Miss Maydew, fixing her eyes severely on the girl's face.

"Because she is such fun!" cried Mab; "because it is such fun. I don't mean any harm, but if people will look funny, how can I help it? Give me the book, Aunt Jane!"

"I suppose I looked funny too," said Miss Maydew, "under the beech-tree, fanning myself with my pocket-handkerchief. I thought I heard you giggle. Go away, you wicked little thing! Here is your sister coming. I like her a great deal better than you!"

"So she is, a great deal better than me," said Mab picking up her book. She stole away, giving herself a serious lecture, as Cicely tripped into the summer-house carrying a tray. "I must not do it again," she said to herself. "It is silly of me. It is always getting me into scrapes; even papa, when I showed him that one of himself!" Here Mab paused to laugh, — for it had been very funny, — and then blushed violently; for certainly it was wrong, very wrong to caricature one's papa. "At all events," she said under her breath, "I'll get a book with a lock and key as soon as ever I have any money, and show them only to Cicely; but oh! I must, I must, just this once, do Aunt Jane!"

Cicely meanwhile came into the summer-house carrying the tray. "It is not the right time for it, I know," she said, "but I felt sure you would like a cup of tea. Doesn't it smell nice — like the hay-fields? Tea is always nice, is it not, Aunt Jane?"

"My darling, you are the very image of your poor mother!" said Miss Maydew with tears in her eyes. "She was always one who took the trouble to think what her friends would like best. And what good tea it is, and how nicely served! Was the kettle boiling? Ah! I recognize your dear mother in that. It used always to be a saying with us at home that the kettle should always be boiling in a well-regulated house."

Then the old lady began to ask cunning questions about the household: whether Cicely was in the habit of making tea and carrying trays about, as she did this so nicely; and other close and deli-



cate cross-examinations, by which she found out a great deal about the qualities of the servant and the governess. Miss Maydew was too clever to tell Cicely what she thought at the conclusion of her inquiry, but she went in thoughtfully to the house, and was somewhat silent as the girls took her all over it—to the best room to take off her bonnet, to their room to see what a pretty view they had, and into all the empty chambers. The comments she made as she followed them were few but significant. "It was rather extravagant of your papa to furnish it all; he never could have wanted so large a house," she said.

"Oh! but the furniture is the rector's, it is not papa's," cried her conductors, both in a breath.

"I shouldn't like, if I were him, to have the charge of other people's furniture," Miss Maydew replied; and it seemed to the girls that she was rather disposed to find fault with all poor papa's arrangements, though she was so kind to them. Mr. St. John was "in the parish," and did not come back till it was time for the early dinner; and it was late in the afternoon when Miss Maydew, knocking at his study door, went in alone to "have a talk" with him, with the intention of "giving him her mind" on several subjects, written fully in her face. The study was a well-sized room looking out upon the garden, and furnished with heavy book-shelves and bureaux in old dark-coloured mahogany. The carpet was worn, but those mournful pieces of furniture defied the action of time. She looked round upon them with a slightly supercilious critical glance.

"The room is very well furnished," she said, "Mr. St. John; exceedingly well furnished; to rub it up and keep it in order must give your servant a great deal of work."

"It is not my furniture, but Mr. Chester's, my rector," said the curate; "we never had very much of our own."

"It must give the maid a deal of work all the same, and that's why the girls have so much housemaiding to do, I suppose," said Miss Maydew sharply. "To tell the truth, that was what I came to speak of. I am not at all satisfied, Mr. St. John, about the girls."

"The girls? They are quite well, I think, quite well," said Mr. St. John meekly. He was not accustomed to be spoken to in this abrupt tone.

"I was not thinking of their health; of course they are well, how could they help being well with so much fresh air, and a

cow, I suppose, and all that? I don't like the way they are managed. They are nice girls, but that Miss Brown knows just about as much how to manage them as you—as that table does, Mr. St. John. It is ridiculous. She has no control over them. Now I'll tell you what is my opinion. They ought to be sent to school."

"To school!" he said, startled. "I thought girls were not sent to school."

"Ah, that is when they have a nice mother to look after them—a woman like poor Hester; but what are those two doing? You don't look after them yourself, Mr. St. John?"

"I suppose it can't be said that I do," he said, with hesitation: "perhaps it is wrong, but what do I know of girls' education? and then they all said I should have Miss Brown."

"Who are 'they all'?" You should have asked me. I should never have said Miss Brown. Not that I've anything against her. She is a good, silly creature enough—but pay attention to me, please, Mr. St. John. I say the girls should go to school."

"It is very likely you may be right," said Mr. St. John, who always yielded to impetuosity, "but what should I do with Miss Brown?"

"Send her away—nothing could be more easy: tell her that you shall not want her services any longer. You must give her a month's notice, unless she was engaged in some particular way."

"I don't know," said the curate in trepidation. "Bless me, it will be very unpleasant. What will she do? What do you think she would say? Don't you think, on the whole, we get on very well as we are? I have always been told that it was bad to send girls to school; and besides it costs a great deal of money," he added after a pause. "I don't know if I could afford it; that is a thing which must be thought of," he said, with a sense of relief.

"I have thought of that," said Miss Maydew triumphantly: "the girls interest me, and I will send them to school. Oh, don't say anything. I don't do it for thanks. To me their improving will be my recompense. Put all anxiety out of your mind; I will undertake the whole——"

"But, Miss Maydew!"

"There are no buts in the matter," said Aunt Jane, rising; "I have quite settled it. I have saved a nice little sum, which will go to them eventually, and I should like to see them in a position to do me credit. Don't say anything, Mr. St. John."



Hester's girls!—poor Hester!—no one in the world can have so great a claim upon me; and no one can tell so well as I what they lost in poor Hester, Mr. St. John—and what you lost as well.”

The curate bowed his head. Though he was so tranquil and resigned, the name of his Hester went to his heart, with a dull pang, perhaps—for he was growing old, and had a calm unimpassioned spirit—but still with a pang, and no easy words of mourning would come to his lip.

“Yes, indeed,” said Aunt Jane, “I don't know that I ever knew any one like her; and her girls shall have justice, they shall have justice, Mr. St. John. I mean to make it my business to find them a school—but till you have heard from me finally,” she added, turning back after she had reached the door, “it will be as well not to say anything to Miss Brown.”

“Oh, no,” said the curate eagerly, “it will be much best to say nothing to Miss Brown.”

Miss Maydew nodded at him confidentially as she went away, and left him in all the despair of an unexpected crisis. *He* say anything to Miss Brown! What should he say? That he had no further occasion for her services? But how could he say so to a lady? Had he not always gone upon the amiable ground that she had done him the greatest favour in coming there to teach his daughters, and now to dismiss her—to *dismiss* her! Mr. St. John's heart sunk down, down to the very heels of his boots. It was all very easy for Aunt Jane, who had not got it to do; but he, *he!* how was he ever to summon his courage and say anything like this to Miss Brown?

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### MISS BROWN.

MR. ST. JOHN'S mind was very much moved by this conversation. It threw a shadow over his harmless life. He could not say good-night or good-morning to Miss Brown without feeling in his very soul the horror of the moment when he should have to say to her that he had no further need for her services. To say it to Hannah in the kitchen would have been dreadful enough, but in that case he could at least have employed Miss Brown, or even Cicely, to do it for him, whereas now he could employ no one. Sometimes, from the mere attraction of horror, he would rehearse it under his breath when he sat up late, and knew that no one was up in the rectory, or when he was

alone on some quiet road at the other extremity of the parish. “I shall have no further need for your services.” Terrible formula! the mere thought of which froze the blood in his veins. This horror made him less sociable than he had ever been. He took no more of those evening walks which he had once liked in his quiet way, when, the two girls speeding on before, with their restless feet, he would saunter along the twilight road after them, at ease and quiet, with his hands under his coat-tails; while little Miss Brown, generally a step or two behind, came trotting after him with her small steps, propounding little theological questions, or moral doubts upon which she would like to have his opinion. The evening stillness, the shadowy, soft gloom about, the mild, grey mist of imperfect vision that made everything dreamy and vague, suited him better than the light and colour of the day. As he wandered on, in perfect repose and ease, with the two fitting figures before him, darting from side to side of the road, and from bush to bush of the common, their voices sounding like broken links of music, notwithstanding all that he had had in his life to wear him down, the curate was happy. Very often at the conclusion of these walks he would go through the churchyard and stand for a moment at the white cross over his wife's grave. But this act did not change his mood; he went there as he might have gone had Hester been ill in bed, to say softly, “Good-night, my dear,” through the closed curtains. She made him no reply; but she was well off and happy, dear soul! and why should not he be so too? And when he went in to supper after, he was always very cheerful; it was with him the friendliest moment of the day.

But this was all over since Miss Maydew's visit; the thought of the moment, no doubt approaching, when he would have to say, “I shall have no further need for your services,” overwhelmed him. He had almost said it over like a parrot on several occasions, so poisoned was his mind by the horror that was to come. And Miss Maydew, I need not say, did not let any grass grow under her feet in the matter. She was so convinced of Miss Brown's incapacity, and so eager in following out her own plan, and so much interested in the occupation it gave her, that her tranquil life was quite revolutionized by it. She went to call upon all her friends, and consulted them anxiously about the young ladies' schools they knew. “It must not be too expensive, but it must



be very good," she told all her acquaintances, who were, like most other people, struck with respect by the name of St. John. Almost an excitement arose in that quiet, respectable neighbourhood, penetrating even into those stately houses in Russell Square, at two or three of which Miss Maydew visited. "Two very sweet girls, the daughters of a clergyman, the sort of girls whom it would be an advantage to any establishment to receive," Miss Maydew's friends said; and the conclusion was that the old lady found "vacancies" for her nieces in the most unexpected way in a school of very high pretensions indeed, which gladly accepted on lower terms than usual, girls so well recommended, and with so well-sounding a name. She wrote with triumph in her heart to their father as soon as she had arrived at this summit of her wishes, and, I need not say, carried despair to his. But even after he had received two or three warnings, Mr. St. John could not screw his courage to the sticking-point for the terrible step that was required of him; and it was only a letter from Miss Maydew, announcing her speedy arrival to escort the girls to their school, and her desire that their clothes should be got ready, that forced him into action. A more miserable man was not in all the country than, when thus compelled by fate, the curate was. He had not been able to sleep all night for thinking of this dreadful task before him. He was not able to eat any breakfast, and the girls were consulting together what could be the matter with papa when he suddenly came into the schoolroom, where Miss Brown sat placidly at the large deal table, setting copies in her neat little hand. All his movements were so quiet and gentle that the abruptness of his despair filled the girls with surprise and dismay.

"Papa came flouncing in," Mab said, who was partly touched and partly indignant—indignant at being sent off to school, touched by the sight of his evident emotion. The girls believed that this emotion was called forth by the idea of parting with them; they did not know that it was in reality a mixture of fright and horror as to how he was to make that terrible announcement to Miss Brown.

"My dears," he said, faltering, "I have got a letter from your aunt Jane. I am afraid it will take you by surprise as—as it has done me. She wants you to—go—to school."

"To school!" they cried both together, in unfeigned horror and alarm. Miss

Brown, who had been ruling her copy-books very nicely, acknowledging Mr. St. John's entrance only by a smile, let the pencil drop out of her hand.

"It is—very sudden," he said, trembling, "very sudden. Your poor aunt is that kind of a woman. She means to be very kind to you, my dears; and she had made up her mind that you must be educated——"

"Educated! Are we not being educated now? Miss Brown teaches us everything—everything we require to know," said Cicely, her colour rising, planting herself in front of the governess; as she had sprung up to defend her sister, when Miss Maydew saw her first. At that age Cicely was easily moved to indignation, and started forward perhaps too indiscriminately in behalf of any one who might be assailed. She was ready to put Miss Brown upon the highest pedestal, whenever a word was said in her disfavour.

"So I think, my dear; so I think," said the frightened curate. "I made that very remark to your aunt; but it is very difficult to struggle against the impetuosity of a lady, and—and perhaps being taken by surprise, I—acquiesced more easily than I ought."

"But we won't go—we can't go," cried Mab. "I shall die, and Cicely will die, if we are sent away from home."

"My dears!" said poor Mr. St. John—this impetuosity was terrible to him—"you must not say so; indeed you must not say so. What could I say to your aunt? She means to give you all she has, and how could I oppose her? She means it for the best. I am sure she means it for the best."

"And did you really consent," said Cicely seriously, looking him straight in the eyes, "without ever saying a word to us, or to Miss Brown? Oh, papa, I could not have believed it of you! I hate Aunt Jane! Miss Brown, dear!" cried the girl, throwing her arms suddenly round the little governess, "it is not Mab's fault nor mine!"

Then it was Miss Brown's turn to fall upon the unhappy curate and slay him. "My dear love," she said, "how could I suppose it was your fault or Mab's? Except a little levity now and then, which was to be expected at your age, you have been very good, very good children. There is no fault at all in the matter," she continued, turning, with that magnanimity of the aggrieved which is so terrible to an offender, to Mr. St. John. "Perhaps it



is a little sudden; perhaps a person so fond of the girls as I am might have been expected to be consulted as to the best school; for there is a great difference in schools. But Miss Maydew is very impetuous, and I don't blame your dear papa. When do you wish me to leave, sir?" she said, looking at him with a smile, which tortured the curate, upon her lips.

"Miss Brown, I hope you will not think badly of me," he said. "You can't think how hard all this is upon me."

The little woman rose up, and waved her hand with dignity. "We must not enter into such questions," she said; "if you will be so very kind as to tell me when you would like me to go."

I don't know what incoherent words the curate stammered forth: that she should stay as long as she liked; that she must make her arrangements entirely to suit herself; that he had never thought of wishing her to go. This was what he said in much disturbance and agitation of mind instead of the other formula he had rehearsed about having no further need for her services. All this Miss Brown received with the pale smiling of the injured and magnanimous; while the girls looked fiercely on their father, leaving him alone and undefended. When he got away he was so exhausted that he did not feel able to go out into the parish, but withdrew to his study, where he lurked, half paralyzed, all the rest of the day, like the criminal abandoned by woman and by man, which he felt himself to be.

And I will not attempt to describe the commotion which this announcement raised in the rest of the house. Miss Brown kept up that smile of magnanimous meekness all day. She would not give in. "No, my dears," she said, "there is nothing to be said except that it is a little sudden. I think your papa is quite right, and that you are getting beyond me."

"It is not papa," said Cicely; "it is that horrible Aunt Jane."

"And she was quite right," said the magnanimous governess; "quite right. She saw that I was not strong enough. It is a little sudden, that is all; and we must not make mountains out of molehills, my dears." But she too retired to her room early, where, sitting forlorn at the window, she had a good cry, poor soul; for she had begun to grow fond of this rude solitude, and she had no home.

As for the girls, after their first dismay and wrath the tide turned with them. They were going out into the unknown,

words which sound so differently to different ears — so miserable to some, so exciting to others. To Cicely and Mab they were exciting only. A new world, new faces, new people to know, new places to see, new things to hear; gradually they forgot their wrath alike and their emotion at this thought. A thrill of awe, of fear, of delicious curiosity and wonder ran through them. This checked upon their very lips those reproaches which they had been pouring forth addressed to their father and to Aunt Jane. Would they be miserable after all? should not they, rather, on the whole, *like* it, if it was not wrong to say so? This first silenced, then insinuated into their lips little broken words, questions and wonderings which betrayed to each the other's feelings. "It might be — fun, perhaps," Mab said at last; then looked up frightened at Cicely, wondering if her sister would metaphorically kill her for saying so. But then a gleam in Cicely's eyes looked as if she thought so too.

Miss Brown set about very bravely next morning to get their things in order. She was very brave, and determined to be magnanimous, but I cannot say that she was cheerful. It is true that she kept smiling all day long, like Malvolio, though with the better motive of concealing her disappointment and pain and unjust feeling; but the effect of this smile was depressing. She was determined, whatever might happen, to do her duty to the last: and then, what did it matter what should follow? With this valiant resolution she faced the crisis and nobly took up all its duties. She bought I don't know how many dozens of yards of nice "long-cloth," and cut out and made up, chiefly with the sewing-machine, garments which she discreetly called "under-clothing" for the girls; for her delicacy shunned the familiar names of those indispensable articles. She found it needful that they should have new Sunday frocks, and engaged the parish dressmaker for a week, and went herself to town to buy the stuff, after the girls and she had spent an anxious yet not unpleasant afternoon in looking over patterns. All this she did, and never a word of murmur escaped her lips. She was a heroic woman. And the busy days pursued each other so rapidly that the awful morning came, and the girls, weeping, yet not uncheerful, were swept away by the "fly" from the station — where Miss Maydew, red and excited, met them, and carried them off remorseless on their further way — before any



one had time to breathe, much less to think. Mr. St. John went to the station with his daughters, and coming back alone and rather sad, for the first time forgot Miss Brown; so that when he heard a low sound of the piano in the schoolroom he was half frightened, and, without thinking, went straight to the forsaken room to see what it was. Poor curate! — unfortunate Mr. St. John! and not less unfortunate Miss Brown. The music had ceased before he reached the door, and when he went in nothing was audible but a melancholy little sound of sobbing and crying. Miss Brown was sitting before the old piano with her head bowed down in her hands. Her little sniffs and sobs were pitiful to hear. When he spoke she gave a great start, and got up trembling, wiping her tears hastily away with her handkerchief. "Did you speak, sir?" she said, with her usual attempt at cheerfulness. "I hope I did not disturb you; I was — amusing myself a little, until it is time for my train. My things are all packed and r-ready," said the poor little woman, making a deplorable effort at a smile. The sobs in her voice struck poor Mr. St. John to the very heart.

"I have never had time," he said in the tone of a self-condemned criminal, "to ask where you are going, Miss Brown."

"Oh yes, I have a place to go to," she said, "I have written to the Governesses' Institution, Mr. St. John, and very fortunately they have a vacant room."

"The Governesses' Institution! Is that the only place you have to go to?" he said.

"Indeed, it is a very nice place," said Miss Brown; very quiet and lady-like, and not d-dear. I have, excuse me, I have got so fond of them. I never meant to cry. It is in Harley Street, Mr. St. John, very nice and respectable, and a great blessing to have such a place, when one has no home."

Mr. St. John walked to the other end of the room, and then back again, twice over. How conscience-stricken he was! While poor Miss Brown bit her lips and winked her eyelids to keep the tears away. Oh, why couldn't he go away, and let her have her cry out? But he did not do that. He stopped short at the table where she had set so many sums and cut out so much under-clothing, and half turning his back upon her said, faltering, "Would it not be better to stay here, Miss Brown?"

The little governess blushed from head to foot, I am sure, if any one could have

seen; she felt thrills of confusion run all over her at such a suggestion. "Oh, no, no," she cried, "you are very kind, Mr. St. John, but I have nobody but myself to take care of now, and I could not stay here a day, not now the girls are gone."

The poor curate did not move. He took off the lid of the big inkstand and examined it as if that were what he was thinking of. The Governesses' Institution sounded miserable to him, and what could he do? "Miss Brown," he said in a troubled voice, "if you think you would like to marry me, I have no objection; and then you know you could stay."

"Mr. St. John!"

"Yes; that is the only thing I can think of," he said, with a sigh. "After being here for years, how can you go to a Governesses' Institution? Therefore, if you think you would like it, Miss Brown —"

How can I relate what followed? "Oh! Mr. St. John, you are speaking out of pity, only pity!" said the little woman, with a sudden romantic gleam of certainty that he must have been a victim of despairing love for her all this time, and that the school-going of the girls was but a device for bringing out his passion. But Mr. St. John did not deny this charge, as she expected he would. "I don't know about pity," he said, confused, "but I am very sorry, and — and I don't see any other way."

This was how it happened that three weeks after the girls went to school Mr. St. John married Miss Brown. She went to the Governesses' Institution after all, resolute in her propriety, until the needful interval had passed, and then she came back as Mrs. St. John, to her own great surprise, and to the still greater surprise and consternation of the curate himself, and of the parish, who could not believe their ears. I need not say that Miss Maydew was absolutely furious, or that it was a great shock to Cicely and Mab when they were told what had happened. They did not trust themselves to say much to each other on the subject. It was the only subject, indeed, which they did not discuss between themselves; but by-and-by even they got used to it, as people do to everything, and they were quite friendly, though distant, to Mrs. St. John.

Only one other important event occurred to that poor little woman in her life. A year after her marriage she had twin boys, to the still greater consternation of the curate; and three years after this she died. Thus the unfortunate man was left once more with two helpless children on



his hands, as helpless himself as either of them, and again subject as before to the advice of all the parish. They counselled him this time "a good nurse," not a governess; but fortunately other actors appeared on the scene before he had time to see the excellent creature whom Mrs. Brockmill, of Fir-Tree House, knew of. While he listened hopelessly, a poor man of sixty-five, casting piteous looks at the two babies whom he had no right, he knew, to have helped into the world, Cicely and Mab, with bright faces and flying feet, were already on the way to his rescue; and here, dear reader, though you may think you already know something of it, this true story really begins.

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NATURAL RELIGION.

#### IV.

AT the outset I drew a distinction between theology and religion. Theology I considered to be the intellectual or scientific knowledge of God, religion the imaginative or sympathetic knowledge of Him. After examining then to what extent theology is modified by the omission of the supernatural source of knowledge, after showing that it is in no way destroyed, since it has always been of the essence of theology to inquire what is the relation of the universe to human ideals—and this inquiry remains legitimate, necessary, and all-important, whether we appeal to natural or supernatural evidence—I pass on to consider the modification produced by the same omission in religion. With what *feelings* should we regard God contemplated only in nature?

It will be evident from what was said at the close of the last chapter, that the common impressions about the worship of nature are quite mistaken. It is vaguely imagined that the worship of nature is neither more nor less than classical paganism, and that to adopt it would be to revive the "golden years" Shelley sings of, to substitute a *madre natura* for the Christian Church, and Pan or Apollo for Christ. This is a misconception of precisely the same sort as that which regards nature as pitiless and inhuman. Let us always remember that nature, as we are using that most ambiguous of words, is opposed simply to the supernatural. Sometimes, as I pointed out, it is opposed to man. When paganism is said to be a worship of nature, the word is used in a

third sense, and one somewhat indeterminate. It is opposed rather to civilization. Paganism did not confine itself to the worship of inanimate nature. It deified, to be sure, the sun and moon, the sky, the morning and evening star, and all the principal phenomena of inanimate nature. But it worshipped also certain deities who were supposed to preside over human life, powers of birth, marriage, and death, protectors of tribes and cities, powers of war and commerce, powers of the human mind. When we call it nature-worship therefore we are not using the word nature simply as opposed to man. But it so happened, we may say quite accidentally, that in its worship of the phenomena of man paganism paused abruptly. The worshipping disposition in the ancient nations decayed as society advanced; they ceased to increase their pantheon as human phenomena became known to them. The consequence is that the deities that have to do with human life in paganism concern only what is most elementary and primitive in human life. To people in the tribal stage paganism would have seemed to embrace the whole of humanity as well as inanimate nature. But when nations had left that stage far behind them, when they had devised complicated politics, and invented arts and sciences, paganism still remained in its old condition. It did not progress, and in the last ages of the ancient world the traditional religions reflected the image of a much simpler time. This in reality deprived them of all influence except with the rural population, but at the same time it gave them a charm to all those who were influenced by that reaction against civilization and progress which is always going on. The same charm is felt by us when we look back upon paganism. When we see statues of Pan or Faunus, when we read Homer, we feel the fascination of *naïveté* and simplicity. And to express what we feel we fall back upon the unfortunate and overworked word nature. We say these old pagans worshipped nature, meaning apparently to say that their thoughts and feelings had not been much modified by the influence of thinkers, inventors, systematizers, that in fact their minds were in a childlike state, and had the freshness and joyousness of childhood.

Evidently nature here is not in any way opposed to the supernatural. The supernatural could not enter into any creed more than it entered into the creeds of these so-called worshippers of nature.

And if the supernatural were omitted



from our present creeds the residuum would not be classical paganism. It would be something like what paganism would have been if religious feeling had not been weakened by the growing complication of human life. Had men's minds continued as religious in the age of Aristotle as they were in the days of Homer, it is not difficult to see how paganism would have developed. The great product of civilization is the development in men's minds of the feeling of justice, duty, and self-sacrifice. These new feelings, then, would have embodied themselves in new deities, or new conceptions of old ones. Paganism in developing would have become moral, and so would have lost all the charm which the moderns, tired of morality, find in it. And in doing so it would not necessarily have given more weight to the supernatural, and might easily have given less. Notions of duty and morality have no necessary connection with the supernatural. The worship of God in nature therefore, the worship of the Being revealed to us by science, would not be a religion without morality, because however science may repudiate the supernatural, it cannot repudiate the law of duty. To human beings that have reached a certain social stage, duty is a thing quite as real as the sun and stars, and exciting much deeper feelings. In the sense in which we are using the word duty is a part of nature. The worship of nature, therefore, would be no paganism. It would not be mere animal happiness or æsthetic enjoyment of beauty. It would be far more like Christianity. It would be mainly concerned with questions of right and wrong; it would be in almost as much danger as Christianity of running into excesses of introspection and asceticism.

But now that we are on our guard against this misconception let us go somewhat further back to inquire what the religion of God in nature will be. The word religion is commonly and conveniently appropriated to the feelings with which we regard God. But those feelings — love, awe, admiration, which together make up religion — are felt in various combinations for human beings, and even for inanimate objects. It is not exclusively but only *par excellence* that religion is directed towards God. When feelings of admiration are very strong they find vent in some act; when they are strong and at the same time serious and permanent, they express themselves in recurring acts, and hence arises ritual and liturgy, and whatever the multitude identifies with religion. But

without ritual, religion may exist in its elementary state, and this elementary state of religion is what may be described as *habitual and permanent admiration*.

Religious feeling readily connects itself with the supernatural — "*Gern wohnt er unter Feen, Talismanen*" — but at the same time religious feeling can restrain itself, and sometimes even deliberately chooses to restrain itself, from all association of the kind. Accordingly whatever the principal object of religious feeling in a particular case may be, of that object there springs up a natural religion and also a supernatural religion. There have been two classes of religions which have been conspicuous by their difference in the history of mankind. On the one hand there have been the religions which have found their objects of worship principally in the sensible world, in physical phenomena, and in man considered as a physical phenomenon. On the other hand there are the religions which contemplate more what is intellectual and moral. The best example of the former class is classical paganism, which, as I pointed out, was arrested in its development at the moment when it began to embrace the moral world; to the other class belong Judaism and Christianity. Now both these forms of religion may be found connected with the supernatural and also unconnected with it. Classical paganism itself was a supernatural religion. The feelings excited in the Greek by the sight of a tree or a fountain did not end where they began, in admiration, delight, and love; they passed on into miracle. The natural phenomenon was transformed into a marvellous quasi-human being. But the same feelings aroused in the mind of Wordsworth produced a new religion of nature not less real or intense than that of the ancients but unconnected with the supernatural. He worships trees and fountains and flowers for themselves and as they are; if his imagination at times plays with them, he does not mistake the play for earnest. The daisy, after all, is a *flower*, and it is as a flower that he likes best to worship it. "Let good men feel the soul of nature and see things as they are." In like manner moral religion has taken two forms. Judaism and Christianity are to a certain extent supernatural religions, but rationalistic forms of both have sprung up in which it has been attempted to preserve the religious principle which is at the bottom of them, discarding the supernatural element with which it is mixed. The worship of humanity which has been springing up in Europe since the



middle of the last century is in a like manner a religion of moral qualities divorced from the supernatural.

If religion readily accepts the supernatural even when its object is only isolated physical phenomena or human beings, how much more so when its object is God, whether God be regarded as the cause of the universe or as the universe itself considered as a unity. Our experience of a limited physical phenomenon may be some measure of its powers; the antecedent improbability of its transcending in a particular case the limit which our experience had led us to put upon our conception of it may be very great. But who can place any limits to nature or to the universe? We may indeed require rigid proof of whatever transcends our experience, but it is not only Orientals who say that "with God all things are possible;" the most scientific men are the most willing to admit that our experience is no measure of nature, and that it is mere ignorance to pronounce *à priori* anything to be impossible. Accordingly those religions which have had for their object the unity of the universe, or what we call, *par excellence*, God, as distinguished from gods many and lords many, have generally been most lavish of miracle. They have delighted to believe in whatever is most improbable, because by doing so they seemed to show how strongly they realized the greatness of their divinity. *Credo quia impossibile* is a paradox specially belonging to the religion of God. But on the other hand there is nothing in this religion that requires the miraculous. Those who realize the infinity and eternity of nature most, and who are most prepared to admit that nothing is impossible, may quite well believe at the same time that the laws of nature are invariable, and may be as sceptical as the most narrow-minded slaves of experience about particular stories of miracle that come before them. Indeed there is perceptible both in Judaism and Christianity along with the fullest and readiest belief in miracle a certain contempt for those who attach much importance to such occasional exceptions to general law. Prophets and apostles and Christ himself believe one and all that God can and does, at His pleasure, suspend ordinary laws; they believe this as a matter of course, and with a kind of wonder that any one can doubt it: but they hold it rather as a matter of course than as a matter of much importance—though they may hold a particular suspension of law to be very important for the light it throws on the Divine will; and it is evident that the God

of their worship is rather the God who habitually maintains His laws than the God who occasionally suspends them. As therefore we found that the physical religion which in paganism existed along with a belief in the supernatural appeared elsewhere divorced from it, and that the Christian religion of humanity reappeared in modern religions divorced from miracle, so we may expect to find somewhere a purely natural religion of God.

I have before asserted that modern science, however contemptuously it may reject the supernatural, has nevertheless both a theology and a God. It has a God because it believes in an Infinite and Eternal Being; it has a theology because it believes in the urgent necessity of obeying His laws and in the happiness that comes from doing so. Is it not equally true that it has or may have a religion? If religion be made of love, awe, and admiration, is not nature a proper object of these as well as of scientific study?

It will be said, that the religion of God thus understood is intelligible enough but has no character of its own by which it may be differentiated from the physical and moral religions described above. When we admire a flower we are worshipping nature, but this is paganism stripped of the supernatural, or Wordsworthianism. When we admire justice or self-sacrifice in any human being we are again, after the explanation given above, worshipping nature, but this is Christianity stripped of the supernatural, or the modern religion of humanity. Now what third kind of religion can there be unless we introduce a third or supernatural order of beings? I answer that the natural religion of God, though closely connected with both of these religions, is nevertheless clearly distinct from them. Its material is certainly the same; it contemplates the same phenomena and no others, but it contemplates them in a different spirit and for a different purpose. The object which excites its admiration may be as in the former case a tree, a flower, the sky or the sea, but the admiration when aroused goes beyond the object which aroused it and fixes upon a great unity, more or less strongly realized, in which all things cohere. It is thus that the view which the man of science takes of any natural object differs from that taken by an uneducated man. The admiration of the latter is, as it were, pagan. It ends in the particular form and colour before it. It sees nothing in the object but the object itself. But the eye of science passes entirely beyond the ob-



ject and sees the law that works in it; instead of the individual it sees the kind, and beyond the kind it sees higher unities in endless scale. What it admires is also in a sense nature, but it is not nature as a collective name for natural things, but nature as the unity of natural things, or in other words, God. Similar, with feelings less distinct but probably stronger, is the contemplation of nature in ancient Hebrew poetry, which when it surveys the great phenomena of the world, instead of considering each by itself in succession, instinctively collects them under a transcendent unity. Instead of saying, "How spacious the floor of ocean, how stately the march of the clouds across heaven, how winged the flight of the wind!" the Hebrew poet says, "*Who* layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, *who* maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind."

We see then that human admiration, when it organizes itself in religion, may take three forms and not two only. Not only may it fix itself almost exclusively upon sensible phenomena and become paganism, or turn away from the sensible world to contemplate moral qualities as in Christianity, but also it may fix itself not upon the phenomena themselves but upon a unity of them. The simplest form of this religion of unity is, I suppose, Mohammedanism, which not only contemplates a unity of the world, but takes scarcely any interest in the phenomena themselves, the unity of which it contemplates. Lost in the idea of the greatness of God it loses its interest in the visible evidences of His greatness; but in most cases this religion of unity is combined with one or both of the other religions. The unity worshipped is not an abstract unity, but a unity either of the physical or of the moral world or of both. In paganism the physical world is not worshipped simply for itself, but a feeble attempt is made to establish some unity among its phenomena by setting up a supreme Jove over the multitude of deities. In the moral religions the tendency to unity is still stronger, so much so that it may seem wrong to class, as we have done, Judaism and Christianity among religions of humanity rather than religions of God. They are, in fact, both at once, and the former at least is primarily a religion of God and only secondarily a religion of humanity. It is because the worship of humanity in them, rather than the worship of Deity, determines their specific character, because they conceive Deity itself as a

transcendent humanity, or as united with humanity; it is not because Deity plays a less, but because humanity plays a *more* prominent part in them that I have chosen to name them rather from humanity than from Deity.

When, therefore, modern systematizers, in endeavouring to organize a religion which should exclude the supernatural, have extracted out of Christianity a religion of humanity, and have rejected as obsolete whatever in it had relation to Deity, they have not been wrong in taking what they have taken, though wrong in leaving what they have left. Deity is found in other religions besides Christianity, and in some religions, *e.g.*, in Islamism, is not a whit less prominent than in Christianity; what is characteristic of the Christian system is its worship of humanity. How great a mistake, nevertheless, is made when it is supposed that Deity ought to be removed out of our religious systems, or that the rejection of supernaturalism in any way involves the dethronement of Deity or the transference to any other object of the unique devotion due to Him, I shall show immediately; but what I have said about those inferior forms of religion which have not God for their object suggests another observation before we pass to consider the religion of God.

It is surely not to be supposed that every higher form of religion ought to supersede and drive out the lower forms. Such intolerance is no doubt very natural to religious feeling. Religious feeling in its exaltation delights to repeat that worship paid to any but the highest object is sin and is apostasy. This, of course, when we consider it, involves a certain restriction upon the meaning of the word worship. Feelings of admiration and devotion may be of various degrees, and may be excited by various objects. Such feelings may be called by the general name of worship, and we may be said, without offence, to regard an official as worshipful, to worship a wife, to worship heroes. But worship may also be used in a special and technical sense to denote the particular sort of devotion paid to the highest object we recognize, and it is in this sense alone that the word is used when religion forbids worship to be paid to whatever is in in any degree worshipful. But churches are often intolerant in pushing this way of speaking beyond bounds. The greatest religious revolution in history is, in the main, simply a reaction against such intolerance, when the right of ideal humanity to receive worship was asserted in the



heart of a community devoted to the exclusive worship of Deity. And in modern history there are many evidences of a secret reaction going on against the absorption of that earlier and lower form of religion which I have called physical, by the higher forms. Paganism itself, many think—and why should it not be true?—was too intolerantly put down. It is true that the intolerance of a necessary and beneficent revolution is pardonable, but that is no reason why it should not be repaired in later and quieter times. The horror of physical nature which belongs to the Middle Ages has passed away from the modern mind; the iconoclasm which raged against Greek art and heathen learning is no more necessary to Christianity than the hatred of painted windows is to Protestantism. The worship of natural forms has gradually revived. They now receive a secondary and inferior sort of homage, and so much in this respect has the world advanced that there is little danger of any worship we may pay to natural beauty blunting our sense of the higher reverence due to moral goodness, nor, indeed, need there be any fear of such worship hiding from our view or doing anything but reveal with fresh brightness the glory of the Eternal Being whom science shows us to be everywhere present. The three kinds of worship may now, I think, subsist peaceably side by side, and human admiration have its natural play.

It is here to be remarked that Christianity, in this respect, took from the beginning a retrograde direction. Not from anything wrong in its doctrines or its spirit, but from the accident of the particular period and society in which it began. Judaism in its greatest time had not turned away men's thoughts from nature, but Christianity did so from the beginning. In the mass of literature which Judaism bequeathed to us there is no trace of that monkish horror of nature and of beauty which many modern writers associate with Christianity. But, more than this, there is no trace of any indifference to nature. Hebrew devotion evidently fed itself mainly upon the contemplation of the visible universe. It is from this source that it draws its inspiration. When a Hebrew poet would remember God he looked up at the sun and moon or watched the movements of the atmosphere: "Fair weather cometh out of the north; with God is terrible majesty." Nor did he look at nature with the timid, anxiously searching eye of the modern, saying to himself, "I think there must

be a God because of this or that mark of contrivance or beneficence." Evil powers, terrible phenomena, strange as we may think it, brought God home to him as much as the brighter side of nature. "He casteth forth His ice like morsels; who is able to abide his cold?" Those terrible and undeniable facts which are now quoted to prove that there is no God were strongly asserted and marked in his description of God, "Who visiteth the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the fourth generation of them that hate Him." Nowhere in literature is such fire and such enjoyment in the handling of natural objects to be found as in the book of Job. When modern poets with the fullest worship describe nature, they resemble the Hebrew poets rather than the Greek or Roman. Wordsworth's view of the universe is rather Judaic than Hellenic.

It is very unjust to confound the mediæval form of Christianity, as Goethe seems to do, with Christianity itself. There is surely nothing monkish in the earliest form of it. If it had no sympathy with the Hellenic spirit, this was because it was too far removed from it in its associations to be capable of understanding it. In the sayings of Christ himself, there is distinctly visible the same sympathy with the material universe that breathes in Hebrew prophecy. But something in the state of society or in the spirit of the age and no doubt also the intense preoccupation of the first Christians with moral subjects have produced the result that the New Testament, if we except two or three isolated sentences in the gospels, is silent about nature. Christianity appears not averse but indifferent to it. Its earliest literature through often impassioned and rhythmical was still a literature of prose, and the inspiration of Paul or John is never kindled by any meaner subject of contemplation than God or Christ or the Spirit newly poured out upon the Church. It seems to me that nothing ought to be inferred from this about the necessary relation of Christianity towards nature-worship. High poetry is a rare product of the human mind, depending upon many conditions which seldom meet. It may doubtless be dried up by a religious system not favourable to it, but on the other hand it is not certain that a religion is unfavourable or is not highly favourable to it, which is not of itself sufficient to call it forth. Christianity grew up in an atmosphere which, from causes quite independent of itself, was not suitable to the free growth of the feelings which find



their expression in imaginative literature. Poetry—the fact is evidenced in the barbarous style of the Apocalypse—is hampered by the confusion of languages that marks a world-empire. If the Christian Church nurtured no genius like Isaiah or the author of Job, neither did the outer world at the same time produce any genius like Homer or Pindar. If paganism, which was so essentially nature-worship, was at that time too feeble to yield any new fruits, it need not be presumed that Christianity was averse to rendering a due worship to nature because its scanty literature is exclusively occupied with the expression of a higher devotion. But it is a misfortune that we can point to no clearer sanction of nature-worship in the original documents of Christianity, because the fact lends countenance to the prejudice that the anti-natural spirit, which, to a great extent, poisoned the influence of the Christian Church upon mankind throughout the Middle Ages, is the native spirit of Christianity itself.

But let me now, returning, ask the question again, “When natural objects have had their due, when virtue and duty have been fully revered, is there no further and higher object of reverence, whose existence we must recognize, even though we believe in nothing supernatural, even though we indulge in no subtle psychological analysis?” It is certain that the thought of Deity, which is so natural to man, is not excited only by occasional suspensions of law nor only by secret unaccountable monitions felt in the conscience. It is excited at least as much by law itself as by the suspension of law; it is excited quite as much by looking around as by looking within. It is not at all less certain that it is quite distinct from the thought of ideal humanity. Linæus fell on his knees when he saw the gorse in blossom; Goethe, gazing from the Brocken, said, “Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?” Kant felt the same awe in looking at the starry heaven as in considering the moral principle; Wordsworth is inspired rather among mountains than among human beings; it was in solitude that Byron felt the same rapture. If there is an exception it is one which proves the rule. Or whence arises the contempt we feel at the modern dictum, that “the heavens declare no glory but that of Kepler and of Newton”?

Who is there that is not conscious of a feeling of awe when he realizes the greatness of the universe? When from thinking of this thing and that thing he

risers to the thought of the sum and system of things?

But I shall be told that this is mere pantheism. It is nothing of the kind.

Pantheism asserts that the explanation of nature is not to be sought out of nature itself, that the principle or cause of the universe is immanent. On the other hand, the creed called orthodox maintains a cause existing before the universe and transcendent to it, a personal will which called nature into being by its fiat. It is possible that the difference between these two doctrines may be as important as it has seemed to the controversialists on either side. But it is a difference which does not affect the religious awe I speak of. That will remain the same, in whichever way we prefer to conceive the universe. The two theories agree in this, that they give a unity, though a different kind of unity, to the universe. Now religious feeling is excited by thinking of the universe as a unity and not merely by the particular form in which we give it unity in our minds.

It is easy to illustrate this. Religion regards the universe taken together in the same way in which we regard the different minor unities of which it is composed. It speaks of the greatness and majesty of the universe as it might speak of the greatness and majesty of a mountain; the warmer kinds of religion speak of the justice and love visible, or which they believe to exist, in the universe as we speak of the justice and love of a man. Let us consider then how far the feelings with which we regard a man are affected by the theories we may have about human nature. Some may think the human being consists of body and soul, the soul being separable from the body and destined to survive it, but at the same time revealed to us only through it. This is parallel to the case of those who regard God as distinct from the universe. Others may consider the human being as one, may think that the distinction of soul and body is baseless, and that the whole phenomenon may be resolved into an aggregate of forces, just as we may regard the universe as merely a name for the aggregate of forces known to us. No doubt the difference between the two ways of regarding the human being is very important. Still, we do not find that those who regard him in the second way are as if they did not believe in the human being at all. Their feelings towards the human being may be just as lively as if they believed him to have a separable soul. And



there may be a third class of people who do not even raise the question, who have no opinion whatever on the controverted point, and whose feelings towards human beings may also be not less lively, or may even be more lively than those of either of the warring parties.

It is, in fact, neither the separable soul of a man, nor yet the body of a man that excites our feelings of respect or dislike, friendship or enmity; it is the man himself, in other words, it is the unity of all the organs composing him, the single total to which we give that name. Not otherwise is it with the universe. When we realize it as one we utter the name God, and in doing so we do not pledge ourselves to the doctrine that God is the universe, nor yet to the doctrine that He is distinct from it.

It will perhaps be said at this point, "It is not true that God is the name which most naturally occurs to us when we think of the system of the universe. The words universe or world or nature express this conception more appropriately. God is the most appropriate name for the distinct, invisible, eternal cause of the universe which is supposed in most religions, which is denied in pantheism, and put aside as beyond the knowledge of the human intellect in positivism."

The question thus raised is not uninteresting; only let it be remarked that it is purely a verbal question. We do not alter the nature of the object of our worship when we alter the name by which we describe it. Whatever feelings it legitimately excites will be excited as much under one name as under another. But undoubtedly if a name can ever be important, the name by which we habitually indicate the Eternal Being will be so. Instinctively we attach so much sacredness to that name that we can scarcely bear that it should give place to another, even if another could be found more appropriate. It is the name God which has acquired everywhere this sacredness; it is the name God to which poetry and religion cling, and certainly very strong reasons ought to be shown before we can be expected to tear that name from our hearts and replace it by some other hallowed as yet by no associations. But to me it seems not only that there are no such reasons, but that this name is preferable to the others, as much on account of its appropriateness and convenience as of the associations connected with it. The word universe does not, I think, convey precisely the thought we wish to convey. It expresses — not indeed ety-

mologically but in usage — the total of things arrived at, as it were, by mere collection or addition. But we are thinking of the unity which all things compose in virtue of the universal presence of the same laws. The word world has also associations which render it unfit for our purpose. In the first place, it has been conveniently adopted to express the very opposite of what we want to express. The artificial, conventional order which societies establish among themselves — an order unnatural, transitory, and tending to corruption — has been called world, and has been contrasted by poets with nature and by theologians with God. Even when the word is used without the intention of conveying any such thought, when it is used as a synonym for universe, it still conveys something a little different from what we have in view. It conveys the notion of a *place* in which we live. It suggests the thought of an immense residence or house, of which the sky is the roof and the earth the floor. But what we desire to express is an Infinite Being, with which we are connected indeed, but not merely as a resident is connected with the house he lives in — rather as the part is connected with the whole, or as the member with the body.

Moreover, it is to be observed of both these words that they seem to close the very question we wish to leave open; for they both seem adapted to express only the pantheistic view, both seem implicitly to deny the other view. It is as if we were to insist upon calling the human being by the name body. The opposite objection cannot be made to the name God: it cannot be said that this name excludes the pantheistic view. The etymology of the word pantheism is sufficient by itself to prove that it does not. Nor is it solely in connection with the theory opposite to pantheism that the word God has gained its peculiar sacredness and awfulness. From the Bible itself it is easy to quote pantheistic language — "In whom we live and move and have our being." It would rather seem that both in Judaism and Christianity the word is used for the most part in the sense which I have here proposed to give it. The question of pantheism seems very much to be left open throughout the Bible. Texts may be quoted on both sides of it, and on both sides alike they would be misquoted, for their language, as others have forcibly urged, is not scientific but practical, or — what on such subjects is the same thing — poetical. It is upon



what is common to the two views, not on what is peculiar to either, that the Bible is built.

It is the word nature which science, in its traditional aversion to theological language, most willingly adopts. There can be no objection to using it, and on most occasions one would choose it in preference to a word which, no doubt, is too sacred to be introduced unnecessarily — too sacred, in short, to be worked with. Still the word is not satisfactory, as the reader will see by referring to what I have said above of the common mistake made in speaking of the pitilessness of nature. Nature, as the word has hitherto been used by scientific men, excludes the whole domain of human feeling, will, and morality. Nevertheless, in contemplating the relation of the universe to ourselves and to our destiny, or again in contemplating it as a subject of admiration and worship, the part filled by morality is the more important part of the universe to us. Our destiny is affected by the society in which we live more than by the natural conditions which surround us, and the moral virtues are higher objects of worship than natural beauty and glory. Accordingly the word nature suggests but a part, and the less important part, of the idea for which we are seeking an expression. Nature presents herself to us as a goddess of unweariable vigour and unclouded happiness, but without any trouble or any compunction in her eye, without a conscience or a heart. But God, as the word is used by ancient prophets and modern poets — God, if the word have not lost in our ears some of its meaning through the feebleness of the preachers who have undertaken to interpret it, conveys all this beauty and greatness and glory, and conveys besides whatever more awful forces stir within the human heart, whatever binds men in families, and orders them in States. He is the inspirer of kings, the revealer of laws, the reconciler of nations, the redeemer of labour, the queller of tyrants, the reformer of churches, the guide of the human race towards an unknown goal.

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From Temple Bar.

#### HER DEAREST FOE.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"IN spite of prudence and all the other reasonable bugbears you array against me, I will run down on Saturday and see

how you are getting on," wrote Tom Reed to Mrs. Temple a week or two after the visit of Mr. Turner, described in the last chapter; for Mrs. Temple had requested that for a while he would abstain from visiting them until they had established themselves, fearing that Tom's hopelessly gentlemanlike air might afford food for scandal and conjecture. "You will be quite satisfied with my appearance. I have invested in a travelling-suit of the most 'gent'-like aspect. I shall put rings on my fingers, and would put bells on the other fingers (as the French have it), if they would facilitate matters. In short, I hope to look the character of your London agent perfectly, and expect to be welcomed literally and metaphorically with open arms."

"How delightful it will be to see him!" cried Kate after reading this aloud. "But it is almost too soon for him to come. Don't you think so, Fanny?"

"No, indeed, I do not," returned that young lady candidly, and sparkling all over with smiles. "I have rather wondered why he kept away so long — I mean after Miss Potter went;" for "Mrs. Browne's right-hand woman," had departed a considerable time before, much gratified by a small present over and above the sum agreed upon for her services, and eloquent in her good wishes for the young widow's success.

"You know I have always warned him not to come."

"But for all that," pouted Fanny, "he has been marvellously patient."

"You are an unreasonable little goose," said her friend. "However, I shall be delighted to see him. He cannot be here till late. We must have something very nice for supper, and an extra good dinner on Sunday. I will go and speak to Mills." And Mrs. Temple rose from the breakfast-table, where this conversation took place.

"I do not think Tom cares much for eating," said Fanny, with a slight sigh and a tinge of sentiment in the outlook of her bright brown eyes.

"Nonsense," returned Mrs. Temple. "There is a strong dash of the Epicurean in the dear old fellow. Depend upon it he loves sugar and spice, and all that's nice, in his heart of hearts, though I believe he is man enough to do without anything cheerfully, if necessary." And Mrs. Temple went off quickly to consult Mills, whose countenance relaxed even towards the ex-stockbroker's gentleman when she heard she was to "kill the fatted calf" for Master Tom.



Business was quite over, and the "shutters up" — phrase suggestive of repose — when Tom arrived. The best sitting room had been prepared; the lamp was burning soft but bright; the window, open upon the garden, let in the delicious perfume of mignonette mingled with new-mown grass, for the little plat had been carefully shaven in the afternoon, that things might look their best; the old furniture judiciously arranged, with some telling additions of ornamental needle-work.

"I am sure it all looks lovely," said Fanny, putting the finishing touches with trembling fingers. Both friends were in a state of joyous excitement at the prospect of Reed's visit. To Fanny it was all joy; but Kate was surprised and vexed to feel how keen and painful were the memories revived by the prospect of seeing him. Bravely as she worked and faced her destiny, she still quivered under the sense of defeat and injustice; she still burned with the desire to right herself and revenge the insults that had been heaped upon her, which were none the less bitter for being unconsciously offered.

"Listen! a carriage, or something, has stopped at the door," she exclaimed, turning gladly from her own stinging thoughts; and the next moment all their past life seemed to rush back upon them as Tom entered, in a bright purple-tinted "heather suit," with broad stripes down his trousers, and an indescribable felt hat on his head, which he speedily removed. "My dear Tom! how delighted I am to see you!" cried Mrs. Temple, holding out both hands.

"And I am not sorry," added Fanny, trying with shy coquetry not to look too happy.

"What's your delight to mine!" exclaimed Tom, clasping the widow's hands warmly, then letting them go to grasp Fanny's, and further proceeding to a hasty, ecstatic hug. "I have been the most desolate and disconsolate of bachelors since you left. Nothing but the hope of getting leave to run down to see you has kept me from going utterly to the bad. And what a jolly place you have!" sniffing the sweet air. "The perfume of the garden is heavenly; and how well you are both looking! By Jove! I fancy this is the ornamental side of shopkeeping."

"It has its uglier aspects," returned Mrs. Temple; "but we are not worn to skeletons yet."

"No?" said Tom interrogatively; then holding out his arms again to Fanny, "I

should like to test the truth of that assertion."

"Ah," said Fanny, retreating, "this 'London assurance' will not do, Tom."

"Come, you must be famished," remarked the fair hostess, moving to the table.

"Nearly," said her guest; "but before proceeding to business I will secure quarters for the night. Where shall I go? I want to avoid the haunts of a bloated aristocracy, lest the arrival of so distinguished an individual might be bruited abroad."

"Oh, I am sure I do not know any hotel except the 'Marine,' and that is —"

"Far too fine," interrupted Tom; "but my cab is at the door; I'll confide in the driver. I shall return in ten minutes, and devour everything before me."

"He may say what he likes about being desolate," cried Fanny, "I never saw him look better."

"I am sure I have," returned Mrs. Temple. "And what an absurd suit of clothes!"

It was a very joyous supper that night. Tom was in the wildest spirits. A little piece he had written for the Lesbian Theatre had been accepted, and was to be read by the writer to the company on the following Tuesday. "You see I could *not* refrain from coming to tell the news in person," continued Tom, settling himself at table and unfolding his napkin, while Mrs. Temple supplied him with cold lamb, and Fanny, on the other side, became the ministering angel of cucumber, mint sauce, and admirably-mixed salad. "Of course the thing will succeed; lots of 'go' in it, sparkling dialogue (I had your repartees in my head, Fan, as I wrote), delicate sentiment (reminiscences of Mrs. Travers — I mean Temple), Attic salt, myself."

"And a little Durham mustard, I hope," added Fanny.

"You small barbarian!"

"Now, Tom, what will you have in the way of liquids?" asked his kind hostess.

"Oh, barley wine — known to the vulgar as bitter beer," returned Tom.

"Yes, there is some to be had here quite equal to Bass or Allsopp, though its bitterness is somewhat wasted on the obscurity of Pierstoffee. Fanny shall be your Hebe, and I will draw the cork."

So the two fair women petted and pampered their friend and champion, till, throwing himself back in his chair, he protested he could eat no more, finishing with the quotation, "And oh, if there be an Elysium on earth, it is this — it is this!"



"Although behind a Berlin Bazaar," added Mrs. Temple laughing. "And now you have appeased the pangs of hunger, open your budget, and tell us the news."

"Which means tidings of the enemy. I have not much. The chief enemy, I hear, made a capital book on the Derby."

"His star is in the ascendant at present," murmured Kate.

"And the report is," continued Tom, that old Scrymgeour, of some great banking concern—a Liberal of the stingy order—is going to retire from the representation of Ribbleston, and Sir Hugh Galbraith is going to contest it in the Conservative interest, as the descendant of some Galbraith in the good old times who used to harry the inhabitants."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Temple thoughtfully. "And, Tom, there are no tidings at present of poor old Gregory's son. I trust and hope he has not gone down at sea!"

"None. By the way, I met Poole—one of the witnesses, you remember—at the Derby. I am sorry to say he was with that fellow Trapes, who seemed rather flourishing than otherwise; and, just to keep him in sight, I made a small bet with him. Strange to say, I won, which I do not often, and Poole begged I would allow him to call and settle it, as he was a little short of cash. I willingly agreed, took his note, and when he did call, had some chat, but could get nothing out of him—in short, he has nothing to tell, I imagine. I gave him a still longer time to pay up, warned him against the turf and turfites; he 'smiled, and then we parted.' No, by-the-bye, he first told me that Ford had cut St. Hilda's Place, had set up as a stockbroker, and was doing well."

"And Poole, then, has no suspicion about that will?"

"None, I should say. He seemed uncomfortable and shaky, but I think that is owing to his pursuits, poor devil!"

"I wish"—began Mrs. Temple; but her wish was cut short by a mysterious pounding overhead.

"What the deuce is that?" asked Tom.

"Oh, it is only our tenant," said Fanny laughing, "going to bed; we always hear that sort of noise about this hour, whenever we sit in this room. I fancy he performs an Ojibbeway war-dance round his bedstead before turning in."

"Is he a madman?"

"Something very like it," said Mrs. Temple. "He will not be here much longer; and, alas! for the lowness of my motives, he pays well."

"That is consolatory, at all events," said Tom. "*A propos* of pay, let me have a look at the accounts you write about, Mrs.—a—Temple. I am always afraid to believe they are as flourishing as you describe. Ladies are not always able to see their way through figures. Now I am a tolerable accountant."

"You *used* always to be in trouble over the multiplication-table, Tom, I remember quite well," said Fanny.

"That is invented for the occasion," he returned.

"Yes, Tom," said Mrs. Temple, "I should be glad if you would look through my books. I do not think I have many bad debts;" and she went to fetch them.

Tom's head was very near Fanny's when she re-entered, and the former, to cover any awkwardness, immediately exclaimed, "I have just been consulting Fan whether we might not get a trap of some kind to-morrow, and make an excursion into the 'picturesque vicinity,' of which the Pierstoffs guide speaks."

"It would be perfectly delightful!" cried Fanny.

"It would indeed," echoed Mrs. Temple. "I dare say you can get some sort of conveyance at your hotel. Where are you putting up, Tom?"

"Oh, at the 'Shakespeare,' the favourite house, I imagine, from its general aspect, of those knights-errant of modern life, commercial travellers, who issue forth armed *cap-à-pie* with *Punch* and *Bradshaw* to uphold the firms they represent against all comers. Alas! what a change, Tomkins and Co's. genuine articles, instead of the peerless Isabelle or Sophonisba. Nevertheless, I dare say a trap and horse are to be found there. Now for the books."

The examination proved more satisfactory than the chief counsellor anticipated. "Upon my soul, this is magnificent!" he exclaimed. "I never thought you would turn out such a first-rate woman of business, Mrs. Travers. Your books are so beautifully clean, too! where did you learn book-keeping?"

"Some hints from Miss Potter put me in the way, and a keen sense of my own interest kept me there," she replied. "You know I always had a taste for business. Had matters not gone wrong, I should have liked to keep up and extend the old house of Travers. Heigho! there is no use in thinking of that now."

"Not a bit," said Tom; "let us return to the books. I really believe you will do a very good business here."



"Yes, just now; but you must remember this is the very height of our season. The autumn and dreary winter are yet to come."

"True," returned Tom. "Could you not add something useful to your stock? I confess it amazes me to see such a lot of money paid for things that every one could do perfectly well without."

"It *is* surprising," said the widow quietly. "But your suggestion is good. I shall think about it, Tom."

"And Mr. Ford has left the 'house' and turned stockbroker?" said Mrs. Temple, as Tom Reed rose to say good-night. "Did he quarrel with Sir Hugh Galbraith?"

"I do not know. Galbraith, it seems, has scarcely ever shown at St. Hilda's Place, and the concern is being wound up."

"Indeed! Do you ever see Mr. Ford?"

"Never. He is out of my way, and I never liked him. I do not know why, except that I always fancied him a bit of a sneak."

"I do not think that," said Mrs. Temple thoughtfully. "I think his spirit was always willing, but his flesh was weak. There was a want of pluck—I can find no other word—in him, which I imagine always put him at odds with himself; for his impulses were very good."

"Perhaps so," returned Tom carelessly. "By the way, I forwarded you a letter from Wall about a month ago, and was in hopes it might contain some good news; but as you said nothing, my hopes died away."

"I remember. It only contained a repetition of Sir Hugh Galbraith's offer; and enclosed a letter from the wife of our clergyman at Hereford Square. She was the only one of my neighbours there with whom I contracted any intimacy; and although I lost sight of her when we went to Hampton Court, she very kindly wrote, on hearing of the great wrong that had been done me, asking my plans, and if she could in any way serve me. It is the only offer of the kind I have received; few women have ever stood more alone than I do."

"You are a host in yourself," said Tom cheerfully. "But in spite of the flourishing aspect of your affairs at present, I wish you had accepted the baronet's offer. Certainty is certain—and this concern does not belong to the category."

"On this head silence, dear Tom! even from good words."

The next morning was an ideal summer's day, tempered by a delicious breeze. "I feel like a real tradeswoman going out for a Sunday jaunt," said Fanny, as Tom Reed was assisting her into a very presentable pony phaeton, which looked rather small for the steady Roman-nosed steed attached to it.

"I hope you are not a sham one!" retorted Mrs. Temple, laughing. "This is very enjoyable," she continued, as they bowled along at a better pace than the "Roman" seemed to promise. "I hope you have studied a map of the country, for Fan and I are quite unable to direct you; our expeditions have been limited to walking-distance."

"Oh, yes. I have informed myself. In fact, after I left you last night, I improved my opportunities by cultivating one of the knights-errant of whom we were speaking; and he was good enough to introduce me to the commercial room, for I assure you the men of the road are exceedingly exclusive. They gave me lots of information as to the surrounding country, and were exceedingly pleasant fellows—fanciful, perhaps, in the distribution of their 'h's,' but emphatically men of the world. I picked up some ideas from them, I can assure you. There was one curious specimen of an ambitious son of trade there, a Radical, a poet—an awful ass—and he was properly chaffed. I fancy he was a Pierstoffean."

"It must have been Turner, junior," said Fanny aside to Kate.

"What! do you know any of the aborigines?" asked Tom overhearing.

"Yes; we know several of our neighbours," replied Mrs. Temple. "It would never do to hold aloof, as if we were made of different stuff, which we are not. It is foolish, and yet so easy to make enemies. You remember the Italian proverb: 'Hast thou fifty friends, 'tis not enough; hast thou one enemy, 'tis too much!'"

"Do you know, Mrs. Trav—Temple, I mean—I am lost in admiration of your common sense!" exclaimed Tom. "Though why we should call that common which is the rarest of gifts I do not know."

"Because it is chiefly exercised in everyday matters, perhaps," said she.

"You see, mine is the *uncommon* sense," put in Fanny. "So I am a much higher sort of creature than either of you. Instead of stumbling along the ground over all sorts of reasonable impediments, I soar right away to conclusions, which, I am quite sure, time will prove to be correct."



"For instance?" asked Mrs. Temple.

"Mr. Ford;" returned Fanny promptly. "You and Tom blind and deafen yourselves to your own dislike of him, because he has always behaved well and been obliging, and it is unreasonable to doubt him. I don't care for reason. I do not like him! I never did. I am certain he is a tiresome, conceited, spiteful creature; and you will find him out to be a villain of the deepest dye!"

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny!" cried Mrs. Temple and Tom together, laughing.

"And there is Dr. Slade; I don't like him. I can't tell why, but I am quite sure I am right—he is a tyrannical old humbug."

"Do not let us abuse people this delicious evening," said Mrs. Temple; and then the conversation turned on Tom Reed's concerns, his hopes and prospects, while the three friends deeply enjoyed the fragrant fields and shady lanes through which their road led to the ruined priory mentioned in the description of Pierstoffe which Tom had read aloud in the dingy London lodging.

Here a gaping boy was easily induced to watch the little carriage and the horse, while the trio rambled about the ruins, and drank in the still beauty of the place, the atmosphere, the sunset hues, with delighted eyes.

"Tell me," said Tom, as they neared the town on their way back, addressing Mrs. Temple in confidential tones, "are you really happy? You look well, but there is something in your eyes, your expression, that used not to be there."

"You are a keen observer," she returned smiling. "Yes, I am happy just now; but a feeling of weariness and dissatisfaction sometimes creeps over me. I *know* I cannot go on always living as I do now; I want a wider range. I often feel a wild wish to be in the thick of the world, not shunted into a corner as I am. But I can wait. I am young; I want to make some money, and I have an innate conviction, quite unreasoning enough to please Fanny, that there is a change coming."

"Why do you not write?" asked Tom. "There is more in that pretty stately head of yours, I believe, than in half our women writers. Why don't you go in for a thrilling tale? I am sure you have *diablerie* enough to invent one."

"Thank you, no; I am afraid I have nothing to say the public would like to hear; so I shall reserve myself for the battle of Armageddon which is before me."

"I wish you would put that out of your head! a haunting, unhealthy dream like this will spoil your nature and your life."

"I cannot help it, Tom; I cannot," said Mrs. Temple, earnestly. "Life will be one long defeat if I cannot upset that will."

These words brought them to the door, and Tom checked his desire to press the subject farther.

"It is a lovely night!" he exclaimed, for the sun had gone down half an hour before. "As soon as I leave the trap at the stables, I will return, and perhaps you will take a stroll along the beach with me, Fanny?"

"Yes—if Kate will come too," said Fanny with sudden shyness.

"Nonsense!" returned Mrs. Temple, laughing. "I think you may venture on a walk without my chaperonage."

When the cousins had departed on their stroll, and she had assisted Mills to prepare supper, Mrs. Temple sat down by her bedroom window to watch the glimmering moonlight growing more distinct as the last tints of the sunset died out, and listen to the soft, sleepy ripple of the advancing tide. The book she had taken up dropped upon her knee, and her thoughts flew away. Was she happy? No; she had not been for many a long day; not since the old free days of poverty and light-heartedness at Cullingford. Her husband—well, she thought of him tenderly, gratefully; but she would have been sorry to live the repressed life she had led with him over again. Wealth had only been a hindrance to her; yet the loss of it, and all that it entailed, had been a bitter blow. She knew all the longing for a full, active, loving life that heaved and struggled unspoken in her heart; she knew the deep capacity for enjoyment, the thirst for knowledge, the desire to go out into the world and possess it through a full understanding of its varieties, that lay under the well-controlled surface of her life.

"I must break away from this routine sometime, but for the present I must be patient, and for the present I have done the best I could. Where, where shall I see the first glimmer of light to guide me out of the puzzling darkness of the present? Tom is right; this dream of mine, if unfulfilled, will spoil my life. Yet I cannot, will not give it up. But can those be Tom and Fanny coming back already?"

It was that happy couple; and no sooner had Mrs. Temple lit the lamp, and looked upon them, then she saw something was wrong.

"Had you a nice walk?" asked Kate.



"Oh, very!" replied Fanny in a peculiar tone.

"Perhaps you thought so; I didn't!" said Tom savagely.

"What has happened?" asked the widow.

"Why," exclaimed Tom, getting up and walking over to Mrs. Temple, "who do you think joined us? That unmitigated idiot who made such an ass of himself last night with those bagmen. He talked to Fanny as if he had known her all his life! And she encouraged him, and laughed and talked nonsense till he did not know whether he was on his head or his heels. I did my best to stop her——"

"You did," said Fanny; "you pinched my arm black and blue!"

"But it was no use! It is too bad that either of you should be obliged to hold any communication with such an insufferable snob! but that Fanny should encourage him to stay and spoil our walk, was, to say the least, extremely bad taste!"

"How can you be so cross and disagreeable, Tom? I could not help it, Kate. It was so funny to hear him patronizing Tom, asking him if he knew this place, and that theatre, and Tom sternly denying all knowledge of everything, till Turner junior evidently thought he was a mere hard-working drone, utterly inexperienced in life! I know you would have been amused."

"Very well," said Tom, controlling himself, and sitting down to supper with a very bad grace, "I see you are fonder of fun than your friends, or your friend! I used to flatter myself that I was your friend *par excellence*; but if all is fish that comes to your net, provided they make you laugh, I do not care to be included in the haul!"

"Don't be so stupid and serious," cried Fanny enjoying to the full the sense of power of which Tom's ill-temper gave her a glimpse. "I haven't you always, and I can't afford to quarrel with Mr. Turner, for he is constantly here; so be a good boy, and make friends."

But Tom was not to be pacified, though Fanny made some pretty little advances; still she held her ground gallantly. It was so delightful to be able to shake the airy composure she had so often admired in those days when her cousin appeared to her a mighty and irresistible swell.

So Tom's delightful visit ended less brightly than it began. Overnight he declared he would leave by an early train before Pierstoffe had opened its eyes; but he, nevertheless, appeared at break-

fast, and bid Mrs. Temple a tender adieu, contenting himself with shaking Fanny's hand coldly, and never once asked for a kiss!

#### CHAPTER XV.

"SIR HUGH GALBRAITH."

This announcement sent a sort of electric shock through three of Dr. Slade's hearers. Mrs. Temple started, visibly—to Tom Reed—and her cheeks flushed, but she instantly recovered her composure. Fanny uttered a prolonged "Oh!" which Tom Reed covered by a fit of coughing, and Lady Styles exclaimed with great animation, "You do not say so, doctor!" Then turning to Kate continued, "A most disagreeable man, my dear! refuses all invitations! would not dine with *me*! and we all know that if a man rejects respectable society it is because he prefers disreputable people. You must make him well as soon as you can, doctor, and send him off."

"I certainly shall," returned the doctor; "but it may be a tedious affair; however, there are, I think, no internal injuries, and I have known men recover perfectly after lying insensible for forty-eight hours, or more." Looking very keenly at Tom Reed while he spoke.

"I trust it will not be a very bad case," said Tom, answering the look. "Mrs. Temple will find it tough work to attend to business and an invalid at the same time."

"This gentleman is Miss Lee's cousin, and acts as our London agent," Mrs. Temple hastened to explain, though she felt so bewildered that her own voice sounded to her as if some one else was speaking.

"Oh," said Dr. Slade.

"Ah," said Lady Styles.

"Well," continued the doctor, "it seems I am all in the wrong box. I thought I was doing Mrs. Temple a good turn this dead season, by bringing her a tenant who is likely to be tied by the leg for a month at any rate; a rich man, who does not care what he pays, and now you are all down upon me!"

"My dear doctor!" cried Lady Styles deprecatingly.

"I *am* obliged to you," said Mrs. Temple quickly; "I feel sure you wished to serve me. We must all do our utmost to make this—this gentleman well. I shall think nothing a trouble, so as it is done quickly; but," with great emphasis, "I trust in heaven he will not die under my roof!"



"Die! not a bit of it," exclaimed the doctor cheerfully; "and as to trouble, you need not take any. Sir Hugh's own servant, who seems an intelligent handy fellow, can do nearly all that is necessary; if you want more help, why, get it, and put it in the bill; you need not be afraid to charge," and Dr. Slade took up his hat in a sort of huffed manner.

"I am told Sir Hugh Galbraith has lately come into a large fortune by somebody's will," said Lady Styles, as if inclined to settle down to a fresh feast of gossip.

"There is some one in the shop, I think, Fanny," observed Mrs. Temple, significantly.

Fanny left the room and returned almost immediately, while Dr. Slade was remarking sternly, "I know nothing whatever about the man except that he, Lord Herbert de Courcy, and a Colonel Upton occupied Hurst Lodge for the hunting season. I have heard, too, that this Galbraith was the rich man of the party—so —"

"It is your servant, Lady Styles," interrupted Fanny. "Your carriage has been waiting some time."

"Dear me! I suppose so. It must be five o'clock!"

"Quarter to six," said Tom, looking at his watch.

"And I have nearly four miles to drive!" cried Lady Styles. "I must really run away, Mrs. Temple; but I shall send to-morrow to inquire how Sir Hugh is going on. The day after we are going into Yorkshire to stay with a niece of mine for a month, but as soon as ever I return I shall call, and expect to have a lot of news. Come, doctor, I will set you down at your house if you like."

"Oh, doctor! will you not come back this evening?" said Mrs. Temple, anxiously.

"Certainly, certainly! between nine and ten. And look here, Mrs. Temple, give the groom a good supper, it will keep matters straight."

"Good morning, or rather evening, Mrs. Temple. Good evening, Mr. — a — Mr. Tom," said Lady Styles graciously. "I shall always remember the shrimps whenever I hear of Sir Hugh Galbraith!" and she squeezed through the narrow door, followed by the doctor and Fanny to see her safe off the premises.

As Tom opened his lips, Mrs. Temple raised her hand to enjoin silence, and held it so, listening till the sound of the carriage driving off and the return of Fanny seemed

to relax the tension of her nerves, and she sat down suddenly, as if no longer able to stand.

"This is the rummest go I ever knew!" cried Tom, taking up a position on the hearthrug.

"It has taken away my breath," said Fanny, heaving a deep sigh.

"Oh, Tom, Tom! how dreadful it will be if he dies!" said Mrs. Temple, clasping her hands.

"Awkward, exceedingly awkward!" returned Tom, thoughtfully, "However, as it cannot be helped, let us hope he will recover and clear out quickly. Don't you be tempted to put strychnine in his gruel, or prussic acid in his beef tea."

"But, Tom, he looked like death!"

"Why did you look at him?" asked Fanny. "You should have kept back in the dark, as I did."

"Seriously, though," resumed Tom Reed, "this *contretemps* may prove very awkward. Suppose his solicitor comes down to see him, and recognizes you?"

"You forget! I never saw his solicitor in my life."

"That's all right; then there is nothing to fear. I fancied you had met Payne one day at Wall's. Keep out of Sir Hugh's way, and there need be no discovery."

"I do hope he will not die," repeated Mrs. Temple, recovering herself; "for every reason. Of course some one would inherit after him, and I should have to fight the battle all the same, but victory would lose almost all its charm were it won over any other antagonist."

"May we venture to sit down and talk *à propos* of this said battle?" asked Tom.

"Oh yes!" cried Mrs. Temple; "I am burning to hear your report. Fanny, will you see Mills and ask her to get some supper ready for Sir Hugh's servant? How extraordinary to give such directions! Is it a good omen, Tom — my enemy being brought in senseless and helpless just as the first dawn of light begins to break — that is to say, if you have brought me any information?"

"A little — a very little," returned Tom.

"Don't begin till I come back," cried Fanny. "And oh, Kate! I had better not tell Mills who it is to-night, and *you* must tell her. What a fury she will be in!"

Tom, disregarding Fanny's injunction, immediately began to detail his interview with Captain Gregory, whom he described as a regular merchant seaman, rough but kindly, evidently accustomed to keep his eyes open, and his wits ready for



active service. He had heard nothing of the subject in question beyond the death of Mr. Travers, and the timely assistance afforded to Mrs. Bell by his widow. He was therefore greatly astonished to hear of the present state of things, and ready to give all the information in his power.

He said he well remembered "father" mentioning the will, though not its contents. "The old gentleman was a bit of a 'grumbler,'" said Captain Gregory, "and I remember now, nearly two years ago, his growling about Mr. Travers not being the man he was, or he would have raised his salary, for he used to see into everything himself, but now he left too much to Ford, and somehow Ford didn't use to be quite friendly to father; but for all that, says father, 'Mr. Travers trusted me to draw his will, and I do not think Ford will like to have a woman over him by-and-by, as he will have.' Whereby," added the captain, "I thought Mrs. Travers was to have everything."

"Did your father say he wrote it himself, or employed some one else?"

"He wrote it all—so I understood. Father wrote a splendid hand—two or three sorts of hands! and I remember his saying he thought he might have a rise in his salary, after being trusted so far, for Mr. Travers made a secret of the will; and, you see, my sister and her children were a terrible drain on father. And he said, too, that there was no mention of him in the will, for, says he, 'I witnessed it, as well as drew it,'—he, and a man he called Poole. But Mr. Travers said he would give Mrs. Travers some instructions respecting father, which," added Tom's informant, "I suppose he did, sir, from the great kindness she showed my sister."

This was the substance of all Tom Reed could extract from Captain Gregory.

Kate listened, without interrupting, by word or motion, the narrative, and kept silent for a moment after he had ceased.

"This strongly confirms my own belief," she said at last; "but what is it worth in the opinion of others?"

"Not a great deal, I fear," replied Tom, though the words were spoken more to himself than addressed to her. "You see, Mr. Travers might have destroyed that will a week, a day, after it was made, and executed another. To you this morsel of intelligence is confirmation strong; in a court of law it would be valueless."

"What do you think yourself?" asked Fanny, who had crept quietly back into the room.

"Well," said Reed, looking up with a smile at Mrs. Temple, "I am exceedingly reluctant to encourage or suggest false hope, but there are two points in Gregory's account that struck me as supporting your view: first, the will drawn by his father must have been executed, from what he says, about the same time as the one under which you have been dispossessed; secondly, the witnesses are the same. These facts certainly give colour to your impression, that a false document has been substituted for the one drawn out by Gregory."

"What is the penalty for committing forgery?" asked Mrs. Temple, abruptly.

"Penal servitude for a term of years, according to the circumstances of the case. Why? Have you a vision of your unknown enemy in the dock?"

"I have," said Mrs. Temple; "and the horror of it makes me hesitate, for it will yet be in my power to put him there."

Her voice faltered as she said this, and to the great surprise of both Tom and Fanny, she burst into tears, and hurried from the room.

"Poor dear Kate," cried the latter. "I do not know when I saw her cry before. But she has been wonderfully upset by this accident, and that wretched man being carried in! Is it not unfortunate? I had better go to her."

"No, don't," said Tom. "I am certain she would be better alone. Yes; it is most unlucky Galbraith's being brought here; yet after all they need not meet!"

"No, I suppose not. But, Tom, I would so much like to go in and see what he is like—to speak to him, I mean—that is if he recovers. In spite of poor Kate's tears, it is so funny, the idea of having Sir Hugh—the great bogie of our existence, absolutely living in the house, and Mills cooking for him. How *will* Mills bear it when she knows?—and she must know! I really think I will go and ask what he will have for dinner some day, as if I was the housemaid."

"I beg you will do no such thing," said Tom, sharply. "You are so thoughtless! You would never be out of a scrape if you hadn't Mrs. Travers at your elbow."

"I am not quite such a stupid," pouted Fanny; "and I can tell you I shall do as I like!"

"My dear child," returned Tom, "don't you think it is only natural I should wish to prevent my pretty little cousin from venturing into the den of an ungodly dragoon like Galbraith, and in the character of a housemaid, too! Heaven only knows



what impertinence he might be guilty of!"

"Is he so very wicked?" asked Fanny, opening her eyes, but not appearing as much horrified as she ought to have been.

"I really know nothing about him," said Tom Reed, laughing. "He is like other men, I suppose, neither better nor worse. It is very natural for Mrs. Travers to dislike him; but, except for that foolish and insulting letter he wrote, he has done nothing exceptionally wrong or unjust. He certainly made a shabby offer — I mean the allowance — but I daresay he might have been induced to give more. Then you must remember he never had an opportunity of correcting his idea of Mrs. Travers by personal intercourse, and ——"

"Tom!" interrupted Fanny, indignantly, "I am astonished at you! making excuses for Sir Hugh in that way! He is a brute! at any rate he behaved like one."

"I protest, Fanny, you are the most unreasonable, hopeless, faithful little partisan that any one was ever tormented with. I cannot afford to quarrel with you, because I must be in town on Monday morning, and bid you good-bye to-morrow."

The conversation accordingly took a more personal direction, and Mrs. Temple's absence did not appear so prolonged as it really was.

"Perhaps, after all," said Fanny, who had gradually changed round to take a more rose-coloured view of things in general, after a long, desultory but charming talk, "his coming here may lead to good; I mean Sir Hugh Galbraith."

"How do you make that out?"

"He may get to know Kate, and she him, and divide the property."

"Don't talk such preposterous nonsense, my darling! Don't you see, it would never do for him to know who Mrs. Temple is? It would be the most cruel mortification to her to be recognized by him in her present position. If you are all quiet and prudent, this *contretemps* will not signify; that is to say, if the man does not die. If he does, it will be most awkward."

Here Mrs. Temple returned. The sufferer, she said, still lay unconscious and insensible; but his servant, Mills reported, seemed not despondent. He had been in the wars, he said, with his master and had seen him worse hit and recover. "And, Fanny," continued the young widow, "I have broken the fatal intelligence to Mills. She was thunderstruck, indignant, speechless — but she is now calmer, and resigned to the necessity of the case.

This is one difficulty off my mind," concluded Mrs. Temple, with a sigh.

Soon after Dr. Slade came in, and, having visited his patient, re-entered the parlour only to report that there was nothing to be done — nothing but patience; that he hoped to-morrow would bring a favourable change.

He then proceeded to give an elaborate account of how the accident occurred, much of which was Hebrew and Greek to Mrs. Temple and Fanny, but interested Tom Reed considerably, so the doctor went on fluently. The rest of the Hurst Lodge party had left, he informed them, and Sir Hugh, who had remained for the finish of the season, was a stranger in the county when he came down, and had remained so. He was a silent, haughty, ungenial sort of man — though Dr. Slade himself had found him civil enough! he did not seem to have many friends or relatives, for the only person, suggested by his servant, to be informed of the accident was Colonel Upton, —th Hussars, Dublin, and to him the doctor had accordingly written. The talk then flowed from hunting to politics, and the doctor, finding Tom Reed a companion of a far different calibre from those to whom he was accustomed, prolonged the sitting till a late hour; but at last he departed, and, greatly wearied by the events and emotions of the day, the two friends bade Tom good-night and gladly retired to rest.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### SACRIFICIAL MEDICINE.

THE world has done wrong to laugh at the old lady who reproved her sailor grandson for "telling her such a scandalous fib as that he had seen a fish fly in the air;" but restored her confidence to the hopeful youth when he proceeded to narrate how he had picked up a wheel of Pharaoh's chariot on the Red Sea shore. Practically we all jump easily at beliefs towards whose level we have already climbed by previous knowledge (or previous prejudice, as it may chance), and refuse, donkey-wise, to budge an inch towards those which happen to be on a plane above our preconceived notions of what either is, or ought to be. It is this propensity of course which makes the most baseless calumny mischievous by paving the way for the next slander against its object. And it is it, also, which grants interminable leases of life to false



systems of physics and religion, by securing a welcome for every fiction and fallacy which at any time may seem to favour them, and closing the door in the face of truths which militate against and might explode them.

A curious study of the "Grammar of Assent," as used by the majority of mankind in the matter which comes nearest to their own business and bosoms might, I think, be made by unearthing the preconceived notions and preparatory ideas which must needs exist as regards the healing art, and which can have enabled doctors confidently to prescribe and patients meekly to accept the horrid and shocking remedies in use from the earliest period; remedies of which it is a mild criticism to say that they were worse than the diseases they professed to cure. Had the minds of men concerned with medical enquiries been really free from antecedent convictions — blank sheets of paper whereon nature could have written down her facts, which experience might have read and collated — it is clear enough that good diet, exercise, and cleanliness, and the occasional use of simple preparations of herbs, would early have constituted the primitive and sound rules of medical science; to be supplemented as time went on by discoveries of the therapeutic value of more rare vegetable substances, and of a few minerals. Never could practical observation, by any possibility, have suggested that it would be beneficial to a sick man to make him swallow potable gold, or powdered skulls, or a bolus of decomposed old toads and earthworms. The *un-*"scientific use of the imagination" can alone have dictated these and scores of no less absurd and obnoxious prescriptions, prompted by some *à priori* theory of what *ought*, antecedently to experience, to be suitable for the cure of disease, and "in accordance with the eternal fitness of things."

What, then, were the notions in obedience to which these marvellous remedies were ordained? If we exclude from present consideration all the really useful therapeutic agents, discovered doubtless by genuine experience and recorded by the ancient physicians, Hippocrates and Galen, Dioscorides and Avicenna, and all the rest, and also set aside those which, though not really useful, might have been readily mistaken for being so by imperfect early observation — we find the immense residue of absurd and monstrous recipes to fall into two categories, namely, the remedies which were exceedingly cost-

ly, and the remedies which were either very painful or very disgusting. In other words, a large part of the medical science of all past ages proves that the doctors and their patients valued remedies *in proportion to the price to be paid for them*, either in money or in suffering; in short, adopted freely the doctrine of sacrifice as applied to medicine. Considering that nature nearly always proceeds on precisely the opposite track — that she does not ask us "to do some great thing," but, like the true prophet, only bids us "wash and be clean;" makes the cheapest and commonest things the most wholesome, and affords us normally, by our instinctive desire or loathing, the surest test of the fitness or unfitness of food for our use — there is something exceedingly curious in the all but universal assumption of mankind that it was only necessary to find something particularly rare and expensive, or else something extraordinarily revolting, to obtain a panacea for all the woes of mortality. It was ridiculous (in the estimation of our forefathers) to suppose that a great noble or king should dissolve pearls in his drink, or swallow liquid gold, and yet, forsooth! be no better after all than a poor wretch who could afford himself only a little milk or water. Still more incredible was it that a man should submit to some agonizing scarification or actual cautery, or should compel himself to bolt some inexpressibly disgusting mess which his doctor had taken a year to concoct and distil through a score of furnaces and retorts, and yet, when all was over, receive no more benefit than if he had endured no hardship, or had only drunk some cowslip julep or herb tea. Such tame and impotent conclusions could not be received for a moment. If the patients would only *pay* enough or *suffer* enough, they *must* be cured. This, it really seems, was the underlying conviction of men of old, on which half the therapeutics of past times were unconsciously based.

Let us cull a few illustrations of the ingenious development of these principles by the invention of nostrums distinguished by one or other of the grand characteristics, roughly definable as costliness or nastiness. Perhaps ere the close of our brief review we may find we have less reason than we fancy at starting to congratulate ourselves on the disappearance of this phase of human folly, or to rest assured that inductive science alone now rules in the sick-room, and that neither doctors nor patients retain any faith in sacrificial medicine.



The use of costly things as remedies for disease constitutes a kind of *haute médecine* necessarily of limited application. With the exception of the great search for the *aurum potabile* in the Middle Ages, there are much fewer traces of it than of the other form of sacrifice, in which the patient *payait de sa personne*. Everybody could be scarified or made to swallow worms and filth, but there were not many patients who could afford to pay for emeralds to tie on their stomachs in cases of dysentery, as recommended by Avenzor, nor for "eight grains of that noble lunar medicine, the wine of silver," or for "dissolved pearls," either of which (Matthioli assures us) is "sovereign against melancholy." Dioscorides might in vain recommend powdered sapphires for starting eyes, or St. Jerome vaunt their virtues for many other troubles, to the majority of sufferers in their own or any other age. Coral was more within popular reach, and probably a considerable number of believing souls have followed Galen's prescription and tried its use for spitting of blood, and Pliny's recommendation of it for the stone. Avicenna found that a cordial made of it is "singularly productive of joy," and Matthioli says it has "truly occult virtues against epilepsy," whether "hung about the neck or drunk in powders."\* Emeralds or rubies, and even silk (then a rarer substance in Europe than now) afford, according to Dioscorides, relief in a variety of ailments, but of course nothing could be so generally, and indeed universally, useful as gold. He who could discover how to make men actually drink the most costly of metals, would teach them nothing less than the secret of immortality. The *aurum potabile*, or noble "solar oyl," especially when mixed with the "lunar oyl" of silver, and mercurial oyl, forms, as Bolnest assures us, "a great arcanum, fit to be used in most diseases, especially in chronick." By itself alone, indeed, the drinkable gold was understood to be an

elixir of life — a conclusion not a little remarkable when we consider that the only real value of the metal is its convenience as a circulating medium, and for the fabrication of ornaments, and that the artificial importance thus attached to it must have so affected men's minds as to cause them to idealize it as a sort of divine antidote to disease and death.

In an earlier and truer-hearted age, Paradise was believed to be a garden, and it was the fruit of a tree of life which would make men live forever. But when, as Gibbon satirically observes, in the dissolution of the Roman world, men coveted only a place in a Celestial City of gold and pearl, the secret of immortality was sought (not inappropriately) at the bottom of a Rosicrucian crucible.

There was, it must be confessed, a profound *vulgarity* in this whole system of costly medicine, which it would be flattering to ourselves to think we had in our day quite overpassed and discarded. But in truth, though we are not wont to dissolve pearls or powder emeralds, or drink solar, or even lunar "oyl," it may be fairly asked whether we do not contrive to melt down a handful of sovereigns in every attack of illness, to very little better purpose than if we had simply given them to an old alchemist to put in his furnace and make for us an elixir of life? What are those long rows of items in our druggist's bill for draughts, embrocations, liniments, blisters, gargles, and what not, represented when the housemaid clears our room for convalescence by a whole regiment of quarter-emptied phials and pill-boxes on our table? What are those considerable drafts recorded in our checkbook, not only for the attendance of our customary medical adviser (which might be reasonable), but for the visits of the eminent consulting physician, brought down, perchance, fifty or five hundred miles to look at us for five minutes while we lay speechless in our fever? Did anybody ever use one-half, or even one-third, of the expensive medicines ordered in every illness from the pharmacy day after day? Or did anybody find a medical man, in view of a patient's straitened circumstances, telling his anxious friends that the remains of the last bottle of his physic would answer as well as a new one, or that they might readily change it, by adding a few drops of some fresh ingredient, instead of ordering another six ounces from the chemist to be set aside in its turn half used, to-morrow? Or (what is still more to the purpose) did anybody ever hear of a case wherein the physician

\* As the modern mind may be a little puzzled as to the mode in which some of these substances can be introduced into our internal economy, the following extract from the "Family Dictionary" of Dr. Salmon (1696) may throw light on the subject. "CORAL, to prepare. — Take such a quantity as ye think convenient. Make it into a fine powder by grinding it upon a Porphyry or an Iron Mortar. Drop on it by degrees a little rose-water, and form it into balls for use. After this manner Crabs-eyes, Pearl, Oister shells, and Precious stones, are prepared to make up Cordials compounded of them and other suitable materials for the strengthening of the heart in fevers, or such like violent diseases, and to restore the Decays of nature." Ebony is swallowed by rasping it in shavings and making a decoction.



summoned for consultation (possibly at enormous cost) has given his honest opinion that the regular medical attendant of the patient has mistaken his case, and that the treatment ought to be altogether reversed? We all know beforehand, with tolerable certainty, that the new doctor will emphatically confirm all that his learned *confrère* has said and done, and assure the weeping relatives that "nothing could have been more judicious" than his treatment; and then perhaps he will add (just to remove the appearance of total uselessness from his own visit) the recommendation of some trifling modification, which "may now be introduced, though hitherto it would have been out of the question." Cordially exchanging a hand-shake (and possibly also a head-shake) with his scientific brother, after eating a good luncheon and pocketing his handsome fee, the consulting physician jumps into his carriage, and cheerfully quits the house of mourning. But what has he done there? Is there, then, *never* a case in which the local doctor is egregiously mistaken, and his abler colleague knows it, and is aware he is losing the patient's chance of recovery by his wrong treatment? If there be but one such case in a dozen (and, considering how "doctors differ," we should have supposed there must be one in every two or three), what judgment shall we pass on the man who sets his professional loyalty to his colleague above the duty of dealing honestly with the agonized parents, husbands, wives, children, who have sought his aid (often at great sacrifice) to save the life dearest to them on earth? If any of us have ever chanced to commit that great *lèse-majesté* to the faculty of consulting two physicians at the same time, unknown to one another, it will probably have happened to us to receive from each learned gentleman a different diagnosis of our case and different advice how to treat it. By what singular fatality, then, can it so uniformly occur, that when they are brought *together* for formal consultation, Doctor No. 2 so invariably confirms emphatically all that Doctor No. 1 has said and done on our behalf? Surely till this mystery be cleared up it does not appear we are much farther from the practice of sacrificial medicine when we pay a hundred guineas to fetch Sir Welbred Smoothwell from London, to consult with Dr. Potherham Wronghead in the country, than was our unjustly ridiculed ancestor, ten generations back, when he gave as many moidores to his "leech," to be melted down in his crucible for the concoction

of that great arcanum, the "solar oyl." The same idea has been at the bottom of both proceedings, namely, that if we do but spend money enough a cure *must* follow.

But, as I remarked before, the notion that costliness of itself is a test of medicinal virtue, has been necessarily far less prolific of results than the kindred idea that by the pain and disgust entailed on a patient, might be estimated the value of the remedy applied to his disease. As to disgust, it would really appear as if some ancient prophets of the healing art, some Phœbus Epicurios or Esculapius must have laid down as a principle for the selection of health-restoring compounds and concoctions: "By their nauseousness ye shall know them." Else were the recipes for all the hideous, abominable witch-broths, wherewith the older books of medicine are replete, quite unaccountable on any theory of human sanity. Many of them (which weak-souled patients have swallowed by the ounce and the pound) were of a kind which it is quite impossible to quote; nor can we wonder that, as Plato tells us, the Athenian physicians were wont to engage the great rhetorician Gorgias to accompany them and persuade their patients to take their prescriptions. Let the following, however, be taken as moderate examples:—

Take what Animal soever thy fancy best liketh, and thou thinkest most fit to prepare. Kill it and take it (but separate nothing of its impurities, as feathers, hoofs, hairs, or other heterogeneous substance); bruise all in a large and strong mortar to fit consistency, put it then into a vessel for putrefaction, and put upon it of the blood of animals of the same kind so much as may well moisten it; or, which is better, cover it all over. Shut close the vessel, and set it to putrify in *fimo equino* for forty dayes, that it may ferment." (The result is to be distilled, calcined, rectified, and distilled over again and again, "seven times to separate its phlegme," till finally) "thou hast a pleasant (!), safe, and noble Animal Arcanum to fortifie the animal life, and restore health and vigour to its languishing spirit, till God doth call for its final dissolution and separation. (*Aurora Chymica*, p. 6.)

This was bad enough, but a great advance (in the line of sacrifice) was made when to the mere odiousness, we may say beastliness, of the dose *per se*, could be added the horror of eating what had once formed part of a human body,—in short, cannibalism. The *ordonnances* which follow really seem to have a connection with ancient idol rites of human sacrifice, and



possibly (had we means of tracing them) might be fathered on the earliest worshippers of Hesus or of Odin. The seasons of the year (spring and autumn) wherein the victim must die (very carefully defined in these prescriptions) seem to give colour to this view. Down to the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, Helps tells us, the Aztecs used yearly to slay a young man in spring, that the nobles might eat his heart as a sort of sacrament. Any way, it is rather startling to find that just two hundred years ago in London the physician in ordinary to the king recommended cannibalism to Englishmen without the smallest apology or hesitation!

*A Mummiall Quintessence.*

Take of the flesh of a sound young man dying a natural death about the middle of August, three or four pounds. Let the flesh be taken from his thighs or other fleshy parts. Put it into a fit glass and pour upon it spirit of wine. Let it stand so three or four days. Take out the flesh and put it upon a glass plate, and imbibe it with spirit of salts. Let it stand uncovered, but in the shade, where no dust or other filth may fall upon it. Be sure you often turn it, and being well dried, you may put it up in a fit jar and keep it for use. (*Aurora Chymica*, Chap. III.)

A still more efficacious remedy, "producing wonderful effects both in preserving and restoring health," may be obtained by distilling, filtering, calcining, and coagulating this "mummiall" till it have a "saccharine taste," when the "matter may be left of the thickness or consistency of honey, which must be kept in glass vessels closely shut." (*Ibid.* p. 8.)

If the "sound young man" should have been killed in the spring instead of in "the middle of August," the learned Dr. Bolnest is not without a remedy. His flesh is indeed no longer useful for a "mummiall," but his blood may be made into a "very high balsam, exceeding much the powers and virtue of natural balsam; a potent preservative in time of pestilence, leprosie, palsie, and gout of all sort."

Take of such blood a large quantity. Gather in glass vessels. Let it settle some time till it hath thrown out all its waterish humour, which separate by wary inclination. Take now of this concrete blood five or six pounds, which put to ten or twelve pints of spirits of wine. Shake them well together, and let it digest six or eight days in warm ashes. Distil. Add the fixed salt drawn out of the *caput mortuum* of the blood by "calcination," "solution," "filtration," "coagulation," often repeated; "and what shall remain behind is the Arcanum of Blood" (p. 10).

When obtained in the manner above described, this invaluable remedy is "to be taken in broth, or treacle-water, with a fasting" (and let us devoutly hope an unusually vigorous) "stomach." Only one caution is necessary. The "sound young man's" blood must have been shed "when Mercury was above the horizon and in conjunction with the sun in Gemini or Virgo."

After the broth of man's blood, a "Balsamick Remedy for Arthritick Pains," composed of the bones of a man "which hath not been buried fully a year," beat up into a powder, calcined and applied on lint, appears a comparatively mild and pleasant receipt. So likewise is the "quintessence of toads," to be composed in the month of June or July of a "great quantity of overgrown old toads," reduced, calcined, and distilled as usual, and then "dissolved in spirit of oranges, or treacle-water, ready for use," either externally — when it cures "cancers and pestilential venom" — or internally, against "all sorts of poison."

The above prescriptions are taken, be it said, not from the manual of one of those vulgar quacks to whom we are too apt to credit every absurdity of ancient medicine, but from a serious treatise by Edward Bolnest, physician in ordinary to the king (1672), dedicated to George Duke of Buckingham, and described on the title-page as "Shewing a Rational (!) Way of preparing Animals, Vegetables, and Minerals for a Physical Use, by which they are made most efficacious, safe, and pleasant Medicines for the Preservation and Restoration of the Life of Man." How honest was the worthy author in his belief in his mummiall quintessence, and all the rest, may be judged from his frank avowal "to the Reader" that the medicines prescribed he might "*in some measure* in time of need trust to," because, adds Dr. Bolnest candidly, "I never yet from the best of medicines always found those certain effects I could have desired."

These were, however, refined preparations compared to the prescriptions in use in still earlier generations. In the great folio of M. Pietro Andrea Matthioli (Venice, 1621), adorned with hundreds of really admirable woodcuts of medicinal herbs and flowers, there are directions for rubbing wounds with cow-dung, swallowing beeswax, silk, sweat, and saliva, and drinking hare's blood and dog's dung dissolved in milk as a cure of dysentery. Nervous people are to dine on cooked



vipers. Persons with the toothache are to apply to their teeth a serpent's skin steeped in vinegar, or to powder the callosities on a horse's legs, and stuff their ears therewith. A black eye may be treated with a poultice of human milk, incense, and the blood of a tortoise. For the not very serious affection of hiccup a beverage is recommended, of which the chief ingredient is the flesh of a mummy; thus affording us further evidence that cannibalism survived in medicine, and was approved by the faculty in Italy as well as England down to a very recent period. Besides these "strange meats," Matthioli regularly classifies in a table a multitude of what he is pleased to call "simple medicines," among which are to be found the bodies, or parts of bodies, of wolves, scorpions, centipedes, ostriches, beavers, and dogs, the cast-off skins of serpents, the horns of unicorns (when attainable!), the hoofs of asses and goats, beeswax, silk, asphalt, and several filthy substances which cannot here be named. Albertus Magnus (*vide* the curious little black-letter volume, "*Le Grat Albert*," in the British Museum) orders nervous patients to eat eagles' brains, whereby they may acquire the courage of the king of birds; while the brains of the owl, the goat, the camel, etc., convey the peculiar qualities of each of those animals. Pliny's great work, it is needless to say, is a repertory of marvellous counsels and observations. Earth taken out of a human skull acts as a depilatory, and benefit is derived from chewing plants which have happened to grow in the same unpleasant receptacle. On the principle, we presume, of "I am not the rose, but I have dwelt near the rose," herbs growing on a manure heap are found specially efficacious as remedies for quinsy. The hair of man, taken from a cross, is good for quartan fevers, and human ear-wax is the only proper application to a wound occasioned by a human bite. The uses of saliva are numberless, and fill a whole chapter of the "Natural History." "Fasting spittle," in particular, applied to the eyes is an infallible cure for ophthalmia—a remedy which Persius treats with blame-worthy scepticism as an old-womanly practice. In cases where bread has stuck in the throat, a piece of the same loaf should be inserted in the ears. The use of the fluid which exudes from the pores of the skin is so valuable that (Pliny assures us) the owners of the Grecian gymnasias made a thriving trade by selling the scrapings of the bodies of athletes, which, "compound-

ed with oil, is of an emollient, calorific, and expletive nature." If any lady desire to cultivate an interesting and pallid appearance, she ought to imitate Drusus, who drank goats' blood to make it appear that his enemy Cassius had poisoned him. For melancholy (an affection which seems to have given great concern to the old doctors) Dioscorides recommends black hellebore held in the mouth—certainly a recipe on homœopathic principles, since a mouthful of hellebore would scarcely naturally serve, like the psalmist's wine and oil, either to make glad the heart of man or to give him a cheerful countenance. A better remedy for the same melancholy is "broth of old cock"—our Scotch friend cockaleekie.

For some unexplained reason, two only among the ills to which flesh is heir, and they among the most serious—frenzy and inflammation of the stomach—seem to have escaped from the dread *régime* of sacrificial medicine, and indeed are treated with surprising lenity. Dioscorides thinks that frenzy can be cured by asparagus and white wine, and considers that the patient suffering from gastritis should have a plaster of roses applied to the seat of his disease!

Beside the "exhibition" of nauseous and revolting draughts, boluses, and pills, the system of sacrificial medicine has, at all times, commanded many other ingenious resources for the creation of unnecessary pain, trouble, and annoyance to sick persons and their friends. If, for example, a stiff-necked patient were unmanageable in the matter of some particularly disagreeable dose, he might still be induced to go on vexing nature by some out-of-the-way diet, and potions repeated at stated intervals, till faith or life succumbed in the struggle. One old physician, Ætius, in this way prescribed for the gout a separate dietary for every month of a whole year. Another, the great Alexander of Tralles, ordained three hundred and sixty-five potions, so arranged as to furnish out a course for two years; whereupon Dr. Freind, the learned author of the "History of Physick," remarks that "his receipts were as good as any of those which our new pretenders to physick make use of;" but adds the discouraging *dictum*, "After all gout is a distemper with which it were best not to tamper!"

Then there were fearful tortures in the way of excoriations, of which St. John Long's famous remedy was a notable example—blisters, cauteries, and setons, too unpleasant to dwell upon. Scarifica-



tion was a comparatively merciful form of these inflictions. It was practised, according to Prosper Albinus (*Hist. Phys.* p. 17) in the following agreeable manner: "First make a strait (tight) ligature on the leg; then rub the leg below it, put it into warm water, and beat *till it swells*, and so scarify!" Something worse than this was practised down to the present generation in the case of wounds. It is in the writer's recollection that an unhappy groom who had lost a piece of flesh out of the calf of his leg sought assistance after his accident from a motherly old cook, the medical adviser in ordinary of the whole household. The good woman evidently held the doctrine of sacrificial medicine deep in her soul, as well as a due estimate of the utility, under all circumstances, of the art of cookery. Encouraging the poor young man with suitable reflections on the purifying use of salt and fire, she accordingly rubbed a handful from her saltbox into the wound, and then held the miserable limb steadily to the kitchen fire!

A bath of blood has been frequently employed to resuscitate exhausted patients. When Cæsar Borgia barely survived swallowing his share of the bottles of poisoned wine which his respectable father Pope Alexander VI. had intended for the nine cardinals, but took by mistake for himself and his son, an ox was brought into Cæsar's apartments and disembowelled, to enable him to get into it and receive such vitality as the warm bleeding carcase might impart. We are here at the point where sacrificial medicine assumes the vicarious form, and the poor brutes are made to suffer instead of the human patients for the benefit of the latter. In an account of the birth of the Duc de Bourgogne, grandson of Louis XIV., in the "*Curiosités Historiques*" (p. 48), amid the description of the raptures of the splendid court assembled on the occasion, there is a casual mention of an incident affording a wonderful contrast to all this royal joy and magnificence. The attendant chief *accoucheur*, the celebrated Dr. Clement, to prevent suffering on the part of the mother (the Dauphine), applied to her person the skin of a sheep, newly flayed. To obtain this quite fresh, a butcher was engaged to skin the animal alive, in the adjoining room; and being anxious to offer the skin as quickly as possible to the doctor, he carried it into the chamber of the Dauphine, leaving the door open. The sheep, in its agony, followed him, and ran in bleeding and skin-

less among the shrieking croud of courtiers and grandees. In modern times, worse things than these are done to animals, professedly for the benefit of mankind; but they are now performed quietly in physiological laboratories, not paraded in public, else it is to be believed that even the most selfish amongst us would cry, "Hold! we desire no cure of disease, no scientific knowledge, at any such horrible price."

Once more, there was a class of sacrificial remedies, whose merit consisted in requiring the patient to travel a long way, or to apply to some hardly accessible personage, to obtain relief. There were holy wells having no medicinal properties whatever, which cured all the multitudes of people who made long and painful pilgrimages to reach them. More remarkable still were the benefits derived in cases of scrofula from being touched by a king—a privilege, it may be safely guessed, not accorded without some delay and solicitation, and possibly not without fees to royal attendants, scarcely disinterested witnesses of the miracles which followed. The history of this particular delusion would alone form a very curious chapter, since Archbishop Bradwardine, in 1348, appealed to the whole world in proof of the wonder, till Samuel Johnson's scarred and mighty head was subjected to the royal touch. When we recall the fact that only in the eighteenth century did a special religious service for the ceremony cease to form a part of the liturgy of the Church of England, we do not seem to ourselves to have yet advanced a great way beyond this harmless superstition. Indeed, it is only in the present generation that the scientific name of the malady has generally superseded its familiar title of the "king's evil," or by ellipsis "the evil," by which it is even now known in remote parts of the country.

Where it was impossible to obtain help from a king, there yet remained a possibility of being touched by somebody else, who might possess some rare and peculiar privilege and fitness for healing disease. The odd malady, popularly called "shingles," for example, somehow suggested to the sufferers the desirability of having recourse to some special agency of relief, and this was found in persons who had either themselves eaten the flesh of an eagle, or whose fathers or ancestors had done so. Within the last thirty years a gentleman's servant in Wales has been known to perform a journey of forty miles



across the mountains to be touched by a man whose grandfather had eaten an eagle.

Finally, there is a large heterogeneous class of prescriptions, obviously owing their origin to the principle of sacrificial medicine, whose simple rule has been to prevent the miserable patient from adopting any mode of relief for his sufferings which nature might point out, and adding to them fresh pain by any ingenious device which may occur to his physician. Of this kind was the treatment of fever in vogue till quite recently, when the patient was carefully shut up in a close room, with well-curtained bed and warm bed-clothes, and was prohibited from relieving his thirst with any cold drink. Truly, if Marcellus Sidetes, who is said to have written forty-two books in "heroic" verse "concerning distempers," had given us a picture of all the misery which must have been occasioned in the world by the really *insolent* disregard of nature and common sense shown in these matters — how many thousands of lives have been thrown away, and through what maddening misery the survivors must have struggled back to life — those poems, instead of being forgotten by the world, might have done us precious service by reminding us that there is some counterweight to be placed in the scale wherein we are wont to measure our debts of gratitude to the medical science.

Another appalling device was that of the renowned English physician John of Gaddesden, who introduced the practice of treating the small-pox by wrapping up the patient in scarlet, hanging his room with scarlet, and in fact compelling him to rest his feverish eyes only on that flaring hue. John tried this notable device, according to his own showing, on one of the sons of King Edward I. (it does not appear to which he refers), and complacently adds to his report, "*et est bona cura.*" In those days, however, doors and windows were not made air-tight, and up the capacious chimneys a considerable portion of fresh air must always have rushed. It was reserved for a later generation to perfect the ingenious system for aggravating and intensifying fever by pasting down the modern window, closing the registers, and (as a climax) engaging nurses to lie beside the sufferer to keep up the heat! The writer heard some years ago from the lips of an old gentleman now deceased, the recital of his own treatment as a boy, in or near London, under a severe attack of small-pox. His life being specially val-

uable as that of an only son, his affectionate parents, by the advice of a distinguished physician, obtained the services of *two fat women*, who were established permanently in bed on each side of the child during the whole course of the disease! What stipend was offered to tempt these poor obese females to perform this awful service, has escaped from the record.

Reading over all these marvellous prescriptions, it is a refreshing exercise to picture the fashionable "leech," the Gull or Thomson of the period, physician in ordinary to the king or queen, suave and solemn, filled to the brim with all the conscious dignity of science, standing beside the sick-bed of some mighty prince or peer, and giving to the awe-stricken attendants his high commands to hang the room with scarlet cloth, or to bring the patient one of the horrid messes prepared with such infinite pains under his direction, in his own laboratory. We can almost hear him condescendingly explaining to the chief persons present what occult relationship exists between the small-pox and the scarlet cloth, or how the arcanum of toads comes to be specially valuable, having been composed of the fattest old toads, selected precisely at the right season — *videlicet* midsummer. Of course, in each successive generation there was nothing for the unlearned laity to do but to bow submissively to the *dicta* of the exponent of science as it existed at the time. People may always laugh at what is past and gone; but to suspect that living men may be mistaken, or that new systems of medicine, philosophy, or theology, may be destined, like the old, to "have their day and cease to be," is audacity to which no one should advance. We dare not, therefore, suggest that to our grandsons half our modern nostrums (of which the fashion comes in freshly one season and usually falls into disrepute a few years after) may possibly appear scarcely a degree less ridiculous than the arcanum of toads or the mummiall quintessence. It was not much worse, after all, to make a patient drink a dead man's blood than to rob him of his own, in the *Sangrado* style to which (in the memory of us all) the world owes the loss of Cavour. It would have been a mercy to a poor Florentine lady, lately deceased, had her physicians counselled her merely to eat earthworms pickled in vinegar, or green lizards boiled alive in oil, as recommended by Dr. Salmon, instead of bleeding her from the arm nineteen times in the



fortnight following her confinement and (as may be readily understood) preceding her untimely death.

Sacrificial medicine, however, in its simpler and more easily recognizable forms, is undoubtedly on the wane, though a good deal of its spirit may still be traced in our behaviour to the sick. To homœopathy (as to many another kind of heresy) we probably owe somewhat of the mitigation of orthodoxy; and children, noticing the busts of Hahnemann in the shop-windows, may be properly taught to bless that great deliverer who banished from the nursery those huge and hateful mugs of misery — black founts of so many infantine tears — mugs of sobs and sighs and gasps and struggles unutterable, from one of which Madame Roland drew the first inspiration of that martyr-spirit which led her onward to the guillotine, when she suffered herself to be whipped six times running, sooner than swallow the abominable contents.

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RECENT DISCOVERIES IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY J. TRAILL TAYLOR.

AMONG recent discoveries in photography there are two which appear to exercise an important influence upon the future practice of the art-science. One of these refers to the production of negatives, the other to the printing of positives, or proofs upon paper.

As hitherto practised, the production of a negative involves several manipulations of a somewhat messy nature. The argentic halogens, iodide and bromide of silver, which constitute the sensitive body in the collodion film, have been formed by double decomposition, a collodion containing a haloid salt being immersed in a bath of nitrate of silver, by which iodide of silver is precipitated in the film, together with the nitrate of the base of the salt, which, being soluble, remains in the bath to contaminate the silver. If the plate is to be dried and stored away for future use, it is now subjected to a series of washings to eliminate the soluble salts, after which it is "preserved" by the application of an organic solution such as gelatine, tannin, gum, and other bodies.

With a view to simplify these complex processes it had long been considered desirable that the haloid salts of silver should be mixed with the collodion, so as to en-

sure by a single operation the coating of the plate with a sensitive layer. But it was found that the large atoms of iodide of silver would not emulsify with collodion; and all attempts at producing a sensitive collodion failed, until about ten years ago, when two Liverpool amateurs, Sayce and Bolton, solved the problem of producing a sensitive collodion emulsion by discarding entirely the iodide of silver, and substituting for it bromide of silver. The best conditions under which this bromide emulsifies has for several years formed a theme for the investigations of scientific photographers, and these researches have greatly conducted to the high state in which the art exists at the present time. Such is the state of perfection to which the system of preparing sensitive plates has been brought during the past year, that all baths, washings, preservatives, and organifiers may now be entirely dispensed with, the sensitive emulsion being so composed as to contain within itself everything that conduces to the rendering the sensitive film complete.

A practical difficulty that long existed in the preparation of a sensitive emulsion lay in hitting so exactly the combining equivalents of the salts used in sensitizing the collodion as to leave neither of them in excess. The bromide of silver being formed in the collodion by the decomposition of nitrate of silver and a soluble bromide, there was a difficulty, well-nigh amounting to impossibility, in so combining them as not to allow either to predominate. To make a combination in water is easy; but not so is it in a thick, viscid liquid like collodion. If the silver be left in excess, fogging of the negative is sure to follow, unless a restrainer like mineral acid be added; if, on the other hand, the bromide preponderate, the plate is insensitive in proportion to that excess; and hence for some time it was customary to have a much larger proportion of bromide present than was necessary, and after coating a plate with an emulsion of that kind to confer sensitiveness upon it by washing with water, so as to effect the removal of the free bromide which acted so powerfully as a retarder. A further necessity for having the free bromide removed was found in the fact that when an image is impressed upon a film containing it, unless that latent image be quickly developed, it is rapidly destroyed by the soluble bromide.

It has already been said that a result of the decomposition arising from immersing a salted collodion plate in a nitrate-of



silver-bath is not only the formation of bromide of silver, but also of the nitrate of the base of the haloid salt. The presence of this nitrate in a wet process is of minor consequence, but far different is it when it exists in a collodion film that is to be dried; for on crystallizing out as it must necessarily do if present in a moderately large quantity, it disintegrates the film; and even if quite innocuous in a chemical sense, its presence is fatal in a physical point of view.

The maleficent influence of the crystallizable salt resulting from the decomposition had previously been noted by Mr. J. King, of the Bombay Civil Service, during a brief visit to this country; and when making experiments with gelatine instead of collodion as a vehicle for the sensitive bromide, he, by a happy application of the principle of dialysis, succeeded in effectually removing every crystallizable compound, as will be presently shown. The method subsequently adopted by Mr. Bolton in effecting a similar removal on behalf of collodion was very complete, inasmuch as he not only eliminated the crystallizable salt, but also added the requisite organifier or preservative body, by which the pores of the film are kept sufficiently open to be permeated by the developing solutions afterwards to be applied.

The simplicity of the method adopted is great, its efficiency is obvious. A collodion-bromide emulsion that has been so nearly adjusted in relation to the predominance of one salt over another as to be in moderately good working order is poured into a large flat dish. After a few hours, when the thick film has become set, a small quantity of distilled water is poured upon it and the film divided into squares by means of a paper-knife or silver fruit-knife. By thus breaking up the film and subjecting it to a few changes of water all the soluble matter is entirely removed, this removal having been facilitated by the addition of a little glycerine to the emulsion before it was poured out to set. The function of the glycerine is mechanical, not chemical. When the whole of the crystallizable salts are removed the film is dried, and is either ready for being re-dissolved immediately, or for storing away for future use. There appears to be no limit to its keeping powers, provided it be kept in a place from which light is excluded. To render this dried pellicle ready for use it is only necessary that it be dissolved in a mixture of equal parts of ether and alcohol, adding to it a little of an alco-

holic solution of tannin and a similar solution of soap.

To use a collodion prepared in this or any similar way all that is necessary is to pour a little of it on the glass plate on which the negative is to be taken, allow it to dry, and either expose it in the camera without further preparation or place the plate away until it is convenient to use it. In this way it will be seen that photography is now reduced to a state of great simplicity, so far, at any rate, as the preparation of the plates is concerned.

Armed with a bottle of this sensitive emulsion, a photographer or tourist may now visit any country with the certainty that, wherever he can procure glass plates cut to such sizes as he may require, there can he have sensitive plates — plates, too absolutely identical with each other in respect of sensitiveness — uniformity being a necessary consequence of the method by which they are prepared. To one accustomed to the preparation of plates by the usual bath method, with the subsequent washings and preservatives, it is very difficult at first to realize the extreme simplicity of the "washed emulsion process." In the simple act of pouring the collodion from a bottle on to a glass plate every operation is now included. The result is a plate capable of yielding a high-class negative, and possessing quite as great a degree of sensitiveness as dried collodion plates prepared by any other method.

It might at first sight appear as if the atoms of bromide of silver when used in the emulsified form would be coarse and granular, producing a corresponding granularity in the finished negative when compared with a film in which the decomposition was made. But it is a singular fact that when a negative of the former kind is subjected to microscopic examination the atoms of metallic silver of which the image is composed are extremely fine — so fine, indeed, as, with a power of two-thirds of an inch, to show like a stain. When a negative taken in the usual way — that is, with a silver bath and iron development — is examined under the same power, it appears exceedingly coarse, the atoms of reduced silver being very large.

But it is not necessary that the sensitive preparation be kept in a fluid form. We have just said that there appears to be no limit to the keeping properties of the desiccated pellicle, provided it be kept away from the light. A most useful and practical application of this fact is, that a traveller can take with him to any distant



country a small packet of this pellicle, either in a pellicular or a pulverulent form; and in both of these states the preparation is now commercially obtainable. The advantage of this to the tourist cannot be over-estimated. When the photographic visitor to the Continent takes with him a supply of dried plates he runs a risk of having them spoilt by the examination, in daylight, of the custom-house officials; when he takes with him only a bottle of emulsion this danger is reduced to a minimum, especially if the bottle be actinically opaque. But by taking with him, instead of these, a supply of the sensitive collodion in the form of a coarse powder, he secures the maximum of convenience without any risk whatever. To prepare a solution for use a certain proportion of this powder is added to a mixture of ether and alcohol, in which it is dissolved; and thus is made a collodion fit for immediate use.

To prepare this sensitive collodion, dissolve a hundred and thirty-five grains of pyroxyline in fifteen ounces of a mixture of ether and alcohol. There must be ten ounces of ether to five of alcohol, but both of these may be the most common methylated kind. In this is dissolved a hundred and eighty grains of anhydrous bromide of cadmium. To this is then added a solution of three hundred grains of nitrate of silver in five ounces of methylated spirits, the solution being aided by heat and the addition of a little water. It is poured in the collodion gradually, with intermediate shaking, and is then allowed to stand for several hours; after which an excess of bromide is added, consisting of seventy grains dissolved in an ounce of methylated alcohol. After being well mixed and allowed to stand for two or three hours an ounce of glycerine is added, and the whole is poured out in a flat dish, washed and dried. It is then cut into shreds, reduced to powder, or packed away in any other suitable form, ready for being dissolved when wanted.

It is necessary, in order to obtain the best results, that organic matter be added to the emulsion. The kind recommended by Mr. Bolton is composed of forty grains of tannin dissolved in an ounce of an alcoholic saturated solution of soap, twenty minims of this being added to each ounce of emulsion.

The development of the image is best effected in the following manner:—First wet the surface of the plate by pouring over it methylated alcohol, followed by a rinsing with water. Next apply a four-grain solution of pyrogalllic acid, which in

the course of about a minute generally brings out a very feeble picture; but at the end of this time, whether a picture be visible or not, pour off the developing solution into a vessel containing a few drops of greatly diluted ammonia (one drachm of ammonia to thirteen drachms of water), together with an equal proportion of a ten-grain solution of bromide of cadmium, and apply again to the plate. This will immediately bring out the image in great vigour, the silver of which the picture is formed being obtained at the expense of the bromide, which is reduced.

At this stage the negative image may be converted into a positive. To effect this it is only necessary to apply diluted nitric acid, which dissolves metallic silver, but leaves the bromide of that metal unaltered. Now, as the opaque portions are composed of reduced silver, such parts are consequently denuded of bromide; hence the solvent action of the acid renders the glass more or less transparent in the exact ratio of its previous opacity. This principle is now being successfully applied in the production of transparencies and enlargements by a single operation.

But simultaneous with, or rather previous to the successful working-out of the interesting photographic process just described, Dr. R. L. Maddox had conceived the idea of emulsifying gelatine, instead of collodion, with bromide of silver. Having worked out his idea to a practical issue with that intelligent assiduity so characteristic of this gentleman, he had to withdraw from this pursuit, which, however, was taken up by others. It was soon found that when the gelatine was well charged with bromide of silver it was more sensitive than collodion; but the crystallizable nitrates resulting from the decomposition by which was formed the bromide of silver precluded the possibility of fully utilizing this quality, for the film was unable to retain these nitrates without undergoing disintegration. Mr. King, to whom allusion has been made, effected the removal of the soluble salts by the well-known principle of dialysis. The gelatine having been liquefied, bromide of potassium and nitrate of silver, each previously dissolved in water, are added, and after a sufficient time is allowed to enable them to react upon each other the solution is poured into a dialyser, which is placed in a vessel of warm water. In a few hours the whole of the crystalline salts will be found to have passed through the septum of the dialyser. Here, then, is a means



by which a gelatine film may be loaded with bromide of silver, free both from excess of either of the two salts employed to effect the decomposition, as well as from the nitrate of potash which results from that decomposition.

Only a short time has elapsed since the foregoing discovery, but during that time great progress has been made. Mr. R. Kennett has further simplified the preparation of the gelatino-pellicle by making itself the septum, and doing away with a separate dialyser. He mixes with the gelatine the necessary salts, pours the whole out into a flat dish, and when the gelatine has set, but not become desiccated, he merely places it in a vessel of cold water, by which everything of a crystallizable nature is removed; after which the sensitive colloidal body is dried, cut up into shreds, placed in opaque packets, and may be transported to any part of the world, ready to be converted into a highly sensitive emulsion by the addition of warm water.

A singular fact, for the elucidation of which no tenable hypothesis has yet been brought forward, is that a gelatino-bromide emulsion film is extremely sensitive, much more so than one of collodion. The quality of negative obtained on plates so prepared is most excellent, while the atoms of silver of which the image is composed, when examined under the microscope, partake even still more of the nature of a stain than a collodion-emulsion negative. This process is still in its infancy, but from its having been brought to such a state of perfection during the brief period of its existence it is safe to predicate that further improvements will rapidly be effected. The way by which we successfully develop gelatine plates is similar to that already described for collodion plates, omitting the application of alcohol and substituting for it a rinsing with water.

Although gelatine at present possesses such a marked advantage over collodion in respect of sensitiveness, it is difficult to work with it in hot weather; and the emulsion must be used soon after it is made, otherwise putrefaction will set in; and it is unfortunate that the addition of any of those antiseptics which prevent putrefaction affects the excellence of the emulsion. Salicylic acid is being tried for this purpose as well as some preparations of camphor; but while we hope much from their agency, our experiments with them are not sufficiently advanced to warrant the results being recorded in this article. In the meantime, Mr. Stillman, who has

done much for dried collodio-emulsions, and who has succeeded in making one of excellence and stability, is engaged in trying to solve the problem of conferring as much sensitiveness on the collodion pellicle as that at present possessed by gelatine. That he will succeed we have every reason to believe, judging by what we have seen in the course of our experiments with him. A revolution in the practice of negative photography is rapidly being effected; when a dried collodion emulsion shall have been obtained that will possess the sensitiveness of gelatine the revolution will be complete.

Not alone in the production of negatives have discoveries been recently made. It has been a standing disgrace to photography that its prints faded; their permanence could never be relied upon. Hence the endeavours to have silver printing supplanted by carbon or any other reliable substance.

Starting with the idea of printing photographs in the most stable metals known, such as platinum or iridium, Mr. William Willis, jun., recently sought to find a good reducer of these metals, and spent some time in making experiments with ferrous oxalate, a beautiful lemon-yellow powder, known to be insoluble in water and most other menstrua. Working away for a time without any satisfactory result, he eventually discovered that a solution of it in the neutral oxalate of potash instantly precipitated the metal from the ordinary chloride of platinum; in other words, he found that a solution of ferrous oxalate in potassic oxalate reduced salts of platinum to the metallic condition. Now, as ferrous oxalate can be produced by the action of light upon ferric oxalate, it follows that if paper which has received a wash of chloride of platinum and ferric oxalate be exposed under a negative in the printing-frame, and then receive a wash of potassic oxalate, the metal will be reduced in proportion to the action of the light.

When this printing process, the principle of which we have thus described, is carried out in actual practice, a picture of a fine quality is obtained by an exposure to light of about one-fifth of that required for ordinary silver printing; that, at any rate, is the estimate we made when witnessing the process worked. When the pictures are taken from the printing-frame they are feebly although distinctly visible, although up to this stage the platinum has not taken any part in the performance. The visible picture is composed of ferrous oxalate, and it would have been equally



visible had no platinum been present. The picture is now drawn over a solution of potassic oxalate, and instantly, as the result of this contact, the image becomes strong and rich, of a warm velvety-black tone.

As far as mere permanence is concerned the picture is now finished—boiling nitric acid would have no effect upon it. But it must be remembered that the paper was sensitized by ferric oxalate, and it is desirable that it be removed. To effect this the print is immersed in a weak solution of oxalic acid, by which the whites are rendered very pure. Rinsing in plain water completes the operation. There is a great charm about these pictures, which are made on plain paper, the tones being like that of a warm engraving. Added to their beauty and the rapidity of their production, they resist all the usual destructive tests.

The developing action of the potassic oxalate will readily be comprehended from the following considerations:—Bearing in mind the axiom that no chemical action can take place unless one of the substances be in a liquid form, observe that when the picture is removed from the printing frame the two substances—the ferrous oxalate and the platinum salt—are both solid, and hence the former body has not had an opportunity of acting upon the latter; both are side by side, and in the most favourable position for one to act upon the other, but it is held in check. The question now arises, “What will release it, so that it may reduce the platinum, so conveniently situated for this purpose?” It is not soluble in water, but is so in a solution of potassic oxalate. No sooner, therefore, is the picture placed in contact with such a fluid than the exposed parts—consisting of ferrous oxalate—are liquefied and instantaneously exert their reducing action on the neighbouring particles of platinum, which thus are made to form the picture.

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From Nature.

#### THE ASTRONOMY OF THE BABYLONIANS.

THE astronomical science of the ancient Babylonians and their pupils, the Assyrians, was neither so profound nor so contemptible as has often been maintained. Now that we are able to read the native records written in the cuneiform or wedge-shaped character, we find that the progress made at a very early period in mapping

out the sky, in compiling a calendar, and above all in observing the phenomena of the heavens, was really wonderful, considering the scanty means they possessed of effecting it. Certainly their astronomy was mixed up with all kinds of astrological absurdities, but this did not prevent them from being persistent and keen observers, whose energy in the cause of knowledge is not undeserving of imitation even in the present day.

The originators of astronomy in Chaldea, as indeed of all other science, art and culture there, were not the Semitic Babylonians, but a people who are now generally termed Accadians, and who spoke an agglutinative language. They had come from the mountains of Elam or Susiana, on the east, bringing with them the rudiments of writing and civilization. They found a cognate race already settled in Chaldea, and in conjunction with the latter they built the great cities of Babylonia, whose ruins still attest their power and antiquity. Somewhere between 3000 and 4000 B.C. the Semites entered the country from the east, and gradually contrived to conquer the whole of it. It is probable the conquest was concluded about 2000 B.C. At all events, Accadian became a dead language two or three centuries later, but as the Semitic invaders owed almost all the civilization they possessed to their more polished predecessors, it remained the language of literature, like Latin in the Middle Ages, down to the last days of the Assyrian empire.

Astronomy was included in the branches of science borrowed by the Semitic Babylonians from the Accadians. Consequently their astronomical records contain many words which belong to the old language, while most of the stars bear Accadian and not Semitic names. Even where the Assyrio-Babylonians had a technical term of their own, like *kasritu*, “conjunction,” they continued to write the old Accadian word *ribanna*, of which *kasritu* was a translation, though they probably pronounced it *kasritu*, just as we pronounce *viz.* “namely.”

The oldest Chaldean astronomical records of which we know are contained in a great work called “The Observations of Bel,” in seventy books, compiled for a certain King Sargon of Agané, in Babylonia, before 1700 B.C., and of which we possess later copies or editions, made for the library of Sardanapalus at Nineveh. The catalogue of this work shows that a great part of it was purely astrological; other books, however, were more scientific.



Thus there was one on the conjunction of the sun and moon, another on comets, or, as they are called, "stars with a corona in front and a tail behind," a third on the movements of Mars, a fourth on the movements of Venus, and a fifth on the pole-star.\* The catalogue concludes with a curious intimation to the student, who is told to write down the number of the tablet or book he wishes to consult, and the librarian will thereupon hand it to him. The larger portion of the work itself has been recovered, though some of the tablets belonging to it still lie under the soil of Kouyunjik, and a good part of the details which follow is extracted from this primitive Babylonian treatise.

The Accadians seem to have begun their astronomical observations before they left Elam, since the meridian was placed in that country, while the old mythology made "the mountain of the east" the pivot on which the sky rested. This will account for the large number of eclipses recorded in the "Observations of Bel," which imply a corresponding antiquity for the commencement of such records. These records were carefully kept, as there were State observatories in most of the Babylonian and Assyrian towns—at Ur, Agané, Nineveh, and Arbela, for instance—and (at all events in later times) the astronomers royal had to send fortnightly reports to the king.

It is to the Accadians that we owe both the signs of the zodiac and the days of the week. The heaven was divided into four parts, and the passage of the sun through these marked the four seasons of the year. A tablet brought home by Mr. Smith informs us that the spring quarter lasted from the 1st of the month Adar to the 30th of the month Iyyar (that is, from the 1st degree of Pisces to the 30th degree of Taurus), the summer quarter from the 1st of Sivan to the 30th of Ab (the 1st degree of Gemini to the 30th of Leo), the autumn quarter from the 1st of Ebul to the 30th of Marchesvan (the 1st degree of Virgo to the 30th of Scorpio), and the winter quarter from the 1st of Chisleu to the 30th of Sebat (the 1st degree of Sagittarius to the 30th of Aquarius). The fact that the spring quarter did not commence with the beginning of the year in Nisan or March, shows that the scheme was subsequent to the formation of the calendar.

The year was divided into twelve lunar months and 360 days, an intercalary

month being added whenever a certain star, called "the star of stars," or *Icu*,\* which was just in advance of the sun when it crossed the vernal equinox, was not parallel with the moon until the 3rd of Nisan, that is, two days after the equinox. This, however, did not always suffice to keep the seasons in order, and the calendar had more than once to be rectified by the intercalation of other so-called months, consisting of a few days each. Cycles of twelve solar years were also in use, during which the same weather was expected to recur. The day was divided into twelve *casbumi*, or "double hours," each of these being further subdivided into sixty minutes and sixty seconds. The month, too, was cut into two halves of fifteen days, each subdivided into periods of five days, though a week of seven days was also employed from the earliest times. The days of the week were named after the sun, moon, and five planets, and since the 7th, 14th, 19th, 21st, and 28th of the month were termed "days of rest" on which certain works were forbidden to be done, it is clear that the origin of our modern week must be referred to the ancient Chaldeans. The names of the months were taken from the corresponding signs of the zodiac, and as the zodiac began with Aries and the year with Nisan, neither the zodiac nor the calendar of the Accadians could be earlier than 2450 B.C. This is also indicated by the fact that even as late as the composition of the "Observations of Bel," time is calculated in the case of eclipses, not by the *casbu*, or "double hour"—a word which is Accadian and not Semitic—but by the older division into three watches. These consisted of four hours each, beginning at 6 P.M. and ending at 6 A.M., and they were called respectively the "evening," "middle," and "morning" watches. Something like an accurate measurement of time was attained by the invention of the clepsydra.

Eclipses of the moon were observed from a very early epoch; but numerous as are the records of them in the great astronomical work of Sargon's library, the vague and unscientific way in which they are recorded renders them of little value. The usual formula is: "In the month so and so, on the 14th day, an eclipse takes place, beginning on the east and ending on the west: it begins in the middle watch

\* That is,  $\alpha$  Draconis.

\* Called *Dil-gan*, or "messenger of light," in Accadian. It must be identified with  $\tau$  Arietis, and at a later time with  $\alpha$  Arietis.



[10 P.M. to 2 A.M.], and ends in the morning watch, the shadow being eastward from the commencement to the cessation of the eclipse." In subsequent times, however, the language of the observatory-reports becomes more precise and the gradual progress of an eclipse is carefully described. Long before the reign of Sargon of Agané, the discovery had been made that lunar eclipses recur after a cycle of 223 lunations, and records of them incorporated into the "Observations of Bel" generally begin with the words "According to calculation," or (it may be) "Contrary to calculation, the moon was eclipsed." One of the most curious tablets now in the British Museum is one of lunar longitudes, which seems to have formed part of the great Babylonian work on astronomy, but, since it is written in Accadian, must be older than 2000 B.C. As a translation of it has not been made before, it is here given in full:—

1. The 1st day (the moon) advances	5 deg.
2. The 2nd day " "	10 deg.
3. The 3rd day " "	20 deg.
4. The 4th day " "	40 deg.
5. The 5th day " "	80 deg.
6. The 6th day " "	96 deg.
7. The 7th day " "	112 deg.
8. The 8th day " "	128 deg.
9. The 9th day " "	144 deg.
10. The 10th day " "	160 deg.
11. The 11th day " "	176 deg.
12. The 12th day " "	192 deg.
13. The 13th day " "	208 deg.
14. The 14th day " "	224 deg.
15. The 15th day " "	240 deg.
16. The 16th day for 224 deg. of advance it retrogrades*	16 deg.
17. The 17th day for 208 deg. of advance it retrogrades	32 deg.
18. The 18th day for 192 deg. of advance it retrogrades	48 deg.
19. The 19th day for 176 deg. of advance it retrogrades	64 deg.
20. The 20th day for 160 deg. of advance it retrogrades	80 deg.
21. The 21st day for 144 deg. of advance it retrogrades	96 deg.
22. The 22nd day for 128 deg. of advance it retrogrades	112 deg.
23. The 23rd day for 112 deg. of advance it retrogrades	128 deg.
24. The 24th day for 96 deg. of advance it retrogrades	144 deg.
25. The 25th day for 80 deg. of advance it retrogrades	30 deg.
26. The 26th day for 32 deg. of advance it retrogrades	56 deg.
27. The 27th day for 23 deg. of advance it retrogrades	12 deg.

\* Literally, "becomes obscure."

28. The 28th day for 15 deg. of advance it retrogrades 26 deg.  
 29. The 29th day for 5.05 deg. of advance it retrogrades 4 2-3 deg.  
 30. The 30th day the moon is the god Anu.

The fractions at the end of the tablet are hard to explain, and it is unfortunate that the month is not named during which the observations were made, and that we have no other tablet of a similar kind to compare with it. It will be noticed that here, as everywhere else in Babylonian mathematics, the *sars* or 60 was the unit, and also that the path of the moon was divided into 240 (60 x 4) degrees. This corresponds with an analogous division of the equator into 240°,  $\eta$  Piscium being 60°,  $\gamma$  Piscium (or rather  $\alpha$  Pegasi) 80°, and so on. An inner circle was drawn within the equatorial and divided into 120 (60 x 2) degrees, a line passing through  $\eta$  Piscium being 30°, and 10° being marked for every 20° of the equator. The ecliptic, "the yoke of the sky" as it was picturesquely called, was divided into 360°, 30° for each sign.\* It is curious that no trace is to be found of the 28 *nakshatras* or lunar mansions of Hindu and Chinese astronomy which have been so confidently assigned to a Babylonian origin. Should M. Biot, however, be right in holding that there were primarily but 24 of these, the four additional ones being added by the Chinese sage, Cheu-kung (B.C. 1100), it is possible that they might be connected with the 24 zodiacal stars which, according to Diodorus, were called "judges" by the Babylonians, 12 being north and 12 south.

The problem of calculating solar eclipses by tracing the shadow as projected on a sphere had also presented itself at an early period. Like eclipses of the moon, eclipses of the sun are spoken of as occurring either "according to calculation" or "contrary to calculation." In a report sent in to one of the later kings of Assyria by the State astronomer, Abil-Istar states that a watch had been kept on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of Sivan, or May, for an eclipse of the sun, which did not, however, take place after all. The shadow, it is clear, must have fallen outside the field of observation. Besides the more ordinary kind of solar eclipses, mention is made of annular eclipses, which, strangely enough, are never alluded to by classical writers. It is interesting to find that observations were made as early as the time of Sargon of Agané on the varying colour of the sun,

\* The Babylonian symbol for a degree was the star \*.



especially at the beginning of the year on the 1st of Nisan. Thus in one place we are told that the sun on that day was "bright yellow," in another place that it was "discoloured" (or rather "spotted").

Of the planets, only Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn were known, besides the earth. These, however, excited great attention, and their phenomena were carefully studied. The movements of Venus and Mars especially attracted notice. Among the names given to Mars was that of "the vanishing star," in allusion to its recession from the earth, just as Jupiter was frequently called "the planet of the ecliptic," from its neighbourhood to the latter. The title of Mars just alluded to, however, raises the very interesting question whether the Babylonians had observed the phases as well as the movements of Venus and Mars. Now a report, taken from the "Observations of Bel," distinctly states that Venus "rises, and in its orbit duly grows in size," and this, in combination with the name of Mars as "the vanishing star," shows plainly that the phases of the two planets must have been noticed. Such a fact necessitates the existence of some kind of telescope, however rude; and Mr. Layard's discovery of a crystal magnifying lens at Nineveh indicates that such an instrument may have actually been in use.\*

The portion of Chaldean astronomy which was concerned with the planets was unnecessarily complicated by the habit of naming them from the fixed stars near which they happened to be at different times of the year, so that the same planet is often spoken of under varying names. Thus *Nibatanu* was properly Altair, but became a very common title of Mars. The number of the fixed stars observed by the Chaldeans was very great, and again suggests the use of something more than the naked eye. The principal stars had individual names, the rest being included in the constellations to which they belonged. In this way the heavens were mapped out long before the idea of a terrestrial atlas had suggested itself. The identification of the Chaldean constellations and fixed stars is of course a work of considerable difficulty, but the modern representatives of several of them have now been determined, and with the help

of these and fresh astronomical texts, there is every reason to hope that our knowledge of the celestial globe of the Babylonians will be as complete as it is in the case of the Greeks and Romans.

A. H. SAYCE.

From The Spectator

#### M. THIERS' LAST SPEECH.

THE great importance ascribed in France to M. Thiers' speech at Arcachon is hardly intelligible to Englishmen, because they do not quite realize the position of M. Thiers in France. He is the one person who might conceivably be elected deputy by her eighty-six departments. This fact, which is so serious that it is said to be one of the many reasons for M. Buffet's decision in favour of the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, would of itself explain the interest attaching to M. Thiers' opinions, and this is but one fact among many. M. Thiers is, in many respects, the typical Frenchman of his epoch. Eloquent and vivacious, full of vainglory tempered by worldly shrewdness, daring and cautious, a Voltairian who thinks a respectable Church essential to mankind, given to theories which never stand in the way of able administration, capable of chauvinism, but almost cunning in his pursuit of French interests; M. Thiers exactly expresses to the people their present selves, the mood which may endure for this generation. His personality has reached down even to the peasantry, who, moreover, do not forget the incident which he, with his pleasant vanity, is so very apt to recall,—how he found France defeated, and her richest departments occupied, and her capital in the power of a sect soon to be known as "Communists;" how he concluded peace and restored order, and found the stupendous sum—six milliards in all, he says, or £240,000,000—required for the liberation and reorganization of the country; how he established the republic; and how France, under his rule, rapidly grew prosperous again. They credit him with the good harvests as well as the liberation of the country, with the general order as well as the revival of the army, till they almost feel towards him the sentiment of personal loyalty, which is said to have died in France because for a hundred and fifty years it has never been thoroughly deserved. Expelled from power, a childless man, and seventy-eight years of age, he would still, in a frank *plébiscite*

\* A broken tablet I have come across seems to record a transit of Venus across the sun. It is to be hoped that Mr. Smith will before long succeed in bringing to England the remainder of the Kouyunjik library. At present a tablet is often broken off at its most interesting part, while the corresponding fragment is still lying under the soil on the banks of the Tigris.



be a dangerous competitor for the presidency, or even for a throne. His opinion affects millions, and the fact that, after all his experience, after his expulsion from the presidency, after two years of the Septennate,—that strange course in which the driver always urges his horses with his eyes looking wistfully behind him,—he still pronounces for a republic, still declares a monarchy impossible, still believes that the republic will live, seems to all parties of immense importance, and is so, because his belief helps to disseminate his creed. Millions who would doubt if he doubted, are reassured by his sanguine speech.

Moreover, M. Thiers, though always historian before all things, did not at Archachon confine himself to history. He touched, as usual, on the burning question of the hour. That question in France, with all parties, is the agency through which the republic is to be solidified. To whom is it wise or safe to entrust power, not only in the state, but the provinces? To us, say the Bonapartists, for we can govern with iron hands. To us, say the Legitimists, for if the Comte de Chambord is impossible, the republic is to us the least offensive interregnum. To us, say the Orleanists, for what are we but republicans who prefer an hereditary president? To us, finally say the Republicans, for we alone are, or can be, loyal to the heart. Amid these cries of parties, the shriller answers of their chiefs may be recognized by a marked difference of *timbre*. Power may be entrusted to all, cries the marshal-president, who are soldiers or conservatives. It may be consigned to all, replies M. Buffet, who are conservative or clerical. It may be trusted to all, shouts M. Gambetta, who are Republican, or whom I select. It may be trusted to all, closes M. Thiers, who are Republicans, and who do not explain their republicanism by their hopes of a monarchical or imperial revision. There are too many of these last, too many "functionaries who represent policies, who are ashamed to speak of the republic," and who talk instead always of France, "a name which, however dear to all, should not be used in order not to pronounce another." There are functionaries who "first of all repulse the Radicals personally; next, they repulse those who, without being Radicals, would lead the country to radicalism by their way of doing things. In short, there are, first of all, Radicals who must be guarded against; next, those who, without being Radicals, would lead to radical-

ism; and lastly, by natural consequence, those who would lead to toleration of Radicals; and continuing these classifications, one would finish by admitting to the service of the republic only those who never wished for it, and to-day are just the same." In other words, there are administrations like that of M. Buffet, with ministers who acknowledge the republic, but trust only those who, if they could have their way, would overthrow it,—who "were not Republicans of the eve, and to-day like the republic as little as before." Every line in that sentence is condemnatory of the men who are now in power,—of the marshal, because he will not govern with a liberal cabinet, of M. Buffet, because he snubs even colleagues when, like M. Leon Say, they venture to approve the vote which made the republic legal; of the majority of the Assembly, because they approved the men who do these things. When "France approaches the urns"—observe, M. Thiers does not condescend to discuss whether a dissolution is advisable or not, but assumes it—"she must remember that, if she add to the immense labours to be encountered by the next Assembly a great division of parties, she will enter upon chaos." He desires, in fact, that there should be a working majority of Republicans in the next Assembly—Republicans content with the republic—and that M. Thiers desires this will help, as M. Buffet well knows, to bring the result about. M. Thiers put down the Communists. M. Thiers does not fear the Republicans. Why should we, who know so much less, believe that the republic will become a commune? That will be the syllogism of the electors, and it is an ominous one for the conservatism which M. Buffet desires,—a conservatism which opposes the reign of dictators only to establish a *régime* of *gendarmérie*.

Nothing can be more definite to French ears than M. Thiers' speech on the internal politics of France, and if on her external politics he is less clear, we must remember that he is speaking to men who do not need to be told two facts of which Englishmen are apt to be forgetful,—that France will not fight again if she can help it without an ally, and that Legitimists and Bonapartists assert every day with some acceptance that a French republic will never find one. How, think even Republicans, can we expect a czar of Russia, or emperor of Austria, or even a king of Italy or Spain, to be heartily friendly to a republic, and especially a republic in



France, whence ideas spread so rapidly? That thought chills many Republicans, and to that thought M. Thiers addresses an argument which is we at once hope and fear unsound, but which deserves attention. Europe, he says, is to-day "perfectly rational," and will sympathize with any government that is perfectly "rational" also. Its rulers are no longer imaginative, no longer alarmed, no longer wishing for interventions. So far is this reasonableness pushed, that when the troubles broke out in the Herzegovina, the first thought was to keep out of them; the second, not to profit by them; and the third to teach sovereigns to grant reforms, and subjects to obey their rulers. There is not a prince in Europe not reforming, not a country not engaged in this task, "save, indeed, England, which, in obtaining liberty, obtained the germ of all reforms." That sketch of Europe is, of course, as inaccurate as it is sanguine. Germany is reforming nothing, nor intent upon reforms,—is, on the contrary, absorbed in postponing reforms to a battle with the Roman Church. She is not "rational," in M. Thiers' sense; nor is Russia, nor France herself, except perforce, while irrationality covers Spain at once with soldiers and disorder. We see no evidence as yet that France has become incapable of a delirium of ideas, or Germany of a burst of military ardour, or the hereditary rulers of Europe of care for the safety of their power, their fortunes, and their dynasties. But it is true, perhaps, that Europe is indisposed to crusades, that it is willing to leave each country to work out its internal fate, that it would resent an attempt to conquer merely because the conquered were acquiring new force and trying new ideas. It did so resent the menace of April, 1875, and in the present state of French minds, full of reminiscences of 1870, and nervous as wounded horses, to be assured that invasion will not be provoked by forms of government has a tranquillizing effect. That is all that M. Thiers is trying to produce, and he produces it, though by means which illustrate one of the greatest weaknesses in his character,—his readiness when he thinks it needful, to use the Chinese ignorance of his countrymen. If he had wanted agitation, all Europe would in his brilliant periods have been menacing France because she had not adopted this or that panacea for her social troubles. There exists even now, when power has moderated him, and misfortune has educated him, and universal respect has

opened his heart, a trace of cunning in M. Thiers' intellect, a suggestion of a possibility of being false in the interest of France, that, so to speak, streaks a character which otherwise is well worthy of the world-wide respect it has so miraculously acquired. Englishmen always forget their own history, but to statesmen of sixty that Englishmen should wish M. Thiers endless years of life and a supreme place among his countrymen must seem a marvellous change. And yet it is true. M. Thiers is the single Frenchman of this generation to whom all Englishmen without distinction of parties have wished well.

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From The Saturday Review.

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH.

IN reading the accounts of the murder of Commodore Goodenough we seem to be carried back a hundred years, and to mourn afresh the untimely fate of Captain Cook. The later navigator made the earlier his model in life, and he has met with the same death. Referring to his disappointment in not finding a north-eastern passage through the polar sea, Cook wrote that to this he owed that he had it in his power to revisit the Sandwich Islands, and thus enrich his voyage with the most important discovery—that of Hawaii—that had been made in the Pacific. These words conclude his journal. One of the boats of his ship having been stolen in the night, Cook went ashore on the 14th February, 1779, to try to recover it. The natives became alarmed; blows were struck, and Cook was obliged to fire in self-defence. In retreating to the boats four marines were killed, and Cook, who was the last person left on shore, was struck down from behind. He struggled vigorously, but the confusion of the boats' crews was such that no assistance was given, and he was soon overpowered and killed. This melancholy event was ascribed to no premeditated treachery, but to a sudden impulse arising from the belief that the loss of the boat would be revenged by hostile measures. When the news of this disaster reached England it must have been felt that the country had lost one of its best officers at a period of grave peril. France and Spain were now united with the revolted American colonies, and their fleets maintained at least a numerical superiority at sea, until Rodney defeated the French fleet, and preserved the West In-



dies. Yet, although our navy did so well without Cook, it cannot be doubted that he was one of its brightest ornaments. Cook was born of poor parents in a Yorkshire village, and was apprenticed to the coal trade at Whitby. He volunteered into the royal navy, and in spite of early defects of education, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with both the practical and scientific parts of his profession. He had a mind inventive and full of resource, sagacity, self-possession, decision, and an intuitive readiness of perception in professional matters, so that his first opinion on such a question as the nature of an opening, or the set of tides or currents, was seldom found to be incorrect. His perseverance was unremitting. He was watchful and solicitous for the health and comfort of his crews, and to his constant care and moral influence, as well as to his judgment, must be ascribed the remarkable exemption from disease which his men enjoyed. He may be said to have banished scurvy from the service, and his success in that respect afforded him more satisfaction than the reputation gained by his discoveries. But that which his contemporaries regarded as most rare and truly estimable in his character was his scrupulous justice and humanity towards the rude tribes whom he visited. For their propensity to thieving he made excuse, and any offences committed against their persons or property by his crews he strictly punished. Nor did he give way to natural curiosity when by so doing he was likely to provoke hostile collision. This useful and honourable life ended in its fifty-first year.

We are told that Commodore Goodenough made Cook his model, and the letters published in this week's newspapers unconsciously resemble Cook's biography. The commodore's aim was to supplement the discoveries of his great predecessor. He wearied of ease, gaiety, and pleasant times when there was work anywhere to do. He threw all his energies, and they were great, both physical and mental, into the work at Fiji. His thoroughness would take nothing for granted. Personal inquiry and inspection guided him. He ascertained the capabilities of the country, the feelings and dispositions of whites and natives, and by his genial bearing, courtesy and kindness, power and knowledge, candour and truthfulness, he gained the honour, trust, and love of all. The labour-trade occupied much of his attention, and between unscrupulous kidnappers on one side and enthusiastic, and

possibly hasty, humanitarians on the other, we can understand that his task must have been difficult. Many of the most amiable and pious people in the world are incapable of sifting evidence. Having to direct all the ships on the station, and to judge of and report on the acts of all the commanders, it was consistent with the commodore's character that he should pay a visit to the South Sea Islands. In April of this year he made a short cruise in the "Pearl" through the New Hebrides, examining seas and islands, collecting information, aiding missionaries, repressing lawlessness, trying to do justice both to traders and natives, making his office felt as a real power for good throughout that part of the Pacific. He returned from this cruise to take Sir Arthur Gordon to Fiji, and, having landed him, he left Levuka on his last cruise on the 13th of July.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century Alvaro de Mendaña was sent by the Spanish government on a voyage of discovery, in which he found a group of islands to which he gave his own name, and also those of Santa Cruz. About ten years later Quiros and Torres undertook another voyage for the same government, and discovered the Terra del Espritu Santo, which, when rediscovered by Cook, was found to consist of many islands, and was called by him the New Hebrides. This was the last effort of the Spaniards in that great career of exploration which was begun by Columbus and prosecuted by Magalhaens. The group of islands of which Santa Cruz is one lie to the north-east of the New Hebrides, which the "Pearl" first visited. The commodore landed in several of the islands of the New Hebrides, everywhere trying to establish friendly relations with the natives. At each place he landed first, for he would never allow others to run a risk which he would not share himself. By giving presents, and by a frank and friendly manner, he would soon establish confidence. He said that now he was learning to judge of reports sent in to him. But, if he thought that other officers had erred on the side of suspicion or precaution, he has now furnished in his own person a sad example of mistaken confidence. Perhaps, on the whole, his plan is best, but those who follow it take their lives in their hands. Murder by many blows, as in Cook's case, may be without much difficulty prevented; but a single slight wound of an arrow shot from a hidden bow may cause tetanus and death. Unfortunately, too, the honest



and merciful European suffers for the craft and cruelty of other visitors to those islands. The Spaniards have preserved an unfavourable tradition of the natives of Santa Cruz, and it is possible that these natives return the compliment. However, Commodore Goodenough believed that open dealing would always be successful, and he hoped to inspire confidence in the natives, so that they would be friendly to white people, and thus in time Polynesia would be safe ground for missionaries and for all who might come with honest purpose. The chaplain of the "Pearl," who thus describes the commodore's views and hopes, adds that success encouraged him to expect that even in the island of Santa Cruz itself he would make friends. This, he says, seemed to be the place of greatest danger, as the islanders have always been treacherous to whites, from the days when the Spaniards first found them and injured them down to the killing of Bishop Patteson hard by at Nukapu. The commodore used more precaution than usual. The despatch which he dictated after receiving the wounds of which he died states that he wished particularly to communicate with Carlisle Bay in the island of Santa Cruz, where the "Sand-fly" was attacked last year, in order, if possible, to open a friendly intercourse with the natives. On the 12th of August he took two cutters and a whale-boat, landed with precaution, made some presents, and bartered for a few things. The natives were in good numbers. After remaining on shore three-quarters of an hour, and feeling satisfied with the advance that had been made, he ordered the party to prepare to leave for the ship. Every person was in or close to the boats except the commodore and two others, when a man standing between two huts about four yards distant discharged an arrow, which struck the commodore on the left side. He turned at once to the boats, which shoved off, receiving at the same time two or three flights of arrows, which struck five of the men and the commodore a second time on the head. To stop the attack a few shots were fired from rifles and revolvers, and the flights of arrows ceased, one native having been struck by the fire. Another account says that two natives were killed. It is an obvious remark that the danger of this visit was increased by landing close to a small village. If there had been no cover, no native could have approached the commodore with bow and arrows without being himself exposed to rifle-shot. But it may be said that, if

meetings are only to be held with unarmed natives, intercourse with warlike tribes will be almost impossible. The commodore, having satisfied himself that no provocation had been given, sent in four boats to burn the village where the attack had been made. The wounds, he says, appeared very slight, but, as the arrows might be poisoned, and the cases, including of course his own, might terminate fatally, he thought it best to proceed southwards, more especially as the object of his cruise was to gain personal information, and he should now be unable for some little time to attend to his duties. This letter was dictated on the 13th of August, and signed by the commodore on the 19th, and he died next day, at the age of forty-four years.

Two seamen died, like the commodore, of tetanus caused by their wounds, and the three were buried at Sydney, more fortunate in this respect than Captain Cook, whose flesh was eaten by his murderers. It is probable that Commodore Goodenough was more of an enthusiast in this work of conciliating and civilizing South Sea islanders than many officers of his rank. This, indeed, may be inferred from the chaplain's language. The surgeon of the "Pearl," who has also written an account of this "cold-blooded and treacherous attack," states that the commodore went at first towards the shore, with two boats only, and that an armed boat was summoned from the ship by signal. If this had not been done there might have been only two or three revolvers amongst the whole party, and the attack could hardly have been checked without more serious loss of English lives. The commodore, looking further into the matter than the surgeon, conceived that the natives might have something like a policy. "We cannot," he said, "tell their reason." Supposing that they reasoned at all, and either did not know or disregarded the advantage of trade, they would probably conclude that the best thing to do was to keep white men off their island by making it manifestly dangerous to land upon it. With this object their measures were well chosen, for they contrived to wound him who was visibly the chief, and they might reasonably infer that a little of that treatment would last the strangers a long time, as we are bound to confess it very likely will. The service has lost a good officer in a petty skirmish, and although we may think that Commodore Goodenough expected rather too much from what he did, we cannot blame his excess of zeal. He



was a worthy successor of Captain Cook ; and he showed both by his life and death that in the lapse of a century the service has not degenerated.

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From The Spectator.

PITCHER-PLANTS.

THE important discoveries of Mr. Darwin have led to the attention of many investigators being drawn to plants which are provided with apparatus for the purposive trapping of insects. Foremost amongst these stands the distinguished director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, who, in his address at Belfast, brought prominently into notice a large class of plants which had previously been regarded as little more than botanical freaks. We are finding, however, on all sides, that such a thing as a mere freak exists nowhere in nature, and that the more carefully we study the details of any object, however apparently eccentric, the more do we see how powerful an agent usefulness becomes in the modification of structure.

The question may well be asked, as it often has been, how can an organ in an early stage of development be useful ; as in the case of the wonderful trap of the *Dionæa*, if the trap has been evolved by usefulness, what was its usefulness before it was a trap complete and perfect in the form as we now see it ? In this particular instance, we are bound to confess that our imperfect knowledge can as yet give no answer, but this, of course, is not conclusive that a solution of the question is forever beyond our reach.

In the case of the plants now more immediately in question, the history of the evolution of their especial organs can be almost completely sketched, and nothing can be more convincing of the actual process of evolution by increased usefulness than a careful study of pitcher-plants. Of these, there are five principal families known, and these are all nearly allied, and have very interesting geographical distributions. The first three are found in America, the first, or *Sarracenia* family, being confined to North America ; the second, the *Darlingtonia Californica*, to a very limited district in California ; and the third, the *Heliamphora*, to an equally limited area in Guiana. A fourth family, represented by the *Cephalotus follicularis*, is limited to a marshy district near St. George's Sound, on the north-east coast of Australia, and is chiefly remarkable for its

closeness of relation to the fifth family, the *Nepenthes*, of which there are about twenty varieties, all of them confined to the islands on the south coast of Asia and Madagascar. The pitchers of these plants consist of some modification of the leaves, as in the *Sarracenia*, where the whole leaf is changed ; or in the *Cephalotus*, where only some leaves are modified ; or in the *Nepenthes*, where it is only a glandular structure at the end of the midrib, which has been altered for a special function.

If we examine the leaves of plants generally with special reference to their function, we find that they all have, to a greater or less degree, the power of absorbing waters and aqueous solution of certain substances, especially of ammonia. We do not know that the question has yet been specially investigated, but there is strong reason to suspect that it is rather the rule than the exception for plants to absorb a large proportion of their food by their leaves ; and enough is already known about a special function of digestion in certain leaves, to warrant the belief that it will be found in many plants besides those described by Darwin, Hooker, and others. The absorption of water and ammonia by all leaves we may regard as the first step towards the absorption of more complex substances in special instances ; and the cupping seen in many of the most ordinary leaves, useful in retaining moisture, may be considered as the first step in the evolution of a special modification of the leaves as reservoirs. In the event of plants with cupped leaves being subjected to the influences of a climate where a hot sunshine was occasionally interrupted by short, heavy showers, the plants with the most cupped leaves would have the best chance for survival, so that the evolution of plants of which some of the *Sarracenia* may be taken as examples, would be easy. They have leaves modified only in shape, so that they retain water for the advantage of the plant under the influence of the hot American sun. Under such conditions, however, it would be scarcely possible for the capture of insects to be avoided. Eager as they are in search of water, they would frequently visit these reservoirs of water, and some of them would get drowned, as they constantly do in our tumblers and milk-jugs. A watery solution of their bodies would be of advantage to the plant, being absorbed, so that it would necessarily follow that the best traps would be encouraged, till the complete and perfect form, as seen in the *Sarracenia purpurea*, would be developed.



Another circumstance in the surroundings of the plant has stepped in at this point to its further advantage, in that certain maggots of a carnivorous fly are deposited in the mass of putrefying insect-bodies collected in the pitcher. These contribute to the more rapid and complete utilization of the food, by eating and excreting it, and afterwards they bore a hole at the bottom of the pitcher, through which the refuse is poured on to the roots of the plants, and there utilized as manure.

In the various kinds of *Sarracenia* the pitchers are found to be of different forms, modified doubtless by the various kinds of food which they find in their neighbourhood. Thus the *S. purpurea* has a wide, open pitcher, which can take any kind of food with impunity; whilst the *S. flava* has long, slender pitchers, adapted only for small and easily-decomposed flies. If a large English bluebottle-fly creeps into a pitcher of this plant kept in a greenhouse in this country, the leaf is killed, or at least withers all round the fly. This is due to over-feeding, and is extremely suggestive of the accidents which happen to the human digestive organs after over-feeding; but if they are supplied with the food to which they are habituated, the plants thrive well. They have no special secreting glands by which they provide a digestive fluid, as will be found in the more complex pitchers of the *Nepenthes*, and in the leaves of the *Droseraceæ*, where the mechanism of deglutition seems to be superadded to a perfect digestive organ.

On the *Darlingtonia* two forms of pitcher are found, one peculiar to the young condition of the plant, and the other to its mature state. The change from the one form to the other is quite sudden in the case of the individual plant, no intermediate stage being met with; and these two forms seem to present a combination of the representatives of various kinds of *Sarracenia*. This remarkable fact has been pointed out by Dr. Hooker, who well says that, occurring as it does in one outlying species of a small order, it must be regarded as marvellously significant for the law of evolution. It is, in fact, a missing link of the most important kind, for here we have in an isolated plant the actual process occurring under our eyes which we assume to have taken place to create out of one species two plants which, to the uneducated eye, seem as different as a beaver and a squirrel.

In the *Cephalotus* we have another link in the chain, for in it two kinds of leaves are found, one kind having the character

of ordinary leaves, whilst the other shows the modification of the same leaves into pitchers.

It is in the great family of *Nepenthes*, however, that we find the most interesting series of changes, for these bridge over the chasm which would otherwise exist between the simple structure of a cupped leaf holding water, and the complicated mechanism of the sundew and Venus's fly-trap, in which are to be found a complete digestive system and the rudiments of nervous action. It has been shown by Dr. Hooker that the pitchers of the *Nepenthes* are not formed by a modification of the leaf itself, but from a peculiar glandular substance at the end of the midribs. This may account for the introduction into the structure of the pitchers of a new element, in the shape of special secreting glands, which are found in all the members of this family. Of these there are about twenty varieties, and they are all found in the islands on the south coast of Asia, with the exception of one in Madagascar and one in Australia.

The pitchers are placed at the end of a stalk, which is continuous with the midrib of the leaf, and they are developed only after the leaf is well grown, showing that they are additions to the structure of the plant after it had otherwise been almost completely developed. The stalk is inserted at the base of the pitcher, and the different details of the arrangements of the various kinds of *Nepenthes* show that they have been evolved under very varying circumstances. Thus some of the plants have their pitchers elaborated into most ingenious traps, with fringed guides to direct the straying insects unerringly into the trap, the stalk resting between the guides with a very evident purpose. In some varieties these fringed guides are absent, whilst in others they exist only in the young state of the plant when food is most needed, and disappear in the pitchers produced when the special need has passed away. The pitchers in some are also covered with a lamella, which seems to serve the purpose of an umbrella in one and a sunshade in another, to prevent extreme dilution or extreme concentration, as the case may be, of the contents of the pitchers.

The edges of the pitchers are provided with a *chevaux-de-frise* of incurved hooks, which must serve as a very effectual hindrance to the escape of any insect which once enters. The inner surface of the pitcher is lined with a special glandular apparatus, which has to do with the spe-



cial secretion of the digestive fluid, and which closely resembles the same structure in the sundew and in Venus's fly-trap. In the pitchers is always found a certain quantity of fluid, which is partly the result of water which enters from without, but which is also partly secreted by the inner surface of the pitcher, for it is found in the pitchers before their peculiar valve-like lids have opened. In the virgin or unopened pitcher this fluid contains some animal matter, which consists partly of a substance resembling the pepsin found in the gastric secretion of animals, and some chloride of potash and soda, and it is always perfectly neutral. When removed from the pitcher, the fluid possesses no power of dissolving animal matter unless an acid is added to it, when a series of chemical changes take place which are identical with what takes place in the human or any other stomach. After a pitcher has opened, if a fly or

a piece of other nitrogenous food be dropped into it, a change is soon effected in the character of the fluid. It becomes acid, and the quantity of the digestive principle is increased, and the food is slowly digested and absorbed. The details of this wonderful process are not as yet fully known, but they are engaging the attention of many observers, and enough has been already established to make it certain that the processes are identical with those which have been traced in animal digestion.

From the passive traps of the *Nepenthes* to the slowly moving tentacles of the *Droseraceæ*, and thence to the quickly moving jaws of the *Dionæa* the steps are easy, short, and natural. In animals, the gradation seems to be taken up by the class of *Edentata*, and then the many varieties of toothed animals complete the scheme of digestive development by the addition of the process of mastication.

THE cession of Saghalien to Russia by Japan, in exchange for the Kurile Isles, now an accomplished fact, is commented on by the Japanese newspapers. The *Japan Mail*, admitting that the exchange of Saghalien for the Kurile Islands saves appearances, says there is nevertheless "something unpleasant about the incessant encroachment of a neighbour who possesses in that perfection which only comes of long practice the art of swallowing up everything in its proximity;" and it gives a story in illustration: "A little boy at a fair was wondering at the huge bulk of an elephant, whose intelligence was greatly praised by his keeper. To test this, the youth was told to place a coin in the trunk of the animal, and had the satisfaction of seeing it immediately deposited in a box placed at hand for the purpose. Delighted and satisfied with the exhibition, the boy requested that the elephant should now return him the coin, when the keeper replied that that part of the creature's education had not been pursued." It is fortunate in this instance that the coin was of no great value, either to the Japanese who lost, or to the Russians who gained it. It is chiefly instructive, however, as showing the irresistible tendency to territorial acquisition for which Russia is better known than liked in Asia; and the dexterous way in which the Japanese have been quietly edged out of their joint occupation, as completely as and with far less fracas than Austria in her joint occupancy of Sleswick-Holstein. A great deal of nonsense is often written about places commanding narrow seas, and of course Saghalien has been assumed to give Russia the com-

mand of the Japanese waters, besides extending her frontier towards Japan from the Chinese coast. But Colonel Veniukof, in his military survey of the Russian boundaries in Asia, gives a much more correct appreciation when he says that it is not of the slightest strategical importance, because, owing to the depth of the channel, it does not defend the mouths of the Amour; because it has not a single safe harbour; because its defence is impossible; and because, on account of its climate, it cannot produce grain enough to support the garrison and convicts which are to be assigned to it.

#### DUSK.

THE misty moth-time is begun;

Trees stand like shadows in the lanes,

Birds sing their farewells to the sun,

And candles shine through cottage-panes:

And now the west glow softly wanes,

And crickets about houses run;

The sky is losing all its stains—

The night comes on, and day is done.

Repose will ease the workman's pains,

And speak to him of sleep well won:

He walks in peace along the lanes,

That have new scent now rain is done;

Stars come to full light one by one,

Between wet leaves along the lanes;

He sees them as he walks, but none

Cheer him like light through cottage panes.

Cassell's Magazine.

GUY ROSLYN.



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## THE GOLDEN LADDER.

WHEN torn with passion's insecure delights,  
By love's sweet torments, ceaseless changes,  
worn,

As my swift sphere full twenty days and nights  
Did make ere one slow morn and eve were  
born;

I passed within the dim sweet world of flowers,  
Where only harmless lights, not hearts, are  
broken,

And weep but the sweet-watered summer  
showers —

World of white joys, cool dews, and peace  
unspoken.

I started even there among the flowers,  
To find the tokens mute of what I fled,  
Passions, and forces, and resistless powers,  
That have upturn the world, and stirred the  
dead.

In secret bowers of amethyst and rose,  
Close wrapped in fragrant golden curtains  
laid,

Where silver lattices to morn unclosed,  
The fairy lover clasps his flower-maid.

Patient she yields to his caresses' strength,  
And in her simple bosom 'neath fair skies  
Love's sweetness bears, till, giving birth at  
length,  
She shuts her tender lids, and sweetly dies.

Ye blessed children of the jocund day!  
What mean these mysteries of love and  
birth?

Caught up like solemn words by babes at play,  
Who know not what they babble in their  
mirth.

Or of one stuff has some Hand made us all,  
Baptised us all in one great sequent plan,  
Where deep to ever vaster deep may call,  
And all their large expression find in man?

Flowers climb to birds, and birds and beasts  
to man,

And man to God, by some strong instinct  
driven;

And so the golden ladder upward ran,  
Its foot among the flowers, its top in heaven.

All lives man lives; of matter first, then tends  
To plants, an animal next unconscious, dim,  
A man, a spirit last, the cycle ends,  
That all creation weds with God in him.

And if he fall, a world in him doth fall,  
All things decline to lower uses; while  
The golden chain that bound the each to all,  
Falls broken in the dust, a linkless pile.

And love's fair sacraments and mystic rite  
In nature, that their consummation find  
In wedded hearts, and union infinite  
With the divine, of married mind with mind,

Foul symbols of an idol temple grow,  
And sun-white love is blackened into lust,  
And man's impure doth into flower-cups flow,  
And the fair kosmos mourneth in the dust.

O Thou, outtopping all we know or think,  
Far off yet nigh, outreaching all we see,  
Hold Thou my hand, that so the topmost link  
Of the great chain may hold, from us to  
Thee;

And from my heaven-touched life may down-  
ward flow

Prophetic promise of a grace to be;  
And flower, and bird, and beast, may upward  
grow,

And find their highest linked to God in me.  
Macmillan's Magazine. ELLICE HOPKINS.

## SILENCE AND THE VOICES OF MEN.

"Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie."  
— *Pascal*.

WHAT was there in that silence that could  
scare

Thy eagle spirit, Pascal, strong to scale  
The mount of God, to heights within the veil,  
Even on the worn wings of its own despair?

I rather — if a moment I may dare  
Place thought of mine, all light and bubble-  
frail,

By thought of thine — I rather grow more pale  
Through stress of trouble and consuming care,  
When listening to man's Babel voices rise,  
Or far or near, from the abyss of time,  
Where every age, and race, and creed, and  
clime,

Is many-mouthed and voluble, and cries  
Discord and doubt forever, with the roar  
As of a starless sea that has no shore.

Examiner. FRANK T. MARZIALS.

## HAPPY AND WHOLE.

SIGH not for me, O never sigh for me,  
Tender and true! since tongue can never tell  
Half my content in your felicity,  
For you are happy and whole, and all is well.  
God's alms wherewith my daily bread is  
bought,

Strait casement letting in my livelong day,  
Sweet words, the blossom of a blessed thought,  
"Happy and whole, happy and whole are  
they."

Divine reproachful voice at dead of night,  
"Happy and whole are they, how canst thou  
weep?"

My lids are toucht by fingers feathery-light,  
And love that never slumbers gives me sleep.  
See how your joy is mine, both night and day,  
Your joy is mine, sigh none of it away.

MARY BROTHERTON.

Macmillan's Magazine.



From The Quarterly Review.  
MEMOIRS OF SAINT-SIMON.\*

WE wonder why the ingenious gentleman who recently published a series of essays on "famous books" little read, did not include the "Memoirs of Saint-Simon," one of the most striking specimens of the class. Considering their widespread renown and extraordinary merit, it is quite startling to find how few, at least in this country, of even the cultivated or literary class, have attempted a regular conscientious perusal, or indeed have done more than glance over a few chapters in an idle desultory way. The portentous length, the vast extent of ground to be got over, is one reason. Nineteen volumes, averaging from four hundred and fifty to five hundred closely-printed pages each, are enough to stagger the most eager amateur of bygone scandal or the most resolute searcher after the neglected truths of history.

But there have been other reasons for the tardy acceptance of these memoirs, for their long-delayed and still limited popularity, besides their length. They present in this respect a curious contrast to the memoirs which have made most noise in our time—memoirs written in obvious imitation of them, and falling as far short of the almost avowed model in knowledge of subject, insight into character, fine observation, and descriptive or analytic power, as in piquancy and originality. Mr. Charles Greville's journals were published within ten years of his death, when the scandals they commemorated were fresh, at least fresh enough to injure or annoy: when the abundant depreciation and abuse could be keenly felt by the victims or their families, and as keenly relished by contemporaries always more alive to satire or censure than to praise: when envy, jealousy, ill-nature, vanity, morbid love of gossip, every weakness or bad quality of the human heart or mind (not excepting disloyalty), could be

called into action to create a factitious interest in a book.

Now, the memoirs of Saint-Simon do not come down further than 1723: he did not die till 1755; and immediately after his death, the government laid an embargo on them on the plea that, he having filled a diplomatic mission, they must be partly of an official character. During many years it was only by special favour that friends of the minister for the time being obtained a sight of the manuscript, which consisted of eight large folio volumes of very close writing, all in the author's own hand. Partial access was permitted to Duclos and Marmontel, in their capacity of historiographers; and M. de Choiseul lent some of the volumes to Madame du Deffand. According to the Marquis de Saint-Simon, "it was only in 1788, and on the eve of the revolution, that the Abbé Soulavie obtained leave to make some extracts and publish some fragments: a supplement, which he added in 1789, was followed by some other publication equally truncated."\* According to Sainte-Beuve, "it was starting from 1784 that the publicity of the memoirs began to make progress; but timidly, stealthily, by disconnected anecdotes and by bits. From 1788 to 1791, then later in 1818, there appeared successively extracts more or less voluminous, mutilated, and garbled." The Marquis de Créquy, apropos of one of these compilations, wrote February 7, 1787, to Senac de Meilhan: "The 'Memoirs of Saint-Simon' are in the hands of the censor; of six volumes they will hardly make three, and it is enough." Again, September 28, 1788: "I apprise you that the 'Memoirs of Saint-Simon' are out, but much mutilated, if I am to judge from what I have seen in three

\* *Mémoires du Duc de Saint-Simon. Publiés par MM. Chéruel et Ad. Regnier, fils, et collectionnés de nouveau pour cette édition sur le manuscrit autographe. Avec une notice de M. de Sainte-Beuve.* Paris, librairie Hachette et Cie. 1873-1875 (Nineteen volumes, without the index).

\* Advertisement to the edition of 1842, edited by the Marquis de Saint-Simon, the representative of the family through a collateral branch, and the possessor of the original manuscript. All Saint-Simon's manuscripts were left by will to a cousin of the same name, the Bishop of Metz, without specifying the memoirs. Soulavie's principal publication was "*Œuvres complètes du Duc de Saint-Simon, contenant ses Mémoires sur le règne de Louis XIV, sur la régence du Duc d'Orléans et sur le règne de Louis XV, etc.*" 13 vols., 8vo. Paris, 1790. In the "*Biographie Universelle*" it is termed "the most precious and the only authentic publication of this *littérateur*."



great green bundles (*tapons*), and there were six. Madame de Turpin died: there I stuck fast: it is badly written, but our taste for the age of Louis XIV. renders the details precious to us."

In much the same tone Madame du Deffand had written to Walpole (December 2, 1770): "'The Memoirs of Saint-Simon' are always amusing; and as I prefer reading them in company, the perusal will last long. It would amuse you, though the style is abominable and the portraits ill-drawn. The author was not a man of talent (*homme d'esprit*), but as he was *au fait* of everything, the things he relates are curious and interesting; I wish I could get you the reading of them."

Few writers suffer more than Saint-Simon from being read in fragments; his effects depend on the fulness and completeness of his narratives and delineations; and we are therefore not surprised at the disadvantageous impression of the general public at the earlier periods of their acquaintance with him. But Madame du Deffand's estimate was formed from the original manuscript; and we know no plausible mode of accounting for it except that suggested by Sainte-Beuve, who remarks that "the style of Saint-Simon was too pointedly revolting to the habits of written style in the eighteenth century, and was spoken of pretty nearly as Fénelon spoke of the style of Molière and 'this multitude of metaphors not far removed from *galimatias*.' All the fine world of that time had done their rhetoric more or less in Voltaire."

In other letters, Madame du Deffand's admiration rises to enthusiasm: she tells Walpole that, if present at the readings, he would experience ineffable pleasure, that he would be fairly beside himself with delight; although she must have known that Walpole, the most fastidious of critics, was the least likely of her whole round of lettered correspondents to be amused by ill-drawn portraits in an abominable style. Voltaire, too, piqued by a contemptuous reference to himself, or foreseeing how much his superficial "*Siècle de Louis XIV.*" must eventually suffer from collation, did his best to undermine the coming influence and authority of the

memoirs, by announcing an intention to refute on their publication everything that had been inspired by prejudice or hate. Had he lived to execute this intention, he might certainly have hit many blots which the author has frankly told us would probably be discovered in his work. In a *conclusion*, which might serve for a preface, he says:—

Next for impartiality: this point, so essential, and regarded as so difficult, I fear not to say impossible, for one who writes what he has seen and mixed in. We are charmed by straightforward and true people: we are irritated by the rogues who swarm in courts; we are still more so against those who have injured us. The stoic is a fine and noble chimera. I do not then pique myself on impartiality, it would be vain. . . . At the same time I will do myself this justice, that I have been infinitely on my guard against my affections and my aversions, and most against the latter, so as not to speak of the objects of either without the balance in hand, to exaggerate nothing, to distrust myself as an enemy, to render an exact justice, and place the purest truth in broad relief. It is in this manner that I feel confident I have been entirely impartial, and I believe there is no other mode of being so.

Saint-Simon lived thirty-two years after the conclusion of the memoirs, and was constantly employed in correcting and completing them. They contain no flying rumours: no transitory impressions: no hasty, ill-considered, inconsistent views of men or events. He sets down nothing that he has not carefully verified or thoroughly thought out.

As regards the exactitude of what I relate, it is made clear by the memoirs themselves that almost all is taken from what has passed through my hands, and the rest from what I have known through those who had managed the things I report. I name them; and their names as well as my intimate connection with them are beyond suspicion. That which I have learned from an inferior source, I mark; and that of which I am ignorant, I am not ashamed to own. In this fashion the memoirs are authentic at first hand. Their truth cannot be called in doubt; and I believe I may say that there have hitherto been none comprising a greater number of different matters, more weighed, more detailed, or forming a more instructive or more curious group. As



I shall see nothing of it, this concerns me little; but if these memoirs see the light, I doubt not of their exciting a prodigious revolt.

If they had been published in full at any period prior to the revolution of 1789, the revolt, the outcry, with the resulting sale and circulation, would have been prodigious. But they were kept back till not only the personages who figure in his pages, but the society, the class interests, the entire state of things of which he treats, had died out or been swept away: till their attraction was purely historical or literary, without a wounded self-love or a gratified vanity to add to it. The publication of the first complete edition was not commenced till 1829.

The sensation [says Sainte-Beuve] produced by the first volume was very lively; it was the greatest success since that of Walter Scott's novels. "A curtain was suddenly withdrawn from the finest monarchical epoch of France, and we were present like spectators at the representation. But this success, interrupted as it was by the revolution of 1830, was obtained more in the so-called world (of Paris) than in the public, which it reached at a later period and by degrees.

This edition satisfied the public demand till 1842, and one cause of its limited success was the erroneous principle on which it was based. In neglect or defiance of Buffon's maxim, "*Le style, c'est l'homme*," the editors had taken upon themselves to correct the style to the extent of destroying its individuality and materially impairing its force. There can be no stronger proof of the enormity of their error than the marked rise in the reputation of the writer in exact proportion as he was allowed to speak in his own pointed, coloured, incisive, picturesque, tangled, and irregular language, through which the meaning flashes like lightning through clouds. Observing this, the editors at length made up their minds to present him, as Cromwell insisted on being painted, with his blotches.

This new edition [so runs the advertisement] is not a simple reproduction of that which was published in 1856-58. M. Ad. Regnier, *fils*, sub-librarian of the Institute, has made, to establish the text, a scrupulous re-

vision of the autograph manuscript of the author, which has been followed throughout with the greatest fidelity. Even where in this manuscript the errors were evident, he has only corrected them by warning the reader each time by a note; and he has placed between brackets the words which Saint-Simon had omitted through haste. The expressions, the turns, the inaccuracies, which might offer difficulty, are explained by notes. In a word, this new edition may be considered as the most exact reproduction that has hitherto been made of an author who, in spite of his grammatical irregularities, has deserved to be placed in the number of the great writers of France.

To convey an impression of his peculiarities we shall translate as literally as is consistent with a due regard to idiom; and it should be kept in mind that he was fully conscious of his defects. The last paragraph of the *conclusion* runs thus:—

I was never of an academic turn, and I have been unable to get rid of the habit of writing rapidly. "*To render my style more correct and more agreeable by correcting it, this would be to recast all the work, and this labour would be beyond my strength, it would run the risk of being "ingrat."* To correct well what one has written, one must know how to write well; it will easily be seen here that I have had no right to pique myself on it. I have thought only of the exactness and the truth. I venture to say that both are found strictly in my memoirs, that they are the law and the soul of them, and that the style merits a benign indulgence on their account. There is so much the more want of it that I cannot promise it better for the continuation which I propose to myself.

This paragraph will be found to have an important bearing on a question touching the plan, commencement, and completion of the work, which was raised by the publication of Dangeau's journal with the so-called additions by Saint-Simon.\* Beginning with 1684, and ending with the author's death in 1720, this journal comprises a brief barren record of the incidents of each day noted down each even-

\* *Journal du Marquis de Dangeau, publié en entier pour la première fois par MM. Soulié, Dussieux, de Chennevières, Mantz, de Montaignon, avec les Additions inédites du Duc de Saint-Simon, publiées par M. Feuillel de Conches. Dix-neuf tomes. Paris, 1854-1860.*



ing. "It is difficult" (remarks Saint-Simon) "to conceive how a man could have the patience and the perseverance to write such a work every day for more than fifty years,\* so meagre, so dry, so constrained, so cautious, so literal, to write only rinds of the most repulsive aridity." Saint-Simon states that he did not see the journal till after Dangeau's death; and it did not come into the possession of the Duc de Luynes, who gave him his interleaved copy, till 1729, six years after the formal conclusion of Saint-Simon's memoirs and thirty-eight years after their commencement.

Nothing is more common than for a man partially to resume a subject on which he has already written, or on taking up the life or diary of a contemporary, to dash off notes in amplification or correction of statements that excite or irritate him. Swift's marginal notes on Burnet are a familiar example. The perusal of Dangeau's journal must have recalled many a half-forgotten episode, or occasionally opened a flood-tide of associations, which Saint-Simon hastened to fix without pausing to see whether this was not a superfluous labour. It would be, when so carried away, that he would be most liable to repetition or irregularity.† "When," says Sainte-Beuve, "he writes notes and commentaries on the journal of Dangeau, he writes as one does for notes, flying (*à la volée*), heaping up and crowding the words, wishing to say everything at once and in the shortest space. I have elsewhere compared this petulance and this precipitation of things under his pen to an abundant spring struggling and bubbling through a narrow channel." Speaking of the effect of an abundance of ideas on style, Swift says: "So people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door."

It may readily be granted that, in the final revision of his memoirs, Saint-Simon turned these notes to account or borrowed some dates and facts from the journal; but that these notes or additions were the basis of his memoirs, or that he was indebted to any appreciable extent to Dangeau for their conception or mode of execution, strikes us to be an utterly untenable theory. Yet the editors of Dangeau (five in number) concur in stating that

"the additions of Saint-Simon form incontestably the first thought of his magnificent memoirs:" and amongst other startling propositions in Mr. Reeve's elaborate essay, entitled "Saint-Simon," in his "Royal and Republican France," we find that "without Dangeau the memoirs of Saint-Simon would perhaps never have existed in their complete form:" that "these notes (the additions) must be regarded as the basis of the memoirs;" and that "the fact that the memoirs were written subsequently to the additions is proved by innumerable circumstances to which we shall presently have occasion to refer."\*

The passages cited by Mr. Reeve to prove that the memoirs were constructed upon the alleged basis are, 1st, an extract from Dangeau in which he dryly recapitulates the proceedings at Versailles on January 1st, 1696: 2nd, an extract from Saint-Simon's notes, in which apropos of a name, Lanti, he runs off into some biographical details about the Duke Lanti and his family: 3rd, an extract from the memoirs in which the pedigree and connections of the same family are recapitulated and (referring to a well-known fact stated in the journal but not mentioned in the notes) the usurpation of a privilege is explained. Now why might not Saint-Simon have written the passages in the memoirs before he saw the journal? and why forty years afterwards might he not have hastily scribbled off a note in which the same topic is introduced? or what, in any alternative, would be the amount of his obligations to Dangeau? But Mr. Reeve thinks this specimen decisive and enough. "It would be tedious," he continues, "to pursue this species of comparison any further, but every page of these vast collections might furnish similar examples. Dangeau supplies the simple fact, succinctly stated with chronological accuracy, and we believe that Saint-Simon seldom names a person or relates an occurrence (except those personal to himself) which do not occur in Dangeau's diaries; but he immediately amplifies the event. He breathes life into those dead figures."

There is absolutely nothing in this coin-

\* To account for this discrepancy, it has been suggested that Dangeau may have kept a journal prior to the date of that which has been preserved.

† He occasionally relates the same incidents twice over in the "Memoirs"—e.g., the quarrel between Louis and Louvois about the window.

\* "Royal and Republican France: a series of Essays reprinted from the Edinburgh, Quarterly, and British and Foreign Reviews. By Henry Reeve, Corresponding Member of the French Institute. In two volumes. 1872." The essay on Saint-Simon is reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1864. It is therefore weighted with the double authority of a widely-circulated review and a distinguished name in literature.



cidence, considering that the two men were dealing with the same period, the same society, and the same class of occurrences. Moreover, as put by Mr. Reeve, the constantly recurring coincidence proves too much. Are we to consider as posterior to the perusal of the journal, and first suggested by it, all those portions of the memoirs which treat of persons or occurrences mentioned by Dangeau? If so, how much original matter would be left?

After some depreciating remarks on Dangeau, Saint-Simon adds : —

With all this, his memoirs are full of facts not noticed in the gazettes ; they will gain value as they grow old ; *they will be of great use to any one who seeks to write with more solidity for an accurate chronology and to avoid confusion.*

Here Mr. Reeve thinks he has Saint-Simon on the hip. "It is impossible," he says, "to acquit him of some want of candour in this reference to a work by which he himself largely benefited. Nobody would infer from this passage, and indeed the discovery has only been made very recently, that Saint-Simon alludes to himself in the sentence we have printed in italics. He it was who, undertaking to write the history of the period with greater solidity, condescended to borrow from Dangeau at least the chronological order of his narrative. But before we enter upon the proof of this curious species of plagiarism (if so it can be called) we must trace the history of the journal itself."

To assert that Saint-Simon largely benefited by the work is begging the whole question. In saying that it will be of great use for an accurate chronology, he merely means, of great use in verifying dates. How does this show that he borrowed the chronological order of his narrative? And what is that chronological order? Neither more nor less than the ordinary succession of days, months, and years. Can this be a subject of copyright? Is it not common property? As well accuse a writer who was verifying dates of plagiarizing from the court circular or an almanack.

Strange to say, Mr. Reeve, who lays so much stress on coincidence and chronological order, has fallen into a chronological error which materially affects his calculation. "It may deserve to be noted that the memoirs of Saint-Simon are not the memoirs of his life, nor did he ever intend that they should embrace the whole of that protracted period. They commence in 1695 with his entry into public

life; they end in 1723 with the death of the regent. The whole extent of them, therefore, is confined to twenty-eight years; although Saint-Simon lived thirty-two years after the event at which he brought them to a close." They commence with his entry into public life (*i.e.* the army) early in 1691. The event at which he brought them to a close occurred on the 21st December, 1723. They therefore comprise thirty-three years, wanting two or three months. Mr. Reeve also states "that the first ten chapters of the memoirs are remarkably incoherent, as if the author had not yet settled the plan he was finally to adopt." These ten chapters include 1691, 1692, 1693, and part of 1694, years which Mr. Reeve ignores altogether in his computation. They include the fractions which Saint-Simon submitted to the Abbé de la Trappe, with a tolerably clear indication of his plan. The memoirs prior to 1695 comprise fourteen chapters, filling two hundred and twenty pages.

It is admitted that "the materials to be found in the additions were by no means all employed in the composition of the memoirs; on the contrary, the earlier [was it earlier?] work is a store of fresh matter frequently of the liveliest interest." Surely if the additions had formed the basis of the memoirs, most of this matter of the liveliest interest would have been worked up in them; and the residuum would hardly have invited the editorship of a highly distinguished man of letters like M. Feuillet de Conches.\*

There is extant a letter from Saint-Simon to the Abbé de la Trappe, dated the 29th March, 1699, in which, after referring to a former communication to the effect that, for some time past, he had been working on "a set of memoirs" of his life, he requests advice as to the best manner of speaking of himself, and encloses his narrative of the Luxembourg suit as a specimen.

This, I think, is the sharpest and bitterest thing in my memoirs, yet I have endeavoured to adhere to the most exact truth. I have copied it from them where it is recorded here and there, according to the time at which we pleaded, and I have put it all together; and instead of speaking openly, *as in my memoirs*

\* "We publish the additions of Saint-Simon to the journal of Dangeau. These have been sometimes inserted in his memoirs, but modified, and most frequently Saint-Simon has not reproduced them. The additions of Saint-Simon, which we publish, are thus in very great part unpublished." (Advertisement of the editors of Dangeau.) This goes far to decide the question.



*themselves*, I name myself in this copy as I name others, so that I may hereafter keep it and use it without appearing to be the author. I have also added two of my portraits as specimens of the rest.\*

This letter and the specimens prove incontestably that, as regards form, method, and substance, the memoirs for the first eight years were originally composed as they were definitely left, and there is no ground for supposing that a different method was adopted for the rest. It is also clear that the change from the first person to the third was confined to the narrative of the Luxembourg suit. Yet Mr. Reeve, commenting on this letter, says: "It may be inferred, also, that although his memoirs were noted at the time in the first person, he afterwards, in recopying them, adopted the third person, and fused the separate passages of the narrative together. In the additions to Dangeau, he always speaks of himself as the Duc de Saint-Simon; but in the final copy of the complete memoirs he again uses the first person throughout in speaking of himself." Saint-Simon distinctly states that the labour of recasting what he wrote was beyond his strength; yet, according to Mr. Reeve, he must have recast his writings three or four times over, besides changing the person throughout from no apparent motive but caprice, and then changing it back again.

Rogers during the latter years of his life devoted so much time and care to rewriting and correcting his verses with a view to the preservation of his fame, that he was compared to an old bear keeping itself alive by sucking its paws. Horace Walpole got back the originals of his letters to Sir Horace Mann, carefully collated them with the copies he had regularly kept, added a few touches, and left a fair transcript (mostly in his best handwriting) for posterity — represented as we write by the fair owner of Strawberry Hill, who is obliged to keep the precious deposit under lock and key, lest sundry passages, never yet profaned by print, should be surreptitiously copied by some unprincipled guest and connoisseur.

Saint-Simon, judging from the condition

\* In reference to this communication, Mr. Reeve says: "It is one of the strangest facts of this history that the tremendous revelations of the courts of kings and of the heart of man which lay buried for nearly a century from the world, should have been whispered for the first time in a cell of La Trappe." Saint-Simon's confidential communications with La Trappe ended with the life of his friend, the founder, who died October 26th, 1700; so that, if these tremendous revelations were first whispered at La Trappe, they could hardly have been suggested by Dangeau.

of his manuscript, followed a similar course: he sometimes availed himself of subsequently acquired knowledge to complete a biographical notice or an historical summary; but to contend that, because an occurrence posterior to 1730 is mentioned or introduced, the whole or the greater part of the memoirs must have been written subsequently to that date, is what Partridge would call a *non sequitur*: a logical device of which we have had abundant examples in this controversy. Saint-Simon mentions Voltaire as "*devenu grand poëte et académicien*." Voltaire did not become an Academician till April 1746. Are we to conclude that the memoirs were not in existence before then?

Mr. Reeve writes with confidence and authority: French critics of note have taken the same side; and Saint-Simon's place in literature depends on the adoption or rejection of their theory. We had therefore no alternative but to state and examine the grounds on which it rests.

Although Saint-Simon, contrary to his avowed intention in 1723, left his memoirs incomplete, they comprise all the stirring and active passages of his life; and a brief recapitulation of these strikes us to be the best mode of conveying a correct impression of his character and position, an accurate understanding of which is indispensable to a just appreciation of his writings.

He was born, he tells us, on the night of the 15th January, 1675, the only son of Claude, Duc de Saint-Simon, peer of France, by a second wife, Charlotte de l'Aubespine. The title he bore from his birth was Vidame de Chartres, and he was brought up with the greatest care by his mother, a woman of sense and virtue. She made it (he says) her especial care to save him from the common fate of young men of assured rank and fortune, who, becoming their own masters at an early age, are thrown upon the world without natural protectors or advisers. Her anxiety on this score was enhanced by the advanced age of his father (nearly seventy at his birth), and the state of the family, which consisted of a paternal uncle eight years older than the duc, and two maternal uncles, the one disreputable and the other ruined.

She exerted herself to raise my courage, and excite me to become capable of repairing by my own energies voids so difficult to surmount. She succeeded in inspiring me with a great desire of it. She was not seconded by my taste for study and the sciences; but that which was innate in me for reading and history, and con-



sequently to do and become something by emulation and the examples that I found in it (*i.e.* history), compensated this coldness for letters; and I have always thought that, if they had made me lose less time in the one (letters), and made me make a serious study of the other (history), I should have been able to become something in it.

This passage exhibits his exact state of mind and manner of writing at the commencement of the memoirs, before he had acquired the confidence in which he was by no means deficient in after-life, or the vigour, fertility, and variety of expression which throw confused metaphors and harsh phraseology into the shade.

This reading of history, and especially of particular memoirs of our own history of the later times since Francis the First, inspired me with the desire of writing those of what I might see, in the desire and hope of being something, and of knowing as well as I could the affairs of my time. The inconveniences did not fail to present themselves to my mind; but the firm resolution to keep the secret to myself appeared to me to provide for all. I accordingly began in July, 1694, being *mestre de camp* of a regiment of cavalry of my name, in the camp of Guenischeim (Germersheim), on the old Rhine, in the army commanded by the Marshal Duke of Lorges.

In a subsequent passage he states that the direct inspiration came from the memoirs of Bassompierre. He entered the army in 1691, in his sixteenth year, more (he confesses) from a wish to get rid of his master in philosophy than from military ardour. The siege of Mons, formed by the king in person, had attracted all his young contemporaries for their first campaign; and what piqued him most was that, conspicuous amongst these was the Duc de Chartres, eight months younger than himself, with whom he had been partially bred up, and had contracted as close an intimacy as the difference of rank allowed. After vainly trying his mother, he obtained the concurrence of his father, by representing that the king, having undertaken so great a siege this year, would repose the next, and that thus a brilliant opportunity would be lost or indefinitely postponed. It was then the rule for all young men of rank who entered the service, with the exception of the princes of the blood, to serve a year in one of the two companies of *mousquetaires*, and then as captain of a troop of cavalry or subaltern in the king's own regiment of infantry, before they were permitted to purchase a regiment. The first step, therefore, was for his father to take him to

Versailles and present him as a candidate for a nomination in the *mousquetaires*. The king remarking his slight stature and delicate appearance, objected that he was too young; to which it was adroitly replied that he would serve his Majesty the longer, and thereupon his father was requested to name which regiment he preferred, and the nomination followed in due course.

We do not see how the siege of Mons could be employed as an argument, for it took place in the spring of 1691; and he complacently records that when he was a *mousquetaire* of three months' standing (in March of the following year), he mounted guard at Compiègne and was apprised of the royal intention to take the field again.

My joy was extreme, but my father, who had not counted on this, repented having been overpersuaded by me, and made me feel it! My mother, after a little temper and pouting at my having been enrolled against her wish, was unwearied in bringing him to reason, and in having me supplied with an equipage of thirty-five horses or mules, and with wherewithal to live honourably on my means morning and evening. It was not without a provoking *contretemps* which fell out precisely twenty days before my departure.

The family steward had levanted with fifty thousand francs due to tradespeople whom he had returned in his accounts as paid.

Saint-Simon's equipment is prominently introduced by Lord Macaulay in his animated and ornate description of the siege of Namur. "A single circumstance may suffice to give a notion of the pomp and luxury of his (the French king's) camp. Among the musketeers of his household rode, for the first time, a stripling of seventeen, who soon afterwards succeeded to the title of Duke of Saint-Simon, and to whom we owe those inestimable memoirs which have preserved, for the instruction and delight of many lands and of many generations, the vivid pictures of a France which has long passed away. Though the boy's family was then pressed for money, he travelled with thirty-five horses and sumpter-mules."\* All the particulars of his first campaign are interesting:—

\* "History," vol. iv., p. 268. It appears from p. 65 that William's headquarters were enlivened by a crowd of splendid equipages, and by a rapid succession of sumptuous banquets. In Shadwell's "Volunteers," the representative character has a train of cooks and confectioners, a waggon-load of plate, a rich wardrobe, and tent furniture chosen by a committee of fine ladies.



The king started on the 10th May, 1692, with the ladies, and I made the journey on horseback with the troops and all the service, like the other *mousquetaires*. I was accompanied by two gentlemen; the one, of long standing in the family, had been my governor, the other was my mother's equerry. The king's army was encamped at Gevries; that of M. de Luxembourg almost joined it. The ladies were at Mons, two leagues off. The king brought them to his camp, where he feasted them, and then treated them to the sight of the most superb review that probably has ever been seen of these two armies drawn up in two lines.

The tents of the court, pitched in a meadow, were well-nigh inundated by the rain, which, he says, descended in torrents during the whole of the siege, greatly enhancing the reputation of St. Médard (the French St. Swithen) whose feast-day is the 8th of June. The soldiers uttered imprecations against the saint, and made a search for his images, of which they broke or burnt as many as they could find. The roads became impassable for carts or carriages, and Luxembourg's army was reduced to the same extremity for want of corn and forage as the English before Sebastopol. To lessen their privations, orders were given to the cavalry of the household to carry them sacks of grain, a duty which they deemed degrading to their dignity as a privileged corps. The first party told off for it positively refused; and the second were on the verge of mutiny, when the young vidame sprang from his saddle, shouldered a sack, and laid it across the crupper of his horse. Clapping him on the shoulder, and naming him, the commandant loudly demanded which of them could feel hurt or dishonoured by doing what was not disdained by the eldest son of a duke, and his example was emulously followed by the troop. When this affair was reported at headquarters it attracted the favourable notice of the king, who during the rest of the siege made a point of saying something civil to the young *mousquetaire* whenever an occasion offered. The citadel, which held out three weeks longer than the town, surrendered July 1st, 1692, and the court returned to Versailles.

"On the 3rd of May, 1693, the king announced that he was going to Flanders to take command of one of his armies as before; and that same day," says Saint-Simon, "about ten in the evening, I had the misfortune to lose my father, who was eighty-seven, and was dead almost as soon as he was taken ill: there was no more

oil in the lamp." His feelings and proceedings on this event are thus related:—

I heard the sad news on returning from the *coucher* of the king, who was to purge the next day. *The night was given to the just sentiments of nature.* The next day I went betimes to find Bontemps (first *valet-de-chambre*), then the Duc de Beauvillier, who was in waiting and whose father had been the friend of mine. M. de Beauvillier showed me a thousand kindnesses with the princes whose governor he was, and promised to ask the king for my father's governments for me on opening the king's curtain. He obtained them at once. Bontemps, much attached to my father, hastened to tell me in the tribune where I was waiting; then M. de Beauvillier himself, who told me to be in the gallery at three, where he would send for me and have me introduced through the cabinets, when the king had done dinner.

I found the crowd had left the chamber. As soon as Monsieur (the Duke of Orleans), who was standing at the foot of the king's bed, perceived me, "Ah!" he exclaimed aloud; "M. le Duc de Saint-Simon." I approached the bed and made my acknowledgment by a low bow. The king inquired how this misfortune had happened, with much goodness for my father and myself; he knew how to season his favours. He spoke to me of the sacrament, which my father had been unable to take. I replied that only a short time since he had made a retreat of some days to Saint-Lazare, where he had his confessor and fulfilled his devotions; and I spoke of the piety of his life. The colloquy lasted some time, and ended by exhortations to continue to act wisely and well, and that he would take care of me.

It would seem that there was little time to lose or to devote to the just sentiments of nature, for during a preceding illness of the father many had asked the king for his governments; D'Aubigné, Madame de Maintenon's brother, amongst others, to whom the king replied with unwonted sharpness, "Has he not a son?"

Starting with the reflection that birth and property do not always go together, Saint-Simon proceeds to explain how his father, having begun as a page to Louis XIII., rose to high favour, obtained valuable employments, and was created duke and peer. The stepping-stone of his fortunes was his adroitness in enabling the king, who was passionately fond of hunting, to change horses without putting foot to ground. This was effected by placing the tail of one parallel to the head of the other. Saint-Simon mentions this service with no apparent consciousness that it might equally well have been performed by a groom; and he relates an instance of his father's



undue eagerness to curry favour, which a son born in a purer atmosphere, or more sensitive to the family honour, would have been glad to suppress. The king was enamoured of one of the maids of honour, Mlle. d'Hautefort, and was constantly talking about her to Saint-Simon *père*, who (says the son) could not understand how a king could be so pre-occupied by a passion and make no attempt to gratify it.

He attributed it to timidity; and on this principle, one day when the king was speaking passionately of this young lady, my father proposed to be his ambassador, and bring the affair to a speedy conclusion. The king let him say on; then assuming a severe air: "It is true," he said, "that I am in love with her; that I feel it; that I seek her; that I take pleasure in talking about her, and that I think of her still more. It is true, also, that all this comes to pass in me in my own despite, because I am a man and have this weakness; but the more my quality of king gives me extraordinary facilities for gratifying my passion, so much the more ought I to be on my guard against the scandal and the sin. I pardon you this time on account of your youth; but let me never hear you address similar language to me again if you value my affection."

It was a thunderclap to my father; the scales fell from his eyes; the idea of the king's timidity in his love disappeared in the brightness of a virtue so pure and so triumphant.

Although Saint-Simon labours hard to make it appear that his father, on being made duke and peer, was rather *arrivé* than *parvenu*, this was not the opinion of contemporaries. Malherbe thus mentions his first promotion in a letter to Peirese, 19th December, 1626: "You have heard of the dismissal of Barradas (first equerry to Louis XIII.). We have a Sieur Simon, page of the same stable, who has taken his place. It is a young lad of eighteen or thereabouts. The bad conduct of the other will be a lesson to him, and his fall an example to do better."

His father's death proved no interruption to his military duties. Immediately after the fulfillment of the last offices, he started for Mons where the army was to muster, being now a captain in the royal Roussillon regiment of cavalry.

The king set out on the 18th May (1693) with the ladies, made a halt of eight or ten days with them at Quesnoy, then sent them to Namur, and went on the 2nd June to place himself at the head of Marshal Bouffler's army, with which, on the 7th, he occupied the camp of Gembloux, so that his left was close to M. de Luxembourg's right, and people could pass from one to the other in safety.

The Prince of Orange was encamped at the Abbey of Parc in such a manner that he could not receive supplies, and could not move out without having the two armies of the king upon his hands. He hastily entrenched himself, and thoroughly repented of having suffered himself to be so promptly driven to the wall. It has been ascertained since that he wrote several times to the Prince de Vaudemont, his intimate friend, that he was lost, and that he could only escape by a miracle. His army was inferior to the least of the king's, both of which were abundantly supplied with equipages, provisions, and artillery, and, as may be believed, were masters of the campaign.

Such being the position with the whole season for active operations before him, on the 8th June, the day after his arrival in camp, Louis suddenly announced to Luxembourg that he should return in person to Versailles, and that the bulk of the force under Boufflers would be sent to Germany under Monseigneur.

The surprise of Luxembourg was unparalleled. He represented the facility of forcing the entrenchments of the Prince of Orange; of completely defeating him with one of the two armies, and following up the victory with the other. . . . But the resolution was taken. Luxembourg, in despair at seeing so glorious and easy a campaign, went down on both knees before the king, but could obtain nothing. Madame de Maintenon had vainly endeavoured to hinder the king's journey; she feared the absences; and so happy an opening of the campaign would have detained him long to gather the laurels himself; her tears at their separation, her letters after his departure, were the most potent, and carried the day against the most pressing reasons of State policy, of war, of glory. . . .

The effect of this retreat was incredible, even amongst the common soldiers and the people. The general officers could not be altogether silent, and the rest spoke loudly of it with a license which could not be restrained. The enemy neither could nor would restrain their surprise and their joy.

Lord Macaulay, citing Saint-Simon — who is indeed the sole well-informed and trustworthy authority for the facts — contrives to give them a turn so as to palliate the bad strategy of William, and put the worst possible interpretation on the weakness of Louis. "William" (he says) "had this year been able to assemble in good time a force, inferior indeed to that which was opposed to him, but still formidable. With this force he took his post near Louvain, on the road between the two threatened cities (Liège and Brussels) and watched every movement of the enemy." This gives no notion of the



dangerous position he really occupied. As regards the motives of Louis' retreat: "The ignominious truth was too evident to be concealed. He had gone to the Netherlands in the hope that he might again be able to snatch some military glory without any hazard to his person, and had hastened back rather than expose himself to the chances of a pitched field."\*

Nor was this, Lord Macaulay adds, the first time that his Most Christian Majesty had shown the same kind of prudence. Seventeen years before, when opposed to the same antagonist under the walls of Bouchain, a similar opportunity offered of ending the war in a day. "The king called his lieutenants round him, and collected their opinions. Some cowardly officers, to whom a hint of his wishes had been dexterously conveyed, had, *blushing and stammering with shame*, voted against fighting. It was to no purpose that bold and honest men, who prized his honour more than his life, had proved to him that on all the principles of the military art he ought to accept the challenge rashly given." This, again, is a passage from Saint-Simon, coloured and exaggerated. He states that "Louvois, to intimidate the council, spoke first, like a reporter, to dissuade the battle." Three out of the four marshals present agreed with him; and in recommending the bolder course, the Marshal de Lorges, Saint-Simon's father-in-law, stood alone. The retreat on this occasion was generally attributed to Louvois, of whom Madame de Sévigné writes in the same year (1676) "Aire is taken; it is M. de Louvois who has all the honour. He has full power, and orders the advance and retreat of armies as he thinks fit."

After describing the manner in which Louvois was wont to dictate to commanders like Condé and Luxembourg, Lord Macaulay says that he had become odious to Louis, and to her (Madame de Maintenon) who governed Louis. "On the last occasion on which the king and the minister transacted business together, the ill-humour on both sides broke violently forth. The servant in his vexation dashed his portfolio on the ground. The master forgetting (what he seldom forgot) that a king should be a gentleman, lifted his cane. Fortunately his wife was

present. She, with her usual prudence, caught his arm. She then got Louvois out of the room, and exhorted him to come back the next day as if nothing had happened. The next day he came, but with death in his face. The king, though full of resentment, was touched with pity, and advised Louvois to go home and take care of himself. *The next day* the great minister died." The authorities cited are Dangeau and Saint-Simon, and not a hint is given of the slightest doubt as to the facts. But Saint-Simon tells a totally different story, and dates the scene of violence in 1689 (two years before the death of Louvois), after the proposal of Louvois to burn Trèves had been set aside by the king.

Some days afterwards, Louvois, who had the fault of obstinacy, and who had been led by experience not to doubt of carrying his point, came as usual to work with the king at Madame de Maintenon's. Towards the end of their business he said, that feeling scruples to be his Majesty's sole reason for not consenting to so necessary a measure, he had taken the responsibility on himself and had already despatched a courier with an order to burn Trèves immediately.

The king was at the moment, and contrary to his disposition, so transported with anger, that he caught up the *pincettes* (tongs) from off the fireplace and was about to throw himself on Louvois but for Madame de Maintenon, who threw herself between them, exclaiming: "Ah, sire, what are you about to do?" and took the *pincettes* from his hands. Louvois, however, made his way to the door. The king shouted after him to come back; and called out, with flashing eyes: "Despatch a courier instantly with a counter-order, and let him arrive in time, and understand that you shall answer for it with your head if a single house is burned."

There was no need of a counter-order, for the courier had been told to wait till after the interview; and the statement that the order had been actually sent was a trick of Louvois to secure the king's acquiescence in a foregone conclusion. He made his position worse with Madame de Maintenon by inducing Louis to leave her and the rest of the ladies at Versailles, when he undertook the siege of Mons in 1691; "and," adds Saint-Simon, "as it is the last drop which makes the cup overflow, a trifling occurrence at this siege completed the ruin of Louvois." The king, who piqued himself on his knowledge of military details, found a cavalry guard badly placed, and placed it differently. In going the rounds the same day after dinner, he chanced to pass before

\* Vol. iv. pp. 401-403. Burnet says that "the French king, seeing that the practices of treachery on which he chiefly relied (for taking Liège), succeeded so ill, resolved not to venture himself in any dangerous enterprise, so he and the ladies went back to Versailles." ("History of his Own Time," vol. iii. p. 153.)



this same guard, which he found badly placed as before. Surprised and annoyed, he asked the captain who had placed him where he was, and was told Louvois. "But," rejoined the king, "did you not tell him that it was I who placed you?" "Yes, sire." The king, piqued, and addressing his suite, exclaimed, "Is not that Louvois all over? He thinks he understands war better than I do."

Saint-Simon was strongly prejudiced against Louvois, and says he was the author and soul of all the ruinous wars; one motive being to discredit Colbert (who was obliged to find the money) by their expense, and another to make himself necessary to the king. Thus, Saint-Simon attributes the war of 1688 to a quarrel about a window at the Petit Trianon, which the king declared to be out of proportion with the rest, whilst Louvois maintained the contrary. The king referred the point to Le Nôtre, who decided in his Majesty's favour; but Louvois still held out, and provoked the king into the use of angry and peremptory language in the presence of the workpeople and the suite.

Louvois, who was not used to be treated in this fashion, returned home in a fury, and like a man in despair. Saint-Pouange, the Telladets, and the few familiars of all his hours, were alarmed, and eagerly wished to know what had happened. He at last told them; said he was a lost man, and that for some inches in a window the king forgot all his services, which had been to him worth so many conquests; but that he would see to it, and get up such a war as would make the king have need of him, and let alone the trowel. He then gave way to a torrent of reproaches and rage. He was as good as his word; he kindled the war by the double election of Cologne; he confirmed it by carrying fire and sword into the Palatinate, and by giving free scope to the project against England, etc., etc.

Louvois died at Versailles on the 16th July, 1691.

I met him the same day [says Saint-Simon], as I was coming away from the king's dinner. M. de Marsac was talking to him, and he was on his way to Madame de Maintenon's to transact business with the king, who was afterwards to walk in the gardens, where the people of the court were permitted to follow him. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I went to Madame de Châteauneuf's, where I learnt that Louvois had been taken slightly ill at Madame de Maintenon's; that the king had insisted on his going home; that he went home on foot, when the illness suddenly got worse; that they hastily gave him some medicine which he threw up, and died in the act of calling for his son, Barbezieux, who had not time

to reach him although under the roof at the time.

Dangeau's entry for July 16th, 1691, begins: "The king worked in the afternoon with M. de Louvois, and about four o'clock perceived that M. de Louvois was ill. He sent him home."

Saint-Simon, who watched the king closely at the promenade after this event, thought he perceived symptoms of relief and elation in his Majesty's manner, and states that Louvois was to have been arrested and conducted to the Bastille within twenty-four hours had he lived; yet his immediate successor was his third son, the Marquis de Barbezieux, a young man of twenty-four, with marked disqualifications for the post. When these were pointed out to the king, he replied: "I formed the father and I will form the son."

There is a remarkable passage in Madame de Sévigné's letters in which she mentions the death of Louvois as that of a man whose power was at its zenith, who was the centre of all things, who was cut off in the act of bringing plans of vast importance to maturity. "*Ah, mon Dieu,*" she fancies him exclaiming, "*donnez-moi un peu de temps: je voudrais bien donner un échec au duc de Savoie, un mat au prince d'Orange. Non, non, vous n'aurez pas un seul, un seul moment.*"

Louvois evidently understood his royal master, and risked little by contradicting him: the particular scene of violence mentioned by Lord Macaulay could have had no connection with his death; and there is no more ground for believing that he died from mortification at ill-treatment by Louis, than that Dr. Johnson was driven saddened and half broken-hearted from Streatham by Mrs. Piozzi.

When the king and the ladies returned to Versailles, Saint-Simon remained with the army, and was present at the battle of Neerwinden (Landen), of which he has left an animated and detailed account. Although he was in five charges, and behaved with gallantry, he was passed over in the distribution of regiments vacated by the battle, and soon afterwards bought one for twenty-six thousand livres; the purchase-system being then in full force, not only for commissions in the army, but for all sorts of offices and places, civil and military.

In the course of the following year he engaged in an affair which, as he says, made a great noise and was followed by (as regards him) most momentous results. Indeed, it influenced the whole of his life,



and places in the strongest light the inherent weakness of his character. The Marshal Duc de Luxembourg, who had hitherto been content to take precedence as eighteenth amongst the dukes and peers, suddenly laid claim to stand second on the strength of the dukedom of Piney, which had come to him by a doubtful descent through females. Saint-Simon stood twelfth amongst those affected by this claim; and considering the recent date of his creation and his youth, there was no intelligible motive, beyond restlessness and vanity, for his coming forward as the champion of his order. But he took the lead of the opposition from the first, threw his whole soul into the cause, and attached a degree of importance to his own personal share of it, which went far to justify the sarcasm of Marmontel, that he (Saint-Simon) saw nothing in the nation but the nobility; nothing in the nobility but the peerage; and nothing in the peerage but himself. The principal persons concerned or interested, the comparative eagerness and lukewarmness of the dukes, the quality of the tribunal, the various kinds of influence brought to bear, the court-intrigues, the plots, the under-plots, the chicanery of the judicial proceedings—all these, as handled by him, present a succession of dramatic groups and incidents, which must be read in full to be appreciated. In selecting specimens we feel as if we were cutting out heads from an historic picture, yet portraits like those of Harlay (the first president) and Luxembourg strike by their force and individuality when they stand alone.

He (Harlay) was learned in public law. He was well versed in the principles of many systems of jurisprudence; he was on a par with those most versed in the belles-lettres; he was well acquainted with history; and above all, knew how to govern his company with an authority which admitted of no reply, and which no first president had obtained. A pharisaical austerity, by the scope he gave to his public censures, made him an object of dread to parties, advocates, and magistrates, so that there was no one who did not tremble to have to deal with him. Supported in everything by the court of which he was the slave, and the very humblest slave of all in real favour, a most finished courtier, and singularly astute politician—all these talents he turned exclusively to his ambition of ruling and rising, and founding the reputation of a great man: without genuine honour; without morals in private; with none but outward probity; without even humanity; in a word, a perfect hypocrite, *sans foi, sans loi*, without God and without soul, cruel husband, barbarous father, tyrannical brother, friend of

himself alone, wicked by nature, taking pleasure in insulting, in outraging, in crushing, and never in his life omitting an opportunity of so doing. A volume might be filled with traits of him, and all the more striking because he had an infinity of wit, the mind naturally turned towards it, and always sufficiently master of himself to risk nothing of which he might have to repent.

The part taken by Harlay against the dukes was eminently displeasing to Saint-Simon, and the features of this portrait are evidently overcharged; but what he says of Harlay's wit, cutting sarcasm, and subserviency, is substantially confirmed. An elderly lady of quality had christened him the old monkey. She had a cause which she gained; and on her calling to thank the president, he said: "You see, madame, that the old *he-monkeys* (*singes*) like to oblige the old *she-monkeys* (*gue nons*)." During the reading of a report, a third of the members of his court were talking and another third asleep, when he said: "If the gentlemen who are talking would do like the gentlemen who are sleeping, the gentlemen who are listening might hear."

A wealthy financier in a famine was threatened by the first president with the gallows if he did not sell all his corn within a month. The financier complained to the king, who advised him to comply with the order, adding: "If the first president has threatened to hang you, depend upon it he will be as good as his word." A similar story is told of the Duke of Wellington, when a commissary complained that Picton had threatened to hang him unless a certain number of bullocks were supplied within twenty-four hours.

In his finished portrait of Luxembourg, Saint-Simon struggled hard to overcome an avowed prejudice, and do justice to the illustrious commander under whom he had been proud to serve.

A great name, great bravery, unrestrained ambition, *de l'esprit*—but an *esprit* of intrigue, of debauch, and of the great world—enabled him to surmount the disadvantage of a face and figure very repulsive at first, but (what no one who had not seen him can comprehend) a face and figure to which one got accustomed, and which—notwithstanding a hump, moderate in front, but very large and very pointed behind, with all the rest of the ordinary accompaniment of hunchbacks—had a fire, a nobility, and a natural grace that shone in his simplest actions. . . . Nothing more just than his *coup d'œil*; nobody more brilliant, more self-possessed, more full of resource than he in the presence of the enemy or on a day of



battle with an audacity, a *flatterie* (*sic*), and at the same time a *sang froid*, which enabled him to see and foresee everything in the middle of the hottest fire and the most imminent risk of failure; there it was that he was great. For the rest, indolence itself. Little exercise without great necessity; play; conversation with his familiars; and every evening a supper with very few, almost always the same, and if there chanced to be any town in the vicinity, care was taken that there should be an agreeable mixture of the fair sex. Then he was inaccessible to all, and if anything urgent occurred, it was for Puysegur to look to it. Such with the army was the life of this great general; and such also at Paris, where the court and the fine world occupied his days, and his pleasures his evenings.

It may prove not uninteresting nor un-instructive to mark how far the brilliant historian, the studied and practised master of style, has improved upon this portrait from the pen of the *grand seigneur*, who disclaimed all the arts of authorship, and was accused of writing like a barbarian by two or three generations of critics.\*

In valour and abilities Luxembourg was not inferior to any of his illustrious race. But, highly descended and highly gifted as he was, he had with difficulty surmounted the obstacles which impeded him in the road to fame. If he owed much to the bounty of nature and fortune, he had suffered still more from their spite. *His features were frightfully harsh; his stature was diminutive*; a huge and pointed hump rose on his back. His constitution was feeble and sickly. Cruel imputations had been thrown on his morals. . . . In vigilance, diligence, and perseverance he was deficient. He seemed to reserve his great qualities for great emergencies. It was on a pitched field of battle that he was all himself. His glance was rapid and unerring. His judgment was clearest and surest when responsibility pressed heaviest on him, and when difficulties gathered thickest round him. . . . He was at once a valetudinarian and a voluptuary; and in both characters he loved ease. He scarcely ever mounted his horse. Light conversation and cards occupied most of his hours. His table was luxurious; and when he had sat down to supper it was a service of danger to disturb him. . . . If there were any agreeable women in the neighbourhood of his camp, they were generally to be found at his banquets.†

From the terms on which Saint-Simon stood with Luxembourg, we may be sure that he softened nothing; and Voltaire describes Luxembourg as "always in love, and even often loved, although deformed

(*contrefait*), and with a face little formed to please, having more of the qualities of the hero than the sage." The only authorities quoted by Lord Macaulay, besides lampoons and caricatures, are Saint-Simon and Voltaire. Then why does he say that Luxembourg's features were frightfully harsh and his stature diminutive? or why exaggerate the hump?

In the "*Biographie Universelle*," the description of Luxembourg is that "although *un peu contrefait*, he pleased by a physiognomy which revealed his soul." William was reputed to have said: "*Je ne pourrai donc jamais battre ce bossu-là!*" "*Bossu!*" exclaimed Luxembourg on hearing this, "what does *he* know of it? He has never seen my back." His death (of a pulmonary complaint) in 1695 was mourned as a national loss; but Saint-Simon regarded it from an exclusively personal point of view.

M. de Luxembourg did not see, during his last illness, a single one of the dukes he had attacked, nor did any one of them press to be received. I neither went nor sent once, although I was at Versailles, and I must own that I appreciated my deliverance from such an enemy.

The titles and rights of the marshal duke devolved upon his son, by whom the claim of precedence was revived and eventually established to the extreme surprise and lasting mortification of Saint-Simon, who, at the final hearing, lost all semblance of temper and self-command. He says that when Du Mont (the Luxembourg advocate) contended that resistance to the claim was disrespectful to the king —

I started up to rush out, exclaiming against the imposture, and calling for justice on this scoundrel. M. de la Rochefoucauld held me back, and kept mesilent. I was bursting with rage, still more against him than against the advocate.

The celebrated D'Aguesseau, the advocate-general, spoke last, and occupied a day in summing up the arguments on both sides.

He rested the next day, and on Friday, April 13th, 1696, reappeared to conclude. After keeping the audience a long time in suspense, he began to show himself; it was with an erudition, a force, a precision, and an eloquence beyond compare, and concluded *entirely for us*.

The judges unluckily concluded the other way, and Saint-Simon, after vainly endeavouring to stir up the other dukes to join in an appeal, drew up a memoir to

\* Chateaubriand said of Saint-Simon: "*Il écrit à la barbare pour l'immortalité.*"

† Macaulay, Hist., vol. iv.



the king, which was not presented because no other duke could be induced to join in it.

We are obviously indebted to the mortification inflicted by M. de Luxembourg's success for a malicious story of him, which illustrates the manners of the court. The scene is a ball at Marly, to which he and his wife had been invited in consequence of the scarcity of dancers, she being a woman of irregular conduct who was commonly shunned by the respectable of her sex. "Her husband was probably the only person in France who knew nothing of her goings-on, and had not the slightest distrust of her." He was suddenly required to take part in a masked ballet; and having come unprovided with a mask, requested his friend, the Prince de Conti, to supply him with one.

Some time after the commencement of the ball, some of the dancers left the room and returned masked. I had just arrived, and I was already seated, when I saw, from behind, a quantity of muslin, surmounted by a stag's horns *au naturel*, — a whimsical headdress, so high that it caught in a lustre. Surprised at so strange a disguise, we began asking each other who it could be, and were remarking that this mask must be tolerably sure of his brows to venture to deck them in this fashion, when the mask turned, and M. de Luxembourg stood confessed. The sudden burst of laughter was scandalous. He took it in good part, and told us with admirable simplicity that it was M. le Prince who had fitted him out in this fashion. A moment after arrived the ladies, and a little later the king. This was a signal for the laughter to recommence, and for M. de Luxembourg to show off before the company with a delightful confidence. His wife, notorious as she was and knowing nothing of this masquerade, lost countenance, and everybody, dying with laughter, was looking at the pair. This amusement lasted all the ball; and the king, in excellent humour as he always was, laughed with the rest; and people were never tired of admiring a trick so cruelly ridiculous, nor of talking of it for many days in succession.

Speaking of the mode of life at Marly, he says that there were balls every evening, which were kept up till eight in the morning; and that he and Madame de Saint-Simon never saw the light of day for three weeks. Practical jokes were a favourite amusement, with slight regard to consequences.

Monsieur le Duc held the States of Burgundy this year in the place of Monsieur le Prince (de Condé), his father, who did not choose to go there. He here gave a great example of the friendship of princes, and a fine lesson to those who seek it. . . .

One evening when he supped at home, he amused himself by plying Santeuil, (famous for his Latin verses) with champagne; and from pleasantry to pleasantry he thought it a good joke to empty his snuff-box full of Spanish snuff into a large glass of wine, and make Santeuil drink it to see what would come of it. He was not long in learning: vomiting and fever set in, and in twice twenty-four hours the unhappy man died suffering the pains of the damned; but in sentiments of a sincere penitence with which he received the sacraments, and edified as much as he was regretted by a society little given to edification, but detesting so cruel an experiment.

One of the regular butts of the royal family was the Princesse d'Harcourt, whom Saint-Simon describes as untidy and unwashed; a kind of white fury, and a harpy to boot, with the effrontery, the malice, the thievishness, the violence; *elle en avait encore la gourmandise et la promptitude à s'en soulager, etc.* The Duke and Duchess of Burgundy were constantly playing tricks with this fair creature. One day they placed petards the whole length of the alley which led from the Château of Marly to the house where she lodged.

She was horribly afraid of everything. Two chairmen were in attendance to carry her when she took her leave. When she was about the middle of the alley, and the whole party near enough to enjoy the spectacle, the petards began to explode, and she to cry for mercy, and the chairmen to make off. She struggled convulsively in the chair to the point of upsetting it, and shrieked like a demon. The company ran up to enjoy the scene, and hear her rail at all who approached her, beginning with the duke and duchess.

Another time he fixed a petard under her seat in the saloon where she was playing at piquet; but, as he was going to set fire to it some charitable soul warned him that this petard would maim her, and prevented him. Sometimes they sent a score of Swiss with drums into her bedroom, who awoke her in her first sleep with this *tintamarre*.

"All these different affairs," says Saint-Simon, in reference to the proceedings in the Luxembourg suit, "were nothing in comparison of another to which they gave rise, which inflicted the greatest wound the peerage could receive, and became its leprosy and its cancer." This was the decisive measure suddenly taken by the king, by the advice of Harlay, to give the bastards (as they are plainly designated) precedence immediately next to princes of the blood. He ended, as is well known, by endowing them with all the incidents of legitimacy, including the right



of succession to the throne. The Duc du Maine, the eldest of the king's natural children by Madame de Montespan, was the prompter of the grant of precedence, and the first to claim the privilege. This alone was enough to mark him out as an object of peculiar dislike to Saint-Simon, who has a malicious pleasure in relating how, shortly after his elevation, the bastard *par éminence* came to grief.

In the campaign of 1695 Marshal de Villeroy had manœuvred so successfully, that it appeared impossible for Vaudemont and his army to escape; and on the 13th August a courier was despatched to Versailles by Villeroy to announce an assured victory. M. du Maine, who commanded the left, was ordered to begin the action; but he hesitated till the opportunity was lost; shed tears, sent for his confessor, and exhibited other signs of the most pitiable pusillanimity on the field. Knowing the excessive affection of the king for his craven son, Villeroy did his best to conceal or gloss over the cause of failure in his report, and the courtiers were equally cautious not to wound his Majesty's feelings; but suspecting that something was kept back, he at length, during a visit to Marly, contrived to extract the truth from a favourite *valet-de-chambre*.

This prince, outwardly so calm, and so master of his slightest movements in the most moving circumstances, on this unique occasion succumbed. On leaving the dinner-table at Marly with all the ladies, and in the presence of all the courtiers, he saw a valet, in the act of removing the dessert, put a biscuit in his pocket. On the instant, he forgets all his dignity, and lifting the cane, which had just been presented to him with his hat, rushes on the valet, strikes him, abuses him, and breaks the cane upon his back. To say the truth it was slight and easily broken. Then still holding it, and with the air of a man who had lost all self-control, and continuing to rate the valet who was already far off, he traversed the small saloon and entered the apartment of Madame de Maintenon, as he often did at Marly after dinner. On coming out he met his confessor, and loudly exclaimed, as soon as he caught sight of the holy father, "*Mon père*, I have given a rascal a sound beating, and broken my cane upon his back; but I do not believe I have offended God;" and then told him the pretended crime. All present were trembling still at what they had seen or heard from those present. Their fright redoubled at this revival; and the poor priest made it appear that he approved, in order to avoid adding to the king's irritation before the world.

Some days elapsed before the real cause of this unbecoming burst of anger

became known. Courtier as he was, the Duc d'Elbœuf could not refrain from having a sly hit at the "bastard" on this occasion. Towards the end of the campaign, he asked M. du Maine, before a large company, where he intended to serve during the following campaign, since, wherever it was, he should wish to serve there too; and, on being pressed for further explanation, he added, that with M. du Maine one was always sure of one's life. A similar sarcasm was levelled against an eminent member of the Bonaparte family at the commencement of the Italian campaign of 1859.

During all the winter of 1695 Saint-Simon's mother was trying to find him a good marriage; no very difficult matter, he insinuates, as he was regarded as a highly desirable match. "I was an only son, and I had a dignity and establishments which also made people think much of me. There was some talk of Mlle. d'Armagnac, and Mlle. de la Trémouille, and many others." At length the choice was considered to lie between two daughters of the Marshal de Lorges.

The one (the eldest, aged seventeen) was a brunette with fine eyes; the other (aged fifteen), fair, with a perfect complexion and figure, a very pleasing face, extremely noble and modest air, and I know not what of the majestic by an air of virtue and natural sweetness. It was she, moreover, whom I loved the best, beyond all comparison, from the time I saw them both, and with whom I linked the happiness of my life, which she has solely and wholly constituted.

The king approved the match on its being formally notified to him by the marshal: the articles were signed, and the bridegroom-expectant was passing all his evenings at the Hôtel de Lorges, when all of a sudden the marriage was entirely broken off on some pecuniary misunderstanding which "each interpreted in his or her own manner." Happily, an uncle of the bride, an old master of requests, arrived from the country and removed the difficulty by paying the difference.

It is an honour which I am bound to render him, and I have never ceased to feel deeply grateful. *It is thus that God brings to pass what pleases him by the least expected means.*

The marriage was solemnized at midnight on the 8th April, in the chapel of the Hôtel de Lorges.

We slept in the grand apartment. The next day M. d'Anneuil, who lodged opposite, gave us a grand dinner; after which the bride received all France on her bed at the Hôtel de



Lorges, to which the forms of domestic life attracted the crowd, and the first who came was the Duchesse de Bracciano with her two nieces.

The duchess had tried hard to secure him for one of the nieces, and came first to show that she was not piqued at the disappointment.

My mother was still in her second mourning, and her apartments black and grey, which made us prefer the Hôtel de Lorges to receive the world. The day after these visits, to which only one day was devoted, we went to Versailles. In the evening it was the king's pleasure to receive the bride at Madame de Maintenon's, where my mother and hers presented her. On his way, the king spoke to me of her in a bantering tone, and he had the goodness to receive them with much distinction and praise.

They were afterwards at the supper, where the new duchess assumed her tabouret. On taking his place at table, the king said to her: "Madame, if you please to be seated." When his napkin was spread, seeing all the duchesses and princesses still standing, he rose from his chair and said to Madame de Saint-Simon: "Madame, I have already begged you to be seated;" and all who ought to be seated took their seats, Madame de Saint-Simon between my mother and her own, *who was after her*.

In 1702 Saint-Simon quitted the service in disgust at seeing five of his juniors made brigadiers of cavalry over his head. It was not till after two months of wearing anxiety and frequent consultations with his friends that he resolved upon this step; and after sending in his letter of resignation, he waits at Paris to hear how it had been received by the king. Hearing nothing for eight days, he returns to Versailles on Shrove-Tuesday, when he learns that the king, on reading his letter, had called up Chamillart (one of the secretaries of state) to whom, after a short private conference, he exclaimed with emotion, "*Hé bien, monsieur!* here is another man leaving us."

I did not hear of anything else that fell from him. This Shrove-Tuesday I reappeared before him for the first time since my letter on his retiring after his supper. I should be ashamed to tell the trifle that I am about to narrate if it did not help to characterize him under the circumstances. Although the place where he undressed was well lighted, the almoner of the day, who held a lighted candle at his evening prayer, gave it back afterwards to the first *valet-de-chambre*, who carried it before the king as he resumed his seat. He glanced round, and named aloud one of those present, to whom the valet gave the candle. It was a distinction and a favour which had its

value; so adroit was the king in making something out of nothings. He only gave it to those who were most distinguished by dignity and birth, very rarely to inferiors in whom age and services sufficed. *He often gave it to me*, rarely to ambassadors, except to the nuncio, and in later times to the Spanish ambassador.

You took off your glove: you came forward: you held the candle during the *coucher*, which was very short; you then gave it back to the first *valet-de-chambre*, who, if he chose, gave it to some one of the *petit coucher*.

I had purposely kept back; and I was much surprised, as were the bystanders, to hear myself named; and on future occasions *I had it almost as often as before*. It was not that there were not in attendance many persons of mark to whom it might have been given, but the king was sufficiently piqued to wish that his being so should not be perceived.

This was also all I had of him for three years; during which he forgot no trifle, in default of more important occasions, to make me feel how offended he was.

One of these trifles—no trifles in his eyes—was that his wife was once invited to Trianon, where she could go without him, and not invited to Marly, where etiquette required that the husband should accompany the wife. Overeagerness to magnify his own importance seems to have blinded Saint-Simon to the inconsistency of his statement. If the king continued giving the candle to conceal his pique, why did he make a point of showing that he was offended? As for the three years, he states that he came to a full explanation with his Majesty, ending in a reconciliation, in the course of the year following, 1703.

There were certain feast-days on which, after mass and vespers, a lady of the court *quêtait* (made a collection for the poor), being named for that duty by the queen or dauphiness. The ladies of the house of Lorraine, who claimed to be on a level with princesses of the blood, evaded it as beneath them; Saint-Simon, conceiving that the duchesses were entitled to hold their heads equally high, got up a cabal to bring about a general refusal on their part; and the result was that the collection became irregular and bade fair to be discontinued altogether. On hearing this, the king vowed that rather than the custom should be given up, the purse should be carried round by the Duchess of Burgundy; and that as for Saint-Simon, "he had done nothing since he quitted the service but study degrees of rank and get into squabbles with everybody; that he was the originator of all this; and that if he had his deserts, he would be sent so



far off as to give no more trouble for a long time to come." When his Majesty's words were reported to him, he requested an audience, in which he expatiated on the propriety of placing the duchesses on the same footing as the princesses, and of compelling all to carry round the purse when their turn came; professing at the same time his entire readiness to carry it himself or turn churchwarden for the nonce. The freedom of his language, he boasts, conciliated instead of offending the king; and the audience, prolonged as a mark of special favour to the unusual length of half an hour, was so successful that, after reporting what had passed to the older courtiers, he twitted them with not being equally free when their interests and privileges were at stake.

It was customary for the king at the communion to be attended by two dukes, or a prince of the blood and a duke; but if a *filz de France* was present, he alone performed the duty (holding up a corner of the cloth) which otherwise devolved upon a duke. The Duke of Orleans having acted without a duke, Monsieur le Duc (de Condé) assumed the same privilege, whereupon the ever-watchful Saint-Simon takes alarm. He first tries some other dukes, but their tameness and meanness of spirit, their *mollesse et misère*, baffled him.

I guessed as much, and had at the same time written to the Duke of Orleans in Spain all I thought best adapted to pique him; and with reference to the preservation of his rank above princes of the blood, not to suffer them to place themselves on a level with him by this usurpation on the dukes. On his return, I got him to speak to the king. The king begged to be excused. . . . In a word, nothing was done, and so the matter remained. . . . Although often subsequently pressed to be present at the king's communions, and at times when there were no princes of the blood at the court—for the bastards had not yet appeared there—I could never bring my mind to it, and I have never since attended them.

In spite of repeated warnings, Saint-Simon persevered in raising questions of this kind; and his dislike to Vendôme, who was highly favoured by the king, led him into the extraordinary imprudence of offering and making a wager that Lille, which Vendôme was to relieve, would be taken without a battle. That he won the wager was no excuse for making it—indeed, made matters worse; and he naturally fell under the imputation that the wish was father to the thought. The king's looks had again become cold, or

rumours had reached him of a cloud gathering at Versailles, when, in 1709, he took counsel with his wife and the chancellor as to the prudence of withdrawing altogether from the court, and residing permanently, or the greater part of the year, at his country-seat. They strongly disapproved the project, which we suspect he never seriously entertained; and emboldened by the success of his former audience, he applied to his friend Maréchal (surgeon-in-chief) to get him another.

Maréchal thought a moment, then, looking me full in the face, "I will do it," he said with animation, "and in fact there is no other course open to you. *You have already spoken to him several times*; he has always been satisfied at these; he will not fear what you will have to say to him, from the experience he has had already. I do not answer for it that he will consent, if he is well determined against you; but let me alone to choose my time well."

Maréchal was as good as his word, and chose his time well for making the request. "But," replied the king, "what can he have to say to me? there is nothing. It is true some trifles about him have come to my ears, but nothing of consequence; tell him to make himself easy, and that I have nothing against him." On Maréchal's still pressing for the audience, the king resumed, with an air of indifference, "Well then, agreed, when he will." Some days having elapsed, Saint-Simon walked up to the king's table as he was finishing his dinner, and reminded him of his gracious promise.

He turned to me, and with a polite air, replied: "When you will; I could very well at once, but I have business, and it would be too short," and a moment after turned to me again, and said: "But to-morrow morning if you choose."

The audience took place on the morrow, January, 1710; and after putting the best colour on the wager as implying no want of loyalty and patriotism, he began answering things which he supposed to have been repeated against him; to which the king, evidently attaching no importance to them, remarked that he had only himself to thank if evil tongues had been busy at his expense.

"This shows you," replied the king, assuming a truly paternal air, "on what footing you are in the world, and you must own that this reputation, you in some measure merit it. If you had never been engaged in affairs of ranks, if at least you had not appeared so excited about those that have arisen, and about



the ranks themselves, people would not have that to say of you."

When the audience ended, Saint-Simon felt so confident of the impression he had made, that he begged the king to think of him for an apartment to enable him to pay more assiduous court.

The king replied that there was none vacant, and with a half-bow, laughing and gracious, walked towards his other cabinets; and I, after a low bow, went out where I came in, after more than half an hour of the most favourable audience, and far above what I had ventured to hope.

The court went to Marly on the 28th of April, 1710.

I had gone to La Ferté. Madame de Saint-Simon offered herself for this expedition. It was the first the king had made to Marly since the audience he had given me. We were of the party. I arrived there from La Ferté, and I have since missed but one till the king's death, even those which Madame de Saint-Simon could not join; and I remarked from this first that the king spoke to me and distinguished me more than people of my age without *charge* or familiarity with him.

On Sunday, the 5th June, 1710, the king, on returning from mass through the gallery, called to Saint-Simon to follow to the cabinet; where he was informed that Madame de Saint-Simon had been chosen, as a mark of esteem for her virtue and merit, to be lady of honour to the future Duchess of Berry. Then, after saying all sorts of obliging things of Saint-Simon and his wife, the king, "fixing him with a look and a smile meant to be winning," added: "But you must hold your tongue." The salary and appointments were fixed on the most liberal scale.

He (the king) took marked care to form for us the most agreeable apartment at Versailles. He turned out D'Antin and the Duchesse Sforza to make out of the two a complete one for each of us. He added kitchens in the court below, a very rare thing at the *château*, because we always gave dinners, and often suppers, the whole time we were at court.

He had clearly no reason to complain of the king, by whom he was almost invariably treated with considerate kindness and affability. We therefore read with surprise, in a carefully considered essay, that "it is not clear that he ever had more than three conversations with Louis," and that the two-and-twenty years which he spent at that monarch's court "were spent in what, in the language of princes, is called disgrace."

Having got as much as he had any reason to expect from the old king, Saint-Simon began to turn his attention from the setting to the rising sun and fixed his hopes on the young Duke of Burgundy, the coming Marcellus of France, the son of the dauphin (commonly called Monseigneur), on whom from early youth the proverb ran: "Son of king, father of king, never king." The event, remarks Voltaire, seems to favour the credulity of those who have faith in predictions, for he died on the 14th of April, 1711.

Saint-Simon's description of the court with its conflicting emotions when the heir-apparent was known to be at the last gasp, may be cited as one of the most favourable specimens of his style; and his own state of mind, which he frankly exposes, is well worth studying.

My first movement was to inform myself more than once, to withhold full belief in what I saw and heard; then to fear too little cause for so much alarm; finally to fall back on myself by the consideration of the suffering common to all men, and that I should some day or other find myself at the gates of death. Joy, however, pierced through the momentary reflections of religion and humanity by which I tried to check myself: my particular deliverance seemed to me so great and so un hoped-for, that it seemed to me, with an evidence still more perfect than the truth, that the State gained all by such a loss. Amongst these thoughts, I felt in my own despite a shade of fear that the dying man might recover, and I was extremely ashamed of it.

The new dauphin did not live long enough to realize Saint-Simon's expectations, or place him in a condition to show what an amount of political sagacity had been rendered useless (as he plainly intimates) by misplaced jealousy and unmerited distrust. The prince died on the 12th of February, 1712, and Saint-Simon lost not an hour in flinging in his fortunes with the Duke of Orleans, the future regent. If the contemplation of virtue exercised a centripetal force in the one case, the contemplation of vice did not exert a centrifugal influence in the other, for Saint-Simon's adherence to the pupil of Dubois continued unshaken to his death.

He (the regent) lived publicly with Madame de Parabère: he lived with others at the same time: he amused himself with the jealousy and spite of these women: he was not the less on good terms with all; and the scandal of this public seraglio, and that of the daily ribaldry and impieties of his suppers, was extreme and universally diffused.

Saint-Simon's solitary attempt to re-



form this mode of life was remarkable for the same spirit of indulgence that softened the reproof administered by the Scotch minister to Charles II. "The king's passion for the fair could not be altogether restrained. He had once been observed using some familiarities with a young woman, and a committee of ministers was appointed to reprove him for a behaviour so unbecoming a covenanted monarch. The spokesman of the committee, one Douglass, began with a severe aspect; informed the king that great scandal had been given to the godly; enlarged on the heinous nature of sin; and concluded with exhorting his Majesty, whenever he was disposed to amuse himself, to be more careful for the future in shutting the windows."\*

"Lent," says Saint-Simon, "had commenced, and I foresaw a frightful scandal, or a horrible sacrilege for Easter, which could not but augment this terrible scandal." He, therefore, took the bold step of pointing out to the regent the worldly consequences of profaning the holy week, feeling (he states) the hopelessness of producing an impression by dwelling on the outrage against religion and the offence in the eyes of God. On being asked what he had to propose, he replied that nothing was more simple. His Royal Highness had only to make a partial sacrifice of seven days, beginning with Easter-Tuesday, which he was to pass at Villers-Cotterets in company with five or six agreeable persons of his choice. "Walk, ride, drive, play, in short, amuse yourself; fast like the monks who made good cheer on Fridays when they fasted; don't remain too long at table, and restrain the conversation within the moderate bounds of decency; attend divine service on Good Friday and high mass on Easter Sunday. This is all I require. Do this, and I will answer for it that all goes well."

This was the substance of his advice, with which the regent eagerly closed; but his *roués*† and mistresses took the alarm: the slightest self-restraint might end in a thorough reform: he was overpersuaded to remain in Paris, leading much the same kind of life; and his sole concession to prudence or propriety was a public attendance at high mass.

There was another act of independence on which Saint-Simon prided himself, the refusal to address the regent as *Monsei-*

*gneur*. He stood out, and stood alone, for *Monsieur*; and he explains at length his reasons for this preposterous singularity, of which the regent took no notice. At a moderate estimate, more than a thousand pages of this publication are occupied by similar topics; by memoirs, protests, disquisitions, discussions, and disputes about rank, title, seats, caps, modes of address, and privileges. He had precedence on the brain; nature meant him for a master of ceremonies; and the gold stick or the white wand of a high steward or lord chamberlain would have gratified the dearest wish of his heart.

He was named a member of the council of regency, but declined any office of individual responsibility, and his exact position is hit off by M. Martin: "*Il s'y trouva, de fait, dans son vrai milieu, critiquant beaucoup et ne faisant guère.*"\* In his eyes all other measures were as nought compared with those for the humiliation of the Parliament, the degradation of the *légitimés*, and the elevation of the duke. After giving an instance, far from convincing, of his constant postponement of all other considerations to the good of the State, he says:—

This is also seen in all I did to save the Duc du Maine against my two dearest and most lively interests, *because I believed it dangerous to attack him and the Parliament at once*, and because the Parliament was then the most pressing affair, which could not be deferred.

To postpone an act of personal vengeance with the view of making it more sure—this, then, was his highest conception of public duty or self-sacrifice. We presume it was from a similar devotion to the good of the State that, at the commencement of the regency, he insisted that the demands of his order should be considered prior to the discussion of any other business. In reference to an interview which he and some other dukes had with the regent, he says:—

M. le Duc d'Orléans made us a discourse, well gilded, to persuade us to make no innovation on the morrow; representing the trouble which this might introduce in the greatest affairs of the State which ought to be settled, such as the regency and the administration of the kingdom, and the impropriety which would fall upon all of us of stopping them, and at least retarding them—all for our particular interests.

The most pressing affair for the regent, the setting aside of the late king's will by

\* Hume, "History of England," ch. lxi.

† This term was first used by the regent to describe the companions of his convivial hours.

\* Hist. de France, vol. xv. p. 8.



a registered order or edict, raised instead of lowering the Parliament, and left the rank and precedence of the Duc du Maine and the other *légitimés* unimpaired. It gratified neither of what Saint-Simon terms his two dearest and most lively interests. The day on which his vengeance was complete, when his exultation rose to extravagance, was the 26th of August, 1718, the day of the famous *lit de justice*, in which the powers of the Parliament were restricted, and the "bastards" (with the exception of the Comte de Toulouse) reduced to the rank of ordinary peers. Saint-Simon's description of the scene is his masterpiece; and the effect is heightened by his account of the preceding deliberations in the council, and the manner in which the train was quietly laid for the grand explosion, so that it should burst upon the surprised legists and bastards like a thunderclap. Speaking of the first president (De Mesmes), who rose to deliver a remonstrance, he says:—

The scoundrel trembled, however, in pronouncing it. His broken voice, the constraint in his eyes, the sinking and trouble visible in all his person, gave the lie to the rest of the venom the libation of which he could not refuse to his company and himself. It was then that I tasted with inexpressible delight the spectacle of these haughty lawyers, who dare refuse us the salute, prostrate on their knees and rendering at our feet a homage to the throne, whilst seated and covered on the elevated seats at the sides of this same throne, these situations and these postures, so greatly disproportioned, alone plead with all the force of evidence the cause of those who, veritably and in effect, are *laterales regis* against this *vas electum* of the *tiers état*!

The reading of the third declaration or order was almost too much for him.

Each word was legislative, and carried a fresh fall. The attention was general, and held every one immovable so as not to lose a word, with eyes fixed on the clerk who was reading. Towards the third of this reading, the first president, *grinding the few teeth he had left*, sank down with his forehead on his *bâton*, which he held with both hands, and in this singular posture heard to the end this reading, so crushing for him, so resurrectionary for us.

As for me, I was dying of joy. I was afraid that I should faint: my heart, dilated to excess, no longer found room enough to expand. The violence I put upon myself so as to let nothing escape, was infinite. Yet this torment was delicious. I compared the years of servitude—the sad days, when, dragged to Parliament as a victim, I had so many times served as a triumph to the bastards—the different degrees by which they had mounted to this height above our heads—I compared

these, I say, to this day of justice and of rule, to this appalling fall, which with the same blow raised us by the force of the rebound. I recalled, with the most potent charm, what I had dared announce to the Duc du Maine the day of the scandal of the cap (*bonnet*) under the despotism of his father. My eyes witnessed at last the effect and the accomplishment of this measure. I felt indebted to myself; I thanked myself that it was by me it was brought about. I considered the radiant splendour in the presence of the king and so august an assembly. I triumphed; I was avenged; I swam in my vengeance. I enjoyed the full accomplishment of the most vehement and the most sustained desires of my life. I was tempted never to care for anything again.

During the registration I cast my eyes round, and if I put some restraint on them, I could not resist the temptation of indemnifying myself on the first president. Insult, contempt, disdain, triumph, were darted at him to his very marrow from my eyes. He frequently looked down when he encountered my gaze; once or twice he fixed his on me, and I took pleasure in outraging him by stolen but black smiles which completed his confusion. I revelled in his rage, and found pleasure in making him feel that I did!

There is a great deal more of the same sort; and all about matters which in no respect affected his real interest or honour, matters which a man of true dignity, even of his own frivolous generation, would have despised.

The last eventful episode in his public career was his Spanish embassy in 1721, which gave occasion for a disquisition on the institutions and manners of Spain to which he had already devoted a large part of a volume. It is replete with information, tediously spun out, as are the rest of his digressive lucubrations and summaries of events. These, although he took great pains with them, will not enhance his reputation, which must rest on his narratives, his descriptions, his historic groups, and, above all, on his analysis and delineation of character. Wonder is blended with admiration at the abundance and variety of his biographical sketches and portraits. They may be counted by hundreds, yet no two of them are alike: each has a physiognomy of its own, and is distinguished by the most unerring marks of individuality. This alone is a decided proof that they were drawn from the life. Invention and fancy are limited: nature is inexhaustible. He has been compared to Rubens for boldness of outline and richness of colouring; and he resembles Rembrandt in the artistic effects which he produces by strong contrasts of light and



shade. The shade, however, is too frequently deepened by hatred, malice and uncharitableness: the moral tone is low: we are disposed to agree with Sainte-Beuve that "it is an immense and prodigious talent rather than a high and complete intellect;" and, taken all in all, we can hardly understand how any reader, learned or unlearned, can warm or puff himself into enthusiasm for the author or the man. Here, however, we are again at variance with Mr. Reeve; and, coupling the wide circulation of his views with the decided manner in which they are advanced, it would be a dereliction of critical duty, indeed hardly complimentary to him, to pass them over as of no account.

"The French of the present day," he says, "look on Saint-Simon with mingled and inconsistent feelings. They are compelled to admit that the prodigious force and variety of his style raise him to the very highest rank in literature—as keen a wit as Molière; as fervent a Christian as Bossuet; as stern in his judgments as Tacitus; as fierce in his invectives as Juvenal."\*

Nor is this all. His writings are "illuminated by the power of genius and the love of truth." One of his portraits (the Duke of Burgundy) is termed "magnificent," and another (Fénelon) "of transcendent beauty." We are told that "no one can read these memoirs without being struck with the unaffected piety of their author;" that "his nature was cast in a larger mould, and something of an heroic character mingled in all his thoughts;" whilst our commiseration is invoked for his unhappy fate in finding himself "one of a flock of courtiers, whose highest ambition was to light the king to his bedroom, or to hold his shirt when he was dressing."

But was not this Saint-Simon's highest ambition too? Was he not constantly fidgeting, fussifying, intriguing, quarrelling about forms and ceremonies? He would not attend the king's communion except in what he thought his proper place as duke. He would not allow his wife to join in a work of charity because it might compromise her dignity as a duchess; although he permitted her to retain her place as lady of honour in constant attendance on the Duchess of Berry, when that princess was leading a life of open and avowed licentiousness. In his "*Discours sur le Duc de Bourgogne*" he intimates pretty clearly that religion and

Christian charity are very good things in their way, but may be carried too far in a prince.

Therefore a less assiduous attendance at divine service all the Sundays and feast days of the year would take nothing before God from Monseigneur of the chaste delight he finds in hearing His praises chanted.

This savours more of Lord Chesterfield or Polonius than of Bossuet. Saint-Simon's visits to La Trappe were like those of a fine lady to her confessor, after which she feels eager and qualified to start fresh. Improving on Clermont Tonnerre, he believed in his inmost soul that *le bon Dieu n'aura jamais le cœur de damner un duc et pair*. His want of self-knowledge, and his inordinate self-esteem, saved him from self-reproach. With the examples of Lionne, Colbert, and Louvois before his eyes, he accounts for his not occupying a higher place in the royal favour by laying down that Louis had an intuitive aversion for men of capacity and integrity who spoke their minds. His shortlived resolves to quit the court were as unreal, and as barren of results, as Mr. Charles Greville's denunciations of the turf. His actual retirement into private life (in 1723) was reluctant and enforced. Although he refused to accept shares in the Mississippi scheme from a shrewd anticipation of a crash, he received a large sum through Law as compensation for an inherited claim on the State that had lain dormant for nearly half a century.

The distinctive qualities of Tacitus and Juvenal are altogether wanting in Saint-Simon. He was not a deep thinker: he did not write to expose corruption or reform vice. He wrote to indulge his feelings; and he never meant what he wrote to see the light till the time at which it could be useful as a satire had long passed away. The persons he spared least were those who had wounded his vanity or offended his prejudices. The persons he praised most were those who had aided, obliged, or flattered him. This does not look as if he was uniformly actuated by the strong sense of justice or the pure love of truth. Piquancy of expression is his nearest approach to wit; and he had fortunately no humour, or he would have perceived the absurdity of much that he has usefully recorded from a conviction of its gravity. In delicacy (or indelicacy) he is about on a par with Swift, whose description of the Yahoos is the nearest literary parallel to Saint-Simon's account of the habits of some of the most distinguished

\* Royal and Republican France, vol. i. p. 155.



personages who figure in his pages. We allude particularly to such passages as the sketch of the Duc de Vendôme's first acquaintance with Alberoni: the scene with the king and Madame de Maintenon in which the young and charming Duchess of Burgundy adopts a singular expedient for keeping herself cool at the theatre: that in which she is portrayed chatting with her ladies of honour before retiring to rest with the duke, who is waiting for her; and the hurried visit of the Duchesse de Chevreuse to a chapel on the road from Paris to Versailles. Yet if such things had been suppressed the picture of manners would have been incomplete.

With rare exception,\* his general reflections are commonplace. He tells us absolutely nothing of the state or progress of art, science, literature, or philosophy. He seldom mentions a book, and only pays the tribute of passing praise to authors like Corneille, Racine, and La Bruyère, whose fame was established beyond dispute. He thus mentions Voltaire:—

Arouet, son of a notary who was my father's and mine till his death, was exiled and sent to Tulle for very satirical and very impudent verses. I should not amuse myself by remarking so small a trifle, if this same Arouet, become great poet and academician under the name of Voltaire, had not ended by being a kind of personage in the republic of letters, and even a kind of "important" amongst a certain world.

In 1710, when the Duke of Burgundy, the grandson of Louis, was twenty-eight, Saint-Simon, at the request of the Duc de Beauvilliers, reduced to writing the heads of a conversation regarding the conduct and demeanour most appropriate for the prince. This "*Discours sur le Duc de Bourgogne*," as it is entitled, contains not a syllable about political principles or measures; and was cautiously kept back from prudential reasons, which were equally strong against any oral or written communications to the same effect. He never specifies the subject of his conversations with the prince; but in proof of his liberality and comprehensiveness of view, Mr. Reeve says:

Viewing with horror and aversion the ruinous decline of the monarchy, and anticipating from afar its dissolution if the course of events was not turned aside, he applied himself, in

\* "So true is it that we forget still less the injuries we inflict, than those even which we receive" (vol. i. p. 78). He has here hit upon the same thought as Dryden:—

"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,  
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

conjunction with the most illustrious of his friends, to form the political principles of the heir to the crown, the young Duc de Bourgogne, whose natural ferocity and pride had been effectually subdued by the benign authority of Fénelon. Was there another at the court of Versailles who would have inculcated on the future sovereign of France, that kings are made for their subjects and not subjects for kings; who would, in 1710, have pointed to the States-General as the sole hope of the nation, and have contended that the strength and security of the ruler lay in the constitutional limitation of his power?

The author of "Royal and Republican France" is here on his own ground, on which he may be supposed to see his way clearly; but, with all due deference, we submit that Saint-Simon did none of these things, and that one, at least, was already done to his hands. It was rather late in the day, considering the duke's age, to inculcate the doctrine that kings are made for their subjects and not subjects for kings, which had been familiar to him from boyhood, which (in Saint-Simon's words) "this dauphin fully appreciated, and did not fear to assert openly and loudly." It is the moral of "Telemachus;"\* and on hearing of the event which had so rapidly accelerated the approach of his pupil to the throne, Fénelon wrote to him: "*Il ne faut pas que tous soient à un seul; mais un seul doit être à tous pour faire leur bonheur.*"

We know of no recommendation of the States-General by Saint-Simon in 1710; but in 1715, after the death of the dauphin, and shortly before the death of Louis, he laid some schemes before the regent-expectant which show the spirit in which he would have proceeded to reform the most crying abuses. The primary cause, the *fons et origo*, of them all, in his eyes, was the exclusion of the nobles from the principal departments of the State. Speaking of the controller-general and the four secretaries, he says:—

He (the Duke of Orleans) was not less wounded than I at the tyranny which those five kings of France exercised at their will and pleasure in the king's name, and in almost all without his knowledge, and the insupportable height to which they had climbed. . . .

\* "Telemachus" says of Sesostris: "Il ne croyait étri roi que pour faire du bien à ses sujets." The wicked kings in Tartarus are punished amongst other things for "leur dureté pour les hommes dont ils auraient dû faire la félicité." "Telemachus," we need hardly add, was written for the instruction of this prince. It was first published, without the consent of the author, in 1699, and immediately suppressed by Louis, who took offence at the liberality of the opinions, and imagined Sesostris to be meant for himself.



My design, then, was to begin by placing the nobility in the ministry, with the dignity and authority that became them, at the expense of the gown and pen, and to conduct affairs wisely by degrees, and according to the opportunities; so that, little by little, this *roture* should lose all the administrations which are not purely judicial, and that great lords and all nobility should, little by little be substituted in all their employments, and always by preference in those which by their nature should be exercised by other hands, in order to subject all to the nobility in every species of administration, but with the precautions necessary against abuses.

He proposed to begin by councils formed of nobles, with an eminent noble for president.

The state of the finances was so desperate, that Saint-Simon, after giving the fullest consideration to the subject, comes to the conclusion that the most advisable course would be a national bankruptcy, to be declared by edict; and it was to shelter the regent from the responsibility that he proposed to convoke the States-General, throw all the odium upon them by getting them to pass the edict, and then send them about their business.

Then I made him feel the address and the delicacy with which, above all things, it was necessary to make sure that the States should pronounce nothing; should decree nothing; should confirm nothing; that their acclamation should never be anything more than what is called *verba et voces*. . . . Thus the decoy (*leurre*) is complete; it is hollow throughout; the States-General acquire no rights from it; whilst the Duke of Orleans has all the essential through this specious and (to the nation) so interesting error. . . . The means of restraining the States, after having so powerfully excited them, appeared to me very easy. Protest, with confidence and modesty, that nothing is desired but their hearts, etc.

He then proceeds to recommend tactics which might be called Machiavellian, but for their transparent simplicity and absurdity. In short, the enlightened high-minded statesman, as he has been termed, saw "the sole hope of the nation" in a national bankruptcy and a shallow artifice. He expresses great disappointment when the Duke of Orleans, on becoming regent, refuses to adopt this scheme. But in 1717, when the duke, pressed by fresh difficulties, was disposed to have recourse to the States-General, Saint-Simon drew up a memoir (filling fifty pages) to prove that the golden opportunity had been let slip, and that the States might turn out dangerous and unmanageable.

But besides the capital point of the relief of the people, which will put the whole kingdom on the side of the States, without weighing what is or what is not possible, who can be sure of the number or the nature of the propositions which they may bring upon the *tapis*? The more violent the present situation, the more difficult the remedies, the more the blame of them is thrown on the past government, so much the more will the States feel it incumbent on them to search for solid means of preventing their return; and through this desire so natural, even so just *if it were within their province*, so much the more will they try to give themselves authority for it. Now who can imagine, with any approach to precision, what means may be proposed? All that can be foreseen is that there are no possible means which would not weigh heavily on the royal authority, or which may not be put forward to bridle it.

. . . . .

*We are not in England; and God preserve a guardian and conservator of the royal authority, so enlightened as your Royal Highness, from giving occasion for the usages of this neighbouring kingdom; from which our kings have emancipated themselves for centuries, and of which ours would require a great account from you. No need of States-General to obtain aid from the peoples of France; the king, by himself alone, provides for it by his registered edicts and declarations.*

Surely this is plain enough. The bare notion of a limited monarchy or a constitutional government never crossed Saint-Simon's mind, except to be discredited and repudiated. The longing desire of his life was to suppress the Parliament, the only semblance of a constitutional check: the *lit de justice*, which called forth so much unseemly and ungenerous exultation, was a downright act of despotism; and the words which brought his heart to his mouth were, "*Le roi* (a boy of eight) *veut être obéi, et obéi sur-le-champ!*" He despised the people, and did not know what civil or religious liberty meant. When the regent, vividly impressed by the vast amount of injury, the depopulation and impoverishment, inflicted on the kingdom by the expulsion of the Huguenots, proposed recalling and emancipating them, Saint-Simon vehemently objected, on the ground that they would never be satisfied without equality, and that all the troubles resulting from their obstinate adherence to their peculiar opinions under successive sovereigns would be renewed.

Far from wishing for the re-establishment of the old aristocracy, Saint-Simon highly commends Richelieu for reducing them to what he terms their "just meas-



ure of honour, distinction, consideration, and authority"—to a condition which no longer admits of their "agitating" or "speaking loud to the king." When, therefore, Mr. Reeve compares the political principles of Saint-Simon to those of the Whig peers of 1688, the comparison is about as true as Mr. Disraeli's comparison of those same Whig peers to the Venetian oligarchy. When, again, Mr. Reeve appeals to Saint-Simon's proposal for convoking the States-General as a recognition of popular rights, he falls into an error analogous to that of the orator who called on the lieges to rally round their sovereign like the barons at Runnymede.

The terms "magnificent" and "transcendent beauty" are about as applicable to Saint-Simon's portraits as "heroic" to his cast of mind. His portrait of Fénelon is principally remarkable for the artistic skill and felicitous language with which the praise is qualified and the attractive features shaded off, so as to produce the impression of a courtier-prelate who blended the *grand seigneur* with the priest, was all things to all men, and had his thoughts fixed more on this world than the next.\* It is an ironical portrait, not a captivating one: it conveys no sense of beauty to our minds; and we much prefer the portrait of the author of "Telemachus" by La Bruyère, as both more pleasing and more true.

There is one consideration, however, which may help to console the most ardent admirers of Saint-Simon when they cannot get colder or calmer critics to keep pace with them in their enthusiasm. If he had been in advance of his age instead of being on an exact level with it, the representative of his order, the type of his class—if he had been a stern moralist, a philosopher who despised forms and ceremonies, or a far-sighted high-principled statesman, he would not be the Saint-Simon who has descended to us: he would not, and could not, have composed the most curious and valuable passages of his memoirs. This is as clear as that we should not have had Boswell's Johnson, or Pepys' diary, or Walpole's

letters, without the foibles, vanity, egotism, affectation, and love of gossip, to which the rare flavour of their writings is as certainly owing as that of the *foie gras* to the diseased liver of the goose. We cannot have it both ways. Men of an heroic cast of mind, of commanding genius, of lofty ambition, of elevated views, will not make it the chief business of their lives to struggle for straws and feathers and complacently record the struggle: to chronicle the current scandals or fix the fleeting follies of a court; and it is precisely because Saint-Simon was not a Molière, a Bossuet, a Tacitus, a Juvenal, or a felicitous compound of all four, that he occupies his peculiar place in French literature: that he is hailed at last, by almost universal consent, as the author of the richest, most suggestive, illustrative, entertaining collection of contemporary anecdotes, scenes, and characters which any age or country has produced.

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From Temple Bar.

HER DEAREST FOE.

CHAPTER XV.

(continued.)

ANOTHER day of great anxiety, though not of so much excitement, ensued. Several gentlemen connected with the Hunt came and sent to make inquiries for the injured baronet. Lady Styles despatched a man on horseback with a note to Dr. Slade, which drew forth some strong language from that gentleman, as he objected to the trouble of replying; but, in spite of all these disturbances, Mrs. Temple contrived to enjoy some comfort in taking counsel with Tom. She reluctantly agreed with him in thinking there was no more to be done at present. Tom suggested that the substance of Captain Gregory's statement should be embodied in an affidavit in case the worthy seaman should be inaccessible when any further light came. Then they must fold their hands again and wait. This course was decided on, also—that it was unnecessary to open the subject again with Messrs. Wall and Wreford until they had more to communicate. "Do you know," said Tom, as he stood ready to depart, "I am almost sorry we have looked up this captain? His information has not done you a bit of good. It only serves to irritate and chafe you, by confirming your suspicions of foul play."

"No, Tom," returned Kate. "In one

\* To cite a paragraph: "Plus coquet que toutes les femmes, mais en solides et non en misères, sa passion était de plaire, et il avait autant de soin de captiver les valets que les maîtres, et les plus petites gens que les personnages. Il avait pour cela des talents faits exprès, une douceur, une insinuation, des grâces naturelles et qui coulaient de source, un esprit facile, ingénieux, fleuri, agréable, dont il tenait pour ainsi dire le robinet, pour en verser la qualité et la quantité exactement convenable à chaque chose et à chaque personne."



sense it comforts me, by confirming my belief that my poor husband was worthy of my affection and respect; that he was not base enough to leave me penniless, friendless, and scarred with the suspicions to which such a will leaves me open!"

"You are unnecessarily sore on that head! The whims of testators never reflect upon those who suffer from them," returned Tom. "That would be too bad. Now I must be off: write to me every day, one or other of you, please. I shall settle that matter of the affidavit directly I get to town."

It was not till the evening of the day after his accident that Sir Hugh Galbraith began to show consciousness, after which beginning he recovered his senses rapidly.

The third day brought a solemn, carefully-dressed gentleman from London, who announced himself to be Mr. George Galbraith, and next of kin to Sir Hugh. He asked to see the mistress of the house, and Mrs. Temple sent Mills, who knew more of the patient's case than she did. Mills proved an excellent representative. She reported the new-comer as a nice, civil-spoken gentleman. He had received intelligence of the accident from Colonel Upton, who had telegraphed to the doctor requesting further tidings, and stating that it was almost impossible that he could leave his regiment at present.

"Mr. G. St. John Galbraith" (such was the inscription on his card) had an interview with his cousin—not a very long one—and departed, "looking," said Fanny, who took a stolen peep at him through an inch-wide opening of the parlour-door, "a sadder and a wiser man" than when he arrived. Depend upon it, Kate, he is the next heir, and is quite disappointed."

"For shame, Fanny," returned her friend.

A few days more, and ten had elapsed since the accident. As Dr. Slade had assured Mrs. Temple, there was very little to be done, and very little additional trouble given to the quiet household. Mrs. Mills confessed that Sir Hugh's man was very different from "that other glum, dour fellow we had here. He doesn't talk much, but he has a civil word when he does open his mouth, and saves a body what trouble he can."

It seemed incredible that the arch-enemy should be installed under Kate Travers's roof and make so little difference. A constant odour of beef tea in the kitchen, a little more compounding of light puddings, a larger roast for the one o'clock

dinner, a larger consumption of the bitter beer which Tom Reed so highly approved—these were the outward and visible signs of the wonderful event that had so mightily disturbed the quiet current of the young widow's life.

Sir Hugh had now progressed into the sitting-room, and at times, when the shop was silent, Kate and Fanny could hear him slowly pacing to and fro. Every day the doctor paid him a long visit, after which he usually informed Mrs. Temple, rubbing his hands joyously while he spoke, that "Sir Hugh was going on very well—very well indeed—but could not move just yet; would do better if he was a little more patient."

Sir Hugh became a customer also. He had all the papers and publications Mrs. Temple could supply, besides books from Mudie's, Indian papers, literature in abundance of the lighter kind, and, as time wore on, the house became pervaded by the perfume of very good tobacco.

"Ah!" said Fanny, when she first perceived it, "that is delicious! it reminds me of Tom!"

One rainy afternoon, nearly a fortnight after Sir Hugh Galbraith had become her tenant, Mrs. Temple and Fanny were both in the shop—the latter at work on a piece of "grounding" she kept at hand for unemployed moments, the former sheltered behind a screen of pendent patterns, finishing a delightful, brilliant article in a *Westminster Review* left her by Tom Reed. It was a hopeless sort of day for business, scarcely any customers had crossed the threshold, and Mrs. Temple felt quite at liberty to obey a mysterious "nod and beck" from Mrs. Mills, delivered through the little parlour-window. "Do you know, ma'am," said Mills, as soon as her mistress crossed the threshold, "Sir Hugh Galbraith wants you to go up and write a letter for him?"

"Write a letter," repeated Mrs. Temple, astounded.

"Yes," persisted Mills, frowning yet laughing. "I felt as if I could throw the jug I had in my hand at him. His man has gone over to the place he had, I believe it is to be given up to-morrow. So I went to answer the bell, and says he, 'Can you write?' 'Of course I can,' says I. 'Very well,' says he, quick; 'get the writing-materials, and be so good as to write a letter for me.' 'That's quite different,' says I, 'I couldn't write well enough for you, sir.' 'Oh!' says he, 'you are not the woman of the house, are you?' 'No, sir,' says I. 'Well, I dare-



say she writes well enough; I wish you would ask her to come here,' says he, impatient like. So I just came to you, for I didn't know what to say."

Mrs. Temple stood silent, gazing fixedly at Mills without seeing her, for a minute or two in deep thought. Should she refuse? Should she send Fanny? No; Fanny was too young — too giddy. Moreover she had a strange sort of wish to stand face to face with her foe. While she hesitated, a sharp, angry peal of the drawing-room bell startled her into decision. "I will go, Mills," she said; "tell Miss Fanny." Without giving herself time to think or grow nervous, Kate ran up-stairs, and opening the door, which stood ajar, entered so quietly that Sir Hugh did not hear her. He was stretched upon the sofa, a cigar in his mouth and the *Times* in his left hand; his right arm tied up and in a sling. A tall, gaunt-looking figure, wrapped in a grey dressing-gown covered with Indian embroidery in the same colour; a long, thin face, very pale though slightly weather-beaten; long red moustaches, hair a shade darker and somewhat scanty upon the temples, one of which was scarred, as if by a sword-cut. As he made no movement, Mrs. Temple advanced to a table that stood in the middle of the room, and, leaning one hand lightly upon it, said, "You wished to see me."

At the sound of her soft, but remarkably distinct tones, Sir Hugh looked up in great surprise, and starting to his feet threw his cigar into the fire.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, in a deep, harsh voice, though the accent was well-bred, and gazing at her intently with, she thought, the sternest and most sombre eyes she had ever met; "I beg your pardon; I wanted to speak to the woman of the house."

"I am the woman of the house," returned Mrs. Temple, quietly, meeting and returning his gaze unflinchingly, her large dark eyes lit up with an expression of which she was unconscious, but which Sir Hugh afterwards described to a confidential friend as "the sort of look you might expect from a man that stood foot to foot with you, his sword across yours. There was hatred and defiance both in her eyes."

For an instant they paused, gazing fascinated at each other, then Sir Hugh recovering himself, said composedly enough, "Indeed! May I trouble you to write a few lines for me! I am anxious not to

lose this day's post or I would not ask you."

"I will write for you if you require it," returned Mrs. Temple, simply. "Where are your writing-things?"

"On the cabinet; but I will get them."

"Allow me," said Mrs. Temple; "you had better not exert yourself, I imagine." She brought over a blotting-book and ink-bottle, and, setting them on the table, observed, "I see no pen. I will bring one," and went away quickly to her own desk. When she returned Sir Hugh was standing exactly in the same position in which she had left him. She immediately sat down, arranged the paper, and dipping her pen in the ink, looked up, saying, "I am quite ready." Again she met the same grave, surprised, inquiring gaze; again there was an unconscious pause of mutual contemplation.

"I am ready," repeated Mrs. Temple.

"My dear Upton," began Sir Hugh.

"If you begin in the first person," said Mrs. Temple abruptly, for she could not feel him to be a stranger, "how will you sign your name? You cannot write! Had I not better begin: 'I am directed by Sir Hugh Galbraith'?"

"Then *you* must sign it, and that won't do," he returned. "I will try and sign with my left hand."

"Very well, go on then," said Mrs. Temple.

"My dear Upton. Thanks for yours. I believe I am nearly all right again, though still a little shaky. If your friend's horse is all you say, and you are a fair judge, I feel inclined to buy him."

"One moment," interrupted Mrs. Temple, looking up with a smile; "I am not writing shorthand."

"I beg your pardon," smiling, in return, which greatly improved his countenance: "I never had the honour of having a private secretary before and scarcely know how to dictate."

"To buy him," read Mrs. Temple, keeping her eyes on the paper; "go on." Sir Hugh did not go on for a moment; but Mrs. Temple did not move, holding her pen in readiness and her eyes cast down.

"If he is all you say," continued Galbraith.

"You said that before."

"Would you read it over to me?"

Mrs. Temple complied.

"Oh — ah — yes; 'inclined to buy him.' Although now the season is over I really do not want a hunter. I shall



therefore not give the price asked, nor make any offer until I see the animal."

Mrs. Temple held up her hand, and Galbraith stopped abruptly, until her pen was arrested, and again without looking up she read aloud, "the animal."

"Which," he resumed this time quite readily, "from what you say, I shall have an opportunity of doing, if I can only get up to town before Tattersall's next sale. What I want is a good weight-carrier, that can stand the jar of big drops without giving way; for I think I shall hunt in —shire, next season, and that is a very stiff country."

Again, a warning finger made him pause, nor was he prepared, when she read over the last word; so she was obliged to say "Well," and look up, before he continued. This time she met his eyes fixed upon her with the same grave wondering expression, but less stern than at first.

"Country," repeated Sir Hugh. "Let me see. Oh! — You know a horse must be deep in the girths and deuced strong in the fore-legs to carry me well to the front in —shire." Another pause.

"I must not trouble you too much," said Galbraith, slowly pulling out his moustaches, as if his inventive powers were exhausted. "Just say I am thinking of parting with my roan mare — she would make him a capital charger; that I am afraid my sword-arm will never be the same again; and that I hope to see him in London before long.

"Have you that down?" after a few minutes' silence.

"I have."

"Then just end it; and I will try and sign my name."

"But what sort of ending shall I put?" asked Kate.

"Yours truly," returned Galbraith.

"Upton never had so legible an epistle from me before," he added, as she handed him the letter to read; placing the blotting-book, ink, and pen near him, while he was thus occupied. Then a difficulty arose; besides that of using his left hand, Sir Hugh had no other wherewith to steady the paper, seeing which, Mrs. Temple, with the natural impulse of a kindly, self-forgetful woman, stepped forward and held it for him; so he contrived to scrawl his signature. "Thank you. You really have done me a great service," said he quietly, but very sincerely. "Now, will you direct an envelope, and I will release you. What a capital hand," he continued, still holding the let-

ter, while Mrs. Temple addressed the cover; "so clear — and — well-spelt," as if speaking to himself.

"Tradespeople generally receive a good plain education," said Mrs. Temple, demurely, while the suspicion of a smile played in the corners of her mouth; she could not resist the temptation to play with the *piquante* peculiarities of her position. "Shall I put up your note, or do you want anything added?" holding out her hand.

"Nothing more, thank you," replied Galbraith, slowly returning it to her; and she proceeded quickly and methodically to arrange the writing-materials much more tidily than they had been, and put them in their place.

"Pray," said Sir Hugh, moving slowly across the room, and looking to Mrs. Temple considerably taller and more gaunt than when lying on the sofa, "pray, may I venture to ask your services as secretary again? I may have to answer a letter or two, and I am really helpless."

"I am sure," she returned, a faint increase of colour enriching her cheek, "Doctor Slade would be happy to be of any use to you, and would be a more suitable amanuensis."

"I don't think so. Doctors write such fearful hieroglyphics. I trust you will be good enough to assist me in an emergency."

"In an emergency, yes," said Kate quickly. "I will have your letter posted at once," she added. "Good-morning."

"Good-morning, and thank you," said Galbraith, holding the door open for her to pass through, while he bowed as deferentially as though she had been a duchess.

Mrs. Temple breathed a little quickly as she went into the kitchen to despatch Sarah to the post, and then proceeded to stand the brunt of a severe cross-examination from Fanny.

"What a long time you have been," she cried. "What is he like? What was the letter about?" All of which, Kate answered more or less to her companion's satisfaction. Indeed, both friends made very merry over the interview. "I am sure, Kate, your description of the renowned Sir Hugh sounds like an ogre."

"No; he is not like an ogre, though he is far from good-looking; evidently a cold, haughty man, yet not quite like what I expected."

"Nobody ever is," said Fanny, philosophically.

When Mrs. Temple was safe in her own room that night, she lit a second candle,



and placing one on each side of her glass looked long at her own image; then rising from her seat, murmured to herself: "No, it would be undignified, unprincipled, unfair; yet, from all I can read and observe, men do not take disappointments to heart and suffer from them like women." Again she looked in the glass: "'A bit of vulgar prettiness,'" she repeated. "'He might have been contented to take me for a mistress.' Might he? Of course it was optional to so great a man, so superior to my lowliness; 'and he must have found me out in some delinquency.'"

She paused. "It is a great temptation!" So saying, she extinguished the lights, and went to bed.

## CHAPTER XVI.\*

TIME, inexorable time, sped on. The summer visitors had gradually departed, and the full torrent of "season" trade subsided to the ordinary yet not despicable rivulet of local demand. Autumn faded into winter; the short days brought with them long cosy evenings for reading and for work,—and although Kate had occasionally to struggle with sharp fever-fits of impatient longing for movement, for intelligence, for light of any kind to guide her to some outlet from the mystery of her present lot, she felt she was singularly fortunate in her career so far; and that could she hold on and keep clear of debt, her humble undertaking might insure bread and independence.

Even through the depth of the winter a bright day generally brought customers from the neighbouring country houses, for a visit to the Berlin Bazaar had become one of the regulation "objects" for a winter's drive, as the "Abbey" or the "Castle" were for summer picnics.

Fanny's misunderstanding with her lover gave Mrs. Temple a good deal of trouble. For a considerable time the offended parties kept up a transparent veil of indifference, which on Fanny's side dissolved in tears, when she grew confidential alone with Kate, and exhaled again into a perceptible cloud of sauciness when she sent Tom messages or wrote to him. But the matter was not finally settled till Kate went to town to make sundry additions to her stock, and had a good long talk with Tom, which resulted in a full, complete, and rapturous reconciliation, strengthened and confirmed by a happy visit of two days at Christmas, when the display of novelties and tempta-

tions at the Berlin Bazaar startled all Pierstoffs and the surrounding district.

So the days and weeks rolled by, scarcely heeded, save when one or other of the partners exclaimed at the rapid recurrence of Sunday. And now the daylight began to stay a little longer each evening, and blustering north-easters to show how fierce and rough the young year could be in its play.

It was the close of a bright cold day which had not brought many customers to the Berlin Bazaar, and Kate had looked at her watch, thinking that soon she might order the shutters to be put up, and retire to the cosiness of the apartment usually termed the "shop-parlour." Fanny yawned twice over a thrilling tale in the last *Family Herald*, when the door of the shop opened, the well-known tinkle of a dog's bell was heard, and to their surprise Lady Styles walked in.

"Good morning, Mrs. Temple," — to Fanny — "give me a chair; I am quite tired and out of breath. Thank you; thank you! Oh dear!" — sitting down, laying her muff on the counter, and turning round another chair to put her feet on the bar. "Well, I suppose you are surprised to see me here so late. I have been all the way to Accl Court. I have intended going there for an age; and now I find the whole family away in town. What in the world takes them to town so early, and the father not even in the House? My coachman declared he must rest and bait the horses before we attempted the long hill between this and Weston; so I thought I would rest here, and they can take me up when Davis and the horses have refreshed sufficiently. And what has been going on? Why, it is nearly ten days since I was here."

But Mrs. Temple had not even the ghost of a scandal wherewith to regale her ladyship, who felt a little impatient at this want of subject-matter for conversation.

"I protest, my dear Mrs. Temple, you are singularly unobservant for an intelligent young woman. Have you heard nothing of that new man, Bryant? Old Slade declares there is something very odd, very odd indeed, in his being always called in to the rich West-Indian girl at the school here. I fancied you must have heard something about it. You have, at all events?" — turning sharply on Fanny, who was laughing quietly, as she thought, out of sight. "No! then what are you laughing at? Well, I want a couple of pairs of gloves. Have you any black stitched with colours? They are very useful in win-

\* Chapters XV. and XVI. were transposed in *Temple Bar*.



ter. What a good idea of yours, to keep gloves!" and her ladyship doubled up a thick, pudgy hand for measurement, chattering all the time, while Fanny sought the required commodity and handed them to Kate.

"I suppose your rooms have been vacant all the winter? You did pretty well with them last season, did you not? It would be nice now for some of your London or French friends to come and pay you a visit?"

"It would," replied Kate, gravely, as she laid a black kid glove against the fist which lay on the counter.

"But visitors are expensive, hey?—pleasures of hospitality not to be had for nothing."

"No, indeed," echoed Kate.

"Of course you can see your friends when you go up to town."

"Of course, Lady Styles."

"Don't you ever take a holiday?" suddenly twisting her chair round to face Fanny.

While the little assistant parried the attack, and the cross-examination continued, Mills was resting from her labours during the lawful interval "between lights."

The back of the house, where the kitchen was situated, was considerably darkened by the cliffs behind, and evening always seemed an hour older there than at the front. Mills's arms were folded in her apron; her cap looked erect and defiant, but the eyes beneath it were closed for that indefinite space of time known as "forty winks." The "gurl," respecting the repose of so august a superior, stepped cautiously to and fro, softly placing sundry articles in their right places, and ultimately putting forth the tea-things on a small, round, deal table, which could stand comfortably near the fire and Mrs. Mills, whose feet were on the fender. In the attempt to shorten her work, the unlucky "gurl" took up too many cups and spoons in her hand, and one of the latter fell, ringing on the tiled floor.

"Eh! what mischief have you done now?" cried Mills, starting into full consciousness and wrath. "Of all the awkward—— What is it?"

"Only a spoon, mum. I thought you would like your tea, so I was a-setting it."

"Oh, ay! Well, I am just dying for a cup. Is the kettle boiling? Bring me the tea-caddy."

Mrs. Mills proceeded solemnly to measure the required quantity, and held a

spoonful over the mouth of a brown teapot, smoking from the operation of scalding just performed, when the front bell was sharply and loudly rung. This was unusual.

"Now, who *can* that be!" exclaimed Mills, pausing, the spoon still in her hand. "Who can it be at this hour! Anyhow, I'll wet the tea first."

The short delay seemed to exhaust the patience of the applicant for admission, and another peal startled Mills and her sub.

"I had better go, mum," cried the latter.

"Not while I have the strength to do it will I let a chit like you go to my missus's front door!" replied Mills, solemnly, and walking slowly out of the kitchen.

On opening the front door, a gentleman met her view—a slight man, with a plaid over his shoulder, and a black bag in his hand.

"Mr. Tom!" cried Mills, "is it yourself?"

"No other!" cried Tom Reed, who had turned at the sound of the opening door, and held out his hand to Mills with a radiant countenance as he crossed the threshold. "Just walk in and sit down by the fire a minute, sir; I'll tell my missus and Miss Fanny."

"And how do you find yourself, Mrs. Mills?" said Tom cheerfully, but not quite loud enough, as he placed his plaid and bag on a chair.

"Just the same as ever," returned Mills, shaking her head. "As flighty and troublesome. Yet if a body ails a bit, that kind and good that——"

"But yourself, Mrs. Mills?" interrupted Tom in a more audible tone. "How goes it with yourself?"

"Bless your heart, sir! I am that stiff with rheumatics and that heart-broken, I'm sure it is a wonder that I am alive! Look there, sir!"—lifting a corner of the curtain hanging over the low side-window which commanded the shop, and pointing to the group still visible in the waning light. "*That* is enough to curl the blood in my veins! Oh, the ups and downs I have seen! Well, no matter! You'll have a chop to your tea, sir?"

"Oh, anything—anything! Do you think you could manage to call Miss Fanny?"

"I'll see, sir; but as I was saying——"

Here the narrow door leading into the shop was pushed open gently, and Fanny entered. Catching sight of Tom, she stopped short, and exclaimed, but in a



suppressed tone, "Tom! is it possible? I am so glad to see you. What has brought you here? Some good news, I am sure."

"Are you really and truly glad to see me, you saucy, mischievous puss?" cried Tom, taking both her hands in his.

"I am sure you might have knocked me down with a feather when I opened the door and saw Mr. Tom!" ejaculated Mills.

"Do you know I am dying for tea or something?" said Tom very loud, his keen dark eyes flashing from Fanny to Mills with an impatient expression.

"Dear me! to be sure you are," replied the latter, hurrying away. "You shall have it in a jiffy."

"Now, my darling!" began Tom —

"Hush — hush!" exclaimed Fanny. "If you speak so loud that terrible Lady Styles will hear you; and I really believe she would walk in here *coûte que coûte* to find out who you are."

She hastily re-arranged the curtain Mills had displaced, and, turning, found herself in her cousin's arms.

"There, Tom — that's enough. Not one more! Only fancy if Lady Styles could peep in!" was Fanny's next exclamation."

"But she can't, dearest, sweetest Fan! Who the deuce is this Lady Styles?"

"The most tremendous gossip. — Oh, you must have heard us speak of her."

"Very likely," returned Tom, placing himself on the sofa, and beckoning to Fanny to sit beside him. "And now tell me, how are you? And how goes on the business? I must say you look thriving!"

"Well, we really are. The winter has been much better than we ventured to hope. And oh! it is quite wonderful the way Kate manages. Why, there is nothing on earth our customers don't ask for — and I do believe if any one was to inquire for — for — oh, a lord chancellor's wig! I believe Kate would say, with her air of grave attention, 'We do not generally keep them in stock — but I have no doubt I could procure one for you!'"

Here Mrs. Mills entered with a tea-tray and proceeded to lay the cloth. "And now," continued Fanny, "do tell me what has brought you down here!"

"Ah! that's a secret till I tell Kate!"

"Nonsense, she has no secrets from me! Mills, that cloth is crooked!" jumping up to put it straight. "I wonder if Lady Styles ever intends to go," peeping under the curtain. "No! there she is,

talking away still. Mills, have you no shrimps? — a Pierstoffe tea without shrimps is quite a contradiction."

"Yes, sure," returned Mills, testily; "but I haven't two pair of arms, have I? I cannot fetch everything at once, can I?"

"No! no! of course not! just go like a dear and do Mr. Tom's chop, and I will finish laying the cloth."

Mills had turned to the door when a sudden and violent ringing startled them all.

"That bell," said Mills, solemnly, "is gone mad."

"A runaway ring, probably," remarked Tom.

"There's never no such thing here," returned Mills as she left the room.

"Tom, dear! would you not like a glass of ale with your chop? It is really good — you liked it before."

"This is downright delicious," cried Tom, rising and rubbing his hands with an air of intense enjoyment.

"What is?"

"Why, the little attentions! the delightful home-like charm of —"

"Ah! Tom," interrupted Fanny, "don't fancy you are writing a domestic tale for *Household Words*."

"You insulting" — but Mills's voice in the hall made both pause and listen.

"I don't hear a word you say! You'd better step in and speak to Miss Fanny." She opened the door as she spoke and ushered in Dr. Slade.

Doctor Slade in top-boots, much splashed, in a green hunting-coat, and a hunting-whip in hand.

"Where is Mrs. Temple?" cried that gentleman in a hasty and imperious tone. "I must see her immediately — there has been a bad accident in the hunting-field, and I have ordered the sufferer to be brought here."

"An accident! Oh, what shall we do?" cried Fanny.

"Fetch Mrs. Temple," repeated the doctor, slapping his boot impatiently.

"Kate, dear, *could* you come for a moment?" said Fanny, going very softly and timidly through the shop-door; something in her face make Mrs. Temple come directly, after a hasty word of apology to Lady Styles.

"Dr. Slade! Tom!" she exclaimed — and then shut her lips in extreme annoyance that in her surprise the last name had escaped them.

"Bad business in the field to-day," cried the doctor. "Accident just outside the town — man thrown — scarcely know what



injuries yet—but I always try to do you a good turn, so I have ordered him to be brought here—your rooms are vacant, eh?” then shouting in Mills’s ear, “Get a bedroom ready immediately, sheets, blankets, baths, hot water! Eh, what do you say?”

“That I would really rather not have your patient,” returned Mrs. Temple, “if you could take him elsewhere.”

“Now don’t be perverse! this house is more than half a mile nearer than the hotel, and it is of the last importance that the unfortunate man should be attended to at once—besides extreme quiet will be essential, and he will get that here—and I cannot unsay my directions; they are carrying him here on a door, and may arrive any moment.”

“It will not be very pleasant for Mrs. Temple if he dies,” said Tom, gravely; “pray who is the sufferer?”

“I really can’t tell—but evidently a man of position—anyhow, Mrs. Temple, you must not reject him; I will be answerable for everything—come—I must follow that capital old woman of yours upstairs and see things put in order.”

“Tom,” cried Mrs. Temple, as the doctor bustled away, “this sudden appearance of yours half frightens me, yet how glad I am to see you! You have news of some kind, but I must not stop to hear it now. I shall come back as soon as possible. Come, Fanny, we may be of some use upstairs; it is useless to resist Dr. Slade.”

But Fanny had already vanished; and Tom, being alone, proceeded to stir the fire, with due regard to a comfortable-looking brown teapot standing before it, and then took up a position on the hearthrug meditatively. His reflections, however, were soon agreeably interrupted by the re-appearance of Fanny with a tray in her hands, on which were a dish with a bright tin cover, and a pretty jug with some creamy-looking froth peeping over its edges.

“There,” said Fanny, arranging these articles on the table; “because a man is half killed you need not be famished. I do hope the chops are nice” (lifting the cover). “And there is some beer, and tea, and shrimps and things; and oh! a brown loaf. Do try and eat.”

“Why, Fanny, it is a feast! The chops are a picture! If there is one quality more angelic than another in a woman, it is that tender regard for man’s minor wants—that thoughtful prevision which supplies the required provision just in the nick of time. There is a wonderful charm

in having a pretty woman flitting about you at meals, pouring out the beer, handing you the bread, adding fire to the pepper, and piquancy to the sauce, query, would she —”

“Ah, that’s all very nice, but I must not stop to listen,” interrupted Fanny, with a smile and a nod. “Do make yourself comfortable,” and she was gone.

Up-stairs she found Mills and her mistress busy unfolding blankets, and hastily setting forth house-linen, while Doctor Slade stood writing some hasty lines on a scrap of paper upon the mantelpiece, which the “gurl,” in bonnet and shawl, stood at the door ready to receive and convey to the surgery.

The doctor’s short, sharp, and decisive directions were rapidly carried out; for having, partly from surprise, partly from compassion, permitted the doctor’s arrangement to stand, Kate went heartily into the preparations for her expected guest, while Fanny sped up and down stairs with right good-will to save poor Mills some fatigue.

Soon the trampling of men and horses’ feet outside made Kate’s heart beat with nervous anticipation.

“Stay here,” said Doctor Slade to Mrs. Mills; “I will go down to direct.”

Mrs. Temple stole softly to the head of the stairs, where Mills had placed a lamp, with a sort of shrinking curiosity, reflecting that the drawing-room offered a retreat close behind her. The open door below admitted a current of cold air, and it seemed as if a multitude of people, all hushed, yet eager, from the sort of suppressed murmur that arose, had thronged into the hall below; then Dr. Slade’s voice ordered, “Keep him as level as you can; mind the turn; steady; straight on; first door on the right.”

As the slow, heavy steps of the bearers advanced, Kate retreated; and at length, from the half-open door of the “best sitting-room,” saw several men supporting a long, helpless form, in a red coat all covered with clay on the side next her—a ghastly, pale face, bruised and bloody, and a look of death upon the whole figure as it was borne past. A feeling of awe and compassion crept over her.

“Kate, dear Kate! are you there?” said Fanny in a frightened whisper out of a dark corner where she had hidden herself. “Have they quite gone?”

“Yes, quite. I am rather faint, Fan.”

“No wonder! Why did you look? You ought to have gone into a corner and shut your eyes, like me! Now I will just



go and see if I can bring Mills anything. Oh! here is Mills. Well, what are they doing, Mills?"

"Just putting of him to bed, miss. Eh! but he is a tall gentleman, and knocked about terrible! His own man is there, and seems very wise-like. I am going for hot water."

"I will fetch it, Mills," cried Fanny, running down-stairs.

"Oh, Mills, do you think he will die?" asked Kate.

"God knows, ma'am: he looks like death."

In the meantime Tom had begun to discuss his chop with a grateful and satisfied heart — not to mention an excellent appetite — when his repast was interrupted.

The narrow door before mentioned, leading into the shop, slowly opened, and a stout richly-dressed lady, with nodding plumes, squeezed through. Tom, reluctant, rose.

"I beg your pardon; but could I speak to Mrs. Temple for a moment — just one moment?"

"Mrs. Temple has been called away to attend to a gentleman who has broken his back, or his leg, or both, out hunting," replied Tom.

"Dear, dear, how very dreadful! As I know most of the gentlemen about here, I think I shall just stay and ascertain who it is. Pray do not let me disturb you. I beg you will go on with your tea or dinner."

"Well, if you permit me, I will, for I have had a long journey, Mrs. — a —"

"Styles — Lady Styles," supplied her ladyship graciously, while she revolved the problem of Tom's presence in her mind with the keenest zest. "Very nice, respectable-looking young man," she thought. "What on earth brings him here? *Much* too young to be safe. — Quite right," she said aloud; "a long journey is a hungry concern. Come from town, eh?"

"From town," echoed Tom.

"Hum! the man she buys her wools and things from," meditated Lady Styles. "What's this they call them? — bagmen."

"Might I offer you some refreshment?" said Tom, with a graceful wave of the hand towards the jug. "The beer I can answer for, and there's some tea that has been brewing the last half-hour."

"He means to be monstrous civil," thought her ladyship, smiling upon her companion. "He is really a very good-looking young man. I will sit down with him. People are always confiding and communicative when they are eating. Well, really," she said, as Tom lifted the

teapot from the hob to the table, "I do not think I can resist; tea is tempting, and this is the hour I generally have my afternoon cup." So saying, she sat down, drew off her gloves, and threw back her bonnet-strings, while Tom returned to his chop. "I do not presume," he said, "to pour out; that is a lady's privilege."

"Oh! I can help myself, thank you. And do you often come down here, Mr. — a —"

"Not quite often enough!"

"Ha! in love with one or other of them," said Lady Styles to herself. "I suppose there are fashions in everything," she continued aloud.

"Just so," returned Tom, who divined her conjectures. "Bread, Lady Styles? and if you are of an industrious turn, let me recommend the shrimps: for securing the largest amount of occupation and the smallest possible return of enjoyment there is nothing like shrimps."

"Thank you! I am rather fond of shrimps," adding to herself, "quite a chatty, pleasant young man! so," she resumed aloud, "you do not require to come round often? I presume there is not the same amount of change in your business as in other branches, drapery and millinery for instance?"

"I don't know that," replied Tom, gravely. "There is a good deal of 'dressing up' in my line."

"Indeed! Costumes, as well as this style of thing, eh?" nodding towards the shop.

"The British public, so the critics say, have ceased to care for a plain, unvarnished tale."

"Oh, I see!" she cried, "periodicals and newspapers."

"Precisely," said Tom.

"I suppose you have only known Mrs. Temple since she began business?" resumed Lady Styles.

"Since she began business," echoed Tom.

"She is such a nice ladylike creature, I have always thought it extraordinary to see her behind a counter — very extraordinary!"

"Quite extraordinary!" ejaculated Tom.

"I suppose," said Lady Styles, pausing as she picked a shrimp, "I suppose there is the usual story of speculation and failure, and all that; but do you know that the gossips here (it is a monstrously gossiping place!) say that her husband is still alive, but undergoing penal servitude for forgery, and all sorts of crimes?"



"I assure you the late Mr. T. is as defunct as the shrimp which now occupies your ladyship's fingers!"

"Ah! then you knew her during her late husband's lifetime?" cried Lady Styles, sharply.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Tom, "what a cross-examining counsel you would have made! There was legal acumen in the way you pounced upon that inference."

"Life, my dear sir," returned Lady Styles, much flattered, "and experience, are first-rate wit-sharpeners."

"Undoubtedly," said Tom, filling his tumbler, "when, as in your ladyship's case, there are wits to sharpen."

"And what was this husband? No great things, I fancy, or he would have left more money behind him," pursued her ladyship.

"Oh, he was in business too."

"What sort of business?"

"Why, he imported 'sugar and spice and all that's nice'!"

"I see—a grocer! Well, I am disappointed! I thought from her air and style, there must be a romantic story attached to her. So the late Temple was a grocer!" pouring herself out another cup of tea.

"Don't you think they are a long time putting that man to bed?" said Tom, who was growing a little weary of her ladyship's company.

"What an odd way of expressing it! but these bagmen are great characters, I believe," thought Lady Styles. "Well, I daresay he requires a great deal of care and attention, and perhaps——"

Mrs. Temple, entering, cut short the sentence. "Tom!" she cried, and then, seeing Lady Styles, stopped short. Lady S. made a mental note of the exclamation.

"You are surprised to see me, my dear Mrs. Temple, but I just waited to ascertain who is the hero of the accident. But, I assure you, your friend here has done the honours remarkably well—better tea, bread and butter, and shrimps I have never eaten!"

"You are very good to say so. I believe the gentleman, Dr. Slade's patient, is one of the party who occupy Hurst Lodge this season," added Kate, anxious to satisfy and get rid of her customer.

"You don't say so! Why, I am told they are a sad racketty set. I would get rid of him as soon as I could, or you will have the whole lot in and out, smoking, and heaven knows what!"

"I rather think not," said Kate, quietly.

"It is certainly a long rough way to take him," continued Lady Styles, not heeding her, "and much more convenient to Dr. Slade to have him close by, than all that distance; but here *is* Dr. Slade. Well, doctor, how is the poor man? and who is he?"

The doctor entered with a pompous air, followed by Fanny, who stole behind Kate.

"Well, replied the doctor, "he is still insensible, and not likely to recover consciousness for a few hours. His arm is broken, and I suspect concussion of the brain; but our good friend Mrs. Temple need not mind charging for trouble—he is a man of position and property—he is Sir Hugh Galbraith!"

#### CHAPTER XVII.

SIR HUGH GALBRAITH was the last of a long line of careless, improvident country gentlemen. His own father put the finishing stroke to the family fortunes, as a highly cultivated taste for racing, gambling, yachting, and all the linked charms that thereabouts do hang rapidly dispersed what remained to him.

As soon as Hugh had reached a legal age, after a boyhood of most heterogeneous and intermittent training, he gloomily yet willingly agreed to join his father in breaking the entail. Gloomily, because his was exactly the nature to cling closely to the family estate, and to part with the acres which had so long supported the Galbraiths of Kirby-Grange was a bitter cross. Willingly, because the disgrace of unpaid debts was intolerable to his proud spirit.

So the late baronet, freed from his most pressing difficulties, took himself and his three daughters to the Continent, where they passed, on the whole, a very bearable existence. Two of Sir Hugh's sisters picked up good matches—the prettiest, and the one he liked best, ran away with a German artist and died, at which her brother sternly rejoiced, as he considered such a marriage almost as disgraceful as if she had run away without any.

As a boy, Hugh Galbraith had been left much alone at the old country-seat. His mother died while he was still a sturdy, passionate, bony urchin in frocks—the terror of his nurses—the torment of his sisters. His father was generally away, his sisters at school, and his only education what small doses of learning the curate could induce him to imbibe. In other branches of a gentleman's acquirements he rapidly progressed. There



was no horse in the stables or out of them he could not "back." He was a good shot, and a bold sailor, for the Grange was close to a wild craggy coast, where many a fisher's family had to mourn the loss of the bread-winner and his boat in the stormy winter-time. To the fishermen the young master was always welcome, and to them he could talk, not copiously, for his words were always few, but with a freedom that would have astonished his father and his polite, worldly elder sisters. These ornamental members of his family designated him "a sulky bear" — "a hopeless barbarian" — and not unjustly.

When he was about twelve, the curate left, and his father sent him to a second-rate school for "young gentlemen," where he was at first spoiled and petted as the sole representative of the master's aristocratic connection; and then, when payments grew more and more irregular, and the dominie became enlightened as to the true state of affairs, the heir of Galbraith was considerably snubbed — a process of annealing not at all conducive to a healthy frame of mind.

It was about this time that Mr. Travers, who was first cousin to Sir Hugh's father, fell in with the lad. Being himself of a taciturn disposition, and having had a boyhood of hard knocks and puddings without plums, he took a fancy to the young kinsman, whom no one else found attractive, put him to a good military school, bought him a commission in the line, and made him a small allowance.

When Sir Frederick Galbraith died, and matters were arranged, a paltry pittance was all that remained of the revenues once forthcoming from his estates. Every acre, save a few that surrounded the old mansion, was sold; and these, with the house, were let to a prosperous farmer, who wanted a little more land and a little better abode.

Small as was his inheritance, Sir Hugh declared it sufficient, renounced Mr. Travers's allowance, and exchanged into a dragoon regiment, with the prospect of going to India.

His relations with Mr. Travers continued to be most friendly. He was looked upon as, and considered himself to be, Mr. Travers's heir. In this light he shone in his married sister's drawing-rooms, when he condescended to go there, which was not often. To Mr. Travers he was heartily grateful, especially because he had not forced him to adopt trade, for which, said Mr. Travers, "I don't think

you've brains enough." More, he liked and respected his benefactor better than any one else in the world — except, perhaps, his chum, his schoolfellow, his comrade, Willie Upton; and for him probably liking considerably outweighed respect. Nevertheless, it seemed quite right and natural that Mr. Travers should have toiled all his life to amass a fortune for him (Hugh Galbraith) to buy back his estates with and live on them as became a gentleman of high degree. When, therefore, the elder cousin announced his marriage — briefly, and with an unconquerable degree of shamefacedness which communicated itself to the inanimate pen — Hugh Galbraith was furious. It seemed to him a scandalous breach of faith — a base withdrawal from an unspoken contract, which should have been all the more binding on a gentleman because it had been unexpressed! And for whom was he thus defrauded? Some rosy-cheeked plebeian! some showy girl, that, in his own mind, he ranked with the barmaids and chambermaids who would not disdain addresses from the serjeants of his own troop! If she had been a gentlewoman, ever so poor, the injury to himself would have been the same, but he would not have felt quite the same loathing and contempt that added fuel to the fire with which he read Mr. Travers's communication.

"The daughter of the lady with whom I have stayed for some years in the fishing-season," he repeated scornfully to his friend Upton. "The woman who let him his lodgings, he means! How any man at any age can make such a — ass of himself is beyond my comprehension; but a fellow like Travers!"

"Perhaps she was very pretty and taking," returned his confidant, who had an amiable weakness for the sex.

But Sir Hugh was not to be pacified, as we have seen, and not only spake unadvisedly with his lips, but, what was much worse, wrote unadvisedly with his pen.

It was a cruel blow. Hugh Galbraith had never been disposed to indulge in bright dreams of the future, although he had more imagination than any one gave him credit for. The bitterness of poverty in high places had eaten into his heart and closed it rigidly against the greater number of his fellow-creatures. He was strong to endure and slow to speak — generally considered a cold, hard man, but too just, too real, not to have a certain amount of popularity with his brother officers. He was just to his equals, and would fain have been gener-



ous to his inferiors, as you would throw bones to a dog; not all the severity of his training could expel the mighty self-will of the man. He would be kind to whoever obeyed and served him, but he burned to crush whoever crossed him. He was also capable of a good deal of self-control up to a certain point, and then "chaos came again."

For women he had profound contempt, though it would have surprised him to be told so. They rather bored him, yet he would, if required, put himself to inconvenience for a woman, or expose himself to danger, and would think the man who could treat one badly a brute or a poltroon. A wife and legitimate children were unavoidable duties to be incurred for the sake of one's position, and to be held in all honour; but as for finding companionship with women, or friendship, or a profitable exchange of ideas, such notions were never rejected by Galbraith simply because they never suggested themselves. He had a dim consciousness that devotion and observance from a well-born, well-bred, very quiet woman would be pleasant, and a sort of thing he had a right to expect by-and-by, when he was older; but he was a little hard to please, for though he saw plenty of well-bred women, and handsome ones too, there was almost always a touch of affectation or unreality about them which his own uncompromising nature detected and despised.

All this applied to women of his own rank. Those of a humbler class were much more endurable than the men, and by no means to be badly treated. But then the treatment was measured by a totally different standard, and wounds inflicted on a lady for which blood only could atone, might for a woman of low degree be salved by golden ointment.

This is a tolerably correct sketch of Hugh Galbraith's ideas on matters and things in general, though it would have taken him a long time to extricate them with equal clearness from the tangle of contradictions, prejudices, and habits, the growth of years, round the primeval trunks of natural or instilled opinion.

The interview with his landlady had startled and astonished him. He could not get her out of his head, nor did he try; he had been supremely bored before she appeared, and it was rather amusing to have a totally fresh subject to think about. He could still see her distinctly as she stood, when he looked up at her voice, the graceful, rounded outlines of her figure showing through a severely simple

black dress, without trimming of any description, and buttoned from throat to instep. No relief except a white muslin frill at neck and wrist; her clear, pale, oval face, with its rich, red, curved lips, delicate yet full; the low, broad, white brow, and chestnut-brown hair, braided carelessly, loosely back into a thick coil. Then her eyes! they haunted him; he could not tell if they were the deepest blue or darkest brown, but the expression he would never forget; the resolute, unflinching, repellant gaze that met his own, nor the change created by the shadow of a smile that once flitted across their grave depths.

Her quiet manner of acceding to his request, had in it something remarkable also. Not a shade of hesitation or embarrassment, no assumption of equality, no confession of inferiority, and yet no amount of dignity, of *hauteur*, of grace, could have produced so deep a conviction that she was emphatically a gentlewoman.

Her composed performance of the task he had given her enabled him to note well the haughty carriage of her head, the long, dark lashes that swept her cheek, the white, slender hand that held the pen so firmly and guided it so deftly, and the result of his reflections was summed up by a half-uttered observation, "She is a gentlewoman, whatever has driven her behind the counter, that's clear enough! But why, in heaven's name, did she look at me as if I was the most hateful object in existence? Do I give too much trouble? Don't I pay rent enough? What is it? What a handsome creature! By Jove, Upton and Harcourt, and fellows like them, who are generally maundering about some woman or other, would say I had fallen on my legs, but," smiling grimly to himself, "that is not my line;" and so thinking Sir Hugh, somewhat wearied with the slight excitement of the interview, fell asleep. It was true that he professed not to care for beauty, and said truly enough he never thought about it, but its absence vexed him unconsciously. Ugliness and want of grace were terrible sins in a woman,—I ought to have written, gentlewoman. With the vagaries of men in love he had neither patience nor sympathy, considering them —

Still beguiled  
By passions worthy of a fool or child.

He might have had his own indiscretions in early youth, but these do not concern the present story.



"Fanny," said Mrs. Temple, the morning after the interview just described; "did you write to Tom yesterday?"

"No; I wrote the day before. It is your turn."

"Well, when you do write, pray do not mention that I acted secretary to Sir Hugh Galbraith."

"No! Why?" asked Fanny with undisguised wonder.

"Oh! because it is not worth while; because I would prefer telling him about it, it would be more fun."

"Very well! only I counted on a description of that event to fill up my letter. Now, Kate, I suspect you think he would scold you for going to him!"

"Nonsense," returned Mrs. Temple, a shade haughtily. "Tom knows I am capable of managing my own affairs."

"Very well," repeated Fanny meekly; "and the next instant exclaimed, 'Here is that Mr. Turner!'"

It was Turner junior; who said, as the shop was empty, he ventured to call with a message from his mother, requesting the pleasure of Mrs. Temple and Miss Lee's company on the following evening to supper. He added, with a sigh, that they were quite strangers, as it seemed impossible to get a peep at them.

"I certainly do stick close to business," replied Mrs. Temple pleasantly. "And I have never gone out anywhere, except to Mrs. Owens when her children were so ill, since I lost my husband; but that is no reason why I should shut up my young friend. I daresay she will be happy to accept Mrs. Turner's kind invitation."

Fanny, to use her own expression, made "big eyes" at her "worthy principal" during this speech, unseen by young Turner; but being always ready for a change, and by no means averse to amuse herself with the young man's ill-concealed admiration, she graciously accepted.

"And pray do not trouble to send for Miss Lee," added Mr. Joseph eagerly. "I daresay there is enough to do with an invalid in the house. I shall be happy to see her home."

"Nevertheless, I shall certainly send for Miss Lee," said Mrs. Temple gravely.

"I suppose you have had a troublesome time of it," continued their visitor lingering; for of course Sir Hugh Galbraith's accident, Dr. Slade's fortunate presence in the field, the conveyance of the injured man to the Berlin Bazaar, all this, with many variations and additions, had been buzzed about the little town with amazing

rapidity; such an event in the dead season was quite a godsend.

"No, indeed," returned Mrs. Temple. "He scarcely gives any trouble. His own servant waits upon him, and both are very quiet."

"I am told he is a regular tip-topper," remarked Mr. Joseph; "and that the queen telegraphed to inquire for him."

"Perhaps so; but the telegram did not come here," said Mrs. Temple gravely, while Fanny burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "I am afraid the queen is not aware of Sir Hugh Galbraith's existence," she cried. "He is not quite such a personage."

"But Dr. Slade told father he was a V.C.," exclaimed Turner.

"'V.C.' what is that?" asked Fanny, who did not take much interest in public matters.

"Victoria Cross," explained Mrs. Temple; adding, "I suppose Dr. Slade is well informed, but I was not aware of it."

"Couldn't you find out? couldn't you ask him? perhaps he wears it on his coat," peradventured Mr. Turner, junior, with true provincial curiosity.

"Why!" exclaimed Fanny indignantly, "you don't suppose Mrs. Temple ever sees Sir Hugh! You don't think she waits upon him every morning with a curtsy and a 'What will you please to have for dinner, sir?'"

"I am sure I do not know," he returned, bewildered.

"Do not mind her, Mr. Turner," said Mrs. Temple, laughing good-humouredly. "She is always full of some nonsense. I fortunately have an excellent old friend, who manages my housekeeping, or I could not let lodgings and keep a shop at the same time."

"Just so," he returned; adding, to the indignation of Fanny, with an admiring glance, "But, I say, what a jolly girl you are!"

"I had a great mind," said Fanny, when he had stepped away triumphantly, "to refuse their horrid supper on the spot; only I was afraid of you! Now I am like the Romans in Mrs. Markham, between the barbarians and the sea. You would be vexed if I don't go, and Tom will be cross if I do!"

"I will bear you harmless with Tom. We must not be too distant with our neighbours; Tom will understand that. But, Fan, how is it you can condescend to accept Mr. Joseph's unspoken admiration, and yet be so indignant if he ventures to express it?"



"The humble adoration of the meanest votary may be offered at the loftiest shrine, but the smallest attempt at familiarity must be crushed," replied Fanny grandly. "Kate! you have not told me half enough about Sir Hugh!"

"There is really nothing to tell. He is a tall, thin, plain, tolerably well-bred, and, I should say, common-place man. You are a perfect nuisance with your questions! I think I shall fine you half a crown whenever you mention his name again."

"I am sure, Kate," resumed Fanny, with an air of the most profound wisdom after a few minutes' silence, "I hope our interesting lodger will not tell Dr. Slade that you wrote that letter for him. It will fly like wildfire through the town, and there will be no end of scandal."

The young widow coloured even to her brow. "I am proof against scandal," she exclaimed, with a scornful flash of her bright eyes; "I don't care!" Then, stopping short, "What nonsense one talks when angry! I must care—but," laughing, "it would be rather too bad to be 'talked of' with one's enemy."

A covey of Miss Monitor's young ladies entering prevented further conversation, and the counter was quickly strewn with all the colours of the rainbow in Berlin wool.

That evening as the two friends sat, the one making a dress, the other reading aloud to her, in the comfortable home-like 'shop-parlour' which was their winter sitting-room, a knock at the door announced Dr. Slade, who generally looked in after visiting his patient. "Come in," cried Fanny.

"Well, ladies," said he, entering, his shirt-frill in perfect condition, his eyes glittering, his large white teeth displayed by a gracious smile, as he glanced approvingly round the neat room, "you might sit for a picture of Industry rewarded by Comfort."

"Sit down, doctor," said Mrs. Temple, placing a chair for him. "How is your patient this evening?"

"Not quite so well; and d——d sulky and silent, in consequence I suppose. However, he made one query that afforded me satisfaction on your account, Mrs. Temple," taking out his snuff-box and tapping it, while he assumed a tone of patronage. "Sir Hugh Galbraith interrupted me rather abruptly in what I was saying just now by exclaiming, 'I find that old woman who answers my bell sometimes is not the landlady?' So I explained that the real proprietress was

engaged in the wool-trade, ha! ha! ha! therefore that he could not expect to see her. He nodded his head and puffed away for a while, and then burst out with, 'What do I pay for these rooms, doctor?' so I explained that the subject of rent had really not been mentioned; that he had been carried into the nearest place of refuge, and no one had thought of the question of payment. Then he said it was time to mention it, and that he was willing to pay whatever I thought, or whatever you thought was right. So I said the last inmate paid two pounds a week; but I thought, that, considering he necessarily caused some extra trouble—he interrupted in his impatient, overbearing way, 'Of course, of course! Will three pounds a week do?' I said I thought it would suffice; but said I would mention the matter to you. I assure you I am very pleased to have secured you so eligible a—eh! what amuses you, Miss Lee?"

This interjection was uttered in consequence of a sudden outburst of laughter from Fanny, all the more noisy from her efforts to suppress it.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, smiling from sympathy.

"Oh, nothing! do forgive me!" exclaimed Fanny, struggling to compose herself. "I ran the needle into my finger, and it startled me. I am rather hysterical, you know."

"Hysterical! stuff!" growled the doctor. "You are the picture of health; but what do you say, Mrs. Temple?"

"That your patient is disposed to pay munificently; and it would be a pity to check his liberality, for I suppose he will not be with us long."

"A few weeks longer, if he is wise. He asked me this evening when I thought he might travel, and seemed disgusted that I could not undertake to say when. After such a shock as he has had, quiet is essential. It is curious he has had no other visitors except that starched high-mightiness of a cousin."

Mrs. Temple was not disposed to pursue the subject, so the talk flowed towards other topics, and the doctor mentioned having been called over to Weston to see the housekeeper, and that Lady Styles was still absent, and would be for some time longer, as Sir Marmaduke Styles had been attacked by rheumatism, and heaven knows what all, in Yorkshire. "I am sorry for him," added the doctor, "but if her ladyship had been at home all Piers-toffe could not have prevented her from



forcing her way into Sir Hugh Galbraith's room, though if any one could have turned her out again it would have been the sufferer himself."

After a little more conversation, principally carried on by the doctor and Fanny, he bade the friends good evening, rather to their relief.

"What made you laugh in that extraordinary way, Fanny?" asked Mrs. Temple, when they were alone.

"Oh! dear Kate, I could not help it! when I heard that ridiculous old doctor talking so big about the tenant he had secured for you, and the splendid offer of three pounds a week out of your own money—for it is, or ought to be, your own money."

Mrs. Temple laughed for a moment. "The position is altogether very droll," she said, "and very uncomfortable; but as to the money, I am not so sure. I should think at the worst of *his* times Sir Hugh could pay three pounds a week on a pinch."

"Then he was quite rich for an old bachelor, and need not have quarrelled and worried about poor Mr. Travers's money," exclaimed Fanny, indignantly. "But it is evident he never mentioned your having written a letter for him; and, *à propos*, I will just write to Tom before I go to bed, and only say that our interesting invalid is going on as well as can be expected."

The afternoon of the next day was a busy one, and in the midst of it Mrs. Temple received a telegraphic summons from Mills through the little window.

"Well, what is it, Mills?"

"He says he would be greatly obliged, ma'am, if you could spare a few minutes to write a letter for him."

"You mean Sir Hugh? Indeed I cannot! Say I am exceedingly occupied, and if he can put off his letter till the evening, I am sure Dr. Slade would write for him."

So Mills departed and did not return.

"It would never do to come when he calls," thought the young widow, as she diligently sought through a pile of *London Journals* for a back number to suit a schoolboy customer; "nor am I going to be his amanuensis always."

It was an amusing task to attire Fanny and despatch her to her tea and supper engagement. The mixture of readiness and reluctance with which she prepared herself was most characteristic, as was the undisguised pleasure with which she surveyed her dress and herself in the largest looking-glass their very moderate

furnishing could boast, and her openly expressed regret that so much trouble and success should be so thrown away.

"If Tom was to be there, or even some of those pleasant, merry hussars I used to meet at Mrs. Danby's! Heigho! Kate, dear, I really would like to run in and show myself to Sir Hugh!"

"Fanny, Fanny! that looks like going over to the enemy."

"Nothing of the kind, dear; I am ready for war to the knife! even though I am not fit to be anything more than the knife-grinder."

"The knife-grinder, in such a warfare as ours will be (if it ever begins), is a very important personage," returned Mrs. Temple. "I suppose the lawyers will be the knife-grinders."

"Ah! there will be no more peace once that begins," said Fanny. Mrs. Temple made no reply, seeming lost in thought, and Fanny went on: "Do, like a dear! write a line to Tom this evening and explain everything, and ask him to write to me. After all, though he thinks rather much of himself, he is the dearest, best fellow in the world! Good-bye! Be sure you send for me at nine, or half past."

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#### THE PLACE OF GEOGRAPHY IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE.\*

THE study of geography has hitherto been commonly viewed rather in the light of the interest that attaches to the exploration of unknown countries or of its practical value, than in that of its relation to the general body of physical science.

The more obvious facts that are the subjects of geographical observation are such as to strike the least instructed, and the first steps in this branch of knowledge were taken by those who had little appreciation of the true signification of what they saw, and were quite incapable of doing more than collect, and that very imperfectly, materials which their successors are bringing into the shape of a science.

The present generation is already beginning to lose the remembrance of the thrilling interest that was created by the accounts of the geographical discoveries of the past century, and those standard volumes of travels which were the delight of the boyhood of their elders now lie for-

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gotten or neglected. A new phase has been entered on. Attention of late years has been more specially drawn to the importance of geographical knowledge in the ordinary affairs of men, or in some of the special branches of those affairs, and to the means of extending such knowledge; as well as to the practical influence, produced by the geographical features and conditions of the various parts of the earth on the past history and present state of the several sections of the human race, the formation of kingdoms, the growth of industry and commerce, and the spread of civilization. In a neighbouring country the results of a disastrous war are well known to have given an altogether surprising impetus to geographical teaching.

But while the study of geography has become the special concern of men of adventure, of historians, politicians, traders, and soldiers, it still remains for it to receive from men of science that treatment which its true importance deserves. I have endeavoured in the following address to direct attention to this aspect of geography, which has hitherto, without doubt, been too much neglected.

Geography, as a branch of physical science, treats of the causes which have impressed on our planet the existing outlines and forms of its surface, have brought about its present conditions of climate, and have led to the development and distribution of the living beings found upon it.

The justification for putting forward this view of geography at this moment, is found in a consideration of the present state of geographical knowledge, and of the probable future of geographical investigation. It is plain that the field for mere topographical exploration is already greatly limited, and that it is continually becoming more restricted. Although no doubt much remains to be done in obtaining detailed maps of large tracts of the earth's surface, yet there is but comparatively a very small area with the essential features of which we are not now fairly well acquainted. Day by day our maps become more complete, and with our greatly improved means of communication the knowledge of distant countries is constantly enlarged and more widely diffused. Somewhat in the same proportion the demands for more exact information become more pressing. The necessary consequence is an increased tendency to give to geographical investigations a more strictly

scientific direction. In proof of this I may instance the fact that the two British naval expeditions now being carried on, that of the "Challenger" and that to the Arctic seas, have been organized almost entirely for general scientific research, and comparatively little for topographical discovery. Narratives of travels, which not many years ago might have been accepted as valuable contributions to our then less perfect knowledge, would now perhaps be regarded as superficial and insufficient. In short the standard of knowledge of travellers and writers on geography must be raised to meet the increased requirements of the time.

Other influences are at work tending to the same result. The great advance made in all branches of natural science limits more and more closely the facilities for original research, and draws the observer of nature into more and more special studies, while it renders the acquisition by any individual of the highest standard of knowledge in more than one or two special subjects comparatively difficult and rare. At the same time the mutual interdependence of all natural phenomena daily becomes more apparent; and it is of ever-increasing importance that there shall be some among the cultivators of natural knowledge who specially direct their attention to the general relations existing among all the forces and phenomena of nature. It is very necessary to bear in mind that a large portion of the phenomena dealt with by the sciences of observation relates to the earth viewed as a whole, in contradistinction to the substances of which it is formed; hence, in some important branches of such subjects, it is only through study of the local physical conditions of various parts of the earth's surface and the complicated phenomena to which they give rise, that sound conclusions can be established; this study constitutes physical or scientific geography. On the one hand, while the proper prosecution of the study of geography requires a sound knowledge of the researches and conclusions of students in the special branches of physical science, on the other, success is not attainable in the special branches without suitable apprehension of geographical facts. For these reasons it appears to me that the general progress of science will involve the study of geography in a more scientific spirit, and with a clearer conception of its true function, which is that of obtaining accurate notions of the manner in which the forces of nature have brought about



the varied conditions characterizing the surface of the planet which we inhabit.

In its broadest sense science is organized knowledge; and its methods consist of the observation and classification of the phenomena of which we become conscious through our senses, and the investigation of the causes of which these are the effects. The first step in geography, as in all other sciences, is the observation and description of the phenomena with which it is concerned; the next is to classify and compare this empirical collection of facts, and to investigate their antecedent causes. It is in the first branch of the study that most progress has been made, and to it indeed the notion of geography is still popularly limited. The other branch is commonly spoken of as physical geography, but it is more correctly the science of geography.

The knowledge of geography has thus advanced from first rough ideas of relative distance between neighbouring places, to correct views of the earth's form, precise determinations of position, and accurate delineations of the surface. The first impressions of the differences observed between distant countries were in time corrected by the perception of similarities no less real. The characteristics of the great regions of polar cold and equatorial heat, of the sea and land, of the mountains and plains, were appreciated; and the local variations of season and climate, of wind and rain, were more or less fully ascertained. Later, the distribution of plants and animals, their occurrence in groups of peculiar structure in various regions, and the circumstances under which such groups vary from place to place gave rise to fresh conceptions. With these facts were also observed the peculiarities of the races of men, — their physical form, languages, customs, and history, — exhibiting on the one hand striking differences in different countries, but, on the other, often connected by a strong stamp of similarity over large areas.

By the gradual accumulation and classification of such knowledge the scientific conception of geographical unity and continuity was at length formed, and the conclusion established that while each different part of the earth's surface has its special characteristics all animate and inanimate nature constitutes one general system, and that the particular features of each region are due to the operation of universal laws acting under varying local conditions. It is upon such a conception that is now brought to bear the doctrine, very

generally accepted by the naturalists of our own country, that each successive phase of the earth's history, for an indefinite period of time, has been derived from that which preceded it, under the operation of the forces of nature as we now find them; and that, so far as observation justifies the adoption of any conclusions on such subjects, no change has ever taken place in those forces, or in the properties of matter. This doctrine is commonly spoken of as the doctrine of evolution, and it is to its application to geography that I wish to direct your attention.

I desire here to remark that in what I am about to say, I altogether leave on one side all questions relating to the origin of matter, and of the so-called forces of nature which give rise to the properties of matter. In the present state of knowledge such subjects are, I conceive, beyond the legitimate field of physical science, which is limited to discussions directly arising on facts within the reach of observation, or on reasonings based on such facts. It is a necessary condition of the progress of knowledge that the line between what properly is or is not within the reach of human intelligence is ill-defined, and that opinions will vary as to where it should be drawn; for it is the avowed and successful aim of science to keep this line constantly shifting by pushing it forward; many of the efforts made to do this are no doubt founded in error, but all are deserving of respect that are undertaken honestly.

The conception of evolution is essentially that of a passage to the state of things which observation shows us to exist now, from some preceding state of things. Applied to geography, that is to say to the present condition of the earth as a whole, it leads up to the conclusion that the existing outlines of sea and land have been caused by modifications of pre-existing oceans and continents, brought about by the operation of forces which are still in action, and which have acted from the most remote past of which we can conceive; that all the successive forms of the surface, — the depressions occupied by the waters, and the elevations constituting mountain-chains, — are due to these same forces; that these have been set up, first, by the secular loss of heat which accompanied the original cooling of the globe, and second, by the annual or daily gain and loss of heat received from the sun acting on the matter of which the earth and its atmosphere are composed; that all variations of climate are dependent on



differences in the condition of the surface; that the distribution of life on the earth, and the vast varieties of its forms, are consequences of contemporaneous or antecedent changes of the forms of the surface and climate; and thus that our planet as we now find it is the result of modifications gradually brought about in its successive stages, by the necessary action of the matter out of which it has been formed, under the influence of the matter which is external to it.

I shall state briefly the grounds on which these conclusions are based.

So far as concerns the inorganic fabric of the earth, that view of its past history which is based on the principle of the persistence of all the forces of nature, may be said to be now universally adopted. This teaches that the almost infinite variety of natural phenomena arises from new combinations of old forms of matter, under the action of new combinations of old forms of force. Its recognition has, however, been comparatively recent, and is in a great measure due to the teachings of that eminent geologist, the late Sir Charles Lyell, whom we have lost during the past year.

When we look back by the help of geological science to the more remote past, through the epochs immediately preceding our own, we find evidence of marine animals, — which lived, were reproduced, and died, — possessed of organs proving that they were under the influence of the heat and light of the sun; of seas whose waves rose before the winds, breaking down cliffs, and forming beaches of boulders and pebbles; of tides and currents spreading out banks of sand and mud on which are left the impress of the ripple of the water, of drops of rain, and of the track of animals; and all these appearances are precisely similar to those which we observe at the present day, as the results of forces which we see actually in operation. Every successive stage, as we recede in the past history of the earth, teaches the same lesson. The forces which are now at work, whether in degrading the surface by the action of seas, rivers, or frosts, and in transporting its fragments into the sea, or in reconstituting the land by raising beds laid out in the depth of the ocean, are traced by similar effects as having continued at work from the earliest times.

Thus pushing back our inquiries, we at last reach the point where the apparent cessation of terrestrial conditions such as now exist requires us to consider the relation in which our planet stands to other bodies in celestial space; and vast though

the gulf be that separates us from these, science has been able to bridge it. By means of spectroscopic analysis it has been established that the constituent elements of the sun and other heavenly bodies are substantially the same as those of the earth. The examination of the meteorites which have fallen on the earth from the interplanetary spaces, shows that they also contain nothing foreign to the constituents of the earth. The inference seems legitimate, corroborated as it is by the manifest connection between the sun and the planetary bodies circulating around it, that the whole solar system is formed of matter of the same descriptions, and subject to the same general physical laws. These conclusions further support the supposition that the earth and other planets have been formed by the aggregation of matter once diffused in space around the sun; that the first consequence of this aggregation was to develop intense heat in the consolidating masses; that the heat thus generated in the terrestrial sphere was subsequently lost by radiation; and that the surface cooled and became a solid crust, leaving a central nucleus of much higher temperature within. The earth's surface appears now to have reached a temperature which is virtually fixed, the gain of heat from the sun being, on the whole, just compensated by the loss by radiation into surrounding space.

Such a conception of the earliest stage of the earth's existence is commonly accepted, as in accordance with observed facts. It leads to the conclusion that the hollows on the surface of the globe occupied by the ocean, and the great areas of dry land, were original irregularities of form caused by unequal contraction; and that the mountains were corrugations, often accompanied by ruptures, caused by the strains developed in the external crust by the force of central attraction exerted during cooling, and were not due to forces directly acting upwards generated in the interior by gases or otherwise. It has recently been very ably argued by Mr. Mallet that the phenomena of volcanic heat are likewise consequences of extreme pressures in the external crust, set up in a similar manner, and are not derived from the central heated nucleus.

There may be some difficulty in conceiving how forces can have been thus developed sufficient to have produced the gigantic changes which have occurred in the distribution of land and water over immense areas, and in the elevation of the bottoms of former seas so that they now



form the summits of the highest mountains, and to have effected such changes within the very latest geological epoch. These difficulties in great measure arise from not employing correct standards of space and time in relation to the phenomena. Vast though the greatest heights of our mountains and depths of our seas may be, and enormous though the masses which have been put into motion, when viewed according to a human standard, they are insignificant in relation to the globe as a whole. Such heights and depths (about six miles), on a sphere of ten feet in diameter, would be represented on a true scale by elevations and depressions of less than the tenth part of an inch, and the average elevation of the whole of the dry land (about one thousand feet) above the mean level of the surface, would hardly amount to the thickness of an ordinary sheet of paper. The forces developed by the changes of the temperature of the earth as a whole must be proportionate to its dimensions; and the results of their action on the surface in causing elevations, contortions, or disruptions of the strata, cannot be commensurable with those produced by forces having the intensities, or by strains in bodies of the dimensions, with which our ordinary experience is conversant.

The difficulty in respect to the vast extent of past time is perhaps less great, the conception being one with which most persons are now more or less familiar. But I would remind you, that great though the changes in human affairs have been since the most remote epochs of which we have records in monuments or history, there is nothing to indicate that within this period has occurred any appreciable modification of the main outlines of land and sea, or of the conditions of climate, or of the general characters of living creatures; and that the distance that separates us from those days is as nothing when compared to the remoteness of past geological ages. No useful approach has yet been made to a numerical estimate of the duration even of that portion of geological time which is nearest to us; and we can say little more than that the earth's past history extends over many hundreds of thousands or millions of years.

The solid nucleus of the earth with its atmosphere, as we now find it, may thus be regarded as exhibiting the residual phenomena which have resulted on its attaining a condition of practical equilibrium, the more active process of aggregation having ceased, and the combination of its elements

into the various solid, liquid, or gaseous matters found on or near the surface having been completed. During its passage to its present state many wonderful changes must have taken place, including the condensation of the ocean, which must have long continued in ebullition, or in a state bordering on it, surrounded by an atmosphere densely charged with watery vapour. Apart from the movements in its solid crust caused by the general cooling and contraction of the earth, the higher temperature due to its earlier condition hardly enters directly into any of the considerations that arise in connection with its present climate, or with the changes during past time which are of most interest to us; for the conditions of climate and temperature at present, as well as in the period during which the existence of life is indicated by the presence of fossil remains, and which have affected the production and distribution of organized beings, are dependent on other causes, to a consideration of which I now proceed.

The natural phenomena relating to the atmosphere are often extremely complicated and difficult of explanation; and meteorology is the least advanced of the branches of physical science. But sufficient is known to indicate, without possible doubt, that the primary causes of the great series of phenomena, included under the general term climate, are the action and reaction of the mechanical and chemical forces set in operation by the sun's heat, varied from time to time and from place to place, by the influence of the position of the earth in its orbit, of its revolution on its axis, of geographical position, elevation above the sea-level, and condition of the surface, and by the great mobility of the atmosphere and the ocean.

The intimate connection between climate and local geographical conditions is everywhere apparent; nothing is more striking than the great differences between neighbouring places where the effective local conditions are not alike, which often far surpass the contrasts attending the widest separation possible on the globe. Three or four miles of vertical height produce effects almost equal to those of transfer from the equator to the poles. The distribution of the great seas and continents gives rise to periodical winds, — the trades or monsoons, — which maintain their general characteristics over wide areas, but present almost infinite local modifications whether of season, direction, or force. The direction of the coasts and their greater or less continuity greatly in-



fluence the flow of the currents of the ocean; and these, with the periodical winds, tend on the one hand to equalize the temperature of the whole surface of the earth, and on the other to cause surprising variations within a limited area. Ranges of mountains, and their position in relation to the periodical or rain-bearing winds, are of primary importance in controlling the movements of the lower strata of the atmosphere, in which, owing to the laws of elastic gases, the great mass of the air and watery vapour are concentrated. By their presence they may either constitute a barrier across which no rain can pass, or determine the fall of torrents of rain around them. Their absence or their unfavourable position, by removing the causes of condensation, may lead to the neighbouring tracts becoming rainless deserts.

The difficulties that arise in accounting for the phenomena of climate on the earth as it now is are naturally increased when the attempt is made to explain what is shown by geological evidence to have happened in past ages. Attempts have been made to get over these last difficulties by invoking supposed changes in the sources of terrestrial heat, or in the conditions under which heat has been received by the earth, for which there is no justification; violent departures from the observed course of nature have been assumed to account for some of the analogous mechanical difficulties.

Among the most perplexing of such climatal problems are those involved in the former extension of glacial action of various sorts over areas which could hardly have been subject to it under existing terrestrial and solar conditions; and in the discovery, conversely, of indications of far higher temperatures at certain places than seems compatible with their high latitudes; and in the alternations of such extreme conditions. The true solution of these questions has apparently been found in the recognition of the disturbing effects of the varying eccentricity of the earth's orbit, which, though inappreciable in the comparatively few years to which the affairs of men are limited, become of great importance in the vastly increased period brought into consideration when dealing with the history of the earth. The changes of eccentricity of the orbit are not of a nature to cause appreciable differences in the mean temperature either of the earth generally or of the two hemispheres; but they may, when combined with those changes of the

direction of the earth's axis which are consequences of the movements known as the precession of the equinoxes and nutation, lead to exaggeration of the extremes of heat and cold, or to their diminution; and this would appear to supply the means of explaining the observed facts, though doubtless the detailed application of the conception will long continue to give rise to discussions. Mr. Croll, in his book entitled "Climate and Time," has recently brought together with much research all that can now be said on this subject; and the general correctness of that part of his conclusions which refers to the periodical occurrence of epochs of greatly increased winter cold and summer heat in one hemisphere, combined with a more equable climate in the other, appears to me to be fully established.

These are the considerations which are held to prove that the inorganic structure of the globe, through all its successive stages,—the earth beneath our feet, with its varied surface of land and sea, mountain and plain, and with its atmosphere which distributes heat and moisture over that surface,—has been evolved as the necessary result of an original aggregation of matter at some extremely remote period, and of the subsequent modification of that matter in condition and form under the exclusive operation of invariable physical forces.

From these investigations we carry on the inquiry to the living creatures found upon the earth; what are their relations one to another, and what to the inorganic world with which they are associated?

This inquiry, first directed to the present time, and thence carried backwards as far as possible into the past, proves that there is one general system of life, vegetable and animal, which is co-extensive with the earth as it now is, and as it has been in all the successive stages of which we obtain a knowledge by geological research. The phenomena of life, as thus ascertained, are included in the organization of living creatures, and their distribution in time and place. The common bond that subsists between all vegetables and animals is testified by the identity of the ultimate elements of which they are composed. These elements are carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, with a few others in comparatively small quantities; the whole of the materials of all living things being found among those that compose the inorganic portion of the earth.

The close relation existing between the



least specialized animals and plants, and between these and organic matter not having life, and even inorganic matter, is indicated by the difficulty that arises in determining the nature of the distinctions between them. Among the more highly developed members of the two great branches of living creatures, the well-known similarities of structure observed in the various groups indicate a connection between proximate forms, which was long seen to be akin to that derived through descent from a common ancestor by ordinary generation.

The facts of distribution show that certain forms are associated in certain areas, and that as we pass from one such area to another the forms of life change also. The general assemblages of living creatures in neighbouring countries easily accessible to one another, and having similar climates, resemble one another; and much in the same way, as the distance between areas increases, or their mutual accessibility diminishes, or the conditions of climate differ, the likeness in the forms within them becomes continually less apparent. The plants and animals existing at any time in any locality tend constantly to diffuse themselves around that local centre, this tendency being controlled by the climate and other conditions of the surrounding area, so that under certain unfavourable conditions diffusion ceases.

The possibilities of life are further seen to be everywhere directly influenced by all external conditions, such as those of climate, including temperature, humidity, and wind; of the length of the seasons and days and nights; of the character of the surface whether it be land or water, and whether it be covered by vegetation or otherwise; of the nature of the soil; of the presence of other living creatures; and many more. The abundance of forms of life in different areas (as distinguished from number of individuals) is also found to vary greatly, and to be related to the accessibility of such areas to immigration from without; to the existence, within or near the areas, of localities offering considerable variations of the conditions that chiefly affect life; and to the local climate and conditions being compatible with such immigration.

For the explanation of these and other phenomena of organization and distribution, the only direct evidence that observation can supply is that derived from the mode of propagation of creatures now living; and no other mode is known than that which takes place by ordinary genera-

tion, through descent from parent to offspring.

It was left for the genius of Darwin to point out how the course of nature as it now acts in the reproduction of living creatures, is sufficient for the interpretation of what had previously been incomprehensible in these matters. He showed how propagation by descent operates subject to the occurrence of certain small variations in the offspring, and that the preservation of some of these varieties to the exclusion of others follows as a necessary consequence when the external conditions are more suitable to the preserved forms than to those lost. The operation of these causes he called natural selection. Prolonged over a great extent of time it supplies the long-sought key to the complex system of forms either now living on the earth, or the remains of which are found in the fossil state, and explains the relations among them, and the manner in which their distribution has taken place in time and space.

Thus we are brought to the conclusion that the directing forces which have been efficient in developing the existing forms of life from those which went before them, are those same successive external conditions, including the forms of land and sea and the character of the climate, which have already been shown to arise from the gradual modification of the material fabric of the globe as it slowly attained to its present state. In each succeeding epoch, and in each separate locality, the forms preserved and handed on to the future were determined by the general conditions of surface at the time and place; and the aggregate of successive sets of conditions over the whole earth's surface has determined the entire series of forms which have existed in the past, and have survived till now.

As we recede from the present into the past, it necessarily follows, as a consequence of the ultimate failure of all evidence as to the conditions of the past, that positive testimony of the conformity of the facts with the principle of evolution gradually diminishes, and at length ceases. In the same way positive evidence of the continuity of action of all the physical forces of nature eventually fails. But inasmuch as the evidence, so far as it can be procured, exclusively supports the belief in this continuity of action, and as we have no experience of the contrary, the only justifiable conclusion is, that the production of life must have been going on as we now know it, without any intermis-



sion from the time of its first appearance on the earth.

These considerations manifestly afford no sort of clue to the origin of life. They only serve to take us back to a very remote epoch, when the living creatures differed greatly in detail from those of the present time, but had such resemblances to them as to justify the conclusion that the essence of life then was the same as now; and through that epoch into an unknown anterior period, during which the possibility of life, as we understand it, began, and from which have emerged in a way that we cannot comprehend matter with its properties, bound together by what we call the elementary physical forces. There seems to be no foundation in any observed fact for suggesting that the wonderful property which we call life, appertains to the combinations of elementary substances in association with which it is exclusively found, otherwise than as all other properties appertain to the particular forms or combinations of matter with which they are associated. It is no more possible to say how originated or operates the tendency of some sorts of matter to take the form of vapours, or fluids, or solid bodies, in all their various shapes, or for the various sorts of matter to attract one another or combine, than it is to explain the origin in certain forms of matter of the property we call life, or the mode of its action. For the present, at least, we must be content to accept such facts as the foundation of positive knowledge, and from them to rise to the apprehension of the means by which nature has reached its present state, and is advancing into an unknown future.

These conceptions of the relations of animal and vegetable forms to the earth in its successive stages, lead to views of the significance of type (*i.e.*, the general system of structure running through various groups of organized beings) very different from those under which it was held to be an indication of some occult power directing the appearance of a succession of living creatures on the earth, according to some arbitrary preconceived plan. In the light of evolution, type is nothing more than the course given to the actual development of life by the surface-conditions of the earth, which have supplied the forces that determined the forms of the successive generations leading from the past to the present. There is no indication of any inherent or prearranged disposition towards the development of life in any particular direction. It would

rather appear that the actual face of nature is the result of a succession of apparently trivial incidents, which by some very slight alteration of local circumstances might often, it would seem, have been turned in a different direction. Some otherwise unimportant difference in the constitution or sequence of the substrata at any locality, might have determined the elevation of mountains where a hollow filled by the sea was actually formed, and thereby the whole of the climatal and other conditions of a large area would have been changed, and an entirely different impulse given to the development of life locally, which might have impressed a new character on the whole face of nature.

But further, all that we see or know to have existed upon the earth has been controlled to its most minute details by the original constitution of the matter which was drawn together to form our planet. The actual character of all inorganic substances, as of all living creatures, is only consistent with the actual constitution and proportions of the various substances of which the earth is composed. Other proportions than the actual ones in the constituents of the atmosphere would have required an entirely different organization in all air-breathing animals, and probably in all plants. With any considerable difference in the quantity of water either in the sea or distributed as vapour, vast changes in the constitution of living creatures must have been involved. Without oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, or carbon, what we term life would have been impossible. But such speculations need not be extended.

The substances of which the earth is now composed are identical with those of which it has always been made up; so far as is known it has lost nothing and has gained nothing, except what has been added in extremely minute quantities by the fall of meteorites. All that is or ever has been upon the earth is part of the earth, has sprung from the earth, is sustained by the earth, and returns to the earth; taking back thither what it withdrew, making good the materials on which life depends, without which it would cease, and which are destined again to enter into new forms, and contribute to the ever onward flow of the great current of existence.

The progress of knowledge has removed all doubt as to the relation in which the human race stands to this great stream of life. It is now established that man ex-



isted on the earth at a period vastly anterior to any of which we have records in history or otherwise. He was the contemporary of many extinct mammalia at a time when the outlines of land and sea, and the conditions of climate over large parts of the earth, were wholly different from what they now are, and our race has been advancing towards its present condition during a series of ages for the extent of which ordinary conceptions of time afford no suitable measure. These facts have, in recent years, given a different direction to opinion as to the manner in which the great groups of mankind have become distributed over the areas where they are now found; and difficulties once considered insuperable become soluble when regarded in connection with those alternations of the outlines of land and sea, which are shown to have been going on up to the very latest geological periods. The ancient monuments of Egypt, which take us back perhaps seven thousand years from the present time, indicate that when they were erected the neighbouring countries were in a condition of civilization not very greatly different from that which existed when they fell under the dominion of the Romans or Mahometans hardly fifteen hundred years ago; and the progress of the population towards that condition can hardly be accounted for otherwise than by prolonged gradual transformations, going back to times so far distant as to require a geological rather than an historical standard of reckoning.

Man, in short, takes his place with the rest of the animate world, in the advancing front of which he occupies so conspicuous a position. Yet for this position he is indebted not to any exclusive powers of his own, but to the wonderful compelling forces of nature which have lifted him entirely without his knowledge, and almost without his participation, so far above the animals of whom he is still one, though the only one able to see or consider what he is.

For the social habits essential to his progress, which he possessed even in his most primitive state, man is without question dependent on his ancestors, as he is for his form and other physical peculiarities. In his advance to civilization he was insensibly forced, by the pressure of external circumstances, through the more savage condition in which his life was that of the hunter, first to pastoral and then to agricultural occupations. The requirements of a population gradually increasing

in numbers could only be met by a supply of food more regular and more abundant than could be provided by the chase. But the possibility of a change from the hunter to the shepherd or herdsman rested on the antecedent existence of animals suited to supply man with food, having gregarious habits and fitted for domestication, such as sheep, goats, and horned cattle. For their support the social grasses were a necessary preliminary, and for the growth of these in sufficient abundance land naturally suitable for pasture was required. A further evasion of man's growing difficulty in obtaining sufficient food was secured by aid of the cereal grasses, which supplied the means by which agriculture, the outcome of pastoral life, became the chief occupation of more civilized generations. Lastly, when these increased facilities for providing food were in turn overtaken by the growth of the population, new power to cope with the recurring difficulty was gained through the cultivation of mechanical arts and of thought, for which the needful leisure was for the first time obtained when the earliest steps of civilization had removed the necessity for unremitting search after the means of supporting existence. Then was broken down the chief barrier in the way of progress, and man was carried forward to the condition in which he now is.

It is impossible not to recognize that the growth of civilization, by aid of its instruments, pastoral and agricultural industry, was the result of the unconscious adoption of defences supplied by what was exterior to man, rather than of any truly intelligent steps taken with forethought, to attain it; and in these respects man, in his struggle for existence, has not differed from the humbler animals or from plants. Neither can the marvellous ultimate growth of his knowledge, and his acquisition of the power of applying to his use all that lies without him, be viewed as differing in anything but form or degree from the earlier steps in his advance. The needful protection against the foes of his constantly increasing race, — the legions of hunger and disease, infinite in number, ever changing their mode of attack or springing up in new shapes, — could only be attained by some fresh adaptation of his organization to his wants, and this has taken the form of that development of intellect which has placed all other creatures at his feet, and all the powers of nature in his hand.

The picture that I have thus attempted to draw presents to us our earth carrying



with it, or receiving from the sun or other external bodies, as it travels through celestial space, all the materials and all the forces by help of which is fashioned whatever we see upon it. We may liken it to a great complex living organism, having an inert substratum of inorganic matter on which are formed many separate organized centres of life, but all bound up together by a common law of existence, each individual part depending on those around it, and on the past condition of the whole. Science is the study of the relations of the several parts of this organism one to another, and of the parts to the whole. It is the task of the geographer to bring together from all places on the earth's surface the materials from which shall be deduced the scientific conception of nature. Geography supplies the rough blocks wherewith to build up that grand structure towards the completion of which science is striving. The traveller, who is the journeyman of science, collects from all quarters of the earth observations of fact, to be submitted to the research of the student, and to provide the necessary means of verifying the inductions obtained by study, or the hypotheses suggested by it. If, therefore, travellers are to fulfil the duties put upon them by the division of scientific labour, they must maintain their knowledge of the several branches of science at such a standard as will enable them thoroughly to apprehend what are the present requirements of science, and the classes of facts on which fresh observation must be brought to bear to secure its advance. Nor does this involve any impracticable course of study. Such knowledge as will fit a traveller for usefully participating in the progress of science is now placed within the reach of every one. The lustre of that energy and self-devotion which characterize the better class of explorers will not be dimmed, by joining to these qualities an amount of scientific training which will enable them to bring away from distant regions enlarged conceptions of other matters besides mere distance and direction. How great is the value to science of the observations of travellers endowed with a share of such instruction is testified by the labours of many living naturalists. In our days this is especially true; and I appeal to all who desire to promote the progress of geographical science as explorers, to prepare themselves for doing so efficiently, while they yet possess the vigour and physical powers that so much conduce to success in their pursuits. RICHARD STRACHEY.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE members of the little garrison of Mustaphabad, after the first transport of excitement at deliverance from their desperate condition, wandered about the grounds in all the enjoyment of safety and freedom from molestation; and then, going further, visited the court-house and deserted rebel camp, and, penetrating the village, examined the position held by the assailants, and the appearance of their own defences from the outside. Every spot had its associations with some episode in the contest. See, here is the place behind this wall where that fellow used to hide who took such good shots, and bothered us so, till Egan got a sight of him two mornings ago, and that stain on the ground must be the result. Then there were endless questions to be asked of Kirke's subaltern, who had been brought in wounded, about the state of affairs in other parts, and all the stirring events throughout India which had been crowded into the space of their incarceration; and they learned, too, from the young man, now lying on a cot in the shade with his wounds dressed, the particulars of the relief,—how, while Kirke had drawn up his horsemen out of range of the guns while reconnoitring for the best way of relieving the garrison, Falkland had appeared galloping towards them across the plain; how, soon afterwards, an emissary had joined them from the nawab, bringing news which determined Falkland to move on the palace first, and having set the nawab free, to attack the rebels in rear; how, disdaining to dismount, he had fallen while leading the advance through the city, and the assailants had sustained a temporary check from the loss of their gallant leader. All this the wounded officer had many times to tell to the eager listeners round his bed; while Kirke himself, too busy for conversation, was engaged on the various duties of his command.

As for the building which had sheltered them so long, the first thing to be done was to get away from it and its foul atmosphere. The removal of the sandbag screen should be deferred till morning, when hired coolies could once more be procured; but an opening was soon made in the west side, and the wounded were carried outside, and their cots placed on the gravel walk. And a table was set out on the lawn to the east, where those not engaged in tending the sick dined together—a rough



repat as usual, but seasoned by fresh air. Afterwards they strolled through the lines of the cavalry, whose horses were picketed in the park, exchanging friendly greetings with their gallant deliverers. Then, wearied and ready for sleep, they lay down on their cots in the open air to pass their first quiet night in the happy sense of security; for pickets of Kirke's men had been posted round the park — although, as he remarked, if the enemy had not pluck to stop and fight it out, they would certainly not have pluck to come back again. The two doctors alone had occupation in tending the sick, including Kirke's men who had been brought in wounded, some thirty in number, besides his subaltern.

One member of the garrison, however, was absent from his place at dinner. When Kirke went in on his first arrival to make his report to the brigadier, the poor old man was found dead on the drawing-room couch. The doctor called it heat-apoplexy; at any rate, the revulsion of feeling would appear to have been too much for him. To most of the garrison the event did not cause surprise, the brigadier's feebleness of mind and body having been apparent to all; but the calamity was unexpected by his wife, and for the time she seemed quite stupefied by the shock. Silently she sat for a time holding her dead husband's hand, gazing at the inexpressive features; and then, when she was led away by Mrs. Hodder, and the body was removed into a side-room preparatory to interment in the morning, she passed the night in wandering visits to it from her own apartment, her thoughts occupied perchance with pleasant memories of the past, mingled with remorse that she had treated the poor old man unkindly during his last days.

Another side-room was occupied by the young widow, Mrs. O'Halloran, who, tended by Mrs. Peart and Dr. Grumbull, gave birth that night to her third child, soon to be the eldest; for before morning the two sick children drew their last troubled breath, and their little forms lay still and silent, covered by a sheet, awaiting morning burial.

And poor young Raugh was not moved with the other wounded. Maxwell said there would be no use in disturbing him, and he was left in the sick-room, Olivia, who refused to be relieved of the duty, watching by him. She had gone to the lad's bedside when the news was told her of her husband's death, and was sitting there when Yorke entered the room in the early part of the night. It was almost

empty, save for a cot in the middle on which lay the dying youth, while Olivia's pallid face was lighted up by the dim light of the flickering wick in a cup of oil placed on a little table beside the pillow. The poor boy was quiet enough now, and lay breathing slowly and apparently insensible. His nurse from time to time moistened his lips with water.

Yorke came and stood behind her, watching the face of the dying lad.

Olivia was the first to speak. "I knew it must be you," she said, turning round and showing a face which looked as if some shock had deprived it of the power of expressing emotion. "Why are you not taking the rest you must want more than any one? There is little to be done here, you see," she added, with a glance towards the slowly breathing figure beside them. "Had you not better leave us?" and her voice seemed to say that she wished to be alone.

But as the young man moved sorrowfully away, she rose, and following, called him by name. Silently they stood facing each other, the one with dishevelled hair and dust-covered face, dressed in a grey flannel blouse and linen trousers which had once been white, a sword and pistols in his belt, a battered pith-helmet in his hand; the other with little to mark the lady by her dress, but with the same graceful carriage as ever, although care and sorrow seemed in this short time to have driven out the first freshness of youth from the sweet face. Olivia was the first to speak. "Mr. Yorke, you must know what I want to ask. No one has told me yet what has become of —" she faltered over the completion of the question.

"I have been engaged in trying to find him all this evening," he replied, "and have now come back only because it was too dark to continue the search. It seems unaccountable how I should have failed to discover" — the colonel's body he would have said, but checked himself, and added, "but I will begin again the first thing in the morning; we shall surely be successful then."

"Thank you," said Olivia, with fervour; then after a pause she added, "and oh, Mr. Yorke, can you forgive my selfish petulance just now? Captain Buxey has told me of your noble conduct, how you wanted to go yourself instead of him, and it was entirely his overruling. I felt from the first," she went on, after another pause, "that he would never escape, and every time he left my sight I used to think it must be the last. I knew what their news



was, quite well, when they came to tell me; and oh!" she continued, struggling with her tears, "to think that if he had been spared for a few moments longer the danger would have been over! But it is very hard on you men, when you are doing your duty so bravely, to be worried by the selfish complaints of us useless women. But you will go and try and find him early in the morning, won't you?"

"She selfish!" thought Yorke, as he strode away; "then what must I be? To think that I should be watching her face to see how much of her regard for me is real, while she, poor thing, is breaking her heart for her dead husband lying unburied somewhere in the kennel—yet even in her grief she has time to think of others."

But although Yorke with several of the others renewed the search at daybreak, Falkland's body could not be found. Kirke excused himself from going, having pressing business to look after, but he described the place where the search should be made so clearly that it could not be mistaken. Falkland had fallen in leading an advance on horseback down one of the streets of the city; the party following him had then been repulsed and given way, and the point had not been carried till Kirke advancing down another line took it in rear. Many dead still cumbered the roadway, stripped, and some of them foully mutilated; and Yorke did not dare to tell Olivia when he returned, after the sun was high, from his fruitless errand, that although he believed he had not found the body of her husband, it might possibly have been among those he saw without his being able to recognize it. It added to the grief felt by the members of the garrison at the loss in the moment of victory of the gallant leader who had been the soul of the defence, that they could not give him decent burial with their own hands; but Yorke was not sorry that Olivia should be spared the shock of receiving back, as the body of her husband, one of the mangled corpses amid which his search had been made.

During Yorke's absence in the morning, the bodies of the brigadier and young Raugh were buried in a shady spot in the corner of the garden, and a little grave beside it contained the two children, who made their exit from the world almost at the moment when their little brother came into it. Another funeral took place at the same time. It has been mentioned that just as the relieving force was issuing from the city, some of the garrison had sallied out, and, lining the park-wall, had taken

some parting shots at the flying enemy. The latter were for the most part too panic-stricken to reply; but here and there a sepoy, as he stole away, turned round to fire at random, and one of these stray shots had taken effect. When the party, after the first excitement of Kirke's arrival, had time to look about them, it was seen that the jemadar, who had made one of the sally, was lying under the wall with a bullet through his heart—the last man to fall, killed a few minutes after the death of the master he had served so faithfully. As many of the garrison as could be spared followed the body to the Mohammedan burial-ground; for Ameer Khan's gallantry and faithfulness had won universal respect, and the Europeans had come to regard him as a comrade and friend.

"That makes fifteen casualties altogether," said Egan, as the party were returning home; "eleven killed and dead, and four wounded, besides non-combatants. It would not have taken very much longer to use up the whole of us, especially as the rate was increasing."

"The loss was not so great after all," observed Yorke; "there are still some thirty-seven of us untouched. Many a single company at Inkerman must have had as many or more knocked over in a few minutes."

"Yes," said Braddon, who was walking beside the other two; "but it is just the difference between losing your leg at one slice, and having it chopped away bit by bit. Which is likely to try your spirits most? No, depend on it, the relief did not come very much too soon."

And now the survivors set about making their various preparations, some for departure to a place of greater security, others for reorganizing British authority on the spot; while a still more fortunate few, among whom Yorke was included, were invited by Kirke to accompany him in his progress onwards. During that day Kirke would halt, for he had made a long forced march the day before, and with his men had been eighteen hours in the saddle; but on the next he must push forward, his orders being urgent to hasten to the seat of war, where cavalry were much needed. The ladies and sick were to proceed to the hills under escort of a detachment of his troopers. The rebels were known to have moved in the opposite direction; and once over the river, the country for the remainder of the way was in comparative order. The nawab, now reinstated in authority, lent his camel-carriage to convey some of the party, and



light palanquins were procured for the remainder.

With the sick went Major Dumble. That distinguished officer, by the way, had become commandant of the garrison on the brigadier's death; and it fell to him to sign the despatch to government recounting the siege. How Dumble, whom the promotion caused by casualties in other parts of the country had brought up to the grade of lieutenant-colonel, was thereon made in due course a brevet colonel and C.B., and of the encomiums passed by the press on his literary performances for his very flowery composition, emanating, in fact, from Sparrow's pen,—evidently an Indian Cæsar this Dumble, quoth a London weekly paper famous for accuracy and epigram, and a great authority on India—knows how both to fight and write; these are not times for standing upon routine—why should not Colonel Dumble be made commander-in-chief?—these episodes, and the honours bestowed on other survivors of the famous defence, need not be here detailed. Dumble retired to the hills, there to await his honours, not to reappear on the scene of this history.

The travellers to the hills were to start at sunset, and as the time drew near, numerous and hearty were the farewells exchanged; nor, now that the discomforts and dangers of the siege were ended, were regrets altogether wanting at the termination of the enforced companionship from which only the day before they had been so eager to be delivered. "It wasn't half a bad time after all," said young Dobson of the late 76th; "and now there will be no nervous duty to give a chap a little excitement."

"Good-bye, old fellow," said Spragge to his friend and quondam chum from the recesses of his palanquin, as the latter came up to bid him farewell before the cavalcade set out; "all luck and glory to you in your campaigning. I shall come down to the plains again as soon as ever these ribs of mine get well, which I hope will be before all the fun is over. It will be hard work leaving Kitty——"

"Kitty?"

"Ah! I ought not to have told you. It's a secret, you know, but she won't mind my telling an old friend like you. Oh yes, it is all settled, and Mrs. Peart agrees, and everything. It seems rather soon, you know, after her poor father's death, and all that; but one lives fast in these times, and the poor little thing has been like a guardian angel to me since I

was wounded, taking care of me as if she had been a sister. But we are not to be married till all the fighting is over. What a wonderful thing this siege has been, to be sure, from first to last! I don't suppose I ever spoke to a young lady before, and here I am, the love-making all done, and engaged to be spliced, and all in less than a fortnight."

"Yes, it is unfortunate, no doubt," said Captain Sparrow, whom Yorke found sitting on a chair and superintending the packing of his palanquin by Justine,— "yes, it is unfortunate that I cannot stay to set things right, now that poor Falkland is gone; but the doctor says I must go away for a bit, and get my tone restored. The least, however, government can do, is to give me the permanent commissionership now, for of course Passey's appointment is quite a temporary affair."

"Justine appears as attentive as ever," observed Yorke, watching the young woman engaged on her knees in making a bed in the palanquin; "you really owe her a debt of gratitude."

"Ah, yes," said Sparrow, trying to look unconcerned, "Mademoiselle Duport's character has come out very brightly under these trials; she possesses a fund of deep delicacy and refinement, which under ordinary circumstances might not have come to notice. Mrs. Falkland, you know, thinks very highly of her abilities and education, and they have always been quite friends. In fact she is far better educated and mannered than nine out of ten girls that you meet in this country. She is fit company for any lady in the land, I say, whatever foolish prejudices people may have."

"My dear fellow, I want no convincing on that point; if you recollect, it was you who objected to sitting down at the same table with the girl."

"Well," said Sparrow, interrupting, "I hope if you hear fellows talking nonsense you will just put them right about these things. The fact is," continued the captain, trying to look unconcerned, but with obvious confusion, "Mademoiselle Duport is about to become Mrs. Sparrow. This is a secret at present, but I know I may trust you. Mademoiselle Duport, you must know, is very well connected. Her father keeps a hotel at Tours, and a French hotel-keeper is a very different kind of person from what he is in England—often owns a vineyard, and that sort of thing. And I feel that I owe her a debt of gratitude that nothing can efface."

"You will see to the grave, won't you?"



said Mrs. Polwheedle to Mr. Hodder the missionary, as she prepared to step into the nawab's carriage, drawn up before the house; "and to a tombstone being put up and all? I should like everything to be done properly, as it ought to be for a first-class brigadier. You will be sure and let me know what it costs, and I will remit by treasury draft as soon as I get the arrears of pay. The poor dear man!" she continued, in a sort of trembling soliloquy, and wiping away the tears which began to flow as the time came for departure; "to think that I should be leaving him in this way, and that he should not have been spared to get his reward for all that we have gone through. He wasn't like himself, I know; he couldn't bear up and do himself justice for being so bad with the heat and his broken leg; but he was a fine man when I married him, though not, perhaps, so fine a man as poor Jones. Come along, Mrs. Falkland, my dear, they are all waiting for us."

The latter part of her remarks was addressed to Olivia, who had now at last issued from the house ready for departure, and for whose appearance Yorke, while bidding good-bye to the other travellers, had been eagerly watching. He went up to her as she was stepping into the carriage.

"Farewell," she said, holding out both her hands, and smiling kindly through her sorrow; "I shall never, never forget your noble conduct, and what a friend you have been to me—and to him; and remember—"

"Here, Yorke," called out Kirke, coming up at this moment, "I want you, like a good fellow, to ride at once to the palace"—and he took him aside to explain what the errand was. Thus Yorke was absent when the actual departure of the travellers took place, and he hurried off, casting a last look back on the scene—the camel-carriage in the midst, the palanquins here and there on the grounds, in which strangely attired women and dirty-looking unshorn men were depositing various parcels and bundles. Around the palanquins squatted the half-naked coolies who were to carry them; beyond was the Sikh escort—wild-looking fellows, sitting their horses like men who knew how to ride, but whose only uniform consisted as yet of a general similarity of turban and in the colour of their clothing; the background to the picture being formed of the residency, the half-destroyed defences of which added to the effects of the cannonade to give it the appearance of being in ruins.

The start was effected soon after sunset, the escort consisting of fifty of Kirke's men, attended by the nawab's head agent. Yorke would fain have seen a larger escort, and asked Kirke if he might go in charge; but the latter considered the guard quite strong enough under the circumstances. Was it likely, he asked, that he would allow his cousin to be exposed to any more risks? And indeed he had shown great solicitude for her comfort, himself superintending all the arrangements for the journey, and consulting her many times during the day about them. "The country behind us is quiet enough now," he said. "I gave them something to remember me by as we came along, and I let them know that if a soul dared so much as to wag his finger I would pay them another visit; and I don't think," he continued, significantly, "that they will venture to act on the invitation." And indeed Captain Kirke had left the track of his march behind him very plainly marked by extemporized gibbets and the smouldering ashes of burnt villages; and the country he had passed through, which on the visible signs of government having been swept away had fallen for a time into a state of anarchy, was now thoroughly cowed by that officer's stern retaliation, and the travellers reached their destination in the mountains without accident or adventure.

Two incidents of the day require to be mentioned. A sale was held during the afternoon of the deceased officers' effects, Egan, in the absence of any more regularly qualified official, acting as auctioneer, standing for that purpose on a chair under a tree in the park. Falkland having left a will which gave all his property to his wife, his furniture and effects were left by her desire at the residency for the present; but Kirke signified that his cousin had consented to the disposal of the saddlery, guns, and so forth—and Kathleen, who had been caught after her master's fall and brought in from the city, was knocked down to himself; while Braddon purchased a couple of carriage-horses, as suitable to carry his weight, for the late jemadar's brother during the day had brought back safely all the horses which were sent to his custody before the siege. One reservation was made in favour of Olivia's own horse Selim, which she requested Yorke to accept as a present, in a message sent through Mrs. Hodder, and conveyed in such pressing terms that the young man could not deny himself the gratification of coming under the obliga-



tion to her. Falkland's property indeed formed the staple of the auction, for the other deceased officers had brought but little with them into the residency; but such as the things were, they changed owners that day, and poor little Raugh's revolver, Major Peart's pistols, and Braywell's double gun fetched high prices. Such are funeral obsequies in war time. A man is killed one hour and buried the next, and his effects are distributed among friends and strangers before evening. The estate benefits, for on a campaign horses and camp-equipments are always in request; and if we call to mind the smug undertaker with his jolly-looking red-faced myrmidons who grace our funerals at home, and the simulated gravity over the funeral baked meats of conventional life, and the tedious formalities of the lawyers which follow, the comparison is perhaps not altogether unfavourable to the more rapid obsequies.

The other incident was the apprehension and disposal of the nawab's rebel brother. News being brought that the man was in hiding at a village about five miles off, Kirke sent out Egan with fifty troopers who surrounded the place and captured him, and he was escorted back to the residency on a horse requisitioned for the occasion. A drum-head court-martial was immediately improvised, composed of Kirke, Braddon, and Egan, who sat on chairs under a tree, without table or other apparatus, the rebel nawab being seated on the ground in front of them, his hands bound with cord, while two troopers with drawn swords stood a little behind. He was a handsome man of middle age, with well-built figure, aquiline nose, and long wavy beard and moustache dyed red. Kirke treated him with civility, using the forms of respect in address which are employed towards an equal or superior—equivalent to "your honour" instead of plain "you;" nor did he waste the time in reproaches; and the man, who answered all the questions put to him without reservation, may have thought with Agag that surely the bitterness of death was past. But after the interrogation had lasted for about ten minutes, Kirke, turning his head to the right and left, said, "I conclude, gentlemen, there is no doubt about the matter?" "None," said Braddon; "there is no need for further evidence; the man admits everything himself." "Quite so," responded Egan. Kirke hereon rose from his chair, the other two did the same, and the prisoner followed their example, and stood up. "Your honour must see," said Kirke, ad-

ressing him in a quiet voice, "that there is only one thing to be done. Egan, will you look after this business? and as soon as you come back we will have the auction;" and, so saying, Kirke turned away and walked back towards the house. The man looked pale for a moment, as if the sentence took him by surprise, but recovering himself at once, he shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, "Who cares?" and the little cavalcade stepped out towards the court-house—some troopers, then the prisoner walking unconcernedly, then a few more troopers, Lieutenant Egan bringing up the rear—while those off duty looked on indifferently. Presently, however, just as he had got outside the park-wall, Egan halted the party, and came back to Kirke, now busy in giving orders to various officers. The condemned man reported, Egan said, that he had some important information to communicate, if Kirke would give him a hearing. "That means," replied Kirke, "that he wants to buy off his life; what can he have to tell that is worth hearing? Let him carry his secret with him," and turned impatiently aside. Egan rejoined the procession, and told the big rebel what had passed, who smiled defiantly, and five minutes later was swinging from a tree before the court-house, which had already more than once that day done duty for gallows.

Major Passey remained at Mustaphabad, in civil and military command, with Buxey to help him, taking up his quarters in the court-house while the residency underwent repair and cleansing, with a few of the nawab's attendants for guard and the residue of the faithful sepoys, now reduced to thirteen, the nucleus of a levy to be raised at once. These gallant fellows, the real heroes of the defence—for they had shown the virtues of loyalty and moral courage as well as bravery—would now sink into oblivion. No gazette or public record would avail to hand down their names to the admiration of posterity; and although they had done their duty, it was at the cost of having broken off forever all ties with their old comrades, whose relatives would hardly accord a welcome greeting to the men, should they now live to return to their native villages, who had been instrumental in their extermination or proscription. The government, however, were not unmindful of the claims of these faithful soldiers. Each of the thirteen was promoted to be a native officer in the Mustaphabad Levy, the name given to the regiment Passey was now ordered to raise, and received also the



Indian Medal of Honour, and a grant of land into the bargain; and as in India there is no exception to the general rule that prosperity brings friends, it may be hoped that these gallant fellows have had in the long run no reason to regret that they cast in their lot on the side of duty.

Passey offered the second post in his levy to Braddon, who would fain have retained his connection with the gallant remnant of his old regiment; but Kirke, who was now without officers, asked him to join his regiment, and as this offered the chance of immediate service, he naturally accepted the latter invitation in preference. Kirke took Yorke and Egan also with him and a young officer of the 80th, while Maxwell joined him temporarily as surgeon, Grumbull being left in medical charge of Mustaphabad; and the regiment thus reinforced set off the next morning at daybreak.

Mrs. Hodder did not accompany the other ladies to the hills, but stayed with her husband, who on the same day moved back into his old quarters in the city, and set about re-establishing his school. The Hodders took Mrs. O'Halloran to live with them for the present; the poor child with her young baby not being fit to travel.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
NATURAL RELIGION.

V.

"BUT what consolation is to be found in such a worship? What is the *use* of believing in such a God?" This is the objection I expect to hear. It is true that the conception I have been drawing out, however evidently great, sublime, and glorious, is at the same time a painful and oppressive conception to us. The thought of the unity of the universe is not by itself inspiring; the belief in it can scarcely be called a faith. For we must look at the bad side of the universe as well as the good. The power we contemplate is the power of death as well as life, of decay as well as of vigour; in human affairs He is the power of reaction as well as of progress, of barbarism as well as of civilization, of corruption as well as of reform, of immobility as well as of movement, of the past as well as of the future. In the most ancient and one of the grandest hymns ever addressed to Him, this mixed feeling of terror and fascination with which we naturally regard Him is strongly

marked:—"Thou turnest man to destruction; again Thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men. For we consume away in Thine anger, and in Thy wrath we are troubled." Bearing this in mind, it has become a habit with us to say that God thus conceived is not God at all, and to treat belief in God as equivalent to a belief in something beyond these appearances, something which gives the preponderance to good and makes the evil evanescent in comparison with it. If we cannot grasp this belief in something beyond, it is thought that what is visible on the face of the universe is a mere nightmare. "Call it God, if you will; but it is a God upon whose face no man can look and live; from such a God it is well to turn away our eyes. What is the *use* of such a God?"

But meanwhile He is there. Though the heart ache to contemplate Him, He is there. Can we turn our eyes away from Him? In which direction should we turn them?

And yet no doubt it is quite possible to look upon the universe and see no such being. It is possible to think only of each thing as it comes, and to refrain from viewing them in the whole which they constitute. By viewing all things continually "in disconnection dull and spiritless," we may relieve our minds of the burden of a thought too vast for them. This course is possible, and even has its advantages; but it is only possible in the same way as it is possible to narrow our minds, to retrograde into a past stage of development, and the advantages it offers are of the same sort as those which barbarism offers in comparison with civilization. For a mind of any force or compass it is scarcely possible; at least, if it is possible to remain a stranger to the conception altogether, it is scarcely possible to lose it after having been once enlightened, after having once admitted a conception which so rapidly modifies the mind into which it enters.

But is this conception really so efficacious to modify the mind? Is it not too large and vague? Or if its power over minds in a certain stage cannot be denied, if the wonderful effect it has had, even in its rudest shape, over the nations that have been converted to Mohammedanism must be acknowledged, yet is there any reason to believe that it can exert any influence over minds sobered by knowledge and inductive science? The question here, be it observed, is not whether practical results are to be expected from such



direct contemplation of God in nature. This question we have considered before; we have seen that the practical result to be expected is nothing less than that reign of science which is announced in these days as the greatest of revolutions. The question is not now of theology but of religion. It is whether this practical devotion to nature is to be attended with any worship, any exalted condition of the imagination and feelings. This seems often to be denied both by the friends and by the enemies of the scientific movement. The former often take for granted that worship belongs only to God considered as a supernatural being, and that God in this sense is exploded by science. The latter represent that God, viewed in nature alone, appears so awful, so devoid of moral perfections, as to be no proper object of worship.

Unquestionably there is some real foundation for this latter view. That God is too awful to be worshipped has been at times almost admitted by those who have worshipped Him most. Prophets used to speak of entering into the rocks and hiding in the dust for fear of Him. It is only because they were able to perceive dimly that which reassured them, that which mitigated the terror and made the greatness less insufferable, that religious men have been able to retain religious feelings. But for this they would have felt nothing but a stony stupefaction; they would have armed their hearts with callousness, and have encountered life with stoic apathy. Religious men have always been in danger of that scorching of the brain which leads to fanaticism and inhumanity. It is not without danger that the brain tampers with so vast a conception, as on the other hand it can only keep aloof from it by resigning itself to a contemptible littleness. What means there are of escaping this danger is a separate question, but as soon as it is escaped, terror and astonishment pass at once into worship. Meanwhile, I can find no reason why the most exclusive votary of science should not worship. On the contrary, I think it clear that worship, if we may fairly use that word in the sense of infinite admiration and absorbing wonder, will increase in proportion as science is diffused, and that it can only be endangered by too great division of labour among scientific men. Not because there is no God to worship is science tempted to renounce worship, but it may be tempted by the necessity of concentration, by the absorbing passion of analysis, by prudential lim-

itation of the sphere of study, by a mistaken fear of the snares of the imagination.

I might quote many distinct declarations made by scientific men of the tendency of the contemplation of nature to excite worship. But it can be shown by a more conclusive proof. Worship expresses itself naturally in poetry. And again where a deity is recognized there are votaries, there are those who dedicate their lives to the worship of him. Now, is it true that God viewed in nature has received the homage of no poetry? Is it true that nature has made no votaries, has inspired no one? Has the universe always appeared either so awful as to shut the mouths of those who contemplated it, or, on the other hand, so devoid of unity as to excite no single or distinct feeling?

It would certainly be of little use to say, "Here is God—worship Him!" to those at least who have been gazing upon the object all their lives, and yet have seen nothing to worship there; unless we could show historically that the same contemplation has led others to worship. But surely this is easy. Ever since the worship of God founded too exclusively on supernaturalism began to be dulled by scepticism, a counter-movement has been going on, reviving and re-establishing the worship of God in nature. As I have maintained that the scientific movement so far from being properly atheistic, is in fact the setting up of a new theology, so let me point out that all modern poetry and art, particularly where it has appeared most hostile to the Church, has pointed towards a new form of religion, towards a new worship of God. How striking a phenomenon is the appearance, since the middle of the last century, of the word nature in all theories of literature and art.

As worship always finds its expression in art, calling in architecture to design the temples of its divinity and painting to embellish them, and invoking Him by the aid of the poet and of the musical composer, so, on the other hand, art is never inspired by anything but worship. The true artist is he who worships, for worship is habitual admiration. It is the enthusiastic appreciation of something, and such enthusiastic appreciation is the qualification without which an artist cannot even be conceived. Wherever, therefore, art is, there is religion; but the religion may be what has been described above as pagan. It may be a mere appreciation of material and individual beauty. To become relig-



tion in the high sense, it must appreciate the unity in things; and even of such religion there is a higher and a lower form. The lower form is that which, while it perceives a unity in nature, yet takes at the same time an inadequate view of nature, not including in its view, or not making sufficiently prominent, what is highest in nature — that is, morality. Such religion may be said to worship a mere Jove; but if morality receives its due place, such religion is, in a worthy sense, the worship of God. Now, there took place towards the end of the last century a remarkable revolution in art. For the first time artists began to perceive the unity of what they contemplated; and for the first time, in consequence, they began to feel that their pursuit was no desultory amusement, but an elevating worship. It never entered into the mind of the poets of the seventeenth century, of a Corneille or a Dryden; perhaps it was not clearly conceived even by a Shakespeare or a Milton, that their function as artists was the worship of nature. This conception belongs to the age of Goethe and Wordsworth, and it has had very manifestly the effect of increasing the self-respect of artists ever since. But this fact, so conspicuous upon the page of recent history, is the best answer to the question whether God considered purely in nature is an object of worship. No terror, and still less any hopeless incomprehensibility in nature, prevented these poets from rendering a worship by which their own lives were dignified, and in a manner hallowed.

I might quote many names from many countries in illustration of this, for it was characteristic of that age that everywhere the men of sensibility, the artists, and especially the poets, as using the instrument of greatest compass, assumed a high and commanding tone. The function of the prophet was then revived, and poets for the first time aspired to teach the art of life, and founded schools. The greatest poets in earlier times had aimed at nothing of this sort; but from the time of Rousseau, through that of Goethe, Schiller, Chateaubriand, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, and almost to our own times, poets have helped to make opinions, have influenced philosophy, social institutions, and politics. But let us think for a moment of the two greatest of these names.

Goethe was not, it may be, admirable in morality; but he was, nevertheless, a religious man. There is no necessary

connection between religion and morality; and, as I have just pointed out, one form of religion, and that not the lowest, takes little account of morality. It does not follow because the religion which is combined with morality is immeasurably better, that the non-moral religion is unreal or hypocritical, nor yet that it is valueless. It may be greatly better than no religion at all. Goethe's religion seems to me to have been a very real and a very powerful principle. It gave unity and dignity to his life. It made it life in the true sense — that is, a perpetual regulated energy of the feelings. God in nature was the object of his worship. Not this or that class of phenomena, but the unity that is visible in all was the thought that possessed him. He felt, as he says, the whole six days' work go on within him. To know this by science, and to realize, appropriate, assimilate it in art, was the labour and happiness of his life. When I call this perpetual rapt contemplation by the name of religion, I am not interpreting his feelings into a new language. I am using his own language; it is Goethe himself who calls it so. Who has science and art, he says, has religion.

It is not altogether true that this religion did not act as a moral stimulus or restraint upon him. It was the spring of an indefatigable industry, and industry is a virtue. Little-mindedness, frivolity, sordid devotion to money, are vices; and his religion raised him high above all such temptations. But it is true that the idea of duty and self-sacrifice appears not to be very sacred in his mind — rather, perhaps, to be irritating, embarrassing, odious to him. Only I cannot see that this was in any degree owing to the pantheistic character of his religion. It seems to me quite possible to think of God as an immanent cause, or not to raise the question of the manner of His relation to the universe, and yet to pay a due homage to morality. If Goethe thought of God mainly as the source of beauty, and did not much associate the ideas of duty or of self-sacrifice with Him, this seems to me owing simply to some misfortune in his experience or character which in some measure blinded him to the true greatness of those ideas. Had he realized the moral side of the universe as strongly as he did the other sides, assuredly his idea of God would have been raised proportionally. His pantheism would not have prevented this — rather, it would have necessitated it. He who identifies God with the uni-



verse will assuredly not omit from his idea of God that which he thinks greatest in the universe.

But the saint of this religion is Wordsworth. Up to a certain point these two poets agree in their way of regarding the universe. Both begin with a warm and perfectly healthy paganism. They refuse worship to nothing that has a right to it. Their sympathies take hold of everything, and that with so much warmth, that their poems have made the old mythologies intelligible to us, and brought back the days of nymphs and river-gods. Again, they agree in setting the whole above the parts, in worshipping the unity of things much more than the things themselves. Their service of adoration rises gradually to the highest object, and closes in the Hebrew manner with, "Among the gods there is none like unto Thee, O God." But the feebleness in handling the conception of duty, which we notice in Goethe, is not to be remarked in Wordsworth. No poet can be named more austere in his morality than this worshipper of nature. If it is just to call him a pantheist, all that can be said is, in that case pantheism has not the effect commonly attributed to it of cutting the sinews of virtue.

I have said that Goethe's religion had a salutary effect upon his life. Of Wordsworth's religion, surely much more may be said. Religious people have a curious habit of refusing to take it seriously. "Oh, yes!" they say, "he made for himself a sort of poetical religion," and they imply that it had no more reality than the conventional heathenism of the classical school, or the Arcadia of modern pastoral. Most of them would be utterly disconcerted to hear him called the most religious man, and the greatest reviver of religion of his age. And yet it is surely somewhat unsatisfactory to account for the religiousness of his poetry by the conventionalism of poetic language, when we consider that he was precisely the reformer who put down this conventionalism, and gave new life to poetry by making it sincere. And without denying that even he might not always escape the temptation to exaggeration which besets all those whose trade is in words, there is quite as much evidence of the general sincerity of Wordsworth's religion as there is of that of any other eminent religious teacher. All religious teachers alike must necessarily deal much in words, and almost all will occasionally overstate their feelings. Here is a description of Wordsworth,

drawn from the personal observation of one who was perfectly aware of all his foibles. Let the reader judge whether this description of the man as he was does not correspond to a very unusual and wonderful degree with that which might be drawn by conjecture from his poems:—"The recluse of the Lakes,' who loved the 'life removed,' would direct himself to the painstaking investigation of nature's smallest secrets, would halt by the wayside bank, and dilate with exquisite sensibility and microscopic power of analysis on the construction of the humblest grasses; or on the modest seclusion of some virgin wild flower nestling in the bosom, or diffidently peering from out the privacy, of a shady nook composed of plumes of verdant ferns. In that same stroll to Heisterbach he pointed out to me such beauty of design in objects I had used to trample under foot, that *I felt as if almost every spot on which I trod was holy ground, which I had rudely desecrated.* His eyes would fill with tears, and his voice falter, as he dwelt on the benevolent adaptation of means to ends discernible by reverential observation. *Nor did his reflections die out in mawkish sentiment;* they lay 'too deep for tears,' and as they crowded thickly on him, his gentle spirit, subdued by the sense of the Divine goodness towards His creatures, became attuned to better thoughts; the love of nature inspired his heart with a gratitude to nature's God, and found its most suitable expression in numbers."

It seems strange to refuse to think of this man as religious, and yet to think, for example, of Keble as a saint, whose poetry frequently bears the appearance of having been written not so much to express what he felt as in hopes of feeling what he expressed, and who himself accused his own "Christian Year" of unreality. It would be hard to find in hagiography better evidences of genuine piety than can be found in the life of Wordsworth.

But another thing conceals from us the saintliness of this character. It is that Wordsworth's life was not passed in philanthropic undertakings, that he made no great sacrifices of money or labour, and that his happiness was enormous and never clouded. Here again his lot has been similar to that of Goethe, who has lost men's sympathies, partly because he was exempt from suffering. Wordsworth's prosperity was of a much more modest kind, but it was equally uniform. Neither of these men knew much of the darker side of human life. Goethe, we know,



shunned the sight of whatever was painful with a care that may be thought selfish or effeminate, particularly when it is considered in connection with the moral laxity which pervades his works. Wordsworth had none of this epicureanism; but, accustomed as we are to picture the saint as in the very thick of human misery, as surrounded with distresses with which he identifies himself, and which he devotes his life to comforting or remedying, we do not readily imagine it possible for a saint to pass his life in a perpetual course of lonely enjoyment as Wordsworth did among the lakes and mountains, the objects of his passion. It may be worth a paragraph or two to consider the soundness of this impression.

Let us then remark that if Wordsworth knew nothing of sacrifice and sorrow, it was mainly because he had, in his religion, a talisman against both. The complete absence of wealth, and of the prospect of wealth, would have been a severe trial to most Englishmen. It would have cost most people anxiety, discontent; it would have led many literary men to unworthy compliances with the taste of the age, to writing bad books and too many of them. If it brought no suffering and no temptation to Wordsworth, if it never clouded his happiness for an instant, this was not good luck but a victory over evil, won so completely that there remain no traces of the conflict. That art of plain living, which moralists in all ages have prized so much, was mastered completely by Wordsworth. He found the secret of victory where alone it can be found. He sacrificed the wealth that is earned by labour, trade, speculation in exchange for the wealth that is given away. Others might purchase and hoard, and set up fences, calling it property, to exclude others from enjoyment. To his share fell, what all alike may take, all those things that have no economical value, and that are therefore denied to industry, air and sunshine, in short the goodly universe to which "he was wedded in love and holy passion." It is impossible to avoid rhetorical language in describing what nevertheless is no imaginary moral attainment, but one well-attested as much by the ridicule of his detractors as by his own assertions.

As of sacrifice, so of adversity. He was no stranger to it; only he triumphed completely over it. What greater calamity can befall a man than to fail in his vocation, to be unappreciated, to see his highest efforts unsuccessful? Wordsworth's failure was such as has driven

many men to suicide, many to settled despondency, many to cynicism, and many to abandonment of their enterprise. Had he been a rich man, it might not have been surprising that he should indulge his taste for a good while even in defiance of public ridicule. Had he been intoxicated with self-conceit, his perseverance would have been none the less wonderful, but it would not have been admirable or virtuous. But taking all the circumstances together, considering that the estimate he formed of his own merits was rational, that he was a poor man, that the ignorant contempt of the public for his performances continued unshaken for the greater part of his life, and was ratified by the most authoritative critics, we cannot but consider it an extraordinary proof of the power of character to prevail over circumstances that so much injustice, such brutal dulness in his countrymen, should not have affected for a moment his happiness or his temper, or the soundness of his judgment. But this force of character came to him from his religion. From the Eternal Being among whose mountains he wandered, there came to his heart steadfastness, stillness, a sort of reflected or reproduced eternity.

No word should be said against the philanthropic life, against the Christian sympathy that seeks out distress, and bestows time and trouble upon the relief of it. But assuredly there are great works which need to be done, yet cannot be done without solitude and concentration, such as cannot be combined with what is commonly called philanthropy. There is a tale about Martha and Mary. Our ancestors may have been too monastic in their notions of the religious life, but perhaps there was something in the notion of the hermit; more things certainly are done by solitary worship than the world dreams of. If work is worship, it is implied in this proverb that worship is at least work. It was not for nothing that our "glorious eremite" sacrificed work for worship; that the Simeon Stylites of the God in nature, stood there so long "on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake." No other modern Englishman has done so much to redeem us from vulgarity; no other life that has recently been led in this country has so fresh and real a sacredness.

Wordsworth was not only a worshipper of God in nature; he was also a Christian. This may be urged to show that his case is no proof that God considered simply in nature is an object of worship. It may be thought that the rapture Wordsworth felt in the contemplation of the universe would



have been chilled, that it would have given way to a cold, uneasy amazement very different from worship, had not his mind been filled with prepossessions drawn from Christianity. Though his attitude towards the Christian religion was rather that of tranquil reverential assent, than of enthusiastic conviction, still his Christian belief may have sufficed to give his view of the universe a touch of optimism. The evil that is in the universe may have made the less impression on him, and seemed more evanescent and accidental than it would otherwise have seemed, because of his Christian doctrine of redemption and reconciliation. Had he taken an impartial, unprejudiced view of the universe as it actually presents itself to us he would have seen, it may be thought, evil balancing good, and equally inherent in the nature of things, and would have felt no disposition to worship.

This, however, is not the conclusion which is justified by Wordsworth's poetry. He always declares that his optimism came to him from nature itself. He takes pains, again and again, to make it clear that revealed religion does not seem to him to supply a defect in natural religion, but only, one would really think somewhat superfluously, to tell over again, and to his mind less impressively, what is told by nature. The doctrine of a future life, which he calls "the head and mighty paramount of truths," is at the same time, he says, to one who lives among the mountains a perfectly plain tale. He reverences the volume that declares the mystery, the life that cannot die; but in the mountains does he feel his faith,—which means, beyond mistake, that the gospel of the visible universe is not only in harmony with the written gospel, but is far more explicit and convincing. There may, perhaps, be something embarrassed and confused in the joining of his views, but this only makes the strength and depth of his natural religion appear more clearly.

And yet it is not the "argument from design" which influences Wordsworth, though he may have accepted that argument, and occasionally urged it himself. It was not upon curious evidence industriously collected, and slightly overweighing when summed up the evidence which could be produced on the other side, that his faith was founded. Nature, taken in the large, inspired him with faith, because the contemplation of it filled him with a happiness his mind could scarcely contain—a happiness which easily, and with-

out the least effort, "overcame the world." As the scepticism of most men is founded upon their experience that the universe does *not* supply their wants, does *not* seem to have in view their happiness, so the faith of Wordsworth was founded upon his own happy contrary experience. He has unbounded trust in nature, because he has always found her outrunning his expectations, overpaying every loss, unfathomably provident and beneficent. Wordsworth often speaks bitterly of experimental science, and hence it is easy to conclude that he was conscious that his view of nature would not bear examination. But if we look at the passages, we shall see that he is influenced by a very different feeling. He is not one who loves the vague and sentimental; he is remarkable for the distinctness of all his conceptions. A very similar worship of nature led Goethe to a passionate study of natural science. What Wordsworth is afraid of is the injury that may come to the imagination from considering things in isolation and disconnection. Assuredly his fear was not unreasonable. Every study is in constant danger of being degraded by specialists. The eye of science is apt to get intensely and morbidly concentrated, not upon objects, but parts or points of objects. The ardour for knowledge and discovery leads men to forget that things do not exist merely that they may be known, or named, or classified; still less dissected. Such men, when their habit of mind has grown fixed, destroy everything that they may analyze it. They do not merely, like Apollonius in Lamia, detect what is unreal; there are philosophers, whose eye kills the truest and most real beauty. To them Sophocles falls into a mere heap of Greek iambs; "Paradise Lost" "proves nothing." They have decomposed a wife's tears, and found them to consist of so much mucus, so much water, so much etc.\* As they destroy unity in whatever they contemplate, so, when they contemplate the universe, they appear as atheists; for they contemplate it always in detail or by particular, and never as a whole. These are the men of science that Wordsworth has in view. It is not their analysis in itself that he objects to; it is not truth of any kind that offends him. He welcomes truth, whatever prepossessions may be shocked by it.

\* "Tiens, dit-il, en voyant les pleurs de sa femme, j'ai décomposé les larmes. Les larmes contiennent un peu de phosphate de chaux, de chlorure de sodium, du mucus et de l'eau." — BALZAC, *La Recherche de l'Absolu*.



This may be seen in his reflections on Niebuhr's destructive criticism of the legends of Rome. What offends him is not that they analyze, but that they do nothing but analyze. And who is there that will deny that this is a real and a great evil? Who will deny that all the play of life and feeling depends upon the large unities which we are able to apprehend, and which work upon our natures, and not upon the invisible elements into which science may be able to analyze them? Human life is gone, if, instead of friends, relations, etc., instead of men, women, and children, we think of pounds of flesh, pints of blood, so much albumen, so much lime. Wordsworth had the same feeling about the unities of the inanimate world. To him the sea was the sea, not merely so much water; it was a mighty being. To him this was a very different thing from personification, though often accompanied with it. If it was a play of poetic feeling, yet he held that such poetic feeling was only human feeling a little heightened, and that upon such feeling all virtue and all happiness depend. Above all, he prized the highest unity. It was those who had no God, in whose minds nothing bound together the whole multitude of impressions that visit us, and whose feelings therefore had no coherence or unity, that he denounced as men who

Viewing all things unremittingly,  
In disconnexion dull and spiritless,  
Break down all grandeur; still unsatisfied  
With the perverse attempt while littleness  
May yet become more little.

The result of the movement in art which was represented abroad by Goethe, and in England principally by Wordsworth, is still plainly perceptible both in the art and even to some extent in the religion of the present age. An age which is called atheistic, and in which atheism is loudly professed, shows in all its imaginative literature a religiousness—a sense of the Divine which was wanting in the more orthodox ages. Before Church traditions had been freely tested, there was one rigid way of thinking of God—one definite channel through which divine grace alone could pass—the channel guarded by the Church Hé had founded. "As if they would confine the Interminable, and tie Him to His own prescript!" Accordingly, when doubt was thrown upon the doctrines of the Church, there seemed an imminent danger of atheism, and we have still the habit of denoting by this name

the denial of that conception of God which the Church has consecrated. But by the side of this gradual obscuring of the ecclesiastical view of God, there has gone on a gradual rediscovery of Him in another aspect. The total effect of this simultaneous obscuration of one part of the orb and revelation of the other has been to set before us God in an aspect rather more Judaic than Christian. We see Him less as an object of love, and more as an object of terror, mixed with delight. Much indeed has been lost—it is to be hoped not finally—but something also has been gained. For the modern views of God, so far as they go, have a reality, a freshness, that the others wanted. In orthodox times the name of God was almost confined to definitely religious writings, or was used as part of a conventional language. But now, either under the name of God, or under that of nature, or under that of science, or under that of law, the conception works freshly and powerfully in a multitude of minds. It is an idea indeed that causes much unhappiness, much depression. Men now reason with God as Job did, or feel crushed before Him as Moses, or wrestle with Him as Jacob, or blaspheme Him; they do not so easily attain the Christian hope. But with whatever confusion and astonishment, His presence is felt really and not merely asserted in hollow professions; it inspires poetry much more than in orthodox times. A Kingsley looks at the world with the eyes of a Psalmist much more than any poet in those times could. And if men can add once more the Christian confidence to the Hebraic awe, the Christianity that will result will be of a far higher kind than that which passes too often for Christianity now, which, so far from being love added to fear, and casting out fear, is a presumptuous and effeminate love that never knew fear.

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From The Spectator.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL EXPEDITIONS.

THE world seems inclined to try a new method of geographical discovery. In the eighteenth century, and the first half of the present one, though maritime discovery was prosecuted more or less ardently by great States employing adequate means, the work of exploring the interior of unknown countries was usually left to individuals, who spent whole sections of their lives in exploring countries or prov-



inces which had, for any reason or no reason, attracted them. Sometimes a *savant*, sometimes a missionary, sometimes a man brimming over with the desire of adventure, the traveller entered the unknown country, wandered in its villages, became thoroughly familiar with its people, and either perished obscurely or emerged laden with his additions to human knowledge. Almost all our knowledge of the interior of Africa and China was acquired in that way, and to this moment it is the only plan pursued in the explorations of those northern countries of Asia of which, in spite of Russian progress, the world still knows so little. Dr. Livingstone was one of the greatest of these solitary explorers, and he may possibly prove to have been the last of them. A traveller here and there, urged by the desire of knowledge, may enter an unexplored region, but the world has decided that it wishes to acquire its knowledge of the planet without the waste of time involved in reliance on individual energy. It has discovered that in almost all places, and especially in Africa, an expedition learns much more in much less time than any solitary traveller, and its learning is much more easily transported homewards. When a State wishes to reach the Pole, it despatches a little fleet; when a geographical society wishes to find a lost traveller, it sends an armed party; when a religious society decides to establish a mission, it sends its preachers as well equipped as officials; and when newspaper proprietors desire to reveal the secret of the Nile, they forward a little armed brigade—with a yacht in parcels—to the African lakes. When the governments and societies are reluctant to move, private individuals take their place; but they adopt the same method, and Lieutenant Armit and his companions will probably precede any individual Englishman in the exploration of New Guinea.

*Primâ facie*, the new system would appear to have all the advantages on its side, and as far as geographical knowledge is concerned, it may be accepted as unquestionably the best. A large party of explorers, well commanded and thoroughly equipped, can traverse savage districts at a pace no individual can attempt, can choose its route in accordance with its objects instead of its wants, and can set the most formidable of all obstacles—the hostility of natives—almost at defiance. It can employ animals, can convey skeleton boats, and even yachts, can transport provisions, and can even, though only for

a certain number of hours, dispense with water. It can cross distances which would appal an individual in reasonable time, and can employ the apparatus necessary for accurate observations of many kinds at once. Mr. Stanley, the Central-African correspondent of the *Herald* and the *Telegraph*, may not be the equal of Dr. Livingstone in any respect, except daring and a kind of dogged fidelity to the work he has set himself, but Mr. Stanley at the head of adequate force will in two years do as much for geographical knowledge as the Scotch missionary did in his whole life. He can go on with his followers where Livingstone must have recoiled. If the jungle is impassable, he can cut a path. If the desert is barren, he can carry provisions. If the marsh is deadly, he can lose a few followers. If the natives are hostile, he can compel a peace by a resolute and victorious little war. His progress is that of an invading force, only to be stopped by defeat; he can sail everywhere upon Lake Nyanza, the inland sea of Africa which Livingstone could only gaze at; cross it, and coast it, and traverse it, when Livingstone could only wander on its banks; and make observations as extensive as he pleases, in a tranquillity as great as that of Greenwich. If he is not stopped by some frightful epidemic, we shall when he returns know as much about the lake-system of Central Africa and the origins of the Nile and Congo as if they were in Europe, and a great deal more than the Egyptians, who ought long ago to have known all about their own river, have ever succeeded in acquiring. We do not know that the object of the expedition—which, after all, is the advertising of two newspapers—though a perfectly justifiable, is a very ennobling one; nor have we an enthusiastic appreciation of its leader, whose character, like that of most successful “correspondents,” “travellers,” and daring adventurers, strikes us as “kinder mixed;” but there can be no question that he will do what geographers want to have done as no traveller, even if he had the enterprise of Belzoni, or the pertinacity of Lander, or the self-sacrifice of Livingstone, could possibly accomplish. His expedition will be a landmark in the history of geographical discovery.

The one thing we shall probably not get from Mr. Stanley is a full account of the natives through whose territories he must pass. The old explorer beat the “expedition” leader there. He had to wander among the people, to live with



them, to be nursed by them, to acquire their language, and if possible to impress them by exhibiting his own acquirements; and if he was not clubbed, or burned, or eaten, he learned in the process to know them as no expedition ever can. Mr. Stanley will know the lakes, but he will not know the people by the lakes as Lander knew the people on the Niger, or Bruce the Gallas, or Huc the Thibetans, and still less as Gifford Palgrave knew the Wahabees of Yemen. The elder traveller talked of "the people," the "villagers," the tribes, but to an expedition all distinctions save friendliness and hostility are merged in the general appellation of "natives." The leaders have no particular reason to know individuals or to court tribes, or to draw careful diplomatic distinctions. Their only care is to ascertain whether the folk in the distance are "friendly" or "hostile" — which means, very often, we fear, cowardly or spirited — to count their numbers, to calculate their position, and then to go on, either fighting or at peace. The separateness, so to speak, of the nations they plunge among are of little more importance to them than the details of a French uniform to a Prussian advancing brigade. They are so many, and therefore will be such an obstacle, or will not be, and whether they talk Breton, or the patois of Auvergne, or Parisian is a matter of irrelevant curiosity. This loss, though inevitable, is important, if only because Englishmen are always slightly hostile to coloured persons without clothes, whom they do not understand, and inclined to lump all negroes together as persons to be managed only by regulated severity, and therefore to treat them in a way which is sure sooner or later to raise the question whether we have any right to explore when exploration is so certain to lead to a large killing of blacks. To our minds, that question ultimately admits of only one reply, namely, that it is for the benefit of mankind, the blacks included, that Central Africa should be explored; that they are in no way compelled to resist parties so obviously on the march, and that if they will resist by the only method known to them, they must take the consequences. The world cannot advance without the ascendancy of the more enlightened, and if the unenlightened will resist its advance by murderous methods, they must be driven out of the way. But it is vain to deny that the question does arise, or that it does on one or two points present most serious difficulties. That an expedition has a right to march

quietly through the territories of the Wavuma or any other tribe does not admit of question, and is as clear as their right to march through England in the same way, if they want to. An attack on them for so marching is a violence, in native opinion as well as English opinion, and gives them, as it would give Wavumas in England, if similarly attacked, the right of self-defence, which in Africa, where an attack means murder, involves killing by firearms. But it is very nearly impossible for an expedition to make long marches without requisitioning food, which food those who own it may not be willing to part with even for fair payment. They may want it themselves, and to take it by force and then kill them for resisting is a proceeding it requires some casuistry to defend. Nevertheless, that is an event which must occur, if not on this expedition, then on others; and we confess the friend who, on this ground, roundly condemned all exploration through expeditions, slightly puzzled us for a reply. We suppose the true reply is the old one, — that the right to food is included in the right of self-defence, and that a tribe offered payment by starving men is bound to share what it has at any risk; but we confess the answer is not perfectly satisfactory. The English should suffer as well as the tribe, and being the stronger, they won't. As far as we understand African travelling, this particular crux never occurs, the villagers accumulating great stores of food; but difficulties about cattle and transport do occur, and are the usual commencement of campaigns of the glory of which the less said the better. Fortunately for all parties, the leader of an expedition of the kind can never, except in extreme cases, be anxious for a campaign — which may embarrass his advance, and must embarrass his return — is desirous not to lose men, and careful about his baggage, and we may therefore rely on it that when he fights it is because he finds a necessity for fighting. All the same, the less fighting there is the better, and the less crowing in newspapers over victory the better, lest expeditions right and praiseworthy in themselves degenerate into buccaneering enterprises. We have never questioned the right of conquest, which is frequently the only means by which whole races can be improved; but to justify conquest the conquerors must govern, and exploring expeditions do not intend government. Geographical expeditions, in plain English, are very laudable and interesting enterprises, which help on the work of the



world; but their members have no right to slay except in strict self-defence, of which, we suppose, but suppose very reluctantly, the taking of food for payment must be held to be part.

**THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.**—During his residence in the island of Jamaica in 1863 and 1869, M. Houzeau assiduously observed the zodiacal light for six months consecutively, and has now communicated the results to the Belgian Academy. M. Houzeau has for more than thirty years devoted great attention to this puzzling phenomenon, and he is fortunate in having now obtained such a fine series of observations, the boundary of the zodiacal light having been carefully determined by him on 56 nights out of the 179. As far as these results go, it appears that the zodiacal light is not appreciably inclined to the ecliptic, and does not approach to coincidence either with the plane of the sun's equator, as Cassini supposed, or with that of the moon's orbit, as Jones has more recently suggested. The slight observed deviations from the plane of the ecliptic are explained by M. Houzeau as results of the greater absorption of the light of the lower or southern side by our atmosphere, which is, of course, less transparent near the horizon. From these observations M. Houzeau concludes that we must reject both the hypothesis which regards the zodiacal light as an appendage of the sun, and that which assigns it to the moon; and since, if it were a ring round the earth, it would be seen as a complete arch in the sky crossing from east to west, the author is driven to the conclusion that it is a fan-shaped sector, somewhat similar to the tail of a comet, spreading from the earth towards the sun, thinning off on each side of this direction, so that it extends to about  $40^\circ$  on the side towards which the earth is moving, and  $60^\circ$  or  $70^\circ$  on the other side. This must, of course, be modified if we accept those observations in which the zodiacal light has been distinctly traced right across the heavens from east to west; but M. Houzeau's conclusions are founded on his own observations alone. For the period of his watch there was a sensible diminution of brightness, the zodiacal light being seen in January, 1869, as readily as a fourth-magnitude star in twilight, whilst by June it was not so bright as the fifth magnitude.

From observations on his voyage to Rod-

rigues and back with the transit-of-Venus expedition, Mr. Burton has been led to very different conclusions. He was provided with a binocular spectroscope devised by himself specially for this work, and with this he determined the spectrum of the zodiacal light to consist of a continuous band with a bright line in the yellow (forming the boundary of the spectrum on that side) and a dark line in the green. This same spectrum was given by every part of the sky unoccupied by the milky way, a most important observation which, in combination with the change of form of the zodiacal light seen when the observer passed from S. to N. latitudes, shows, according to Mr. Burton, that it reaches and probably surrounds the earth. From the spectrum seen, as well as from the fact of polarization in a plane through the axis of the zodiacal light, Mr. Burton further concludes that it is emitted by matter partly liquid and partly solid, intermixed with gas.

The observations made by Signor Arcimis at Cadiz, and published in the *Memorie degli Spettroscopisti Italiani*, agree on the whole with those of Mr. Burton. With a Hoffmann spectroscope Signor Arcimis observed a bright line in the greenish yellow midway between D and E, whose position he fixed at 1,480 of Kirchoff's scale, and another in the blue beyond F, at about 2,270 of the same scale. The former may very possibly be identical with the bright line in the spectrum of the corona, which is at 1,474 of Kirchoff's scale; and Signor Arcimis thinks that the line in the blue may turn out to be one of the bands of carbon seen in the spectra of comets. If these surmises are correct a very important connection would be established between these bodies. Signor Arcimis makes no mention of the dark line in the spectrum of the zodiacal light seen by Mr. Burton, but it is quite possible that a bright line in the blue might produce by an effect of contrast the appearance of a dark line on the green side of it, or *vice versa*, it being difficult at the faint extremity of a spectrum to distinguish the two cases.

Academy.



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## THE DEAF MUSICIAN.

I SEE a lark in the far summer sky,  
 My darling seated at her harp I see,  
 Playing the while our little children sing :  
 The world is full of music — not for me !

I dreamed last night of some dim abbey choir :  
 The lights were burning where the singers  
 stood  
 Chanting my anthem. I crouched in the dark,  
 Weeping for joy to hear they called it good !

O music of my sleep, that mocks my soul  
 With cruel joys that are fulfilled no more  
 Than his who dreams of light and love at  
 home,  
 And wakes to find himself on Arctic shore !

It haunts me always through my silent days,  
 With life before me like a closed gate.  
 If God had only bidden me to die, —  
 Or anything but this hard work — to wait !

To wait and work, and know my work but as  
 Some poor fond mother from her infant reft,  
 Shuts the sweet memory safe from change and  
 time,  
 And dreams to find her boy the babe she left !

And yet there is a thought will sometimes  
 creep —  
 It even mingled in my dream last night —  
 I'd rather make my music in the dark,  
 Than only stand and sing it in the light !

Maybe the dream is nearer truth than sound,  
 And could I hear my tune, mine eyes might  
 miss  
 Some of the sweetness soaring in my soul :  
 Better go wanting that, and having this !

And there are songs in heaven. God forgive  
 A poor deaf man for wondering what they  
 are.

Perchance it is their echo that I catch,  
 And I shall hear those same songs sweeter  
 far !

Good Words. ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

## THE DYING YEAR.

THE year is dying, soberly the trees  
 Are mellowing — with a dull sad face  
 They lean against the sadness of the sky :  
 The glory of the summer has gone by,  
 Gone is the smile of gladness from the place.

O sad to see the sun come later up,  
 And sad to see him pass betimes away,  
 And sad the pallid glints he throws across  
 The leaf-strewn garden ; sad the sense of loss,  
 The all-pervading fragrance of decay.

Yet at the open window, as I sit  
 With closed eyes, and hear the gentle rain  
 Fall on the damp green earth like lovers' sighs,  
 And feel the breath of earth uprise  
 From far and near, from hillock and from plain,

The same soft drip of lightly falling showers,  
 Upon the moss-greens growing everywhere,  
 The same strange stilly warmth in the lift,  
 The cawing of the rooks, the gentle drift  
 Of odorous distillings in the air,

Daffodils growing on the field's green breast,  
 Buds all a-blow, and the enchanted breath  
 Of violets peeping in the damp hedgerow,  
 Kindled to being — O mystery, that so  
 Death looks like life, and life so like to death !  
 Sunday Magazine. C. C. FRASER TYTLER.

## THE JOY OF INCOMPLETENESS.

If all our lives were one broad glare  
 Of sunlight, clear, unclouded ;  
 If all our path were smooth and fair,  
 By no soft gloom enshrouded ;  
 If all life's flowers were fully blown  
 Without the sweet unfolding,  
 And happiness were rudely thrown  
 On hands too weak for holding —  
 Should we not miss the twilight hours,  
 The gentle haze and sadness ?  
 Should we not long for storms and showers,  
 To break the constant gladness ?

If none were sick and none were sad,  
 What service could we render ?  
 I think if we were always glad,  
 We scarcely could be tender  
 Did our beloved never need  
 Our patient ministration,  
 Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed  
 Its sweetest consolation ;  
 If sorrow never claimed our heart,  
 And every wish were granted,  
 Patience would die, and hope depart —  
 Life would be disenchanting.

And yet in heaven is no more night,  
 In heaven is no more sorrow !  
 Such unimagined new delight  
 Fresh grace from pain will borrow —  
 As the poor seed that underground  
 Seeks its true life above it,  
 Not knowing what will there be found  
 When sunbeams kiss and love it.  
 So we in darkness upward grow,  
 And look and long for heaven,  
 But cannot picture it below,  
 Till more of light be given.

Sunday Magazine. J. BESEMERES.



From The Quarterly Review.

WILLIAM BORLASE, ST. AUBYN, AND POPE.\*

SINCE, in the year 1859, the people of Truro looked for the last time on the mail coach from Plymouth as it rattled over the pavement of their ancient and cleanly borough up to the door of the Royal Hotel, and since Brunel, by spanning the Tamar with the Albert Bridge, placed in the power of thousands *per diem* to cross the waters of separation between Cornwall and the rest of the world, and thereby to perform a feat which the devil of the western "drolls" had till then been unable to accomplish, that county may truly be said to have obtained from her visitors a share of attention such as fairly to make her the envy of the most favoured district in England. Armed with a ticket for Penzance, the tourist discovered that beyond the old red sandstone of Devon, and that warm southern seaboard he already knew so well, there lay a country possessed of attractions by no means to be overlooked. Wayside inns expanded themselves into hotels to receive him, and lodgings were advertised to be let in places unheard of before. Small fishing-villages bade fair to become attractive watering-places, and in short, "West Barbary," as it had been called—barbarous no more—was on all hands admitted into the list of those localities which must be "done." Nor were artists long in finding out for themselves snuggeries along this same Cornish coast; and thus, year by year, the walls of the Academy recall to our mind's eye, with a truthfulness of colour seldom to be mistaken, the blocks of rough grey granite capped with golden lichen, which form the foreground to a depth of blue and green and purple, such as those alone can realize who, seated on the summit of the cliffs, have gazed down on those waters of the Atlantic, as a genial summer day draws onward to its close. And authors, too, have found their way thither; for how many times has not the note-book been ransacked for illustrations of Cornish folk-lore, manners and customs, inhabitants past and present—some to figure as

quaint realities, some as playful caricatures in the pages of the next propitious magazine?

Apart, however, from what may be said of Cornwall, or pictured of her scenery by travellers who pay her but a cursory visit, there yet remains, for those who care to probe the surface a little deeper, a storehouse of material connected with her literary history in the past, known only to the few, locked away perhaps with family papers in the office strong-room, or lying disregarded on the shelves of the private library. It has so happened—whether it be due to the affectionate regard entertained by every Cornishman for the honour of his ancient "kingdom," or to the real interest attaching to the subject itself, or to both these causes combined—that Cornwall can lay claim to a greater number of native historians than any other county in the British Isles. From the time of the father of her history, Richard Carew of Antonie, who published his "Survey" in 1602, down to the present day, there have never been wanting men of application, not to say of ability, located in the county itself, to whom the study of their *natale solum*—its natural productions, its language and antiquities—has at once been a life-work and a delight. Names like Hals and Tonkin, Gwavas and Scawen, Whitaker and Polwhele, Davies Gilbert and his namesake C. S. Gilbert, Hichens and Drew, not to speak of those who have followed in more recent times, remind us of the fact that, even over and above what has been printed of their works, there may yet remain, if they have not yet reached the market, amongst the papers of their descendants, masses of unpublished MSS.—the fruit of lives of untiring assiduity. It is to a MS. collection of this kind that we propose to call attention in the following pages. Foremost, perhaps, in a list of Cornish historians would be placed a name, omitted above, that of William Borlase. Born in 1698, and dying in 1772, his MSS. extend over the half-century which follows the year 1720. Their interest for the general reader lies not so much in their reference to Cornwall, although to the elucidation of her history they all more or less directly

\* MS. Collections at Castle Horneck. 1720-1772.



tend, as in the light they throw upon the state of society at the time, and above all in the introduction they afford us to the literary and scientific world—to men, for instance, of such varied genius as Sir John St. Aubyn, Alexander Pope, John Frederic Gronov of Leyden, Linnæus, Lyttelton, bishop of Carlisle, Pococke, bishop of Ossory, Milles, dean of Exeter, and Thomas Pennant. Of the original correspondence of these and others, which, together with three volumes of copied answers, is contained in no less than nine volumes in all, we may add that it has never seen the light since the day it was first sewn together more than a century ago. It is to the contents of these volumes that we shall principally confine ourselves at present. Amongst the other MSS. in the collection may be mentioned three closely written folios, treating respectively of the parochial history, the heraldry and genealogy, and the ancient language of Cornwall; the first of these being especially valuable, from the fact that it contains extracts from that portion of the Hals MS. which was never published, and is usually supposed to have been lost at the printer's. Following these we may notice a volume entitled "Collectanea," being extracts from other writers bearing on the antiquities and natural history of Cornwall; a volume of drawings of churches, rude stone monuments, etc., and a curious cosmical treatise, ready for the press, entitled "Private Thoughts on the Creation and the Deluge." After these come portfolios, meteorological observations, dissertations on scriptural and political subjects, notes on excursions, etc.; forming in all a collection of upwards of forty bound volumes, in addition to letters and tracts. The whole series may indeed be said to be a noble monument to a life which, though passed in seclusion, was one of unceasing mental energy; at a period too when books were scarce, public libraries in the country unknown, and the world in general offering few inducements to the student to persevere in so laborious a course. Such extracts from this mass of material as we have thought fit to make, we had at first intended to set before the reader one by one, like beads without a

string; but we have since found it more convenient to arrange them systematically by attaching them to a cursory memoir of their collector, by introducing one or two short biographical sketches of his contemporaries, and by adding such notes as may serve to illustrate the manners of the west country at the time of which we speak.

William Borlase was born, as we have said, in 1698, at Pendeen, in the parish of St. Just. His father was the representative of an "ancient family of gentlemen," as Hals calls them, settled in Cornwall soon after the Conquest, and deriving their origin, according to Upton, from one Taffer or Taillefer, who had the honour of striking the first blow on the eve of the battle of Hastings. His mother was Lydia Harris, of Hayne, a daughter of that old Devonian house who traced through the Nevilles and Bouchiers direct from King Edward III. He was sent, as he tells us in an autobiographical letter, "early to school at Penzance, where his master used to say he could learn but did not." Thence "more to his improvement he was removed in the year 1709 to the care of the Rev. Wm. Bedford, a learned schoolmaster at Plymouth," and thence, three years after, to Exeter College, Oxford. Of the state of that university during the time he was there, some idea may be formed from the diary of Tom Hearne, but meanwhile we may insert one extract from a letter written by Borlase himself to a pupil just going to Oxford in the year 1745, which quaintly illustrates the state of things thirty years before:—

When I was at Oxford in the year 1715 [he says] we, I mean pupils, tutors, barbers, shoe-cleaners, and bed-makers, minded nothing but politics; the Muse stood neglected, nay, meat and drink, balls and ladies, had all reason to complain in their turns that we minded Scotland and Preston more than the humane, softer and more delicate entertainments of Genius and Philosophy. This was a most unhappy time, and I have often lamented it, and it has given me more pains since than I could at that time much better undergo. I hope all the several members of my Alma Mater are much wiser and better employed at present than to mind things which will go as they list, notwithstanding all the heroic struggles and zealous clubbings of the college or the tavern, and I



think if I were back again in 1715, and in my undergraduate's gown, I should let the antagonists quietly take their fate, and not go once to coffee-house to know who had the best on't. For if I can see anything in our English history 'tis that the poor nation is always the worse for alterations, 'tho' particular persons may be the better, that is, the richer or more powerful.

The ladies, however, as it seems, had not long to complain of this excessive *penchant* for politics among the undergraduates of 1715; for very shortly after the time of which this letter speaks, we find a young lady "whose good sense excels her person and whose good humour exceeds both," expressing her regret that owing to the "indisputable commands of a rigid father," she is obliged to "deny Mr. Borlase her company at a coming dance," "entirely contrary to her own inclinations."

A year or two after, the Cornishmen at Exeter College (at that time the home of all-west-countrymen), received an accession to their number, in the person of the young Sir John St. Aubyn. Several years younger than Borlase, a friendship sprang up between the two fellow-countrymen, which continued unbroken until the death of the former. Four years later, in 1722, having finished their university career, they proceeded together to London and thence to Cornwall. In the following extract Borlase gives an account of their journey in a letter addressed to an old lady of fashion in London—Mrs. Delahaye, of Delahaye Street, Westminster. It is in itself a fair specimen of the quaint humour combined with elegance which makes the most trivial correspondence of the period such a fascinating study:—

Madam [it begins], as fond as I am of the permission you gave me to write to you, I should not be so insensible to the rules of decency, but that I should make a great many apologies for being so bold as to trouble you with this, did I not think that the great importance of several adventures we met with in our journey would be a sufficient excuse to persons of much less curiosity than your ladyship. I am sure, if rising as unwillingly as any lady in town, if being as long at breakfast, setting out at last and jogging on till dinner-time; mutton-steaks, fowls, geese, etc., mount-

ing again and continuing on till darkness and good stomachs made us resolve to go to supper and to bed, till waking next morning we began to act over those important parts again, and so on for five or six days following; I say if such a series of new and unheard of passages be not an entertainment sufficient to recommend itself, either the world must be grown very ill-natured, or I must be very trifling. I could tell you of drinking coffee one morning, and the next strong beer, nutmeg, and toast; I might from hence make a natural transition to buttered ale or mulled wine, and to show you that our journey was not without its varieties, I might expatiate on the several beauties we met with in a curious lantern at Blandford. As variety is likewise one of the most agreeable things in the world, I might likewise inform you of an accurate pedlar's accosting us with abundance of pleasantry, and giving himself (for our sakes) a great deal of trouble to prove that we had four miles and a half to our inn, when other persons were of opinion we had but three. Sometimes we met with a landlord in men's clothes, but for the most part we discovered that the men had dropt their prerogation, and we found the supreme authority over the inns lodged in gowns and petticoats. Ordered by Sir John not to write one word of the pretty black ey'd girl at Bridport, but to go on with the particulars of our journey, I think I am at liberty to tell you of a misfortune which happened to me at Launceston. As we were passing through that fatal town (I am heartily sorry I have forgot what day of the month 'twas), but, however, as we were passing through, whom should we see at the door of an inn but our landlord's daughter. Whether Sir John was dry and thirsty or not I can't tell, but we all agreed to take our pint at the door, and being men of no little gallantry because just come from town, we were talking very smartly, as you may imagine, to the girl who filled the wine, when all of a sudden, my unfortunate eyes happened to fix upon a green-ribbon that hung playing to-and-fro with the air a little lower than it should. As I was the only person that discovered it, I told the lady I was apprehensive she would loose that pretty ribbon if she did not withdraw. I was then on horseback, and, to my great confusion, had not the presence of mind to alight and take care of it myself, upon which Sir John has so teased and bantered me that I have had no rest ever since. I beg you would write Sir John, and let him know that such a misfortune deserves rather pity than upbraidings. And now, madam, I suppose you are almost as tired with



our journey as we are, or (to go as far as possible with the comparison) as three of Sir John's horses which we left upon the road. It is now time to begin to be serious, and to ask pardon for troubling you with these impertinencies, which will leave the work-basket so long idle, or perhaps may loose poor Dickey his breakfast. If it should leave the harpsicord silent but for one minute I should never forgive myself.

Such was the pleasurable side of a journey from London to the Land's End in the year 1722; but travelling in those days had a dangerous one too. In Cornwall itself, such was the honesty of the inhabitants, the class known as highwaymen or gentlemen-lifters seems to have been almost unknown; but from Honiton Hill in Devon to the outskirts of the metropolis, there was not an open heath or lonely spot on the road which was not infested by them. Indeed, the difficulties of intercommunication between Cornwall and the rest of the world which existed then can scarcely be realized nowadays. A second letter, for instance, was almost invariably despatched, if the matter were of importance, containing the same news as the first—so great were the chances of miscarriage. Nor was the sea a surer means of transport. Over and over again we read in these letters, of cargoes of books or minerals on their way to and from Cornwall being captured, much to the edification of the Spaniards on board the privateers. In the present instance, however, the two friends completed their journey in safety; the one proceeding to his seat at Clowance, and the other to his father's house at Pendeen in the parish of St. Just.

This old manor-house of Pendeen deserves a passing notice. Here in the reign of Henry VII. lived Richard Pendyne, one of those rebels who under Lord Audley, Flammock and Joseph, after dismantling "Tyhyddy,"\* the house of John Bassett, the high-sheriff, and doing other mischief in the west, marched on London to the terror of the inhabitants in the year 1491. For the part that he (Pendyne) took in the battle of the "fielde called the blak heth,"† he was attainted of high treason, and his daughter Jane obliged to make over her inheritance to one John Thomas, sergeant-at-arms, who was probably her father's captor. Neither did the historical associations of this old house end here. One of the ancestors of the subject of this memoir had troopers quar-

tered on him in the time of the civil war by Fairfax, his crime being that he had assisted a cousin to raise a troop of horse for the king. Of this very troop, commanded by Colonel Nicholas Borlase, the following adventure is told. Being on one occasion "much pressed by the Puritan forces, and making a running flight, he set fire to a large brake of furze in the night, which the enemy taking for the fires made on the approach of the king's army, immediately fled with great precipitation, and left him both bag and baggage, which he seized the next morning."

No sooner had the peaceful times of the Restoration set in than the west-country gentlemen devoted themselves to the improvement of their lands and the rebuilding of their houses. It is curious to notice how many quaint old gabled homesteads, now farmhouses, but once the residences of the lords of the soil, with their low-arched door-cases, square-headed mullion windows and picturesque chimney-clusters, date from this period. Such an one is the present house at Pendeen in which William Borlase was born. Treeless and desolate in the extreme are the "crofts" by which it is surrounded; yet in those days there was no reason to complain of them, since under their rough exterior lay a fair mineral treasure, from which, before expensive machinery and elaborate prospectuses had been invented for the destruction of "up-country" mine-adventurers, the landowner might derive a sure and certain and not always scanty profit. Thus, in the beginning of the last century, these Cornish landlords frequently carried on mines at their own private risk; the frugal fare of the workmen, and the consequent low rate of wages, rendering the employment of a considerable number of hands quite within the compass of any man of moderate means. And thus it was that every Saturday, as sure as the weeks went by, a troop of miners and "bal girls," with William Borlase's father (John of Pendyne as he was called) riding at their head, might have been seen wending their way to Penzance along the green track which led thither from St. Just, to receive their wages for work done at one or other of the mines carried on by him. While on the subject of Borlase's father, and as it bears rather curiously on the state of society in the country at this time, we may be permitted to insert, though it does not seem much to his credit, the following draft of a petition to Parliament for leave to prosecute a member of the House of Commons, he being at

\* Extract from the lost MS. of Hals.

† Borlase's deeds.



that time M.P. for St. Ives. It runs as follows:—

HONoured SIRs,

Life the precious tenet of mankind forceth me to inform your honours that Sunday, the 26th of February, 1709, in full view of most of the congregation of Maddern, John Borlase, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, did wilfully break the peace by striking me almost to ground with his staff, and if not timely prevented by one Paul Tonkin, he would have been striking me again. He did at the same time highly threaten me, with Chrstr. Harris, Esqre., Jane his wife, and John his son. Mr. Harris ordered his servant to beat me. Of the truth of the above information I am ready to give my coroboration. Humbly craving the Honable Speaker and House of Commons not to skreene such daring offenders, but to give me leave to prosecute them as the law directs, is the humble prayer of, Honrd Sirs, yours in all humility and duty—

FFRANCIS ST. AUBYN.

What this gentleman had done to deserve the justice's justice thus summarily inflicted on him, there and then, in the midst as it seems of divine service, by the occupant of the next pew, we are left to conjecture.

It is time, however, to turn from anecdotes of the father to follow the steps of his fourth son, William, who, having been ordained previous to his return to Cornwall, now took up his residence at his newly acquired rectory of Ludgvan to which he had been presented by Charles Duke of Bolton. The seclusion of this place must have seemed dreary enough after the excitement of Oxford and the glimpse of London life. Luckily his fondness for a garden came to his rescue. "My predecessor," he says, "that he might not confine the fancies of those that should come after him, left me nothing but a plot, with a full liberty to dispose of a large possession of briars and thorns, as I thought fit, without any danger of spoiling the shape or design of a former garden." So engrossing did the pursuit become of watching this wild place, making some pretensions towards order and neatness, that it was "with the greatest reluctance," he tells us, "that I could leave the diggers and delvers, and withdraw into my study to Horace and Dryden." The charm of this beautiful spot, in addition to its great fertility, was the lovely prospect that lay at its feet. "In one of the most retired corners of this pleasant bay" (we quote from his description of the place to Sir John St. Aubyn), "which Horace would have celebrated with more songs than he

has his beloved Tybur, or his much inferior Baiae, stands that mount, which is happy in its situation, but happier in the affection of its owner." The pleasant and genial society by which he was surrounded was another circumstance which served to reconcile him to Ludgvan. "The gentry," he says, "are of a free, frolicking disposition. In the summer-time we meet (some ten or a dozen) at a bowling-green. There we have built a little pleasure-house and there we dine; after dinner play at bowls; and so by frequently meeting together we are, as it were, like so many brothers of one family, so united and so glad to see the one the other." The original agreement by which this club was formed in 1719 is still extant, as also is a copy of verses in the Cornish language written by William Gwavas, one of the members, in honour of the occasion. The fine for non-attendance every Friday at dinner was one shilling. The value of a meeting of this kind at a time when party spirit ran so high, and the slightest insult was cause sufficient for a duel, can hardly be overestimated. It was there that private differences were made up; and it was there that uniformity of opinion was procured throughout the neighbourhood in general on all matters respecting the public good, or that tended to local improvement at the time. "And thus," writes Borlase to an old friend, "between my own gardens and my neighbours' frolicks, I have been perfectly idle ever since I have been in the country;" but, he continues, "the time will come when I shall make amends for these days of carelessness, and when the neatness of my retirement shall fix me to my studies, and make me in love with reading and meditation."

Meanwhile several hints in letters to friends at the close of 1723 prepare us for the event of the following year, namely, his marriage. Thus we find him conveying a request, "in the name of some ladies," to Sir John St. Aubyn, "that the hall at the Mount may be planched for dancing." A little later on he writes to a friend, "I have not time to write you anything of the fair sex, but I really think that Cornwall is not without its beauties, of which I shall write you more at large." A few weeks more and he was actually moralizing in a serious vein on the subject of matrimony. "To form," he says, "a just notion of matrimony from what the gay and gallant people of the town think of it, would be as absurd as to judge Horace by the opinion of a linen-draper,



or to go to the Exchange to inquire after trade in Pall-Mall." Of all the west-country beauties who graced with their presence the ball-room at St. Michael's Mount, his choice fell upon Anne, sole surviving daughter of the Rev. William Smith, rector of the parishes of Camborne and Illogan. In this young lady, whose full blue eyes still smile from the canvas where her husband's pencil placed them, he found one whose amiability of disposition, and scrupulous attention to domestic matters, rendered her at one and the same time a cheerful companion and an excellent clergyman's wife.

We must now turn away for a moment from the pleasant scenes at Ludgvan, and follow the friend of college days as he enters the chapel at St. Stephen's,—the youngest member, perhaps, of that distinguished assembly. Born in the year 1700, Sir John St. Aubyn was only just of age, when in 1722 he was returned to Parliament for his native county. Different indeed, yet in one respect alike, had been the destinies of the friends since we left them after their journey in the beginning of the year. Parting, the one to mix in the affairs of State in times the most perplexing, the other to the peaceful seclusion of his country parsonage, each had nevertheless marked out for himself a path of equal mental activity. That the confidence of his country, though entrusted to so young a man, had not been misplaced may be judged from many an extract in the correspondence before us. Thus a gentleman writing from London, March 2nd, 1726, observes: "Sir R—— this session has met with a strong opposition in the House of Commons; Sir John St. Aubyn has gained a great reputation in that house, and the opinions of our politicians in relation to war or peace are as different as their faces." A year or two later an incident in Cornish history gave him an opportunity of making himself more than ever beloved at home. In 1727, when, as Hume tells us, "the courts of France and Spain were perfectly reconciled, and all Europe was freed from the calamities of war," the peace of Great Britain was disturbed by tumults amongst the tanners of Cornwall, "who, being provoked by a scarcity of corn, rose in arms and plundered the granaries of the county." At this time it happened that Sir John had just completed a new pier at the Mount, to facilitate the exportation of tin, which was shipped in large quantities at that place. The consequence was that the tanners congregated there in considerable

numbers; the place became a rendezvous for malcontents, and fresh riots broke out. Very serious consequences were apprehended, and what might actually have happened none can say, had it not been that the magnanimous spirit and unselfish patriotism of the young statesman showed itself in a measure of local policy which doubly endeared him to his countrymen. He "forthwith advanced a considerable sum of money to the tanners, by which they were saved from starving or the necessity of plundering their neighbours." "Constant in his attendance and application to the business of the House of Commons," writes Borlase in a note attached to the St. Aubyn pedigree, "he soon learnt to speak well, but spoke seldom, and never but on points of consequence. He was heard with pleasure by his friends, and with respect by others." In 1734 he seconded the repeal of the Septennial Act, in a speech which will be found in the handy-books of British eloquence. In this same year a curious incident occurred in the neighbourhood of his seat at Clowance, with which Sir John was only indirectly connected in his capacity of justice of the peace, but which was ultimately attended with very serious consequences to himself and his family. A certain Henry Rogers, by trade a pewterer, having some fancied claim to an estate called Skewis, seized the manor-house, and surrounding himself with a band of cut-throats, organized a rebellion on his own account, and bade defiance to the country round. Having beaten off from his house, not without bloodshed, first the sheriff, next the constables, and finally the military themselves, the villain succeeded in making good his escape. He was subsequently arrested at Salisbury and brought to Launceston for trial, where the grand jury found five bills of murder against him, and Lord Chief Justice Hardwick publicly returned thanks to Sir John "for his steady endeavours to bring him to justice." The terror, however, which this ruffian caused in the neighbourhood can scarcely be realized nowadays; and the menacing letters received by Lady St. Aubyn so preyed upon her mind, that they brought on a "sensible decay," or as we should call it now a rapid decline, from the effects of which in 1740 she died.

With the death of his wife Sir John's interest in country life came to an end, and leaving his son to the care and instruction of his old friend at Ludgvan, he set out for a foreign land. Meanwhile, however, the Parliamentary horizon was rapidly clouding over: a crisis was clearly immi-



nent; and, on his return to England, it was to find that, for the present at least, his sorrow must be drowned in more work, in a redoubled attention to those duties which his early reputation now pointed to him to fulfil. And thus, as the Walpole administration draws on to its close, the figure of Sir John St. Aubyn — the “little baronet” as he was called — comes prominently to the front as one of the most-vigorous, as he certainly was the most conscientious, of the opponents of the then unpopular prime minister. On the subject of the vote of thanks, including an approbation of the manner in which the Spanish war had been prosecuted, which was carried by a small majority in the House of Commons early in 1741, he writes (April 9th) as follows: — “I believe ye Folks in ye Country are very much puzzled abt many of our Proceedings, and I don’t wonder at yr doubts about that unseasonable vote of Innocence; especially when ye Opportunity was so fairly given, wch ye Nation has been so long expecting us to take ye advantage of.” But the country party the while felt that no opportunity must be lost, and no vigour spared in the attack. Contrast the tone of the following extract from a letter dated May 5th, and note how the space of one single month had served to fan the flame. Sir John now inveighs against “such Insolence in Administration, such wantonness in Power, wch surely nothing could produce but that mistaken vote of Innocence wch so lately happen’d. And yet,” he continues, “this is ye Man agt whom we want evidence to advise his Removal, when at my very door there are such glaring Proofs, which, in less corrupt times, would deprive Him of his Head.” Day by day the enemies of the ministry acquired fresh strength: the elections went against the court interest, even Westminster returning two members hostile to it. Walpole tottered on the brink of ruin, and had it not been that, during a short adjournment of the House early in 1742, he had resigned his offices and been elevated to the peerage, he might, as we know, even have been committed to the Tower.

No sooner had Parliament reassembled than a measure was brought in by Lord Limerick, and seconded by Sir John St. Aubyn, to inquire into the conduct of the last twenty years. This was lost by two votes, but another, also proposed by Lord Limerick on the 23rd of March, for an inquiry into the conduct of Robert, Earl of Orford, was carried, and a select committee appointed by ballot. And now came

Sir John’s political triumph. To this committee he was appointed by every vote in the House of Commons, to the number of 518 — “an honour,” says the MS. from which we quote, “neither then nor before (as far as the Records of Parliament can reach) ever conferred on any member, as Mr. Speaker Onslow on the spot observed to Sir John’s great commendation.” “When the Committee was appointed he declined the offer of the Chair, and Lord Viscount Limerick was chosen Chairman.” The following is an extract from a letter of Sir John’s, dated from the Secret Committee Chamber, June 22nd, 1742: —

We are now [he writes] winding up our bottoms as well as we can under ye disabillitys which we have been fetter’d with, notwithstanding which, we shall show the world enough to convince if not convict. I an sorry there has been so much unconcern in ye Gentlemen of our country; I wish I cd say in some an unconcern only. We have had, and I wish we mayn’t forever now have lost, ye only opportunity which may happen to retrieve ye Honour and establish ye Natural Institutions of ye Country. . . . The Town is in high spirits at present, upon the accounts we have from Germany and Italy. This turn is not owing to ye merit of ye new Administration, but to ye Vigour of this Parliament, which has had It’s free Operation during this Inter-Regnum of Power, and whenever that happens, England must have It’s due Influence upon ye Continent; and if she had acted as she ought for some years past, what might have been brought about, when ye bare expectation of her acting has produc’d such great events?

“About this time,” says Borlase, “Sir John being offer’d to take place as one of the Lords of the Admiralty, he was ready, he said, to serve his King and country, but would take no place unless upon the express condition that his freedom and independency in Parliament should remain unquestion’d and uncontroll’d. These were not times to endure, much less shake hands with such inflexible Virtue; as he coveted no place, he never had one, though capable of any.”

On the 31st of March, 1744, when war was declared with France, the inhabitants of Mount’s Bay became alarmed for the safety of their trade. Two things were required: a stationary armed vessel to protect their shores and fisheries from privateers (for three of the principal fishermen had already been taken prisoners), and a cruiser to convoy the exports and imports necessary for working the mines. For the part he took in obtaining these advantages Sir John received the thanks



of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, assembled as usual in their parliament at the bowling-green at Marazion. St. Michael's Mount he had restored from a ruined monastic cell to a comfortable dwelling-house; but he never lived to visit it again, dying of fever at Pencarrow on his way home in the year 1744, at the early age of forty-four, "to the great regret of all who knew him, and to his country's loss of a most faithful friend." "The dignity of this ancient family," writes Borlase in the brief memoir attached to his pedigree, "owes much to this gentleman;" and Dr. Oliver of Bath, in a letter of sympathy on the occasion of his death, speaks of him as "one who had bravely withstood all the temptations that honours or profit could lay in his way, and dared to stand almost single on the field of Purity, while thousands fell on his right hand, and ten thousands on his left, the easy Prey of corruption." Further on he adds, "Let us thank Heaven who lent us the great good man so long, and neither wonder nor murmur at his being taken from us so soon, especially when we consider how little Influence his Example had upon Earth." There is something in a character like his which renders it worthy of the admiration and the love of generations, nay, of centuries, far beyond his own.

We must now return to the year 1730, and, leaving politics and local matters, must follow William Borlase to Bath, whither he went to seek the benefit of the waters under the care of a friend and relation, William Oliver. Until the commencement of the eighteenth century, when the value of her mineral waters was recognized once more, the ancient city of Bath had scarcely overstepped the limits prescribed for her by the Roman furrow. But, once brought into notice, her fame quickly spread. She had become, writes Oliver, "the universal hospital not only of this but of other nations, and hither the physicians sent their patients when they knew no longer what to do with them at home." A club-house was founded; street was added to street, and square to square. The Prince of Orange came, and departed with a new lease of life. Orange Grove, then the chief place of fashionable amusement, was called after his name, and a column erected in the midst, from a design furnished by the accomplished pencil of the rector of Ludgvan. In the year 1734, Bath was fast rising to the zenith of her glory. Without the city, Ralph Allen, the "Allworthy" of Fielding

(also a Cornishman, and one who had made his money by farming the cross-posts), was completing Prior Park, that splendid mansion the plan of which he had laid down in his mind twenty years before, and in which he was to gather round him all his kindred spirits, the *literati* of the age. Within the walls, Beau Nash superintended "the elegant amusements upon a system combining," as the guide-books tell us, "the most liberal urbanity with the most refined decorum." Balls and ridottos were the order of the day, patronized chiefly by the gentry of the western counties, who, unless called to town to represent one of their legion of boroughs, usually spent their seasons here. Indeed, the most trifling indisposition was a sufficient excuse to try the Bath waters; and fashionable valetudinarianism, side by side too often with real disease, gave employment to a regiment of doctors, the physic-princes of the place. With such a field before him, and a west-countryman himself, it was very natural that Oliver should determine to try his fortune at Bath; and his ambition was more than satisfied when, only four years after his arrival, on the death of the principal physician, he stepped into one of the most considerable practices of the place. He had already numbered among his patients many of his countrymen from Cornwall, but he now added to these the names of almost every person of rank or fashion who had been induced to visit the springs. The *habitué* of Prior Park, he was there introduced, in the year 1739, to Pope, and afterwards to Warburton. Speaking of Pope in a letter to Borlase, he says, "That delightful little man is the freest, the humblest, most entertaining creature, you ever met with. He has sojourned here two months with our great countryman, Mr. Allen, at his country-house, who needed only this lasting testimony of so honourable and distinguished a friendship to deliver his name in the most amiable light to posterity. They are extremely happy in each other: the one feeling great joy in the good heart and strong sense of his truly generous host; while the other, with the most pleasing attention, drinks in rivers of knowledge continually flowing from the lipps of his delightful stranger."

Pope was at this time collecting materials for his grotto at Twickenham, and Oliver accordingly applied to Borlase to assist in the work by sending a hamper of the varied and beautiful minerals of their native county. A correspondence was thus opened between the far-famed



villa on the Thames, and the obscure rectory three hundred miles away. Two of these letters, unpublished we believe, and in the poet's own hand-writing, are in the collection before us. The first runs as follows:—

Twickenham, March 9, 1740.

SIR,

I ought to take this occasion of thanking you for so obliging a Testimony as you are giving me of your inclination to assist me, and surely the warm and particular manner in which you do me this favour deserved a more ready acknowledgment. I am as much indebted to your Letters to Dr. Oliver as to me upon this subject, but I was willing at ye same time that I thanked you to give you an account of the receipt of ye Box, and of ye choice I made of ye materials. But I find this morning (the first day that I arrived here) that your Bounty, like that of Nature, confounds all choice. But as I would imitate rather her Variety than make Ostentation of what we call her Riches, I shall be satisfy'd if you made your next Cargo consist more of such Ores and Sparrs as are beautiful, and not too difficult to be come at, than of the Scarce and valuable kinds. Indeed, 2 or 300 of Cubes of mundick which you mention might find a place luminous enough in one part of my Grotto, and are much the finest Ornaments it can receive. It will want nothing to complete it but your Instruction as to the Position, and the direction of the Sparrs and Orrs in ye mines; for I would be glad to make the place resemble Nature in all her workings, and entertain a sensible as well as dazzle a Gazing Spectator. The Stalactites are appropriated to ye roof, and the Marbles (I think) of various colours to the pavement. I extremely wish one day to have the pleasure of seeing you, Sir, in the Place which you are contributing to make so agreeable; and I hope you will take the surest way to prevent your Favours from being lost upon me, which is what we desire of Providence, that He who bestows them will direct us how to make a right use of them.

As to your kind desire that I should acquaint you what quantity I want, I have indeed but few, not above a hamper or two. From others I expect more, but none so good as these of yours.

I am Sir,

Your most obliged, and faithful humble servant,

A. POPE.

The next extract is from a letter dated May, 1740, from the poet to Dr. Oliver:—

In taking his [*i.e.*, Borlase's] advice I don't make him the poorer, but I fear that in taking more of his collection I may, and therefore shall hardly have the conscience to trouble him for another cargo, how much so-ever I am unprovided. If he will engage his word

not to send me any that he intended to keep, I would ask him for some of the Metallic kind that are most common; so they do but shine and glitter it is enough, and the Vulgar Spectator will of course think them noble. Few Philosophers come here, but if ever Future Fate or Providence bring Dr. Oliver, Mr. Borlase, and Mr. Allen hither, I shall not envy the Queen's Hermitage either its Natural or Moral Philosophers.

In obtaining these minerals for Pope and others Borlase was sometimes led into making perilous descents into the Cornish mines. On one occasion, having received from a miner in St. Just some curious crystals of tin, and being anxious to visit the spot whence they were derived, he determined to make the attempt, and subsequently wrote an account of it to Oliver:—

Scrambling [he says] down the face of a precipice as well as I could, not many fathoms down, we were obliged to turn short to the right, and, by means of a single thorn twig, to winde ourselves into a little cave. The cave or hole was in the side of a vast hiatus, and far below the waters had made a large pool which concealed the real depth, and left room for the Imagination to suppose it still more deep and dangerous than it really was. Here we wanted nothing but a wood above us to have Virgil's fine drawing of his cave (at least in miniature) before our eyes:—

*Hinc atque hinc vastæ Rupes, geminique minantur  
In cælum Scopuli, quorum sub vertice latè  
Æquora tuta silent.*

By the help of our guide we got safe into our cave, and advancing a few paces were obliged to stay till some rubbish was removed in order to make our further passage the more commodious. Whilst this was doing, my business was to examine the strata on each side, the vault above, and the fragments under foot, amongst which I perceived many scattered remains of Cornish diamonds, which made us the more eager to proceed. At last the passage was cleared, so that on our hands and knees two of us crept after our guide into a hole, not much larger than an ordinary oven, and much of that figure. We had two candles with us, by means of which we saw the roof, which might in the middle be about five feet from the floor, in other parts not near so much. It consisted entirely of spar shot into Cornish diamonds. I could not discern any in a perpendicular position, but in every other direction they pointed forth very plentifully, sometimes in groups and clusters, sometimes single, now crossing each other, and now standing by each other with parallel sides. Some were smooth and shining and clear; others rough and opaque; some veined with red, like porphyry; others speckled thick with the smallest spots of black and purple, and a blueish cast; but the finest of all were those which had innumerable little diamonds



of the clearest water stuck upon their sides, and which by the candle had a lustre scarce to be conceived. Having gazed till we could no longer hold up our heads or open our eyes, not being able to turn about, we were forced to crawl out on all fours, with our feet foremost, from this beautiful but incommodious place.

In spite, however, of the inaccessible places whence they came, Pope received a second cargo of minerals a month after the first. His letter, acknowledging these, since it contains in many points a more detailed description of the grotto than will be found elsewhere, may be read with interest. It is dated from Twickenham, June the 8th, 1740:—

SIR,—As soon as I received your very obliging present and letter, I writ to Dr. Oliver, designing him to prepare the way for my thanks, by assuring you I wanted words to express them, and by taking to himself a part of an obligation which is really above any Merit I can claim to it. I fear, by a Paper I found in the Box, that you have robb'd your own Collection to enrich me, and the same paper gave me an excellent Motto for my Grot, in some part of which I must fix your name, if I can contrive it, agreeably to your Modesty and Merit, in a Shade but shining. I deferr'd writing to you 'till I should form a guess how far your materials wd go in ye work, which is now half finished, ye ruder parts entirely so; in its present condition it is quite natural, and can only admit of more beauties by the Glitter of more minerals, not the disposition or manner of placing them, with which I am quite satisfy'd. I have manag'd ye Roof so as to admit of the larger as well as smaller pendulous [crystals]; the sides are strata of various, beautiful, but rude Marbles, between which run ye Loads of Metal, East and West, and in ye pavement also, the direction of ye Grotto happening to lie so. And I have opened ye whole into one Room, groin'd above from pillar to pillar (not of a regular Architecture, but like supporters left in a Quarry), by which means there is a fuller Light cast into all but ye narrow passage (which is cover'd with living and long Mosse), only behind ye 2 largest Pillars there is a deep recess of dark stone, where two Glasses artfully fix'd reflect ye Thames, and almost deceive ye Eye to that degree as to seem two arches opening to the River on each side, as there is one real in ye middle. The little well is very light, ornamented with Stalactites above, and Spars and Cornish Diamonds on ye Edges, with a perpetual drip of water into it from pipes above among the Icicles. I have cry'd help to some other friends, as I found my Want of materials, and have stellified some of ye Roof with Bristol stone of a fine lustre. I am in hopes of some of ye Red transparent Spar from the Lead mines, which would vastly vary the colouring. If you will

be extravagant, indeed, in sending anything more, I wish it were glittering tho' not curious; as equally proper in such an Imitation of Nature, who is not so Profuse as you, tho' ever most kind to those who cultivate her. As I procure more Ores or Spars, I go on enriching ye Crannies and Interstices, which, as my Marbles are in large pieces, cramp'd fast with iron to ye walls are pretty spacious and unequal, admitting Loads and Veins of 2, 3, or 4 inches broad, and running up and down thro' Roof, Sides, and Pavement. The perpendicular Fissures I generally fill with Spar. I have run into such a detail, yt I had forgot to tell you this whole Grotto makes ye communication between my Garden and the Thames. I hope I shall live to see you there. . . . I have neither room nor words to tell you how much you oblige your Humble Servant,

A. POPE.

That the promise to place the donor's name "in the shade, but shining," was amply fulfilled, appears from the following extract from a letter of Dr. Oliver's, dated December 15th, 1741:—"I suppose Sir John has told you that he has read your name in letters of gold in the grotto, an honour the greatest man might be ambitious of; but if it had been in black letters, made only of the common ink the little gentleman uses when he embalms his friends, it would be more likely to give you immortality." As a slight acknowledgment of his gratitude, Pope forwarded to Borlase a copy of his own edition of his works, published in 1737. The appearance of a spurious edition in Dublin, which had been reprinted, led to the publication of this authentic one. The former, according to the extracts before us (though some curious lights have recently been thrown on this subject by Mr. Elwin), had given the poet great offence. We find him, for instance, complaining bitterly to his friend Sir John St. Aubyn "that he was under the hard necessity of betraying his most familiar correspondences by the villainy of some who had taken advantage of Dean Swift's infirmities to get the original letters out of his hands."

The following lines, written by Pope on his grotto, were printed after his death by his gardener in a small pamphlet on his garden, with the exception of those in italics, which were not published, but appear in "an amended version" in MS. sent by the poet to Dr. Oliver:—

Thou who shalt stop where 'Thames' translucent wave  
Shines a broad Mirrour thro' the Shadowy Cave:



Where lingering drops from Min'ral Roofs  
distil,  
And pointed Crystals break the Sparkling  
Rill ;

Unpolished Gems no ray on Pride bestow,  
And latent Metals innocently glow.

*Thou see'st that Island's Wealth, where only  
free,*

*Earth to her Entrails feels not Tyranny,*  
Approach ! great Nature studiously behold,  
And eye the Mine, without a Wish for Gold ;  
But enter, awful, this Inspiring Grot,  
Here, nobly pensive, St. John sate and thought ,  
Here British sighs from dying Wyndham stole ;  
And the bright Flame was shot through  
Marchmont's soul ;

Let such, such only, tread this sacred Floor,  
Who dare to love their Country and be poor.

A touching trait in the character of Pope was, as all know, his devotion to his parents. Thus the central object of his exquisite garden at Twickenham was an obelisk erected to the memory of his mother. In connection with this feeling it is interesting to find that when Dr. Oliver was about to place a monument to the memory of his parents in Sithney churchyard, the poet wrote their epitaph and drew the design of a pillar, which was subsequently placed there. Pope frequently repeated his visits to Prior Park, and on each occasion renewed his intimacy with Oliver, sometimes walking in to Bath early in the morning to breakfast with him. His constitution, however, always weakly, was now rapidly giving way, and a letter from Sir John St. Aubyn in May, 1744, prepared Borlase for the news of his death in the following month. "I doubt," he says, "your friend Mr. Pope can't last long. He sent to desire Lord Oxford and myself to dine with him t'other day, and I thought he would have dy'd then ; he has a dropsie which has almost drowned him." That his friendship for Oliver continued to the last, appears from the following letter, received at Ludgvan from the doctor immediately after the news of his death had arrived :—

I believe my dear Friend would be surprised if I should begin my Letter to him with any other Subject than that of condolence for the Loss of one, who contributed more to the pleasure and profit of mankind than any Poet has done these many ages—*delectando pariterque morendo*. This time twelvemonths I spent some time with him almost alone ; I then endeavoured to know as much of him as I could, that I might fix the Idea of him in my mind that was to remain, for I parted with him with very little hopes of ever seeing him again. I suppose you have seen the Copy of his Will in the publick Papers, from which you may guess that all his works will be published in 4to. by Mr. Warb., who by commenting upon

them, gains the property of the copy of those which are not already disposed of. Mr. Warburton tells me there are only two or three small pieces of Mr. Pope's remaining that will ever see the light. We must receive them, and be thankful for what we have already had. I hear Sir William Stanhope declares strongly for the Grotto, but I would willingly have it fall into more philosophical hands. Whoever has it may be puzzled at the great Shining Letters which glow with gratitude in the Name—*Borlase*. On this part of his works only I think myself capable of writing a comment, which I will send to whoever possesses it, tho' I am not like to get the Grotto for my pains. If Sir John is now with you at the Mount, he can inform you of more circumstances relating to Mr. Pope than I can, and I should be glad of your Anecdotes which you receive from him. I believe he might have lingered some Months longer if he had not fallen into the hands of a curing Doctor. Celsus says, "*In quibusdam morbis qui curantur citius moriuntur.*"

Just as he was expiring came forth the following couplet from some stander-by :—

Dunces rejoyce ! forgive all Insults past,  
The Greatest Dunce has kill'd your greatest  
Foe at last.

Sir John St. Aubyn, as we have seen, survived the poet only a few weeks, and never reached Ludgvan to tell his friend his anecdotes of Pope. Commenting on the two sad events, and evidently having in mind the "Interviews in the Realms of Death," Borlase, in a letter to Oliver, writes, "Will not the best of poets, and the honestest senator and worthyest father, friend, and husband, renew their acquaintance, think you, and congratulate each other on leaving a country so devoted?" William Oliver survived his friend the poet for twenty years, and during all that time continued his correspondence with Ludgvan, for "old friends," he says, "are like old coins, which encrease in their value in proportion to their age and scarcity." In 1746 he purchased as a vacation residence a small farmhouse two miles from Box, "situated at the head of the vale, thro' which the river and the London Road run together towards Bath." It commanded, he tells us, a lovely view. "The city crosses the vale about three miles from me, and creeps up Lansdown ; and about the same distance beyond it rises Mr. Langton's Park, a knowle of which, well wooded, terminates my view." To this snug retreat, "to show his love for Cornwall and the sense of his childhood," he gave the name of his birth-place, and called it Trevarnoe.

I would by no means forget [he tells his



friend in his account of the place] the years I spent with my father and mother. I have great pleasure in recollecting a thousand little circumstances of their tenderness and my own frailties. 'Tis not only with our own species that we contract the most lasting friendships in the beginning of life. I remember the name and character of every dog I used to miss school to hunt with; I could go to every little thicket which was most likely to afford game; I love the memory of a tall sycamore, out of which I used to cut whistles; I have the situation of the hazel which afforded the best cob-nuts full in my eye; and I remember with gratitude a rare [apple] tree, which afforded the first regale in summer, and the Borlase's Pippin, which, like its namesakes, was a high entertainment in a winter's evening, in a warm room, and with a good fire.

From this letter we may perhaps form as true an estimate of Dr. Oliver's character and the reason of his great popularity, as could be afforded by transcribing here a copy of verses descriptive of him from the pen of an amateur contemporary Cornish poetess, Miss Gregor, of Trewarthenick, which are, nevertheless, not without merit.

While at his new Trevarnoe, Oliver was frequently visited by Warburton, who had married the niece and heiress of Mr. Allen, of Prior Park, and hither also, amongst others, came a poor painter, called Vandrest. In former years this man had been intimate with Borlase. His profession, however, had, as is usual with all portrait-painters but the best, turned out little better than starvation, and he now lived on the generosity of his friends. The following is part of a letter from his old acquaintance at Ludgvan, encouraging the poor fellow to change the subject of his paintings for one which might be more profitable.

If you will take my advice [it begins], you must gett into quite another way. Change the serious primm traits of a face form'd by commanding constables and beadles, and flattered by the feasts of a Corporation, for the grimm terrors and majesty of a General in action. Instead of Cupids and the soft and tender ladies, draw the fierce horse, the square batalion, the pale wounded heroe, the glittering swords, the level'd muskets, the streaming banners: in short, Van, I would have you quite lay aside the dull insipid face-painting; and, as I know you can easily master the difficulty of passing from one part of your profession to another (if you would be rul'd by me), go into battle; conform to the times; teach your mind to draw skirmishes, seiges, tents, and batteries; and, as Vander Meulen did, mix the delicate groves and country with all the parade of war. But — methinks I hear

some arch-wagg say — "It is scarce worth while; we may have war without battles, as well as have so many armaments without war." If so, paint the sleeping Genius of Britain, whom no insults can rouse and no wrongs provoke, and I can assure you that no pictures will sell better.\*

With two extracts from the letters of Dr. Oliver, bearing on very different subjects, we shall close that portion of the correspondence before us which led us to Bath, and to the literary circle that was gathered there. The first is dated November, 1746. It was written on his return from London, and speaks incidentally of the trial of the lords in Westminster Hall, at which he was present: —

I should long since [he writes] have given you a Description of the most august Assembly this, or perhaps any Nation can shew, which was called together for the Trial of the late unfortunate Lords. But even the Majesty of that awful tribunal was broke in upon by a thousand gigling women, whose Hearts felt Emotions very different from Compassion. Many of the Senators, clad in reverential Scarlet and Ermine, were debased by Toupees and Bags into Fops and Jockeys, and plainly discovered that their Heads at least had not the outward appearance of Judges. Is it not strange that a company of Grenadiers should be obliged to wear a uniform Dress, such as becomes the fierceness of their Profession, and yet that a House of Lords should have the liberty to disguise themselves in a manner quite unbecoming the Dignity of their high office? From all this pageantry we could easily have step'd into the neighbouring Repository of the Remains of the Ancestors from whom these noble Judges derive the pompous Titles they debase. I viewed the breathing Marble and curious Sculpture with grave delight; but upon reading the Inscriptions could not but think it an impious Absurdity that a House dedicated to the God of Truth should be made the Archives of lying Tables.

The second letter from which we shall take an extract was written from Bath in July, 1760. After mentioning "Poor Nash, the ghost of whose greatness still stalks amongst us," and to whom "Mr. Allen is very generous," Oliver proceeds to describe the effect produced in Bath by the appearance of Sterne's book: —

Pray [he says], are the works of the Revd. Mr. Tristram Shandy yet arrived in Cornwall? This gentleman is perhaps one of the most extraordinary Authors that have appeared upon the literary stage in our day. He is admired, beloved, not understood, and adored by all kinds of People, from the right Reverends down to Fanny Murray, Kitty Fisher, Lady

\* This was written October 8th, 1739.



Cov., and Mr. Whitfield. Long had he sigh'd, and mourned in private the licentiousness of the Age, and its aversion to everything that is Serious and religious. The debauching Novels, and the luscious Histories of Lady's Adventures written by themselves were the only books, he found, that could meet with the approbation and encouragement of the great, and attract the attention of the *οἱ πολλοὶ* sufficiently to get themselves read, and to keep their Authors and venders from starving. As he was musing in his Study, and leaning his Elbow on his Desk, and his Satyr's cheek upon his Hand, revolving in his mind the hard fate of a poor Sermon about Conscience, which he had published the year before, of which his Bookseller could not get off a dozen, it struck into his pious mind that since all the ancient methods of propagating Religion and Morality were grown obsolete, out of date, and of none effect, some new method ought to be invented by the Pastors of the Church, by which the Novellists and Memoir-readers might be trapped into the reading of pious Discourses even without their knowledge or consent. If we have been foiled in the field, he said, let us try the ambush. The Doctor does not scruple to cheat Children and Fools into the taking of a bitter Pill, which will do them good, by hiding it in Jelly of Currants, tho' he knows the Vehicle will be a regale to the worms. Tristram's fertile Brain soon hit on a new method of making his Sermon to be read, which succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes. He immediately sat down to write the Life and Opinions of himself. . . . The whole Town were taken in by this Bit of History which hung delicious on their palates as it was highly Season'd, Pepper'd, and Salted with the most poignant wit, and decorated with the most lively Imagination. They read on with the utmost rapidity. But, as they were in the midst of their career, they ran full butt against the poor Sermon, which had been so long despised by the world, and were as much frightened as a poor Pilot is, who strikes upon a hidden Rock while his Vessel is under full sail. What should they do? They tried to pass it by on every side; but pious Tristram had laid it across their way with so much art, and tacked both Ends of it so fast to the precedent and subsequent parts of the history, that a man might as easily get from one side of Bristol Quay to the other without passing the Drawbridge, as to get through the whole Art and Mystery of Dr. Slop . . . without reading the Sermon, which they all did, no question to the great refreshment of their Consciences. O Tristram, how great is thy Ingenuity! It can surely be equalled by nothing but thy burning zeal for the Propagation of Religion. How many poor souls would have gone into another world without ever having read a Sermon in this, had it not been for this thy pious Fraud! Reverends and right Reverends shall give their Testimonials of their approbation of thy Contrivance! And, lo! they have already done it. Alas! poor Yorick, thou art

dropt, and the *unstern* Face of the real Author, prefix to his Volume of Sermons, vindicates his Works, and the Universal applause they have acquired him. Two Volumes of Sermons are now published by the Revd. Mr. Sterne, Prebendary of York, Biographer of Tristram Shandy, and Successor to the revd. Mr. Yorick and his Horse. They are very pretty little quaint moral Essays, wrote with a great Spirit of Philanthropy; ushered into the world by Dukes and Duchesses, Bishops, Priests and Deacons, grave Matrons, pretty Masters, and innocent Misses, who will no doubt all read them, and recommend them to their Friends. Is not this a noble Conquest over the vicious Novellists? But perhaps you have neither seen Mr. Shandy or Mr. Yorrick, and then all the Stuff I have been prating is meer unintelligible Jargon.

The collection of letters, from which we have hitherto been making extracts, has led us far away from the quiet Cornish rectory, and what was passing there; and has left us little space to speak but in the most cursory manner of those pursuits which formed the life-work of William Borlase. His biography has indeed been so frequently sketched and his published works so often criticised, that it only remains for us to gather up from his MSS. such stray fragments as have never yet seen the light. The promise made in early life to "amend those days of carelessness" was indeed amply fulfilled. His life as a literary man may be divided into three periods. The earlier portion was occupied by the study of archæology; the time of middle age and the vigour of his mind was engrossed by that of natural history; while his later years were devoted to making collections for a parochial account of Cornwall, containing the heraldry and genealogy of the district, and which he never lived to publish.

The study of antiquities, although rapidly reviving, had, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, fallen into very indifferent hands.

I remember [says Borlase, writing to Huddesford] when the name of an antiquary was, through some particulars in the professors, at a very low ebb. The eldest, in my recollection, was Tom Hearne, at Oxford, well skilled, indeed, in History, and a laborious and exact editor, but perhaps the oddest figure of a man, and one least cut out for society, or to make any study amiable that was ever met with. He was remarkable among us boys (such fools have disgraced Oxford) for his lank hair and uncouth address. My friend, Mr. Wise, had his share of learning, but he was the joke of the wits. Dr. Brown Willis had doubtless his merit, and as a compiler has much benefited English Ecclesiastical History; but you



will allow he was not cut out to cast much lustre upon science. In his beloved forte, Antiquity, he was indefatigable, and intent upon and charmed with everything that was old. I remember he told me at Oxford how old his chariot was; I have really forgot the date, but it was an age before any post-chaise had being: his horses were a little more modern, and so was his garb, but not much. Dr. Rawlinson equalled all that went before him in oddity, as much as he fell short of them in learning. These were the antiquaries of my younger daies, all industrious, but unhappily inimical to elegance, not to say decency, and wanting that liberal turn and general knowledge of arts and mankind which this study has since experienced the benefit of.

Neither were the ideas of these old antiquaries at all in advance of their manners. Dr. Stukeley, for instance, writes to Borlase: "I am persuaded our Druids were of the patriarchal religion, and came from Abraham. I believe Abraham's grandson, Asser, helped to plant our island, and gave name to it." Such being the condition of the science, it must have required a bold man to venture on the track. In 1754 appeared the first edition of the "Antiquities of Cornwall," a work universally approved and applauded both at home and abroad. The Druids have, indeed, of late years been somewhat rudely dismissed from the shade of their accustomed oaks, and the rock-basins have been proved to be simply the result of the weathering of the granite; but, these things excepted, the work is one which still holds its own as an authority among students of archæology at the present day. The study of natural history at Ludgvan soon followed that of antiquities, almost as a natural consequence. To a mind like that of Borlase, the inquiry into the origin of the works of man soon passed, as from child's play to earnest, to the attentive consideration of those of man's Creator. Archæology to him had been but the first attempt to find a footing in the past, and, apart from the value of its own results, it gave birth to that spirit of curiosity which is the handmaid and forerunner of a more profound science. And this craving after science soon became science itself.

At the time of which we speak, the end of the first chapter in the modern history of inductive science was being worked out. But still the age was simply one of collecting, without a sufficient rudimentary knowledge in the collectors themselves to make any adequate generalization possible. It would take far more space than is at present at our disposal to give any idea of the gropings in the dark, some-

times on the right track, generally on the wrong, which this collection of letters reveals. Progress, however, was undoubtedly being made. Let one of the correspondents, Emanuel Mendez Da Costa, speak for himself: "Learning," he says (writing in 1761,) "is greatly pursued at present, and we may hope that rewards will attend the meritorious. The discoveries daily made are of the utmost importance to human kind; the variations of the magnetic needle, and the deductions which will result from the observations on the late transit of Venus . . . will be invaluable benefits to posterity; and who knows," he adds almost prophetically, "what may hereafter be discovered from Electricity? for I am convinced that extraordinary effect in nature, one time or other, will be found to be of the greatest benefit to mankind."

As to geology, that science, in the form in which we learn it now, was not in existence. Even Werner's theory of the superposition of mineral groups had not yet appeared; but still signs of a coming change in the modes of thought on that subject, too, were to be found in papers read at the Royal Society on the causes of earthquakes, tidal waves, etc. Several phenomena of this nature, noticed in Mount's Bay, and one in especial which occurred simultaneously with the earthquake at Lisbon, set Borlase thinking; and accordingly, in due time, a MS. volume was circulated amongst his friends, entitled "Private Thoughts on the Creation and the Deluge." His view on submarine upheaval is curiously allied to that which has been so generally accepted of late years on that subject, and his theory on the causes of earthquakes might sometimes be almost placed in parallel columns with that found in Sir Charles Lyell's "Principles," so strikingly similar are the two. In spite of the fact that some of his friends detected in it passages at variance with the Mosaic account, this treatise was not only prepared for the press, but two specimen pages were printed in octavo by Nichols, when the work was finally arrested by the last illness of its author. In this state it has come down to us, a volume full of interest, if not to the student, at all events to the historian of inductive science; since, while on the one hand it loyally adheres to the *historic* truth of the Mosaic account, it denies *in toto* its *scientific* pretensions. It enters at the same time a curious but forcible protest (giving a *résumé* of their theories) against the vagaries of Woodward and Burnet, Whis-



ton and Hutchinson. Altogether it is the product of a bold and thoughtful as well as of a religious mind, and, had it been published, would have marked, if we mistake not, one not unimportant step in the progress of induction as it strove to free itself from the physico-theological mizmaze which reined the intellect and clouded the perception of those who were following immediately in the wake of Newton.

The Cornish minerals, which had before been the medium of Borlase's correspondence with Pope, formed also his introduction to the world of science. The Germans were at this time the sole masters of the metallic art. They derived a much-boasted knowledge—more the result of imagination and of a survival from the alchemists, than of real induction—from the effects of fire upon the different mineral bodies. The origin of crystals was one of their chief objects of research. But Romé de Lisle had not yet written his treatise, and the Leyden professors, Boerhaave, Gronovius, and even Linnæus himself, were still but gropers in the dark. The latter (Linnæus) was, as is well known, by no means happy in the mineralogical portion of his great work, as we could abundantly prove from original extracts now before us. Indeed, he owns himself elsewhere, that "lithology is not what he plumes himself upon." These were the men with whom Borlase corresponded. Each of them enriched his collection from the mines of Cornwall, and all communicated in return the results of their experiments, to be inserted in the year 1758 into the "Natural History" of that country. On the subject of tin Linnæus remarks that it is "*nulibi præstantius quam in Cornwallia.*" Amongst the numerous visitors who at different times paid a visit to Ludgvan, we may mention Thomas Pennant, whose love for natural history, according to his own account, commenced in the study there among the strings of birds' eggs and endless curiosities which adorned the walls and shelves. Ellis, too, the author of the "Corallines," and the elaborator in England of the French theory of their animal origin, picked up some of his best specimens on the Geer rock south of Penzance in the company of his Cornish friend. The letters of these two eminent naturalists form no small portion of the later correspondence. In order to show how a love of science for its own sake was gaining ground in the middle of the last century, we may insert one extract from the pen of James Theobald, of Waltham Place, Berks: "I had the honour," he says "of

being a member of the Royal Society during the time when Sir Isaac Newton filled the president's chair; and then, if the meeting consisted of ten or a dozen, it was thought a handsome appearance, but at present it is reckoned a very thin one if there are not upwards of fifty."

Of the heraldic and parochial collections of Dr. Borlase this is not the place to speak. The third volume, in which they were to have appeared, he never lived to complete. Suffice it to say that they are teeming with matters of interest, many still unpublished, relating to all parts of the country. We hear, for example, of the ghost of Boconnock; of the oak-tree whose leaves turned white on the day when King Charles I. was murdered; of the great and noble family of Carminow, who could trace their descent direct from King Arthur himself; of one of this family in later times who, being forced by circumstances to leave his house, wrote up over the door, "Sin and iniquity have rooted out antiquity;" and of the last of the line, who was dragged over the cliff by greyhounds and dashed to pieces below. We hear, too, told in quaint language, the story of St. Agnes and the Giant Bolster; of a certain Sir Richard Vyvyan, who being master of the mint, under Charles I., carried the royal stamp to his seat at Trelowarren, and there coined money for the western Cavaliers; and (which is perhaps more interesting than all) we hear in this collection of a *Cornish Bible*, translated (as it seems from the context) into *that language* by John de Trevisa, fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, at the close of the fourteenth and commencement of the fifteenth century. Here is a subject for inquiry indeed; apart from its bibliographical value, this volume, if it exists, would restore to the philologist the entire Cornish tongue.

In 1769 Borlase lost his wife, "one," he says, "who took more than her part of domestic cares on purpose to indulge his tendency to his favourite pursuits." From this date the care of his parish occupied most of his time. He had, indeed, never permitted his literary pursuits to render him callous to the duties of his profession. In 1732 he had, in addition to Ludgvan, been presented to the living of St. Just, a bleak mining country on the moors of the Land's End district. Comparing these two places (both of which he knew well), Oliver had written to him, "Ludgvan is like a buxom girl of eighteen, always laughing and playing, and affording plentifully all the superficial pleasures of mirth



and jollity; but St. Just is an old haggard philosopher, whose ruthless appearance would deter the soft and luxurious from having anything to do with him; but he is full of riches within." His new acquisition he found in anything but a satisfactory condition. His parishioners there were "much given to drinking, especially on the sabbath day, a great part of which they spent at the alehouses of the church town." "They also," he adds, "began to absent themselves from their church on holidays;" in consequence of which, and other irregularities, he proceeded thither, and read the sentence of excommunication over a certain Mr. Pokenhorne. But, in spite of these unruly spirits, the average congregation "in the forenoon on Sundays was 1,000, and in the afternoon 500," a fact which, taken with the others, is strangely out of accordance with the generally received opinion, that the establishment in west Cornwall a century ago was at a very low ebb. Over the spiritual welfare of his own immediate flock at Ludgvan, Dr. Borlase\* kept a still more watchful eye. The belief in the power of evil spirits, working through the medium of "white witches" or wizards, was at that time as constant in the west, as it was universal among all classes. The following is a curious letter on this subject, addressed to a certain Mr. Bettesworth at St. Ives:—

Sir,—I hope the rumours of your pretending to conjuration are not true; and I have so much charity as to believe that you have not been meddling in the dangerous mysteries of a lower world; but rather, like a true Christian, defy and refuse all intercourse with the devil; but since there are such rumours, and you are said to take upon you to discover lost or stolen goods, I hope you will think that, to retrieve and vindicate your character, it will be necessary for you to use abundant caution that you give no encouragement to silly women to come to you on such foolish and wicked errands; and particularly I am obliged to desire that no such encouragement may be given to those persons who are the flock, and must be the care of your most humble servant — WILLIAM BORLASE.

It is curious to note that the affairs of the Church of England were affording her ministers at this time quite as much perplexity as they seem to do nowadays; and that the special subject of anxiety exactly one hundred years ago was precisely the same as at present. Might not the following extract from a letter dated 1772,

have appeared in a certain Church newspaper in 1872? "The rage against the Church," says Borlase, "is I fear, increasing; and I shall not wonder to see a bill next year brought in to cut off the *Athanasian Creed*; and the year after to strip the Liturgy of the Trinity; and the third to sweep away the whole service," a sentence from which it would appear that the Athanasian Creed was in those days at least considered by most moderate churchmen as the touch-stone and the key-note of the Christian faith, and that to remove it from the prayer-book would be paramount to striking a death-blow to the Church itself.

The next extract, which will be our last, relates to the extravagance of the lower classes in Cornwall in 1771. Like the last, it affords some interesting points for comparison with the present day:—

We hear [it begins] every day of murmurs of the common people; of want of employ; of short wages; of dear provisions: there may be some reason for this; our taxes are heavy upon the *necessaries* of life; but the chief cause is the extravagance of the vulgar in the *unnecessaries* of life. In one tin-work near me, where most of the tanners of my parish have been employed for years, there were lately computed to have been at one time three score *snuff-boxes* [the italics are ours]; there may be in my parish about 50 girls above 15 years old, and I dare say 49 of them have *scarlet-cloaks*; there is scarce a family in the parish, I mean of common labourers, but have *tea*, once if not twice a day, and in the parish alms-house there are several families, but not one without their *tea-kettle*, and brandy when they can purchase it. Your journey-men at London, and elsewhere, have their clubbs, and newspapers, and sometimes worse amusements, if worse can be than some of *them*: in short, all labourers live above their condition.

As old age crept on, Borlase devoted himself to painting, and to sewing together and binding those letters from which we have gathered these few extracts. His habits of industry never deserted him to the last. Every morning he rose at five, and every evening retired to rest at nine, continuing these regular healthy hours until a few days before his death, which occurred at Ludgvan on the 31st of August, 1772. The leading feature of his character was contentment, as far removed from stoic indifference on the one hand, as it was from listless indolence on the other,—a temperament, indeed, which carried him pleasurably through all the duties of life, and calmly through its cares. From an age like our own, when intellectual life has so often to

\* He had been presented with the honorary D.C.L. at Oxford in 1766.



be maintained amidst the jostling elements of progress which knows no rest, it is pleasant to look back to that quiet spot by the Cornish sea, where, far removed as he was from the busy hum of men, the subject of our memoir was still happily engaged in working out for himself, line by line and page by page, that mighty book of nature in which his philosophy taught him to recognize the First Cause, and his religion the Creator of the whole.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE GIRLS AT SCHOOL.

THE school to which Miss Maydew sent the girls was in the outskirts of a seaside town, and it was neither the best nor the worst of such establishments. There were some things which all the girls had to submit to, and some which bore especially on the Miss St. Johns, who had been received at a lower price than most of the others; but on the whole the Miss Blandys were good women, and not unkind to the pupils. Cicely and Mab, as sisters, had a room allotted to them in the upper part of the house by themselves, which was a great privilege—a bare attic room, with, on one side, a sloping roof, no carpet, except a small piece before each small bed, and the most meagre furniture possible. But what did they care for that? They had two chairs on which to sit and chatter facing each other, and a little table for their books and their work. They had a peep at the sea from their window, and they had their youth—what could any one desire more? In the winter nights when it was cold sitting up in their fireless room, they used to lie down in those two little beds side by side and talk, often in the dark, for the lights had to be extinguished at ten o'clock. They had not spoken even to each other of their father's marriage. This unexpected event had shocked and bewildered them in the fantastic delicacy of their age. They could not bear to think of their father as so far descended from his ideal elevation, and shed secret tears of rage more than of sorrow when they thought of their mother thus superseded. But the event was too terrible for words, and nothing whatever was said of it between them. When the next great occurrence, the birth of the two babies, was intimated to

them, their feelings were different. They were first indignant, almost annoyed; then amused; in which stage Mab made such a sketch of Miss Brown with a baby in each arm, and Mr. St. John pathetically looking on, that they both burst forth into laughter, and the bond of reserve on this event was broken; and then all at once an interest of which they were half ashamed arose in their minds. They fell silent both together in a wondering reverie, and then Mab said to Cicely, turning to her big eyes of surprise, —

"They belong to us too, I suppose. What are they to us?"

"Of course our half-brothers," said Cicely; and then there was another pause, partly of awe at the thought of a relationship so mysterious, and partly because it was within five minutes of ten. Then the candle was put out, and they jumped into their beds. On the whole, perhaps it was more agreeable to talk of their father's other children in the dark, when the half-shame, half-wonder of it would not appear in each face.

"Is one expected to be fond of one's half-brother?" said Mab doubtfully.

"There is one illusion gone," said Cicely, in all the seriousness of sixteen. "I have always been cherishing the idea that when we were quite grown up, instead of going out for governesses or anything of that sort, we might keep together, Mab, and take care of papa."

"But then," said Mab, "what would you have done with Mrs. St. John? I don't see that the babies make much difference. *She* is there to take care of papa."

On this Cicely gave an indignant sigh, but having no answer ready held her peace.

"For my part, I never thought of that," said Mab. "I have always thought it such a pity I am not a boy, for then I should have been the brother and you the sister, and I could have painted and you could have kept my house. I'll tell you what I should like," she continued, raising herself on her elbow with the excitement of the thought; "I should like if we two could go out into the world like Rosalind and Celia."

Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?"

"But you are not more than common tall," said Cicely, with unsympathetic laughter; "you are a little, tiny, insignificant thing."



Mab dropped upon her pillow, half crying. "You have no feeling," she said. "Aunt Jane says I shall go on growing for two years yet. Mamma did —"

"If you please," said Cicely, "you are not the one that is like mamma."

This little passage of arms stopped the chatter. Cicely, penitent, would have renewed it after an interval, but Mab was affronted. Their father's marriage, however, made a great difference to the girls, even before the appearance of the "second family;" the fact that he had now another housekeeper and companion, and was independent of them, affected the imagination of his daughters, though they were scarcely conscious of it. They no longer thought of going home, even for the longer holidays; and settling down at home after their schooling was over had become all at once impossible. Not that this change led them immediately to make new plans for themselves; for the youthful imagination seldom goes so far unguided except when character is very much developed; and the two were only unsettled, uneasy, not quite knowing what was to become of them; or rather, it was Cicely who felt the unsettledness and uneasiness as to her own future. Mab had never had any doubt about hers since she was ten years old. She had never seen any pictures to speak of, so that I cannot say she was a heaven-born painter, for she scarcely understood what that was. But she meant to draw; her pencil was to be her profession, though she scarcely knew how it was to be wielded, and thus she was delivered from all her sister's vague feelings of uncertainty. Mab's powers, however, had not been appreciated at first at school, where Miss Maydew's large assertions as to her niece's cleverness had raised corresponding expectations. But when the drawing-master came with his little stock of landscapes to be copied, Mab, quite untutored in this kind, was utterly at a loss. She neither knew how to manage her colours nor how to follow the vague lines of the "copy," and I cannot describe the humiliation of the sisters, nor the half-disappointment, half-triumph of Miss Blandy.

"My dear, you must not be discouraged; I am sure you did as well as you could; and the fact is, we have a very high standard here," the schoolmistress said.

It happened, however, after two or three of these failures that Cicely, sent by Miss Millicent Blandy on a special message into that retired and solemn chamber

where Miss Blandy the elder sister sat in the mornings supervising and correcting everything, from the exercises to the characters of her pupils, found the head of the establishment with the drawing-master looking over the productions of the week. He had Mab's drawing in his hand, and he was shaking his head over it.

"I don't know what to say about the youngest Miss St. John. This figure is well put in, but her sky and her distance are terrible," he was saying. "I don't think I shall make anything of her."

When Cicely heard this she forgot that she was a girl at school. She threw down a pile of books she was carrying, and flew out of the room without a word, making a great noise with the door. What she ought to have done was to have made a curtsy, put down the books softly by Miss Blandy's elbow, curtsied again, and left the room noiselessly, in all respects save that of walking backward as she would have done at court. Need I describe the look of dismay that came into Miss Blandy's face?

"These girls will be my death," she said. "Were there ever such colts?—worse than boys." This was the most dreadful condemnation Miss Blandy ever uttered. "If their aunt does not insist upon drawing, as she has so little real talent, she had better give it up."

At this moment Cicely burst in again breathless, her hair streaming behind her, her dress catching in the door, which she slammed after her. "Look here!" she cried; "look here, before you say Mab has no talent!" and she tossed down on the table the square blue-lined book which her sister by this time had almost filled. She stood before them glowing and defiant, with flashing eyes and flowing hair; then she recollected some guilty recent pages, and quailed, putting out her hand for the book again. "Please it is only the beginning, not the end, you are to look at," she said, peremptory yet appealing. Had Miss Blandy alone been in the seat of judgment, she would, I fear, have paid but little attention to this appeal; but the old drawing-master was gentle and kind, as old professors of the art so often are (for art is humanity, I think, almost oftener than letters), and, besides, the young petitioner was very pretty in her generous enthusiasm, which affected him both as a man and an artist. The first page at once gave him a guess as to the inexpediency of examining the last; and the old man perceived in a moment at



once the mistake he had made, and the cause of it. He turned over the first few pages, chuckling amused approbation. "So these are your sister's," he said, and laughed and nodded his kind old head. When he came to a sketch of Hannah, the maid-of-all-work at the rectory, the humour of which might seem more permissible in Miss Blandy's eyes than the caricatures of ladies and gentlemen, he showed it to her; and even Miss Blandy, though meditating downright slaughter upon Cicely, could not restrain a smile. "Is this really Mabel's?" she condescended to ask. "As you say, Mr. Lake, not at all bad; much better than I could have thought."

"Better? it is capital!" said the drawing-master; and then he shut up the book close, and put it back in Cicely's hands. "I see there are private scribbings in it," he said, with a significant look; "take it back, my dear, I will speak to Miss Mabel to-morrow. And now, Miss Blandy, we will finish our business, if you please," he said benevolently, to leave time for Cicely and her dangerous volume to escape. Miss Blandy was vanquished by this stratagem, and Cicely, beginning to tremble at the thought of the danger she had escaped, withdrew very demurely, having first piled up on the table the books she had thrown down in her impetuosity. I may add at once that she did not escape without an address, in which withering irony alternated with solemn appeal to her best feelings, and which drew many hot tears from poor Cicely's eyes, but otherwise, so far as I am aware, did her no harm.

Thus Mab's gifts found acknowledgment at Miss Blandy's. The old drawing-master shook his fine flexible old artist-hand at her. "You take us all off, young lady," he said; "you spare no one; but it is so clever that I forgive you; and by way of punishment you must work hard, now I know what you can do. And don't show that book of yours to anybody but me. Miss Blandy would not take it so well as I do."

"Oh, dear Mr. Lake, forgive me," said Mab, smitten with compunction; "I will never do it again!"

"Never till the next time," he said, shaking his head; "but, anyhow, keep it to yourself, for it is a dangerous gift."

And from that day he put her on "the figure" and "the round"—studies in which Mab at first showed little more proficiency than she had done in the humbler sphere of landscape; for having leapt all

at once into the exercise of something that felt like original art, this young lady did not care to go back to the elements. However, what with the force of school-discipline, and some glimmerings of good sense in her own juvenile bosom, she was kept to it, and soon found the ground steady under her feet once more and made rapid progress. By the time they had been three years at school, she was so proficient, that Mr. Lake, on retiring, after a hard-worked life, to well-earned leisure, recommended her as his successor. So that by seventeen, a year before Mrs. St. John's death, Mab had released Miss Maydew and her father from all responsibility on her account. Cicely was not so clever; but she, too, had begun to help Miss Blandy in preference to returning to the rectory and being separated from her sister. Vague teaching of "English" and music is not so profitable as an unmistakable and distinct art like drawing; but it was better than setting out upon a strange world alone, or going back to be a useless inmate of the rectory. As teachers the girls were both worse off and better off than as pupils. They were worse off because it is a descent in the social scale to come down from the level of those who pay to be taught, to the level of those who are paid for teaching—curious though the paradox seems to be; and they were better off, in so far as they were free from some of the restrictions of school, and had a kind of independent standing. They were allowed to keep their large attic, the bare walls of which were now half covered by Mab's drawings, and which Cicely's instinctive art of household management made to look more cheery and homelike than any other room in the house. They were snubbed sometimes by "parents," who thought the manners of these Miss St. Johns too easy and familiar, as if they were on an equality with their pupils; and by Miss Blandy, who considered them much too independent in their ways; and now and then had mortifications to bear which are not pleasant to girls. But there were two of them, which was a great matter; and in the continual conversation which they carried on about everything, they consoled each other. No doubt it was hard sometimes to hear music sounding from the open windows of the great house in the square, where their old schoolfellow, Miss Robinson, had come to live, and to see the carriages arriving, and all the glory of the ball-dresses, of which the two young governesses got a glimpse as they went out for a stroll on the beach in



the summer twilight, an indulgence which Miss Blandy disapproved of.

"Now why should people be so different?" Cicely said, moralizing; "why should we have so little, and Alice Robinson so much? It don't seem fair."

"And we are not even prettier than she is, or gooder—which we ought to be, if there is any truth in compensation," said Mab, with a laugh.

"Or happier," said Cicely, with a sigh. "She has the upper hand of us in everything, and no balance on the other side to make up for it. Stay, though, she has very droll people for father and mother, and we have a very fine gentleman for our papa."

"Poor papa!" said Mab. They interchanged moods with each other every ten minutes, and were never monotonous, or for a long time the same.

"You may say why should people be so different," said Cicely, forgetting that it was herself who said it. "There is papa, now; he is delightful, but he is trying. When one thinks how altered everything is—and those two little babies. But yet, you know, we ought to ask ourselves, 'Were we happier at home, or are we happier here?'"

"We have more variety here," said Mab decisively; "there is the sea, for one thing; there we had only the garden."

"You forget the common; it was as nice as any sea, and never drowned people, or did anything dangerous; and the forest, and the sunset."

"There are sunsets here," said Mab,—"very fine ones. We are not forgotten by the people who manage these things up above. And there is plenty of work; and the girls are amusing, and so are the parents."

"We should have had plenty of work at home," said Cicely; and then the point being carried as far as was necessary the discussion suddenly stopped. They were walking along the sands, almost entirely alone. Only here and there another group would pass them, or a solitary figure, chiefly tradespeople, taking their evening stroll. The fresh sea-breeze blew in their young faces, the soft dusk closed down over the blue water, which beat upon the shore at their feet in the softest whispering cadence. The air was all musical, thrilled softly by this hush of subdued sound. It put away the sound of the band at Miss Robinson's ball out of the girls' hearts. And yet balls are pleasant things at eighteen, and when two young creatures, quite deprived of such pleasures, turn their backs thus upon the en-

chanted place where the others are dancing, it would be strange if a touch of forlorn sentiment did not make itself felt in their hearts, though the soft falling of the dusk, and the hush of the great sea, and the salt air in their faces, gave them a pleasure, had they but known it, more exquisite than any mere ball, as a ball, ever confers. One only knows this, however, by reflection, never by immediate sensation; and so there was, as I have said, just a touch of pathos in their voices, and a sense of superiority, comfortable only in that it was superior, but slightly sad otherwise, in their hearts.

"I don't know what makes me go on thinking of home," said Cicely, after a pause. "If we had been at home we should have had more pleasure, Mab. The people about would have asked us—a clergyman's daughters always get asked; and there are very nice people about Brentburn, very different from the Robinsons and their class."

"We should have had no dresses to go in," said Mab. "How could we ever have had ball-dresses off papa's two hundred a year?"

"Ball-dresses sound something very grand, but a plain white tarlatan is not dear when one can make it up one's self. However, that is a poor way of looking at it," said Cicely, giving a little toss to her head, as if to throw off such unelevated thoughts. "There are a great many more important things to think of. How will he ever manage to bring up the two boys?"

Mab made a pause of reflection. "To be sure Aunt Jane is not their relation," she said, "and boys are more troublesome than girls. They want to have tutors and things, and to go to the university; and then what is the good of it all if they are not clever? Certainly boys are far more troublesome than girls."

"And then, if you consider papa," said Cicely, "that he is not very strong, and that he is old. One does not like to say anything disagreeable about one's papa, but what *did* he want with those children? Surely we were quite enough when he is so poor."

"There is always one thing he can do," said Mab. "Everybody says he is a very good scholar. He will have to teach them himself."

"We shall have to teach them," said Cicely with energy; "I know so well that this is what it will come to. I don't mean to teach them ourselves, for it is not much Latin I know, and you none, and I



have not a word of Greek—but they will come upon us, I am quite sure.”

“You forget Mrs. St. John,” said Mab.

Cicely gave a slight shrug of her shoulders, but beyond that she did not pursue the subject. Mrs. St. John’s name stopped everything; they could not discuss her, nor express their disapprobation, and therefore they forbore religiously, though it was sometimes hard work.

“Blandina will think we are late,” at last she said, turning round. This was their name for their former instructress, their present employer. Mab turned dutifully, obeying her sister’s touch, but with a faint sigh.

“I hope they will be quiet at the Robinsons’ as we are passing,” the girl said. “What if they are in full swing, with the ‘Blue Danube’ perhaps! I hate to go in from a sweet night like this with noisy fiddles echoing through my head.”

Cicely gave a slight squeeze of sympathy to her sister’s arm. Do not you understand the girls, young readers? It was not the “Blue Danube” that was being played, but the old Lancers, the which to hear is enough to make wooden legs dance. Cicely and Mab pressed each other’s arms, and glanced up at the window, where dancing shadows and figures were visible. They sighed and they went into their garret, avoiding the tacit disapproval of Miss Blandy’s good-night. She did not approve of twilight walks. Why should they want to go out just then like the tradespeople, a thing which ladies never did? But if Miss Blandy had known that the girls were quite saddened by the sound of the music from the Robinsons’, and yet could not sleep for listening to it, I fear she would have thought them very improper young persons indeed. She had forgotten how it felt to be eighteen—it was so long ago.

On the very next morning the news came of their stepmother’s death. It was entirely unexpected by them, for they had no idea of the gradual weakness which had been stealing over that poor little woman, and they were moved by deep compunction as well as natural regret. It is impossible not to feel that we might have been kinder, might have made life happier to those that are gone—a feeling experienced the moment that we know them to be certainly gone, and inaccessible to all kindness. “Oh, poor Mrs. St. John!” said Mab, dropping a few natural tears. Cicely was more deeply

affected. She was the eldest and had thought the most; as for the young artist, her feeling ran into the tips of her fingers, and got expansion there; but Cicely had no such medium. She went about mournfully all day long, and in the evening Mab found her seated at the window of their attic, looking out with her eyes big with tears upon the darkening sea. When her sister touched her on the shoulder Cicely’s tears fell. “Oh, poor Miss Brown!” she said, her heart having gone back to the time when they had no grievance against their kind little governess. “Oh, Mab, if one could only tell her how one was sorry! if she could only see into my heart now!”

“Perhaps she can,” said Mab, awestricken and almost under her breath, lifting her eyes to the clear wistful horizon in which the evening star had just risen.

“And one could have said it only yesterday!” said Cicely, realizing for the first time that mystery of absolute severance; and what light thoughts had been in their minds yesterday! Sighs for Alice Robinson’s ball, depression of soul and spirit caused by the distant strains of the Lancers, and the “Blue Danube”—while this tragedy was going on, and the poor soul who had been good to them, but to whom they had not been good, was departing, altogether and forever out of reach. Cicely in her sorrow blamed herself unjustly, as was natural, and mourned for the mystery of human shortsightedness as well as for Mrs. St. John. But I do not mean to say that this grief was very profound after the first sting, and after that startling impression of the impossibility of further intercourse was over. The girls went out quietly in the afternoon, and bought black stuff to make themselves mourning, and spoke to each other in low voices and grave tones. Their youthful vigour was subdued—they were overawed to feel as it were the wings of the great death-angel overshadowing them. The very sunshine looked dim, and the world enveloped in a cloud. But it was within a week or two of Miss Blandy’s “breaking up,” and they could not go away immediately. Miss Blandy half audibly expressed her satisfaction that Mrs. St. John was only their stepmother. “Had she been their own mother, what should we have done?” she said. So that it was not till the end of July, when the establishment broke up, that the girls were at last able to get home.



## CHAPTER VI.

## THE GIRLS AT HOME.

WE are so proud in England of having a word which means home, which some of our neighbours we are pleased to think have not, that, perhaps, it is a temptation to us to indulge in a general rapture over the word which has sometimes little foundation in reality. When Cicely and Mab walked to the rectory together from the station a suppressed excitement was in their minds. Since they first left for school, they had only come back for a few days each year, and they had not liked it. Their stepmother had been very kind, painfully kind; and anxious above measure that they should find everything as they had left it, and should not be disappointed or dull; but this very anxiety had made an end of all natural ease, and they had been glad when the moment came that released them. Now, poor woman, she had been removed out of their way; they were going back to take care of their father as they might have done had there been no second Mrs. St. John; and everything was as it had been, with the addition of the two babies, innocent little intruders whom the girls you may be sure could never find it in their hearts to be hard upon. Cicely and Mab took each others' hands instinctively as they left the station. It was the first of August, the very prime and glory of summer; the woods were at their fullest, untouched by any symptom of decay. The moorland side of the landscape was more wealthy and glorious still in its flush of heather. The common was not indeed one sheet of purple like a Scotch moor; but it was all lighted up between the gorse bushes with fantastic streaks and bands of colour blazing in the broad sunshine, and haunted by swarms of bees which made a hum in the air almost as sweet and all-pervading as the murmur of the sea. As they drew near the house their hearts began to beat louder. Would there be any visible change upon it? Would it look as it did when they were children, or with that indefinable difference which showed in *her* time? They did not venture to go the familiar way by the garden, but walked up solemnly like visitors to the front door. It was opened to them by a new maid whom they had never seen before, and who demurred slightly to giving them admittance. "Master ain't in," said the girl; "yes, miss, I know as you're expected," but still she hesitated. This was not the kind of welcome which the daughters of a house generally

receive. They went into the house nevertheless, Betsy following them. The blinds were drawn low over the windows, which were all shut; and though the atmosphere was stifling with heat, yet it was cold, miserably cold to Cicely and Mab. Their father's study was the only place that had any life in it. The rectory seemed full of nothing but old black heavy furniture, and heavier memories of some chilled and faded past.

"What a dreadful old place it is," said Mab; "it is like coming home to one's grave," and she sat down on the black haircloth easy-chair and shivered and cried; though this was coming home to the house in which she had been born.

"Now it will be better," said Cicely pulling up the blinds and opening the window. She had more command of herself than her sister. She let the sunshine come down in a flood across the dingy carpet, worn with the use of twenty years.

"Please, miss," said Betsy interposing, "missis would never have the blinds up in this room 'cause of spoiling the carpet. If master says so, I don't mind; but till he do"—and here Betsy put up her hand to the blind.

"Do you venture to meddle with what my sister does?" cried Mab, furious, springing from her chair.

Cicely only laughed. "You are a good girl to mind what your mistress said, but we are your mistresses now; you must let the window alone, for don't you see the carpet is spoiled already? I will answer to papa. What is it? Do you want anything more?"

"Only this, miss," said Betsy, "as it's the first laugh as has been heard here for weeks and weeks, and I don't like it neither, seeing as missis is in her grave only a fortnight to-day."

"I think you are a very good girl," said Cicely; and with that the tears stood in that changeable young woman's eyes.

No Betsy that ever was heard of could long resist this sort of treatment. "I tries to be, miss," she said with a curtsy and a whimper. "Maybe you'd like a cup of tea?" and after following them suspiciously all over the house she left them at last on this hospitable intent in the fading drawing-room, where they had both enshrined the memory of their mother. Another memory was there now, a memory as faded as the room, which showed in all kinds of feeble feminine decorations, bits of modern lace, and worked cushions and foolish footstools. The room was all pin-afores and transmogrified, the old dark



picture-frames covered with yellow gauze, and the needlework in crackling semi-transparent covers.

"This was how she liked things, poor soul! Oh, Mab," cried Cicely, "how strange that she should die!"

"No stranger than that any one else should die," said Mab, who was more matter-of-fact.

"A great deal stranger! It was not strange at all that little Mary Seymour should die. One saw it in her eyes; she was like an angel; it was natural; but poor Miss Brown, who was quite happy working cushions and covering them up, and keeping the sun off the carpets, and making lace for the brackets! It looks as if there was so little sense or method in it," said Cicely. "She won't have any cushions to work up there."

"I dare say there won't be anything to draw up there," said Mab; "and yet I suppose I shall die too in time."

"When there are the four walls for Leonardo, and Michel Angelo, and Raphael, and poor Andrea," said the other. "How you forget! Besides, it is quite different. Hark! what was that?" she cried, putting up her hand.

What it was soon became very distinctly evident—a feeble little cry, speedily joined by another, and then a small weak chorus, two voices entangled together. "No, no; no ladies. Harry no like ladies," mixed with a whimpering appeal to "papa, papa."

"Come and see the pretty ladies. Harry never saw such pretty ladies," said the encouraging voice of Betsy in the passage.

The girls looked at each other, and grew red. They had made up their minds about a great many things, but never how they were to deal with the two children. Then Betsy appeared at the door, pushing it open before her with the tea-tray she carried. To her skirts were hanging two little boys, clinging to her, yet resisting her onward motion, and carried on by it in spite of themselves. They stared at the new-comers with big blue eyes wide open, awed into silence. They were very small and very pale, with light colourless limp locks falling over their little black dresses. The girls on their side stared silently too. There was not a feature in the children's faces which resembled their elder sisters. They were both little miniatures of Miss Brown.

"So these are the children," said Cicely, making a reluctant step forward; to which

Harry and Charley responded by a renewed clutch at Betsy's dress.

"Yes, miss; them's the children! and darlings they be," said Betsy, looking fondly at them as she set down the tea. Cicely made another step forward slowly and held out her hands to them; when the little boys set up a scream which rang through the house, and hiding their faces simultaneously in Betsy's gown howled to be taken away. Mab put up her hands to her ears, but Cicely, more anxious to do her duty, made another attempt. She stooped down and kissed or tried to kiss the little tear-stained faces, to which caress each small brother replied by pushing her away with a repeated roar.

"Don't you take no notice, miss. Let 'em alone, and they'll get used to you in time," said Betsy.

"Go away, go away! Harry no like 'oo," screamed the spokesman brother. No one likes to be repulsed even by a child. Cicely stumbled to her feet very red and uncomfortable. She stood ruefully looking after them as they were carried off after a good preliminary "shake," one in each of Betsy's red hands.

"There is our business in life," she said in a solemn tone. "Oh, Mab, Mab, what did papa want with these children? All the trouble of them will come on you and me."

Mab looked at her sister with a look of alarm, which changed, however, into laughter at sight of Cicely's solemn looks and the dreary presentiment in her face.

"You are excellent like that," she said; "and if you had only seen how funny you all looked when the little demons began to cry. They will do for models at all events, and I'll take to painting children. They say it's very good practice, and nursery pictures always sell."

These lighter suggestions did not, however, console Cicely. She walked about the room with clasped hands and a very serious face, neglecting her tea.

"Papa will never trouble himself about them," she said half to herself; "it will all fall on Mab and me. And boys! that they should be boys! We shall never be rich enough to send them to the university. Girls we might have taught ourselves; but when you think of Oxford and Cambridge——"

"We can't tell," said Mab; "how do you know I sha'n't turn out a great painter, and be able to send them wherever you like? for I am the brother and you are the sister, Ciss. You are to keep my



house, and have the spending of all the money. So don't be gloomy please, but pour out some tea. I wish though they were not quite so plain."

"So like their mother," said Cicely with a sigh.

"And so disagreeable; but it is funny to hear one speak for both as if the two were Harry. I am glad they are not girls. To give them a share of all we have I don't mind; but to teach them! with those white little pasty faces ——"

"One can do anything when one makes up one's mind to it," said Cicely with a sigh.

At this moment the hall-door opened, and after an interval Mr. St. John came in with soft steps. He had grown old in these last years; bowed down with age and troubles. He came up to his daughters and kissed them, laying his hands upon their heads.

"I am very glad you have come home," he said, in a voice which was pathetic in its feebleness. "You are all I have now."

"Not all you have, papa," said Mab; "we have just seen the little boys."

A momentary colour flushed over his pale face. "Ah, the babies," he said, "I am afraid they will be a great deal of trouble to you, my dears."

Cicely and Mab looked at each other, but they did not say anything—they were afraid to say something which they ought not to say. And what could he add after that? He took the cup of tea they offered him, and drank it standing, his tall frame with a stoop in it, which was partly age and partly weakness, coming against one tall window and shutting out the light. "But that you are older-looking," he said at last, "all this time might seem like a dream."

"A sad dream, papa," said Cicely, not knowing what to say.

"I cannot say that, my dear. I thank God I have had a great deal of happiness in my life; because we are sad for the moment we must not forget to thank Him for all His mercies," said Mr. St. John; and then with a change in his voice, he added, "Your aunt sends me word that she is coming soon to see you. She is a very strong woman for her years; I look older than she does; and it is a trouble to me now to go to town and back in one day."

"You have not been ill, papa?"

"No, Cicely, not ill; a little out of my usual," he said, "that is all. Now you are here, we shall fall into our quiet way again. The changes God sends we must

accept; but the little worries are trying, my dear. I am getting old, and am not so able to brave them; but all will be well now you are here."

"We shall do all we can," said Cicely; "but you must remember, papa, we are not used to housekeeping, and if we make mistakes at first ——"

"I am not afraid of your mistakes," said Mr. St. John, looking at her with a faint smile. He had scarcely looked full at her before, and his eyes dwelt upon her face with a subdued pleasure. "You are your mother over again," he said. "You will be a blessing to me, Cicely, as she was."

The two girls looked at him strangely, with a flood of conflicting thoughts. How dared he speak of their mother? Was he relieved to be able to think of their mother without Miss Brown coming in to disturb his thoughts? If natural reverence had not restrained them, what a cross-examination they would have put him to! but as it was, their eager thoughts remained unsaid. "I will do all I can, papa, and so will Mab," said Cicely, faltering. And he put down his cup, and said, "God bless you, my dears," and went to his study as if they had never been absent at all, only out perhaps, as Mab said, for a rather long walk.

"I don't think he can have cared for her," said Cicely; "he is glad to get back to the idea of mamma; I am sure that is what he means. He is always kind, and of course he was kind to her; but there is a sort of relief in his tone—a sort of ease."

"That is all very well for us," said Mab; "but if you will think of it, it seems a little hard on poor Miss Brown."

This staggered Cicely, who loved justice. "But I think she should not have married him," she said. "It was easy to see that anybody could have married him who wished. I can see that now, though I never thought of it then. And, kind as it was of Aunt Jane, perhaps we should not have left him unprotected. You ought to have gone to school, Mab, because of your talent, and I should have stayed at home."

They decided, however, after a few minutes, that it was needless to discuss this possibility now, so long after it had become an impossibility. And then they went up-stairs to take off their travelling-dresses and make themselves feel at home. When they came down again, with their hair smooth, Cicely carrying her work-basket and Mab her sketch-book, and



seated themselves in the old faded room, from which the sunshine had now slid away, as the sun got westward, a bewildered feeling took possession of them. Had they ever been absent? had anything happened since that day when Aunt Jane surprised them in their pinafores? The still house, so still in the deep tranquillity of the country, after the hum of their schoolroom life and the noises of a town, seemed to turn round with them, as they looked out upon the garden, upon which no change seemed to have passed. "I declare," cried Mab, "there is exactly the same number of apples—and the same branch of that old plum-tree hanging loose from the wall!"

Thus the first evening passed like a dream. Mr. St. John came from his study to supper, and he talked a little, just as he had been in the habit of talking long ago, without any allusion to the past. He told them a few pieces of news about the parish, and that he would like them to visit the school. "It has been very well looked after lately," he said. Perhaps this meant by his wife—perhaps it did not; the girls could not tell. Then Betsy came in for prayers, along with a still younger sister of hers who had charge of the little boys; and by ten o'clock, as at Miss Blandy's, the door was locked, and the peaceful house wrapped in quiet. The girls looked out of their window upon the soft stillness with the strangest feelings. The garden paths were clearly indicated by a feeble veiled moon, and the trees which thickened in clouds upon the horizon. There was not a sound anywhere in the tranquil place except the occasional bark of that dog, who somewhere, far or near, always indicates existence in a still night in the country. The stillness fell upon their souls. "He never asked what we were going to do," said Mab, for they were silenced too, and spoke to each other only now and then, chilled out of the superabundance of their own vitality. "But he thinks with me that the children are to be our business in life," said Cicely, and then they went to bed, taking refuge in the darkness. For two girls so full of conscious life, tingling to the finger-points with active faculties and power, it was a chilly home-coming, yet not so unusual either. When the young creatures come home, with their new lives in their hands to make something of for good or evil, do not we often expect them to settle down to the level of the calm old lives which are nearly worn out, and find fault with them if it is a struggle? Mr. St. John

felt that it was quite natural his girls should come home and keep his house for him, and take the trouble of the little boys, and visit the schools—so natural that when he had said, "Now you are here, we shall fall into our quiet way again," it seemed to him that everything was said that needed to be said.

In the morning the children were found less inaccessible, and made friends with by dint of lumps of sugar and bits of toast, of which Mab was prodigal. They were very tiny, delicate, and colourless, with pale hair, and pale eyes; but they were not wanting in some of the natural attractions of children. Charley was the backward one, and had little command of language. Harry spoke for both; and I will not say it was easy for these girls, unaccustomed to small children, to understand even him. Mr. St. John patted their heads and gave them a smile each by way of blessing; but he took little further notice of the children. "I believe Annie, the little maid, is very kind to them," he said. "I cannot bear to hear them crying, my dears; but now you are here all will go well."

"But, papa," said Cicely, "will it be right for us to stay at home, when you have them to provide for, and there is so little money?"

"Right for you to stay? Where could you be so well as at home?" said the curate, perturbed. The girls looked at each other, and this time it was Mab who was bold, and ventured to speak.

"Papa, it is not that. Supposing that we are best at home" (Mab said this with the corners of her mouth going down, for it was not her own opinion), "yet there are other things to consider. We should be earning something——"

Mr. St. John got up almost impatiently for him. "I have never been left to want," he said. "I have been young, and now I am old, but I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging their bread. Providence will raise up friends for the children; and we have always had plenty. If there is enough for me, there is enough for you."

And he went out of the room as nearly angry as it was possible for his mild nature to be. Cicely and Mab once more looked at each other wondering. "Papa is crazy, I think," said Mab, who was the most self-assertive; but Cicely only heaved a sigh, and went out to the hall to brush his hat for him, as she remembered her mother used to do. Mr. St. John liked this kind of tendance. "You are a



good girl, Cicely; you are just such another as your mother," he said, as he took the hat from her; and Cicely divined that the late Mrs. St. John had not shown him this attention, which I think pleased her on the whole.

"But, papa, I am afraid Mab was right," she said. "You must think it over, and think what is best for Mab."

"Why should she be different from you?" said Mr. St. John, feeling in his breast-pocket for the familiar prayer-book which lay there. It was more important to him to make sure it was safe, than to decide what to do with his child.

"I don't know why, but we *are* different. Dear papa, you must think, if you please, what is best."

"It is nonsense, Cicely; she must stay where she is, and make herself happy. A good girl is always happy at home," said Mr. St. John; "and, of course, there is plenty—plenty for all of us. You must not detain me, my dear, nor talk about business this first morning. Depend upon it," said Mr. St. John, raising his soft, feeble hand to give emphasis to his words, "it is always best for you to be at home."

What a pity that children and women are not always convinced when the head of the house thus lays down the law! Cicely went back into the dining-room where they had breakfasted, shaking her head, without being aware of the gesture. "Why should I depend upon it?" she said. "Depend upon it! I may be quite willing to do it, for it is my duty; but why should I depend upon it as being the best?"

"What are you saying, Cicely?"

"Nothing, dear; only papa is rather odd. Does he think that two hundred a year is a great fortune? or that two of us, and two of them, and two maids (though they are little ones), and himself, can get on upon two hundred a year?"

"I must paint," said Mab; "I must paint! I'll tell you what I shall do. You are a great deal more like a Madonna than most of the women who have sat for her. I will paint a Holy Family from you and *them*. They are funny little pale things, but we could light them up with a little colour; and they are *real* babies, you know," Mab said, looking at them seriously, with her head on one side, as becomes a painter. She had posed the two children on the floor: the one seated firmly with his little legs stretched out, the other leaning against him; while she

walked up and down, with a pencil in her hand, studying them. "Stay still a moment longer, and I will give you a lump of sugar," she said.

"Harry like sugar," said the small spokesman, looking up at her. Charley said nothing. He had his thumb, and half the little hand belonging to it, in his mouth, and sucked it with much philosophy. "Or perhaps I might make you a peasant woman," said Mab, "with one of them on your back. They are nature, Ciss. You know how Mr. Lake used to go on, saying nature was what I wanted. Well, here it is."

"I think you are as mad as papa," said Cicely, impatient; "but I must order the dinner, and look after the things. That's nature for me. Oh, dear—oh, dear! we shall not long be able to have any dinner, if we go on with such a lot of servants. Two girls, two boys, two maids, and two hundred a year! You might as well try to fly," said Cicely, shaking her pretty head.

## CHAPTER VII.

### NEWS.

PERHAPS it had been premature of the girls to speak to their father of their future, and what they were to do, on the very first morning after their return; but youth is naturally impatient, and the excitement of one crisis seems to stimulate the activity of all kinds of plans and speculations in the youthful brain; and then perhaps the chill of the house, the rural calm of the place, had frightened them. Cicely, indeed, knew it was her duty and her business to stay here, whatever happened; but how could Mab bear it, she said to herself—Mab, who required change and novelty, whose mind was full of such hopes of seeing and of doing? When their father had gone out, however, they threw aside their grave thoughts for the moment, and dawdled the morning away, roaming about the garden, out and in a hundred times, as it is so pleasant to do on a summer day in the country, especially to those who find in the country the charm of novelty. They got the children's hats, and took them out to play on the sunny grass, and run small races along the paths.

"Please, miss, not to let them run too much," said little Annie, Betsy's sister, who was the nurse, though she was but fifteen. "Please, miss, not to let 'em roll on the grass."



"Why, the grass is as dry as the carpet; and what are their little legs good for but to run with?" said Cicely.

Whereupon little Annie made up a solemn countenance, and said, "Please, miss, I promised missis ——"

Mab rushed off with the children before the sentence was completed. "That's why they are so pale," cried the impetuous girl; "poor little white-faced things! But we never promised missis. Let us take them into our own hands."

"You are a good girl to remember what your mistress said," said Cicely, with dignity, walking out after her sister in very stately fashion. And she reproved Mab for her rashness, and led the little boys about, promenading the walks. "We must get rid of these two maids," she said, "or we shall never be allowed to have anything our own way."

"But you said they were good girls for remembering," said Mab, surprised.

"So they were; but that is not to say I am going to put up with it," said Cicely, drawing herself to her full height, and looking Miss St. John, as Mab asserted she was very capable of doing when she pleased.

"You are very funny, Cicely," said the younger sister; "you praise the maids, and yet you want to get rid of them; and you think what 'missis' made them promise is nonsense, yet there you go walking about with these two mites as if you had promised missis yourself."

"Hush!" said Cicely, and then the tears came into her eyes. "She is dead!" said this inconsistent young woman, with a low voice full of remorse. "It would be hard if one did not give into her at first about her own little boys."

After this dawdling in the morning, they made up their minds to work in the afternoon. Much as they loved the sunshine, they were obliged to draw down the blinds with their own hands, to the delight of Betty, to whom Cicely was obliged to explain that this was not to save the carpet. It is difficult to know what to do in such circumstances, especially when there is nothing particular to be done. It was too hot to go out; and as for beginning needle-work in cold blood the first day you are in a new place, or have come back to an old one, few girls of eighteen and nineteen are so virtuous as that. One thing afforded them a little amusement, and that was to pull things about and alter their arrangement, and shape the room to their own mind. Cicely took down

a worked banner-screen which hung from the mantelpiece, and which offended her fastidious taste; or rather, she began to unscrew it, removing first the crackling semi-transparent veil that covered it. "Why did she cover them up so?" cried Cicely, impatiently.

"To keep them clean, of course," said Mab.

"But why should they be kept clean? We are obliged to fade and lose our beauty. It is unnatural to be spick and span, always clean and young, and new. Come down, you gaudy thing!" she cried. Then with her hand still grasping it, a compunction seized her. "After all, why shouldn't she leave something behind her — something to remember her by. She had as much right here as we have, after all. She ought to leave some trace of her existence here."

"She has left her children — trace enough of her existence!" cried Mab.

Cicely was struck by this argument. She hesitated a minute, with her hand on the screen, then hastily detached it, and threw it down. Then two offensive cushions met her eye, which she put in the same heap. "The little boys might like to have them when they grow up," she added, half apologetically, to herself.

And with these changes something of the old familiar look began to come into the faded room. Mab had brought out her drawing-things, but the blinds were fluttering over the open windows, shutting out even the garden; and there was nothing to draw. And it was afternoon, which is not a time to begin work. She fixed her eyes upon a large chiffonier, with glass doors, which held the place of honour in the room. It was mahogany, like everything else in the house.

"I wonder what sort of a man Mr. Chester is," she said; "or what he meant by buying all that hideous furniture — a man who lives in Italy, and is an antiquary, and knows about pictures. If it was not for the glass doors, how like a hearse that chiffonier would be. I mean a catafalque. What is a catafalque, Cicely? A thing that is put up in churches when people are dead? I hope Mr. Chester when he dies will have just such a tomb."

"It is not so bad as the big bookcase in the study," said Cicely; "certainly things are better nowadays. If I had plenty of money, how I should like to furnish this room all over again, with bright young things, not too huge; little



sofas that would move anywhere when you touched them, and soft chairs. They should be covered in amber——”

“No—blue!” cried Mab.

“Soft amber—amber with a bloom of white in it——”

“In this sunny room!” cried Mab. “What are you thinking of? No; it must be a cool colour—a sort of moon-lighty blue—pale, pale; or tender fairy green.”

“What is fairy green? Amber is my colour—it would be lovely; of course I don’t mean to say it wouldn’t fade. But then if one were rich the pleasure would be to let it fade, and then have all the fun over again, and choose another,” said Cicely, with a sigh over this impossible delight.

“Things sometimes improve by fading,” said the artist. “I like the faded tints—they harmonize. Hush, Cicely!—oh, stop your tidying—there is some one at the door.”

“It cannot be any one coming to call so soon?” said Cicely, startled.

“But it is—listen! I can hear Betsy saying, ‘This way, ma’am; this way.’” And Mab closed her sketch-book, and sat very upright and expectant on her chair; while Cicely, throwing (I am ashamed to say) her spoils under a sofa, took up her needlework by the wrong end, and, putting on a portentous face of gravity and absorbed occupation, waited for the expected visitor.

A moment after the door was flung open, but not by Betsy; and Miss Maydew, flushed with her walk from the station, as when they had first seen her, with the same shawl on, and I almost think the same bonnet (but that was impossible), stood before them, her large white handkerchief in her hand. She was too hot to say anything, but dropped down on the first chair she came to, leaving the door open, which made a draught, and blew about her ribbons violently. “I know it is as much as my life is worth,” said Miss Maydew; “but, oh, how delicious it is to be in a draught!”

“Aunt Jane!” the girls cried, and rushed at her with unfeigned relief. They were more familiar with her now than they had been four years ago. They took off her great shawl for her, and loosed her bonnet-strings. “Papa told us you were coming,” they cried; “but we did not hope for you so soon. How kind of you to come to-day!”

“Oh, my dears,” said Aunt Jane, “I did not mean to come to-day; I came to

see how you were taking it; and what your papa means to do. As soon as I saw it in the paper I thought, oh, my poor, poor children, and that helpless old man! What are they to do?”

“Do you mean about Mrs. St. John?” said Cicely, growing grave. “Papa is very composed and kind, and indeed I can do all he wants. Aunt Jane——”

“About Mrs. St. John? Poor woman, I have nothing to say against her—but she is taken away from the evil to come,” said Miss Maydew. “No, no, it was not about Mrs. St. John I was thinking, it was about something much more serious. Not that anything could be more serious than a death; but in a worldly point of view!”

“What is it?” they both said in a breath. The idea of news was exciting to them, even though, as was evident from their visitor’s agitation, it was disagreeable news they were about to hear. Miss Maydew drew with much excitement from her pocket a copy of the *Times*, very tightly folded together to enable it to enter there, and opened it with trembling hands.

“There it is! Oh, my poor, poor children!—imagine my feelings—it was the very first thing I saw when I took up my paper this morning,” she said.

The girls did not immediately take in the full meaning of the intimation which they read with two startled faces close together over the old lady’s shoulder. “At Castellamare, on the 15th July, the Rev. Edward Chester, Rector of Brentburn, Berks.”

“But we don’t know him,” said Mab, bewildered.

Cicely, I think, had a remark of the same kind on her lips; but she stopped suddenly and clasped her hands together and gave a low cry.

“Ah, *you* understand, Cicely!” said Miss Maydew, wiping her forehead with her handkerchief; “now let us consult what is to be done. What is the date? I was so agitated I never thought of the date! The 15th. Oh, my dear, here is a fortnight lost!”

“But what can be done?” said Cicely, turning a pathetic glance upon the old room which had seemed so melancholy to her yesterday, and the tons of mahogany which she had just been criticising. How kind, and friendly, and familiar they had become all at once; old, dear friends, who belonged to her no more.

“Mr. Chester, the rector!” said Mab, with sudden apprehension. “Do you mean that something will happen to papa?”



"There is this to be done," said the old lady, "your poor good father has been here for twenty years; the people ought to be fond of him — I do not know whether they are, for a parish is an incomprehensible thing, as your poor dear grandfather always used to say — but they ought to be; I am sure he has trudged about enough, and never spared himself, though I never thought him a good preacher, so far as that goes. But he ought to have a great many friends after living here for twenty years."

"But, Aunt Jane, tell us, tell us — what good will that do?"

"It might do a great deal if they would exert themselves. They might get up a petition, for instance — at once — to the lord chancellor; they might employ all their influence. It is not a rich parish, nor a large parish, but there are always gentry in it. Oh, a great deal might be done if only people would exert themselves! It is dreadful to think that a fortnight has been lost."

Cicely, who was not much consoled by this hope, sat down with a very pale countenance and a sudden constriction at her heart. She was almost too much bewildered to realize all that it meant; enough lay on the surface to fill her soul with dismay. Mab, who had less perception of the urgent character of the calamity, was more animated.

"I thought you meant *we* could do something," she said. "Oh, Aunt Jane, could not we go to the chancellor, if that is the man. The parish? I don't see why they should take the trouble. It will not hurt them. They will have a young, well-off man instead of an old, poor man. Couldn't *we* go to the lord chancellor, Aunt Jane?"

Miss Maydew's eyes lighted up for a moment. She seemed to see herself approaching that unknown potentate as lovely ladies went to kings in the days of romance, with a child in each hand. She felt how eloquent she could be, how convincing. She felt herself capable of going down on her knees and asking him whether the father of those two sweet girls was to starve in his old age? All this appeared before her like a dream. But alas! common sense soon resumed its sway; she shook her head. "I don't know if that would do any good," she said.

"And *we* could not get up a petition from the parish," said Cicely; "whatever the people may do we cannot stir in it. Oh, Aunt Jane, how foolish, how wrong of us never to think of this! I have thought

that papa was old and that we should have to maintain ourselves and the two babies if — anything happened; but I never remembered that it all hung upon some one else's life. Oh, it does seem hard!" cried the girl, clasping her hands. "Papa has done all the work since ever I was born, but yet he has only been here on sufferance, ready to be turned out at a moment's notice. Oh, it is wrong, it is wrong!"

"Not exactly at a moment's notice," said Miss Maydew; "there is six weeks or three months, or something, I forget how long."

And then there was a painful pause. Mab cried a little, having her feelings most upon the surface, but Cicely sat quite silent and pale with her eyes fixed upon the white blinds which flapped against the open windows. All at once she got up and drew one of them up with a rapid impatient hand. "I want air, I want light," she said in a stifled voice, and put herself full in the intrusive sunshine, which made Miss Maydew blink her old eyes.

"You will give yourself a headache, my dear, and that will not mend matters," she said.

Cicely's heart was very heavy. She drew down the blind again and walked up and down the room in her agitation. "Five of us to provide for now — and that is not the worst; what is papa to do? How can he live with everything taken from him? Oh, go to the chancellor, or any one, if it will do any good! It is terrible for papa."

It was while they were still in this agitated state that Betsy threw open the door again, and Mrs. Ascott, of the Heath, one of the greatest ladies in the parish, came in. She was not heated, like poor old Miss Maydew, with walking, but fresh and well dressed from her carriage, and tranquil as prosperity and comfort could make her. The girls made that sudden effort, which women so often have to make, to receive her as if nothing had happened, as if their minds were as easy and their circumstances as agreeable as her own. She inquired about their journey, about their school, about how they found their papa looking, about the "sad trials" he had gone through, all in a sweet even tone, with smiles or serious looks, as became her words, and hoped that now they had come back she should see them often at the Heath. "You are the musical one, Cicely," she said; "I know Mab draws. It is always nice when sisters have each their distinction, that people can't mistake. My husband always says girls are so like



each other. What is your voice? contralto? oh, a good second is such a want here. We are all more or less musical, you know."

"My voice is not much one way or the other," said Cicely. "Mab sings better than I do though she is the one who draws."

"But I fear," said Miss Maydew, clearing her throat and interfering, "unless something is done they will not be here long to be of use to any one. We have just had news ——"

"Ah, about poor Mr. Chester," said Mrs. Ascott, with the slightest of glances at the stranger; "I saw it in the papers. Will that affect your papa?"

"Unless" — Miss Maydew put herself forward squarely and steadily — "something is done."

Mrs. Ascott looked at the old lady for the first time. She had thought her an old nurse at first — for the good woman was not of patrician appearance, like the girls, who were St. Johns. "Unless — something is done? I am sure we will all do anything that is possible. What can be done?"

"Hush! my dear, hush! She does not know I belong to you," whispered Miss Maydew. "I think a great deal might be done. If Mr. St. John's friends were to get up a petition to the lord chancellor at once — stating how long he had been here, and how much beloved he was, and the whole state of the case. I don't personally know his lordship," said the old lady; "but he can't be a bad man or he never would have risen to that position. I can't believe but what if the case were put fully before him, he would give Mr. St. John the living. It seems so much the most natural thing to do."

"Dear me, so it does!" said Mrs. Ascott. "How clever of you to have thought of it! I will speak to my husband, and see what he says."

"And if there is any one else whom you can influence — to do good it should be general — from the whole parish," said Miss Maydew — "from all classes; and it ought to be done at once."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Ascott. "I assure you I will speak to my husband." She got up to take her leave, a little frightened by the vehemence of the stranger, and rather elated at the same time by the sense of having a mission. Miss Maydew went with her to the very door.

"At once," she said, "at once! It is a fortnight already since the rector died. If

the parish means to do anything, you should not lose a day."

"No: I see, I see! I will go at once and speak to my husband," cried the visitor escaping hastily. Miss Maydew returned to her seat breathing a sigh of satisfaction. "There, girls! I have set it agoing at least. I have started it. That was a nice woman — if she exerts herself, I don't doubt that it will be all right. What a blessing she came while I was here."

"I hope it is all right," said Cicely doubtfully; "but she is not very — not very, *very* sensible, you know. But she is always kind. I hope she will not do anything foolish. Is that papa she is talking to?" cried the girl alarmed, for there were sounds of commotion in the hall. A silence fell upon even the chief conspirator, when she felt that Mr. St. John was near — the possibility that her tactics might not be quite satisfactory alarmed her. She withdrew into a corner, instinctively getting the girls and a considerable mass of furniture between herself and any one coming in at the door.

"I do not know what Mrs. Ascott is talking of," said the curate. "Is tea ready, my dear, for I have a great deal to do? What have you been putting into that good woman's head? She is talking of a petition, and of the lord chancellor, and of bad news. I hope you are not a politician, Cicely. What is it all about?"

"Here is Aunt Jane, papa," said Cicely, who was not more comfortable than Miss Maydew. And the old lady had to get up and stretch out her hand to Mr. St. John over the sofa, which was her bulwark in chief.

"But I wonder what she meant about bad news," he went on; "she seemed to think it affected us. My dears, have you heard anything?"

"Oh, papa, very bad news," said Cicely with tears in her eyes. "It is in the paper. Mrs. Ascott had seen it, and that is what we were talking about. Oh, dear papa, don't be cast down. Perhaps it may not be so bad as we think. Something may be done; or at the very worst we are both able and willing to work — Mab and I."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mr. St. John, and he read the announcement without much change of countenance. "Dear me, so he is gone at last!" he said. "I have long expected this. His health has been getting worse and worse for years. Poor Chester! has he really gone at last? I remember him at college. He



was a year younger than I, but always sickly. Poor fellow! and he was a great deal better off than I am, but never got the good of it. What a lesson it is, my dears!"

"But, oh, papa," cried Mab, who was the most impatient, "it is a great deal more than a lesson. Think what consequences it will bring to you—and us—and everybody."

He looked at her with a half-smile. "Little Mab," he said, "teaching her elders. Harry will begin soon. Yes, to be sure; we have got fond of this place; it seems hard that we should have to go."

"But, papa, where shall we go? What shall we do? What is to become of us?" said Cicely.

Mr. St. John shook his head. "If you will consider that I have only just seen it this moment," he said, "you will see that I cannot be expected all at once—was this what Mrs. Ascott was talking of? And what did she mean by petitions, and the lord chancellor? I hope you have not been putting anything into her head?"

There was a pause—the girls looked at each other, and blushed as if they were the culprits; then Miss Maydew came boldly to the front. "It was not the fault of the girls, Mr. St. John; on the contrary they were against it. But I thought there was no harm in saying that a petition from the parish—to the lord chancellor—a well-signed petition, as there must be so many people here who are fond of you—and that no doubt he would give you the living if he understood the circumstances."

"I a beggar for a living!" said Mr. St. John. "I who have never asked for anything in my life!" A deep flush came upon his delicate pale face. He had borne a great many more serious blows without wincing. Death had visited him, and care dwelt in his house—and he had borne these visitations placidly; but there was one flaw in his armour, and this unlooked-for assault found it out. A flame of injured pride blazed up in him, swift as fire and as glowing. "I thought I should have died without this," he said with a groan, half fierce, half bitter. "What was it to you? I never asked you for anything! Oh, this is hard—this is very hard to bear."

In the memory of man it had never been known that Mr. St. John thus complained before. The girls had never heard his voice raised or seen the flush of anger on his face; and they were overawed by it. This kind of sentiment too has always a certain fictitious grandeur to the inexperienced. Never to ask for anything; to

wait—patient merit scorning all conflict with the unworthy—till such time as its greatness should be acknowledged. This sounds very sublime in most cases to the youthful soul.

"Well, Mr. St. John," said Miss Maydew, "you may say I have no right to interfere; but if you had stooped to ask for something it might have been a great deal better for your family. Besides you have not asked for anything now. I am not responsible for my actions to any one, and I hope I may do either for you or anybody else whatever I please in the way of service. If the lord chancellor does give you the living——"

Mr. St. John smiled. "I need not make myself angry," he said, "for it is all sheer ignorance. The living is a college living. I don't know what your ideas are on the subject, but the lord chancellor has as much to do with it as you have. Cicely, let us have tea."

Miss Maydew shrivelled up upon her chair. She sat very quiet, and did not say a word after this revelation. What she had done would have troubled her mind little; but that she had done nothing after risking so much was hard to bear. After this little ebullition, however, the curate fell back into his usual calm. He spoke to them in his ordinary way. His voice resumed its tranquil tone. He took his tea, which was a substantial meal, doing justice to the bread and butter, and on the whole showed signs of being more concerned for Mr. Chester than he was for himself.

"I remember him at college—we were of the same college," he said; "but he always the richest, much the best off. How little that has to say to a man's happiness! Poor Chester was never happy; he might have been very well here. How much I have had to be thankful for here! but it was not his disposition. He was good-looking too when he was young, and did very well in everything. Any one would have said he had a far better chance for a happy life than I had."

The gentle old man grew quite loquacious in this contrast, though he was in general the most humble-minded of men; and the two girls sat and listened, giving wondering glances at each other, and blushing red with that shame of affection which lively girls perhaps are particularly disposed to feel when their parents maunder. This sort of domestic criticism, even though unexpressed, was hard upon Mr. St. John, as upon all such feeble good men. His last wife had adored him at all



times, as much when he was foolish as when he was wise. She would have given him the fullest adhesion of her soul now, and echoed every word he said; but the girls did not. They would have preferred to silence him, and were ashamed of his gentle self-complacency. And yet it was quite true that he felt himself a happier man than Mr. Chester, and higher in the scale of merit though not of fortune; and the calm with which he took this event, which was neither more nor less than ruin to him, was fine in its way.

"But what are we to do, papa?" Cicely ventured to ask him, looking up into his face with big anxious eyes, as he took his last cup of tea.

"My dear, we must wait and see," he said. "There is no very immediate hurry. Let us see first who is appointed, and what the new rector intends to do."

"But, Mr. St. John, you are a very learned man—and if it is a college living"—suggested Miss Maydew.

"It is my own college too," he said reflectively; "and I suppose I am now one of the oldest members of it. It would not be amiss if they let me stay here the rest of my days. But I never was distinguished. I never was a fellow, or anything. I never could push myself forward. No—we must just wait and see what is going to happen. A few days or a few weeks will make little difference. Compose yourselves, my dears," said Mr. St. John. "I am not very anxious after all."

"I wonder if he would be anxious if you were all starving," cried Miss Maydew, as the girls walked with her to the station in the evening. "Oh, Cicely, I know I oughtn't to say anything to you about your papa. But if he has not been anxious, others have been anxious for him. Your poor mother! how she slaved to keep everything as it ought to be; and even poor Miss Brown. It did not cost him much to marry her—but it cost her her life."

"Aunt Jane!" cried both the girls indignant.

"Well, my dears! She might have been living now, a respectable single woman, doing her duty, as she was capable of doing; instead of which what must she do but bring a couple of white-faced babies into the world that nobody wanted, and die of it. Yes, she did die of it. You don't understand these things—you are only children. And all because he was what you call kind-hearted, and could not bear to see her cry, forsooth. As if the

best of us were not obliged both to cry ourselves and see others cry often enough! But they never thought what they were doing; and the ones to suffer will be you."

"Aunt Jane, you ought not to speak so of papa."

"I know I shouldn't, my dear—and I humbly beg your pardons," said Aunt Jane drying her eyes.

"And we ought not to have left him unprotected," said Cicely with a sigh.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE DUTCH AND THEIR DEAD CITIES.\*

THE freshest impressions are most fruitful of pleasant associations, and we shall always be glad that we landed in Holland on our first visit to the Continent. But we can understand how that most interesting country is not half so much appreciated as it deserves to be; nor can we say how we might have found it ourselves, had we visited it after travelling elsewhere. Possibly it might have appeared to us, as to so many other people, dull, flat, and, unprofitable. As it is, although we must confess that a little of it goes comparatively far, for its landscapes are undeniably tame, and the plan of its cities somewhat monotonous, yet we always revisit it with ever-renewed satisfaction. The change thither is complete, and everything that meets the eye refreshingly novel and original. You may even experience something of adventure on the passage, and get your first glimpses at the life of our amphibious neighbours in crossing the seas we have so often disputed with them. For ourselves we were fortunate in that way, though the steamer on which we embarked on our maiden voyage—she hailed from Leith, and was "missing" afterwards, one foul day when she had been sent out overladen—made a singularly tedious passage of it. We brought up in a fog on some fishing-banks in mid-ocean, and by the light of an outbreak of watery sunshine, found ourselves in the middle of a fleet of Dutch fishing-boats, who traded haddocks with us against bottles of schiedam. These clumsy wall-sided pinks, with the interminable streamers hanging pendant from the gilded vanes at their mastheads, as they lay rocking lazily among wreaths of aqueous vapour, prepared us to appreciate those master-

\* *La Hollande Pittoresque, Voyage aux Villes Mortes du Zuiderzée.* Par M. Henri Havard. E. Plon et Cie., Paris.



pieces of Van de Velde and Backhuizen we were happily soon to have opportunities of admiring. Their build had scarcely changed by a line in the course of centuries, any more than the serviceable costumes of their shaggy-trousered crews. Our bartering done, we made a fresh departure, groping our way half-speed for the mouth of the Maas. It may have been as well for us that we took it easily and kept the lead going, when we fancied that we ought to be nearing our destination; for our compass had got all abroad, in sympathy with a shifting cargo of pig-iron, and our skipper had to confess that he had lost his way, and could tell as little as his compass about our bearings. There we lay, if not all that day, at least a good part of the morning, shifting about with the metal and groundswell, till a sudden breeze swept aside the fog, and the sun burst out in all his brilliance. Since then we have seen him rise repeatedly in various latitudes just as we had sighted unfamiliar shores, but he has never showed us anything that impressed us more. Yet as we steamed back, retracing the way we had overrun, there was little visible to landward but the low lines of the sand-dunes, heaped the one behind the other. The coast of Holland, for all we could see of it, might have been nothing but a shifting sandbank, the favourite fishing-ground of the sea-birds that were swooping and clamouring over it, had it not been for a white point or two that occasionally appeared to vanish again over the sky-line. These told of the presence of life and indefatigable industry; for the revolving points were the tips of the windmill-sails, — the motive power of the pumps that are perpetually going, and keeping the soaking country from being swamped. As you see how low the land lies when you open the broad estuary of the river, you begin to be conscious of a certain uneasiness lest you should chance to go down yourself in the course of your flying visit. The shoaling channel seems as likely to let the sea run in as to let the river run off. The Dutch have evidently been doing their best to speed the parting guest, who might easily make himself boisterously unpleasant on occasion, although quiet enough now. His bed is narrowed and deepened by formidable embankments, but he is become sluggish and dull, and is loath to leave it. The Maas has changed his nature with his name, and you would never recognize him for the impetuous Meuse you have since seen hurrying along at the foot of the

rocky fortifications of Dinant. The soil and landslips he brings down in solution have plenty of time to settle here, and the buoys bobbing about on the shallows on all sides of you look like the heads of a flock of monster seals. The manufacture of those indispensable water-marks is become a staple industry in some of the stagnating seaports that are gradually being left high and dry, as land and sea are changing their levels; and, of course, the trade of the pilot is equally flourishing. Were it not that these worthy gentlemen were as safe and sure as they seem to be slow, more ships would discharge their valuable cargoes in the labyrinth of banks and shoals that embarrass the commerce of the Netherlands. The first Dutchman you meet off his native shores boards you in a wreath of smoke of his own raising. His great porcelain pipe "goes of itself," and he scarcely troubles himself to take his hands from his voluminous pockets to scramble up the side, or exchange salutations with the captain. He gives his leisurely orders chiefly by pantomime, with his eyes fixed contemptively on the Maas as if he were seeking inspiration for a sonnet in the sluggish eddies of its muddy tide. But the type of man is highly characteristic not only of his particular calling, but of his country-people in general. The blank inexpression of his face conceals a deal of shrewd intelligence as well as professional knowledge; and the square-built form wrapped up in the Flushing pea-jacket is capable of as much exertion as endurance. He is quite the sort of man you could imagine putting out to sea in any weather, fortified by Calvinistic acquiescence in the purposes of Providence, as well as by constitutional indifference to danger, and a comfortable expectation of handsome salvage-money; or working like a beaver behind the dams, when the wind from the west was blowing up a hurricane, and the surf was beating breaches from the side of the angry ocean; or opening the sluices if the worst came to the worst, and submerging his enemies with his personal property. It was just such a rough, patriotic sea-dog, no doubt, who came off to the flotilla of the "beggars of the sea," when Lumey de la Mark and the Seigneur of Trelong seized on the Spanish fortress of Brille and "robbed the Duke of Alva of his spectacles." It was that stamp of sturdy fellow who used to sweep the narrow seas under Van Reuter, or sail in cock-boats into Arctic darkness and ice-fields under such adventurous navigators as Heemskirk.



In the mean time, as we said, our friend is smoking like a chimney, and, early as it is, applying himself from time to time to the flask of schiedam he produces from his pocket. Those worthy Netherlanders live by gin and tobacco; the heavy clouds breaking up on the horizon ahead on your starboard bow came from the smoke of the numerous distilleries of the flourishing town of Schiedam. And we can hardly conceive the most fanatical of temperance lecturers having the hardihood to persist in a professional tour of the United Provinces, after experiencing the depressing effects of the rawness of their mornings and evenings. Like Mynheer Van Dunk of the national ballad, the Dutchmen, though great drinkers, are no drunkards, chiefly for the reason that in their peculiar climate their sluggish constitutions take a deal of stimulating. Considerably beyond the point where the average Englishman begins to feel decidedly the worse for liquor, the Dutchman is only imbibing medicinally, and he swallows like the sand-beds of his Haarlem tulip-gardens. If he took the pledge, he would have to change his habits and renounce all his favourite enjoyments. For the best part of the year, the whole of his country is enveloped in fogs or dense driving rain. When it does clear up, away from the sand-beds on the coast everything is left soaking; pools are forming in the bottom of the polders, the canals are brimming over, and there is a constant plash of water in course of falling from the pumps. The country people are out in steaming mists, on meadows divided by broad water-ditches. When they go to market, they travel on the canal by *trekschuit* or jog along on a causeway running through a waste of water. The wealthy citizen, as likely as not, has perched his mansion upon piles driven into the liquid sand that underlies his cellarage. In any case his front windows look out on one canal, his back windows on another: around him is a forest of masts and yards with sails of all sizes hung out to dry, while the great place at the corner of the street is a basin covered with boats and barges. When he takes his pleasure of an evening in his pretty suburban garden, he reposes in a summer-house reared upon poles over a canal that is brilliantly carpeted by duck-weed. The air about him is of course impregnated with damp which is often overcharged with unwholesome exhalations. Naturally he must correct that deleterious atmosphere with ardent spirits and strong to-

bacco; and as if to make the agreeable regimen easy for over-tender consciences, beneficent nature leaves him little choice in the matter. The inhabitants of great part of Holland are in the position of the seaman in the "Ancient Mariner," — with "water, water everywhere," there is not a drop that is fit to drink. Foreigners fall back on the bottled produce of the German springs; the natives dash their beverage with schiedam, and work the better for it and live the longer.

We grant that, to live in the country with comfort, a man ought to have been born and brought up in it; but it is the very circumstances of the struggle for existence that make a short visit so interesting to strangers. It is the fashion to speak of the Dutch as if they were anything rather than romantic. To our mind, their national history has been a sustained romance of the most sensational character, in which the famous war to the knife that shook them free of the Spanish yoke was merely an episode, and not the most remarkable. Ever since their savage ancestors, migrating westward, settled down in the swampy woodlands of Friesland and North Holland, they have been committed to a ceaseless struggle with the most formidable forces of nature. Heroically enduring and resolutely aggressive, they have hitherto had the best of it in their battle with the waters, although the storm-lashed ocean that assails them from without has found treacherous allies within their entrenchments. For the great rivers that drain the plains and mountains of Northern Europe come down in flood on the Dutch flats; and in the spring freshets that follow the breaking of the winter ice, they always threaten to burst their embankments. Frequently the water has had its way for the time, and it has kept its hold on some of the land it has conquered. Not so many centuries ago, although the precise date is uncertain, the sea burst through the northern breakwater. It has left the old land-line marked out by the chain of islands that stretches to Hanover eastward from the Texel, and has rolled the shallow Zuyder Zee over what was once an inhabited country. Nor was there any reason, according to all appearance, why a recurrence of similar disasters should not have drowned the rest of Holland. Much of the surface lies well below the sea-level, with no better natural protection than the barrier of shifting sand-heaps which is sometimes slightest and most vulnerable where the danger is most imminent. The



pressure is greatest on the western coast, where, after the prevalence of particular winds, stupendous masses of troubled water are thrown back on Holland from the narrows at Dover. But man has never relaxed in the work of entrenching and embanking; and now indefatigable industry is supplemented by the resources of science, and organized upon a system that experience has brought almost to perfection. Some of the great sea-dykes, such as those near the Helder and those others that protect the low-lying islands of Friesland, are triumphs of engineering as well as gigantic monuments of labour, while the works that bank in the dangerous flow of the lower Rhine scarcely yield to them in grandeur of execution. The Dutch, at the cost of an immense expenditure, have done nearly all that is to be done by man, and have fortified themselves pretty effectually at all points. Yet, to say nothing of the heavy insurance they have to pay on their lives and property in the shape of the annual outlay on these waterworks, it is nothing but habit and natural courage that can have enabled them to live with easy minds and go on labouring hopefully for the future. For there is little exaggeration in the saying, that the springing of a leak may sink a province; and although the sea has latterly been kept at arm's-length, yet the inundations of the rivers are periodically disastrous. You ought to have strong nerves to slumber tranquilly in stormy weather behind the great bulwarks of Kappel; but in the provinces of Gelderland and North Brabant many a man night after night must go to his bed in unpleasant uncertainty as to whether he may not be swept out of it before morning, to find himself adrift in an archipelago of ice-masses.

As the Dutch have made their country what it is, so the country has made the Dutch what they are. No wonder that men who, like their fathers before them, have been trained in such a school of self-reliance, should be good soldiers and good sailors, good traders, good farmers, and, above all, good patriots. They have learned to value the blessings they have to toil so hard for, and the country they have to hold by hard fighting. But as the climate is as ungenial as the soil is ungrateful unless it is assiduously kept in condition, they have to make the very most of the means at their disposal, and have naturally learned to practise frugality. Agriculture and dairy-farming alone could scarcely have covered the indispen-

sable expenses of keeping out the ocean, so the Dutch early betook themselves to commerce, to stave off the poverty that threatened them. Bred to maritime adventure off their own dangerous coasts, they carried discovery into every ocean. It would be unfair to say that their early merchants and navigators were stimulated solely by the hope of gain, otherwise they would never have risked lives and ships on their desperate exploring expeditions in frozen latitudes. But, as a rule, being a highly practical people, profit and adventure went hand in hand. With their national determination, they persevered in establishing trading relations where these were most likely to be most lucrative; they set down their foot on the rich Spice Islands, whose revenues have since been such a godsend to the State as well as individuals; they laid themselves out for trade-monopolies, to the exclusion of their rivals, as when they established their factories at Nagasaki in Japan. It must be owned that, in their trading, they often stooped, or even crawled, to conquer, as when the officials of these Japanese establishments consented to degrade themselves annually, in solemn ceremony, before the mikado, that they might retain his countenance by their abject submission. But although, like the Americans, they worshipped the almighty dollar, and are said, in their adoration of it, to have gone so far as to trample on the cross, yet, whatever we may think of their compliances, there can be no question of their courage. And however far-sighted their statesmen and chief burghers may have been, their seamen were by no means of imaginative temperaments, or apt to conjure up remote dangers. They fought their enemies, whoever these were and whenever they met them, without measuring the forces or the power they might provoke; but they fought them all the more fiercely beyond the line, that it was so far a cry to Europe from the Spice Islands and the Spanish main. It was but natural that men who had always been disputing their land to the ocean should be hard to conquer, and impossible to enslave. They held to their property—no men more so: drowning it on occasion did not seem to the Dutchmen such a very desperate resource, since they had familiar experience of inundations, when they had had no time to prepare for them. And the prospect of a terrible revenge sweetened the sacrifice, for no people could be more vindictively fierce when their passions were excited: witness their



treatment of De Witt and Olden Barneveld, and the bloody faction fights of the Hooks and the Kabbeljaws, of the Calvinists and the Arminians. Overtax them, oppress them, proscribe their religion, impress their seamen and cripple their commerce — they felt they were being robbed of all that was worth the living for; their phlegmatic natures were slowly wrought up to a white heat, and were not to be cooled down again except by the satisfaction of victory and of vengeance fully gratified. Hence, as we have said, their war of independence with Philip and his captains was but a natural episode in the national history; nor, in saying so, do we forget the acts of almost unparalleled heroism which have been made so familiar in the pages of Motley, that it is quite superfluous to do more than advert to them.

But if the progress of scientific inventions has assisted the Dutch in some essential respects, in other ways it has handicapped them more heavily than before in the hot race with eager rivals. When the fleets of their Indian Company used to spend years on the Indian voyage, it mattered little whether they sailed from the Thames or the IJ: and if they chanced to be becalmed for weeks off the Texel, it scarcely troubled the worthy burghers who freighted them. When tedious coasting voyages were made under sail to the European ports, it was of comparatively little consequence that time should be wasted off the bar of the Maas or in tacking about among the shallows of the Zuyder Zee. The transferring the cargoes of those deep-laden ships that could not clear the bar of the Pampas had been submitted to as an inevitable necessity, or else the *kameeds* or lighters filled with water were secured and sunk on either side of them; then the water was pumped out, and as the emptied lighters rose, their buoyancy lifted the vessel between them. But the growth of the mercantile marine in other countries, improvements in ship-building, and, above all, the introduction of steam-power, changed all that. When vessels made swift voyages, sometimes several voyages in the year, time became of the utmost importance to those who were competing in the markets of the world. Could we imagine Amsterdam colonized by Spaniards or Italians, we may be sure it would have lost its trade as Venice did, and pined away in gradual decay, like one of those "dead cities" in northern Holland which we propose to visit with M. Havard by-and-by. Of all the great European seaports, no one per-

haps is less favourably situated. But the Dutchmen, habituated to get the better of difficulties, were the last people in the world to resign themselves to commercial extinction and straitened circumstances. Frugal as they are by habit and temperament, they have seldom come to shipwreck through penny wisdom. They began by cutting the great ship-canal which runs parallel to the two seas, from the IJ to the Helder, through the whole length of the province of North Holland. For a time that canal satisfied the expectations of its projectors, and paid the country handsomely though indirectly. But in time it became clear that it answered its purposes but imperfectly. It began to fill up in spite of dredging, and ships sitting deep in the water had to lighten themselves of part of their cargoes at the northern terminus of Nieuwe Diep. Then the prevalent winds which set from the west blew at right angles to the course of the canal. Before it had been decided on originally, an alternative scheme had been broached and rejected, on account of its greater costliness. Subsequently the rejected scheme was brought forward again, rapidly assumed a definite shape, and has resulted in the construction of the great North-Sea Canal.

The estimated expense was as serious a consideration as the engineering difficulties. But it was felt that the commercial existence of Amsterdam was at stake, and that the fate of the city depended on the success of the undertaking. Already the community of merchant princes and cosmopolitan bankers threatened to degenerate into so many speculators and stock-jobbers. So the capital of £2,600,000 was found, the State and the city coming to the assistance of the promoters, and the canal was cut. We had the good fortune to make one of the party when the board of directors made the trial trip from sea to sea; and although knowing little of technical engineering, we shall never forget the impression made on us by the ingenuity with which difficulties had been surmounted, and the stupendous character of the works at either end. It was a stormy day in the autumn; a formidable surf was rolling in from the North Sea; the Zuyder Zee was heaving in lines of crested breakers; even the inland waters through which the canal is carried were troubled, and dyed a lugubrious grey with the wash of the sand thrown up from the bottom. There was no difficulty in realizing the strain that would be put upon the works in the course of a rough winter.



But one had only to look at the triple locks of Schellingwoude on the east, at the locks and harbour of refuge on the North Sea, to be reassured. They were epics of triumphant labour embodied in massive masonry. Each of these stupendous blocks of stone had been hewn in Belgian or Norwegian quarries; each of the ponderous piles, carefully cased in its metal sheathing to protect it from injury from marine insects, had been cut in the forests of northern Europe. Since then the locks have been severely tried, but they have come successfully through the ordeal. Those at Schellingwoude are made free to all the world. As vessels of all burdens pass through them each day by the hundred, it may be understood what an impulse they must have given to the trade of Amsterdam; while in cutting another opening in their line of coast-defences, the Dutch have not only given a fresh challenge to the sea, but have snatched another victory from their enemy. The canal serves not merely as a great inland water highway, but as a mighty drain; and its expenses have been defrayed to a considerable extent by reclaiming the submerged lands that lie along it. Off Amsterdam ground for quays, warehouses, and graving-docks has been gained from the IJ, and the pile-founded city is not only protected by another line of stronger barriers, but has been sanguinely making extensive preparations for the revival of its old commercial prosperity.

There is enough of the romantic, as it seems to us, in all this to gratify the most ardently romantic of travellers, especially if he be somewhat sated with the picturesque in its more popular forms. But even the tame Dutch scenery wins on you insensibly; and, once fond of it, you never lose the attachment. In the sight of the limitless extent of meadow-land, cut up rectangularly at intervals by parallel ditches, grazed over by the drowsy herds of sleek black-and-white cows, and stretching away in the grey distance to a horizon vaguely indicated by the shadowy sails of innumerable windmills, there is something so original that you have no time to tire of it in an ordinary journey — say between the Hague and Amsterdam. The groups of cattle standing up to their hocks in the rank herbage, their well-favoured forms reflected in the pools as they lazily flick away the flies with their tails, are so many pieces by Cuyp or Paul Potter. When you do come upon a bit of copse-wood, or on a wind-blown, weather-beaten avenue of decently-grown timber near the Hague

perhaps, or in the environs of Haarlem, you appreciate it all the more that wood is so scarce. You make an expedition to the far-resounding sea — as at the favourite watering-place of Scheveningen, or at Katwyck, where the Rhine is lifted into the ocean by the aid of elaborate machinery, and the scene recalls to you at once the marine pieces by Van de Velde. There you are between the sea and the sand-hills. The breeze is catching up the sand in drifting clouds, and swirling it about you in such flying columns as are the terror of the traveller in the Asian deserts. The leaden-coloured scud drifts across a lowering sky, and everything above and below would be the abomination of bleak desolation but for here and there a blue rift overhead that lets in a stream of sunshine, for the chimneys of the snug fishers' cottages that are smoking to landward, and the flotilla of dingy-sailed fishing-boats that lies rocking on the swell in the offing. When you are staying in a town, you leave your hotel for a stroll; you wander along quays between the stationary and the amphibious population; you go tripping over the cables of ships and barges, unlading opposite their owners' residences, as they lie moored in wooded alleys under the shelter of umbrageous trees. You pass cellars and taverns, and look down the steps through the open doors at pictures such as Ostade and Teniers have familiarized you with. The "sonsy" maiden of the burgher class, in handsome but unassuming costume, framed in the lozenge lattice she is looking out of, might be a reproduction of a Terburg or a Gerard Douw. Turning a corner, with the echoing clamours of some noisy wharf still resounding in your ears, you stumble on some choice morsel of medieval domestic architecture, buttressed and turreted, with its receding angles and projecting windows, reflected in the placid surface of the water that may have stagnated from time immemorial against the weed-grown bricks. And beyond the *enceinte* of the city, but still entangled in its network of canals, your heart is gladdened by villas and cottages. Often, indeed, they are vulgar to villainy in their style, but the vulgarity is redeemed by the luxuriant brilliancy of the gardens, with their blooming parterres and cages of gay-plumaged tropical birds, and shrubs and hedges that thrive marvellously in the damp, although tortured and contorted into every fantastic device.

On the whole, the Dutch have been a wonderfully conservative people, in spite



of their long experiences of republican institutions, and their not unfrequent demonstrations against the aristocracy of birth and intellect. Few nations have changed so little in taste and character, in type of feature, and even in costume; and as it is with themselves, so it is with their country and their buildings. Go into the Trippenhuis at Amsterdam and study Van der Helst's great picture of the jovial arquebusers celebrating the conclusion of the peace of Westphalia. There are said to be five-and-twenty life-sized portraits in it, and you can easily believe it; for in the streets of the capital at the present day you may meet any number of men with a striking family resemblance to its heroes. You can see that the great artist has treated his subject with equal force and truth. He has permitted himself no idealistic vagaries, but has seized and stereotyped, with an admirable nicety of perception, the manifold shades of the various idiosyncrasies which all preserve a distinctly national character. For that great work of his is *the* national painting, *par excellence*. There are the representatives of those burgher worthies who thought, and toiled, and fought, playing out with patient courage a changing game, with the existence of their country for the stake, and the kings and great captains of Europe for partners and opponents. Broad, solid faces, bearing the traces of cares and anxious thought, are expanding into jovial hilarity; and for once, in the satisfaction of a common success, small civic differences are forgotten, and good-fellowship is in the ascendant. The hands in the painting, as has often been remarked, are to the full as characteristic as the heads: in spite of the rich ruffles here and there, you could never mistake them for the property of courtiers of Versailles or St. James', or even of patrician merchants of Venice or Genoa. They are Dutch all over — Dutch of the well-to-do burgher class, who have lived well and worked hard. The chamber is simple, as becomes the town-hall of an unpretending nation of citizens and graziers, who were found to regulate their life and conduct by the tenets of an austere religion. Yet their riches would scarcely be worth the having did they not occasionally parade the outward and visible signs of them. Carved wardrobes and richly-chased iron-bound chests, containing handsome jewels and raiment, have always been handed down as heirlooms, even in peasant households; and it is not on so triumphant an occasion as the present that the chief

magistrate of the wealthiest of the Dutch cities would be found wanting. Hence all that pomp and personal bravery — the ruffles, the rings, and the golden chains of office — the magnificent doublets, slashed in velvet and brocaded in gold. There are rich drinking-vessels, too; for solid plate as a sign of wealth in reserve is almost indispensable to good credit: besides, it is a mere locking-up of capital; for the precious metals will keep their value, although you may have to lie out of your interest on them. But the *menu* of the banquet is more substantial than refined: there are few of those *entrées* and *entremets* that would be served elsewhere in court rejoicings to tempt the sated palate. There are huge joints, in keeping with the massive beakers — joints that lay a good foundation for drinking and smoking, and to which active men of healthy appetite, celebrating a high occasion by some pardonable excess, might cut and come again.

If we leave the Amsterdam banquet-room — where perhaps we have already lingered too long — we shall find that the pictures in other styles are equally suggestive in the way of preparing us for a tour of Holland. Paul Potter's "Young Bull," with his slightly "raised" look, contrasting the placid rumination of the cow standing near him, may be met with any day now in any retired bit of meadow. Having found a strain of cattle that fatten and milk well in an existence that is necessarily amphibious, the Dutch seem to have made no attempt to change the breed by the importation of foreigners, who might take less kindly to the climate. It is true the milk is rather watery than creamy, but that is to be expected; and then, as the diluted fluid is given in abundance, there is always a market for the surplus stock with those English dairymen who desire to defraud their customers conscientiously. And the man looking over the fence in Potter's picture is as true to existing nature as the fence itself or the cattle. Rembrandt, Hals, and a host of imitators, with their wonderful power of managing colour, multiply figures and faces that you recognize everywhere as familiar acquaintances. Buildings such as you may still see, with their long narrow windows and their high-pitched roofs are thrown in to form the backgrounds. Ruysdael and his inferiors are fertile in "bits" where the dense masses of deep green vegetation draw extraordinary vigour from the rains and the fogs; or else they give their talents scope on the broad meadows,



scattered over with herds of cattle, and dotted with windmills. Ostade and Teyniers, combining episodes as they are wont to do, give you in a single tavern-scene a comprehensive epitome of village existence. You may see much the same sort of thing now as you saunter down any village street of a holiday. The same scrupulous cleanliness is preserved amid all the confusion of the revel — there is the same display of delft on the shelves over the highly-polished tables and clean-scoured dressers — the same vulgar expansiveness and Jordaens-like merriment — the same snatches of song and rough love-making, and of course the same haze of tobacco-smoke. As likely as not, the village fiddler still sits perched upon a barrel in the corner, with a jug at his elbow to grease his arm; or, if the weather admits of it, the tables are put out under some spreading tree, while the primitive waggons have pulled up hard by, and the horses, nibbling contentedly in their nose-bags, stand patiently waiting the pleasure of “the boors drinking.” As there is no fighting to be done at home nowadays, you no longer come upon those picturesque groups of cavaliers that Cuyp and Wouvermans delighted in — the dismounted riders in plumed hats and scarved corselets — the grey or chestnut chargers richly caparisoned. The uniforms of the modern Dutch service are decidedly more serviceable than attractive. But the grey and chestnut hacks are still much as they used to be — as are the famous draught-horses of Friesland and Gelderland. They lay on flesh very kindly; they tend rather to bone than blood; and you see few signs of their ever having been crossed with the more fiery strains of Arabia and Barbary.

Thanks to one thing or another, — to their temperament, to their climate, to their having located themselves in an out-of-the-way corner of Europe, — the Dutch have changed but little, unless when change has been indispensable to their well-being. No doubt they have been kept moving by the irresistible forces of civilization, competition, and invention; and sometimes, being far-sighted men of business, they have even anticipated the pressure. And the consequence is that, proving the truth of the Italian proverb, *Chi va piano va sano*, they have seldom knowingly missed a chance, and notwithstanding the heavy disadvantages that have weighted them, have made very steady progress in prosperity. Luck has stood their friend more than once, and especially in their colonial affairs. First,

they made themselves masters of the Spice Islands. Then they lost them, after having been forced to throw in their lot with Napoleon; and it was only owing to English generosity or indifference that they were re-established in the occupation of these rich possessions. Rich as those possessions were, however, bad management was ruining them, and at one time it threatened to become a serious question for the State whether it might not be prudent to abandon them altogether. At that critical moment the government found a man who undertook to *exploiter* the resources of Java, so that they should again yield an ample revenue. We do not mean to discuss or defend the morality of the arbitrary policy by which General Van der Bosch created a variety of lucrative monopolies, and practically confiscated the property and persons of the natives for the benefit of their European masters. It is certain that he not only relieved the home treasury from grave embarrassment, and provided it with the capital necessary for works that were becoming indispensable in Holland, but he revived and developed the profitable trade which has been pouring a stream of riches into the mother country. Hitherto good luck has been aiding industry, and there can be no question that the fortunes of Holland, being bound up with the colonial empire she may possibly be deprived of, are resting on foundations at least as precarious as the mud-driven piles that support Amsterdam. So far, however, she has only had reason to congratulate herself. Out of all her trials she has emerged victoriously; intervals of dulness, depression, and servitude have only nerved her to new exertions, which have invariably been followed by fresh advances; and so far as the conduct of her citizens is concerned, there is nothing in her past history that need inspire apprehensions for the future. Nor does she readily admit that she entertains any. The citizens of Amsterdam, like the rich man in the parable, have been pulling down their warehouses that they may build greater, and have been busying themselves, as we have said, over new docks and harbours to receive the affluence of shipping which is to crowd into their port.

These rosy-coloured dreams may all come true, and when a cautious man backs his prognostications with heavy investment of his cherished capital, there is strong *prima facie* reason for believing that he is very likely to be in the right. But the romance of Holland has by no means ended happily, so far as it has gone, for each



of the districts of the United Provinces. If the country has done well on the whole, and looks forward to the future with well-founded confidence, certain parts of it have experienced sad vicissitudes, and must resign themselves to living in the past and in the memory of vanished glories. Amsterdam and Rotterdam, in the pride of their wealth and reinvigorated energy, may find melancholy warnings in the history of decaying neighbours, as to the uncertainty of human affairs. One evening we were seated in the Palace of Industry in the former city—a great crystal-roofed building resembling in some respects the Alhambra in Leicester Square—where you may indulge in refreshments while listening to music. Among the adornments of the hall were a display of scutcheons, each of them bearing a municipal coat of arms, and being surmounted by the name of the city that carried it. There were Rotterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, Utrecht, Delft, etc.—populous towns on paying lines of railway, and long familiar for their associations with some remunerative commodity, such as tulips or learning, velvets or pottery. But interspersed through these there were other names—Enkhuizen, Medemblik, Hoorn, Kempen, Monnikendam—which awakened only some faint geographical and historical memories. One was sorely puzzled to remember in some cases what and where one had heard of them; in others, where they were situated. Yet every one of these places had once had a history, though now they have almost dropped out of the recollection of their nearest neighbours, unless on the occasion of a contested election, or when it is a question of making up so many national decorations. These and others are the decaying cities that lie round the margin of the Zuyder Zee, left for the most part half stranded by its receding waters, or silted up by its advancing sands. In their day they had sent out their fleets of trading-ships to the Indies in place of a few miserable fishing-boats; and repeatedly they had changed their merchantmen into war-galleys, fighting out some bitter local feud among themselves, or taking their part in the struggle of the Provinces against invaders from Spain or England. The more reduced they were now, it was plain that they must be the better worth visiting for those who appreciate the picturesqueness of decay. And as none of them had come to a violent end, as their populations had been imperceptibly diminished and impoverished, and as the inhabitants had had ample time to reconcile

themselves to oblivion and extinction, there was nothing in the nature of their misfortunes to shock the most sensitive nature, while time might be trusted to have dealt gently with the monuments of their more glorious past. Reading these names, then, and ruminating over the appropriate memories, it struck us that we could scarcely do better than explore the shores of the Zuyder Zee. But it was then late in the year, and we knew something of the difficulties and disagreeables of travelling in bad weather in northern Holland, away from the beaten tracks. So we put off our project to a more convenient season, which, we are sorry to say, has never as yet come to us. In the mean time, however, a French gentleman, an artist, has done what we have delayed to do; and M. Henri Havard has published the account of his experiences in a small illustrated volume entitled, "*La Hollande Pittoresque, Voyage aux Villes Mortes du Zuiderzée.*"

M. Havard sets out by telling us that there is no more interesting voyage to be made in Europe, as there is none that has been more rarely undertaken. For that there is very satisfactory reason. There are no regular communications between the decaying cities either by land or water, and, as it may be imagined, the accommodation they offer is worse than indifferent even for visitors who are by no means fastidious about their quarters. In the absence of public conveyances, M. Havard's obvious alternative was to charter a coasting craft of light draught, as most of the towns in question are more or less accessible by water. Even that, however, was not so easily done. It appears that the Dutch coasting skippers are bound to register themselves, not only as hailing from certain ports, but as plying on certain boats; and if they desire to infringe on the letter of their engagement, they have to find security for new certificates. The consequence is, that each man is only acquainted with his own especial portion of the coast, and the sea is not to be navigated safely unless by those who have a tolerable knowledge of it. Great part of the Zuyder Zee is a labyrinth of submerged banks intersected by crooked navigable channels. Between the island of Marken and the mainland for instance, we are informed that the depth varies from four feet to two. All difficulties, however, were finally overcome by M. Havard. He and his Dutch companion—a descendant, possibly, of the famous navigator, Von Heemskirk—were fortu-



nate in making the acquaintance of an austere but comparatively adventurous mariner, owner of a *tjalk* of sixty tons. Captain Sluring knew as much of the Zuyder Zee as most men, and was willing to risk himself to a certain extent in exploring. But he stipulated that he should never have to sail on a Sunday, or when he did not like the look of the weather. That second condition shows the risks that seafaring men must run in these inland waters, for Sluring did not lack courage; and another of the preliminary arrangements of the party was equally suggestive in a different way. They had to arrange the means of storing a great provision of good drinking-water, for in all the districts they intended to visit, the water was so brackish as to be "detestable in taste, and prejudicial to the health of those who are unaccustomed to it;" which goes to confirm our assertion, that the Dutch are excusable if they indulge somewhat freely in gin.

The voyage began with a disembarkation on the isle of Marken. Many ordinary tourists must have sighted it, yet the inhabitants live in almost perpetual isolation. They expect to be swamped every winter, and take their precautions accordingly. Groups of the houses are clustered on the top of artificial mounds, where the people take refuge, with all their portable property, during the annual inundations. At these times communication between the hamlets can only be kept up by boat. Live stock they have none, although the island is all in pasture, except a cow or two to prove the rule, and a few disconsolate sheep. They cut their grass to sell on the mainland, living chiefly by their hay and their fishing. When they die, they are "flitted," as we should say in Scotland, to the top of one of the other mounds, more strongly bastioned than the rest, and bearing the name of the *kerkhof*. Of course there is neither wood nor stone in the island, so that their houses are built entirely of imported timber; and in the event of a fire breaking out, it generally spreads to a conflagration. Considering how often the Markeners are washed out or burned out, it is strange that the little island should boast some very remarkable collections of old specimens of domestic art. In more than one of the cottages, to say nothing of quaint delft ware and Japanese porcelain, of venerable glass and wonderful metal-work, M. Havard found a half-dozen of venerable *armoires* of beautiful workmanship, admirably preserved. It shows that there is no village in Holland

so remote that the good housewives do not indulge their pet vanity of acquisition, accumulating treasures in a state-chamber, which they only open at intervals to provoke the envy of their neighbours.

Opposite to Marken lies Monnikendam, characteristically named after its founders, and the first works they undertook. In the thirteenth century or earlier, the monks in the northern German convents used occasionally to throw off swarms like bees, sending out their surplus population like the Scandinavian vikings, although the adventures they went in quest of were spiritual. It was a wandering band of the kind that set up the first tabernacles in Marken, and made a settlement on the coast opposite. The arm of the sea that lay between the two monasteries naturally took the name of the Monnikenmeer; and the monks in the mainland having begun by damming, their settlement was naturally christened the monks' dam. Monnikendam is now a place of as much consequence as some of its more northerly neighbours; yet in the days when it had its share of foreign trade, it must have supported a far larger population than at present. Now it would seem, from M. Havard's description, that the people are nodding over their milk-pails, feeling they have nothing particular to do, between the hours when the cows must be attended to, when once the cheese-presses have done their work for the day. The streets and places were grass-grown and deserted; there were few barges to stir the duck-weed on the canals; and the arrival of the little vessel that brought the strangers would have created a sensation, had there been inhabitants enough abroad for a sensation to spread among. As it was, when, in the way of business, they called on a "tinman" some ten minutes after setting foot on shore, they found that the news of their arrival had reached him already by some mysterious means. Yet these drowsy Monnikendammers, phlegmatic as they seem, are not without a sense of poetry. The monks' sea was a poetic appellation enough for the channel between Marken and the mainland; but in modern times it has been rechristened as the "Sea of Gold," which strikes us as a singularly graceful way of paying a tribute of gratitude to the richness of the bottom over which it rolls. The neighbouring dairy-farmers dredge up the sandy mud and spread it as manure over their water-meadows, which are renowned for magnificent pasturage. The next town to Monnikendam is no other than Edam,



which has long been advertising its cheeses over great part of Europe. You may see its produce piled like cannon-shot at the doors of provision-dealers from the Shetlands to Sicily, and from the Irish Channel to the Baltic. "Edam" may not have the delicate creaminess of Stilton or Canrobert, or the full-flavoured richness of the Roquefort, that weds itself so naturally with the bouquet of Burgundy, when served up on vine-leaves; but it has a charm of its own coming into a Dutch picture, with the warm scarlet orange of its rind, and the bright golden-yellow of its interior; and as it can be indulged in to any extent by robust digestions, it has all honour paid it in its native country, where vigorous appetites are the rule. Mrs. Micawber remarked that the heel of a Dutch cheese was not adapted to the wants of an infant family; but we suspect if Mrs. Micawber had known more of Holland, she would have found "Edam" a common article of consumption amongst the Dutch children of tender years. At all events, adults devour it in season and out of season. One of your earliest impressions of Holland is the singularity of seeing great slices of cheese served up at breakfast as a matter of course. Considering that cheese-making has always been one of the staple industries of this part of the province of North Holland, and that the land, to say the least of it, supports as many animals as ever it did, it seems almost unaccountable that the population of Edam should have dwindled, in the course of a couple of centuries, to a fifth of its former twenty-five thousand.

It is easier to explain the decadence of Hoorn. Hoorn, like Edam, still lives by its cheese, and does even a larger business in that article, as M. Havard informs us. There is a market held every Thursday, when loaded waggons roll in under the ancient gateways and over the creaking drawbridges; when the farmers drive up the high street in primitive vehicles, covered with quaint carvings and flaunting in paint; and when each consignment of the dairies is duly carried to the town-scales and weighed by officials in the mediæval garb of coats of white and caps of colour. But whereas Edam has to be approached by canals, Hoorn lies actually on the sea, and had once a large commerce. It is true that nowadays its harbour is like a patent rat-trap, and it is much more easy to get in than to get out. The outer sluices can only be opened when the water is at a certain level, and the sluices may be sealed hermetically in

the course of prolonged bad weather. But once its double harbour, such as it was, used to be filled with tiers of shipping; its hardy seamen were brimful of dash and patriotism, and took as kindly to fighting as to peaceful trade. It sent a formidable contingent to the flying squadrons with which De Ruyter used to sweep the Northern Sea in the scandalous days of the degenerate Stuarts. When he moored his fleet in the Medway, and the sound of his cannonade was heard in the city of London, many of his vessels hailed from Hoorn. One of its gates displays a memorial of these glorious days in the shape of an English coat of arms, in staring colours that are carefully renewed. The legend runs that a couple of negroes from Hoorn, on board one of the admiral's ships, carried off the original of the escutcheon from a vessel lying in the Thames. And the Hoorn people have another trophy to show, in remembrance of another honourable exploit. For they played so conspicuous a part on the day of the great sea-fight, when De Bossu's Spanish armada was shattered in the Zuyder Zee, that they had assigned to them in their share of the spoil the drinking-cup of the captured admiral. Enkhuizen treasures his sword, and Monnikendam his collar of the Golden Fleece. Nor was Hoorn less distinguished in the way of maritime discovery. Tasman sailed from there to discover New Zealand and Tasmania; so did Jan Pietersz Koen, who laid the foundation of his country's colonial prosperity in the South Seas; and Schouter, who was the first to double Tierra del Fuego, the southern extremity of the New World, and who gave the name of his native town to the terrible cape of clouds and storms. Though no longer rich or commercially prosperous, M. Havard found Hoorn still tolerably well-to-do, and, considering the circumstances of the climate, preserving a wonderful air of gaiety. To say nothing of its picturesque ancient gateways, which are somewhat melancholy reminders of departed greatness, the old houses get themselves up as freshly as ever. With scarcely an exception, they have all been *maisons de luxe*, with pointed roofs and staircase gables, with salient reliefs of grey granite, throwing out the warm colours of their brick façades, and richly decorated with carvings in stone as well as in wood. Hoorn, in short, although it stands among rain and fogs, is apparently one of the most coquettish little towns in the world. As M. Havard observes, it seems



as if the only appropriate costume in it were the plumed hat, the jack-boots, and the rapier that we meet with in the portraits of Rubens and Van der Helst.

Enkhuizen, at one time even more prosperous than Hoorn, has now only half Hoorn's population. Its sixty thousand inhabitants have come down to five thousand, and in its harbours, which are said to have once sent out one thousand vessels, there are fewer skiffs than are owned by the fishermen of Marken. And there is one peculiarity about its desolation. There are cities in the neighbouring Low Countries that have seen sad changes—Bruges and Ypres, for example. But Bruges and Ypres, like Hoorn, still cover very much their old extent of ground, though blocks and single houses have dropped out here and there, and although apartments go begging in the dwellings that remain. In Enkhuizen it is very different. A part of the old city is left in decay, but as for the rest, it has disappeared altogether as if its foundations had been razed and the ground swept clean. Long-abandoned sites, like Nineveh and Babylon, are still marked by artificial mounds bestrewed with fragments of brick and pottery. More than half of Enkhuizen is now a verdant meadow, although, if you dig deep beneath the surface, you will find traces in abundance of its departed life. Far away in the quiet of the country, strolling through the fields, M. Havard came upon a solitary gate that once gave access to the city on that side. What stifled the enterprise of Enkhuizen was the silting-up of its harbour: now it has fallen back on the manufacture of the buoys which are so much in demand on the shoals and banks that have been the ruin of it and other localities. But even in its depression and poverty it still finds money to spare for those benevolent objects to which the Dutch subscribe so generously. No city in Europe is more amply provided with charitable institutions than their capital of Amsterdam, and here at Enkhuizen there is an admirably conducted orphan asylum, dating from the more prosperous years of the city in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

But as each of these dying towns very much resembles another, it is not our purpose to follow M. Havard in his leisurely circumnavigation of the Zuyder Zee. We have borrowed nearly enough from him to indicate the changes that time and circumstances have brought about in the different provinces of a country that is

generally prosperous, and to show that the parts that are the least visited by travellers are very far from being the least interesting. There is Medemblik, once the chief town of West Friesland, with a mint of its own, magnificent basins, spacious quays, and the finest shipbuilding-yards in the whole of Holland. These are all to be seen still, but there is scarcely a sign of life stirring in them. There are only three thousand souls left in the place, and they move about it like spectres gliding round a graveyard. Their sole means of communicating with the outer world are by a single small diligence, which crawls periodically to Hoorn. Harlingen, on the other hand, which lies on the opposite shore of the sea, has rallied again, and is become the great outlet for the cattle, the cheeses, the eggs, and the vegetables which are shipped from Friesland for the English markets. But at Hindelopen, which boasts an antiquity of some thousand years or more, the harbours have filled up, like those of Enkhuizen, till you must pole the boat along among the rank growth of matted weeds that makes the port resemble a polder. Stavoren used to make treaties of its own with foreign nations, and is said at one time to have held the third place in the Hanseatic League. Now Stavoren has dwindled to some hundred houses, half of them falling into ruins; and it has hardly five times as many inhabitants. Kampen was made a city of the empire when Maximilian met the diet at Worms. Its citizens had protected themselves and their wealth with walls and towers, and deep fosses that were flooded from the Yssel. It still shows signs of healthy life, though its streets are ill-paved and many of its houses out of repair; but in spite of the vulgarity of reviving prosperity, M. Havard found it as well worth visiting as any of its neighbours, for its inhabitants have been careful to preserve the monuments of its earlier splendour. They have levelled their walls to let in light and air, but they have laid out the site in gardens and turned their city ditches into stretches of ornamental water. There are plate, paintings, and wood sculptures to be seen in the Stadhuis and elsewhere; there are books in the town library; there are the remains of a number of monastic institutions, for Kampen was Catholic and munificent: above all, some superb gates are left standing, and set off by the trees, shrubs, and flowers that have been planted around them. Then there is Harderwyk, a little town, a sort of Chatham



or Cherbourg in miniature, reclaimed like an oasis from the surrounding desert where the sand has gained the upper hand. Strange to say, for Holland, there is little water, except what comes from rain or inundation: the slightest breeze drifts the loose sand over the barren heaths, which are only browsed by some half-starved sheep. But Harderwyk itself and its immediate neighbourhood have been made tolerably habitable by human industry. Its streets and barracks show a military smartness, for it is the great depot whence the recruits are despatched to fill the ranks of the colonial army. It owed its origin to one of those calamities that have destroyed so much property in Holland. The surrounding country was once as fertile as any other part of Gelderland; but in the thirteenth century it was submerged. A handful of shepherds, flying for their lives, took refuge on the highest of the sand-hills, and the collection of huts they established grew into the town of Harderwyk — “the refuge of the shepherds.” Though it now smells of pipeclay, and the gown has given place to the uniform, yet its earlier fortunes are associated with learning, and three or four hundred stranger students are said to have attended the famous schools, which educated among others Boerhaave and Linnæus.

We have said nothing of the Helder and Nieuwe Diep, and the stupendous embankments to be seen in their neighbourhood; nor of cities situated somewhat inland, like Leeuwarden, Zwolle, or Amersfoort. Paying a visit to these is merely a question of taking a railway-ticket. But the islands that still act in some measure as a breakwater to shelter the Zuyder Zee from the full force of the North Sea rollers are only to be brought within reach of the traveller if he goes cruising on his own account like M. Havard. The Texel, to be sure, can be reached by chartering a skiff at Nieuwe Diep, and it is better worth an expedition than any of the rest of the group. It is at once the most exposed and by far the richest and most populous. The Texel mutton is as celebrated as the “*pré salé*” of the French salt marshes, and for the same reason. The pasturage is seasoned with the brine that comes drifting in on the spray from the ocean. But if they can breed sheep of the finest quality, the inhabitants have to pay for it in embankment works and anxiety. To quote Andrew Marvel, the ocean is always threatening to play at leap-frog over their

steeple as it has often played before. At intervals the island has been washed almost clean: so late as 1825, it was nearly drowned, and for some time it was very doubtful whether it would ever get its head above water again. Vlieland and Terschelling are so bleak and barren, that man has very much abandoned them to nature. But if it is likely that the sea may some day engulf the Texel, Ameland in a very short time will be again united to the mainland. Dykes and breakwater have been judiciously disposed with that idea, and the water is gradually throwing up an isthmus which will soon turn the island into a peninsula. That line of islands survived the great inundation because, low as they are, they stand comparatively high, and although their soil is sand it is relatively firm. But the little isles of Urk and Schokland that lie well into the Zuyder Zee, off the curve of coast between Stavoren and Kampen, appear only to have been kept in existence by something like a series of miracles. The former has a thriving fishing population of about twelve hundred souls, who, if it were not for the force of habit and the indifference bred by familiarity with danger, must feel very like so many castaways adrift on a frail raft that at any moment may go to pieces beneath them. But as for Schokland, life there becomes too precarious even for amphibious Dutchmen. The island has taken its name from the shocks it constantly receives from the ocean; the people have been gradually leaving it like the rats in a sinking ship; and we are told that the few families who cling to it from affection are fully aware they are tempting providence, and have quite made up their minds to the worst.

We have necessarily done but imperfect justice to M. Havard's most interesting book, and may consequently have conveyed an imperfect idea of the attractions of a summer cruise in those Dutch inland waters. But we have heard of nothing so near home that is likely to be so fruitful of fresh enjoyment, for if Holland generally is too much neglected, these decaying cities have been well-nigh forgotten.

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#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE appointments made provisionally by Kirke to his regiment, of the officers



selected from the residency garrison, were all confirmed in due course at headquarters; and when it joined the force assembled in the field, Yorke found himself gazetted adjutant, Braddon being second in command, while Egan and Cowper were attached to do duty. Thus the opportunity had come to Yorke so often longed for, and in a form which his most sanguine day-dreams had failed to picture. An adjutant of irregular cavalry, in the thick of active service, what better place could a young officer find in the whole army?

The scorching heat and blinding dust of the hot season were now succeeded by the rains, and although still very hot, the weather was bearable enough for men who did their work on horseback, and the change from their previous confinement to the freedom of an open-air life in the saddle, combined with the confidence inspired by success to send up their spirits; and the officers of Kirke's horse marched into camp at the head of their five hundred gallant troopers all in a state of the highest enthusiasm. Kirke was deservedly complimented by the general in command on the good form into which he had already brought his levy, the timely arrival of which and its soldier-like appearance procured for it a hearty greeting from all ranks of the little army which it had come to reinforce. There was plenty for it to do; for although the camp was stationary — the little English force standing at bay awaiting reinforcements, itself on the defensive though professing to carry on a siege — the cavalry were in constant movement to protect the flanks and rear of the camp, continually threatened by the enemy. Thus Kirke's horse from the very first came almost daily into contact with the enemy; and although the spirit and natural quality of the men were excellent, there was need for caution and judgment as well as courage in handling these young soldiers, for the mutineers were both better mounted and better trained. But Kirke was just the man for the occasion. A good swordsman and rider, and perfectly fearless, he was cool and wary also, and by keeping his men well in hand at first, and only engaging when he could do so at advantage, he saved his young troopers from sustaining any serious check at the outset, and every day saw an improved discipline grafted on the natural fine bearing of the men, and increase of mutual confidence between them and their officers. The regiment, however, being very much broken up into detachments,

good officers were as necessary as a good commandant to bring it into shape; and Kirke had made a happy selection in the men he chose. Braddon, although still disposed to be cynical, had shaken off his moroseness and the bad habit which had caused his former downfall. The cloud which had overshadowed him had passed away, his gallant bearing at the residency having gained him a new reputation, and he came out now in his proper colours as the good officer and genial comrade, cool and clever as Kirke himself; and he soon gained the respect and confidence of the men, like all Indians readily disposed to hero-worship. Egan, too, now that he had some fitting occupation, had shaken off the betting-ring manners which he had been wont to affect, and there remained plenty to admire in the little fellow's courage, good riding, and endurance. The very model of a light cavalry soldier, and never so much at ease as when in the saddle, he was able to tire down even Kirke himself, who was said to be one of the toughest men in the army. Cowper, like Yorke, was eager to distinguish himself, and Yorke, although nominally adjutant, could not be spared for camp work, but was as much on outpost duty as any one. Thus handled, Kirke's horse came well out of all the numerous skirmishes in which it was engaged, either collectively or in detachments; and success begat the confidence which is the first element of superiority in war. The officers were seldom together; but occasionally the whole regiment would be united in camp for a brief space, when the officers joined together for their frugal meals in what was called the mess-tent, off such food as was procurable. But if the diet was simple, it was seasoned with high spirits. There was always plenty to tell each other on such occasions, and the little party felt like a band of brothers; for Kirke, although a hard man, was both good-tempered and good-natured, and was perfectly free and unaffected off duty. Mackenzie Maxwell made up the complement of officers. In ordinary course a young assistant surgeon would have been attached to an irregular cavalry regiment, but those were not days of routine; Maxwell preferred active life in the field to remaining at the Mustaphabad residency, and asked to be allowed to remain with Kirke's horse, and all the officers treated the older man with a respect which made his position sufficiently agreeable.

During this time the field forces to which the regiment was attached had, as



we have mentioned, been compelled to remain stationary, encamped before a great rebellious city, and itself the assailed rather than the assailant; but at last the little army had accomplished the task it had been set to do, after a struggle the brunt of which was borne by the other branches of the service, and the time now came for a move onwards, with diminished numbers indeed, but of men who had achieved a victory against desperate odds, and looked on the work remaining to be done as a light thing after that which had been accomplished. Notwithstanding the harassing duty which had been required of it, Kirke had drilled his regiment on every opportunity, and when the time came for moving on, the men were not only adepts at outpost duty, but tolerably well trained to move together, while the officers had been able to get proper mounts and accoutrements, for sales were of almost daily occurrence in camp. Some wounded men were left behind with Cowper, who was disabled by a fall of his horse, but many recruits had joined; and the regiment marched at the head of the advance, over five hundred sabres, fairly well mounted and equipped, and ready for anything. The damp heat of the rainy season was now giving way before the first approach of the cold weather, the morning air was fresh and cool, the sky was clear, the earth was covered with a mantle of fresh green crops; and as Yorke rode over the boundless plains clad in all the charms of the early Indian winter, his heart bounded within him for joy. He had never felt so happy before. Campaigning seemed the perfection of life. This was no mere political quarrel, when men might deplore the necessity for shedding blood, and feel no rancour against the enemies whose lives they were seeking. The business in hand caused no regrets or mistrust whether the end justified the means; it was to subdue a cruel enemy and revenge bitter wrongs; while, mingled with other feelings, there was the satisfaction of knowing that the result of the war was no longer doubtful. The tide had been stemmed, and final success was plainly in view. Spirits ran high in camp, and nowhere higher than in Kirke's horse. The men had been frequently engaged, and with small loss, than which nothing more begets confidence in troops. But in Yorke's heart there was also a feeling of tumultuous joy as it confessed to hopes that the love still so deep and ardent might now be rewarded hereafter. Olivia must know, he thought to

himself ever and again, that I worship the very ground she treads on. True, she does not love me yet, although I am sure of her regard; she would not be the Olivia of my adoration if she could be so soon untrue to the memory of her husband. But so brief a wedded life needs not a prolonged widowhood. Falkland must be to her rather a noble memory to be remembered with veneration than a lover to be passionately cherished. Surely the deepest chords in her heart have never yet been stirred; I have gained her respect and regard, I may yet gain her love. And the thought that she was no longer beyond his reach filled the young man's heart with wild ecstasy. And yet, he continued to himself, what meanness in me to be thus rejoicing in that noble man's death! But no, I don't rejoice in it. While he lived there was not one disloyal thought about either of them in my mind. But it is our fate that she should be free again; mine be now the task to prove worthy of her: and as these thoughts passed through the young man's mind, he pressed his charger till the gallant Selim bounded under him as if responsive to the rider's feelings, and the orderly who followed him as he galloped along, carrying orders across the plain, had much ado to keep up to his proper distance in rear.

The amount of actual fighting which the cavalry of an army goes through, as compared with the business in that line which falls to the infantry, is usually but trifling, and its losses small in proportion. But the rule did not hold on this occasion. Almost all the cavalry of the Indian army having mutinied, the great advantage possessed by the enemy in this respect over the raw levies raised to replace them, gave them a confidence at first which was wanting in contests between the infantry. The nature of the country, too, a vast plain on a dead level, bare of obstacles, favoured the movement of cavalry; and frequent encounters and skirmishes took place on the front and flanks of the advancing British column, amounting sometimes to regular stand-up fights. In this war the experience of such work which men could hardly gain in a lifetime of ordinary campaigns, was crowded into a few months; and the troopers who fought their way through it were veterans at the end. Nevertheless Kirke and his officers escaped unhurt for a long time; yet the fighting was sometimes sharp enough. As, for example, one afternoon the advancing column, marching along the main road with Kirke's horse in front, came to a



village surrounded by a grove of trees, to clear which the cavalry on the flanks had to diverge somewhat to the right and left. Braddon, with a squadron, was on the right front; Egan with another on the left front; Kirke led the way along the road with the advance-guard of the third squadron, Yorke riding beside him. The enemy's cavalry had been showing in the front all day, but always retiring at a respectful distance without opposition, while the squadrons thrown out in advance on the flanks kept the front of the main column clear. Here, however, owing to groves and gardens coming in the way of the flankers, and obliging them to make a long detour, the column on the road got to be somewhat in advance, and, as the leading horsemen turned round a bend in the road through the village, a body of rebel cavalry could be seen drawn up not fifty yards in front, which, instead of retreating, moved down on them at a trot. The leading detachment, of six men only, were cut down, and the enemy came bearing down, somewhat thrown out of order in overcoming this first obstacle, but still a compact body filling up the road and open space up to the line of village huts on each side, with a front of some sixteen files. They had evidently got it in them to strike a blow.

With Kirke and Yorke were the support, of ten men riding two deep, and at some little distance behind came the rest of the squadron.

Kirke had but a moment for decision. To have fallen back on the main body was to cause panic and rout. His resolution was taken in an instant. There was not even time to form the party into single file, so, drawing his sword he waved it on high, and, shouting "Charge!" dashed forward at a gallop, and the little party of twelve were upon the enemy almost in an instant. The latter slackened speed instinctively, but the opposing sides came together so quickly that the two officers had passed the enemy's leading files before they were pulled up, in the midst of a mass of horsemen jammed close together. A strange position truly, after following your enemy for days at the distance of a mile or so, to find yourself in his midst, knee pressing against knee, and to feel his hot breath against your cheek: seconds at such times seem like hours, and yet the whole scene passes like a sudden dream. Yorke had no time to think of method, or to recall the lessons he had taught himself to practise in his mind for use in such emergencies. Instinct, for

the moment, took the place of method. There is no time to speak; the only sounds are the scuffling of men and tramping of horses, as the riders try to get their sword-arms free, and cuts and parries are exchanged with desperate speed. Yet, amid the hurry, Yorke has time to feel with a sense of satisfaction that he is not flurried, and that his head is cool, as, seizing the man on his left by the collar, he pulls him from his saddle with a sudden jerk, and the man falling down amongst the horses, gives a cry of anguish as he is trampled upon below. Kirke, for his part, was too close to the men right and left of him to hit them effectually, but swinging round he cut down the man whom he passed on the right, after which he had enough to do for an instant to parry his two nearest assailants, whose short curved scimitars were more handy at these close quarters than his long sword. But Kirke at last ran one of them through, and Yorke stunned the rider on his right by a blow delivered close to the hilt of his sword. So close was the crowd, that as these men sank down there was no room for them to fall between the horses to the ground; the head of one rested on Yorke's knee, and, for the instant, the riderless horses interposed between the combatants. But the leading files of the enemy, on the right and left of the road, who had no one opposed to them, were now closing round, and the little party must soon be overwhelmed if help comes not. But help was nigh. The native officer with the third squadron, on seeing what had happened in front, delayed only long enough to extend his front to the width of the ground, and galloped up in support. Then the roadway was filled with a seething mass of horsemen, whereof only those leading on each side could engage, and they were jammed up by those pressing on from behind. A few more seconds pass — slowly, as it seems, so many blows are crowded into them — and then there is a yielding of the rebel cavalry; the whole mass seems moving slowly in one way. For, by this time, the outer squadrons under Braddon and Egan, working round the village, descry the enemy massed on the road between them, and press forward to attack them, separated, however, by the mud wall of a garden which borders the road for some quarter of a mile along either side. But the enemy, thus caught between the two lines, are bewildered, and the rearmost men begin to tail off, and ride out of the way along the road; the impulse is communi-



cated to those in advance, and soon there are left only a few facing Kirke's men, who in their efforts to turn and get away are all cut down. But the victorious party are too broken up to pursue them far, and the enemy gets off with a loss of about thirty killed, and nearly as many horses captured, while of Kirke's horse eight are killed, including the advance-guard which was surprised, and sixteen wounded, some slightly. "A sharp thing while it lasted," said Kirke to his subaltern, wiping his long sword, "and might have been awkward if Subahdar Tej Singh had not been up to time. All's well that ends well; but this will be a lesson to you for all your life, young man, to take care how you march round a corner."

On another day, Kirke's regiment, in advance of a detached column moving across country, had made out the enemy occupying a line of villages in strength, and apparently intending to await an attack in the position. The officer commanding the force on coming up determined to make a flank movement to turn the position, and accordingly diverted the main column to the right, leaving Kirke's horse still in front to occupy the enemy's attention and cover the manœuvre. It was a clear bright morning of the cold season, and every object could be distinguished plainly in the still, clear air. In front were the low mud walls of a couple of villages, about half a mile apart from each other, and connected by a grove of well-grown trees. Between Kirke's men and this position, more than a mile distant, was a perfectly open plain, green with young corn, and unbroken by a single obstacle; the view was bounded on the right and left by the still unreaped crops of the previous wet season, as high as a horseman's head.

Kirke, with his orderly and trumpeter behind him, advanced over the plain, reconnoitring, a little distance ahead of his regiment, which moved at a walk in column of squadrons at deploying distance. They had arrived pretty near to the line of villages, when fire was suddenly opened by a battery which had been concealed in the grove. The practice was bad, but Kirke ordered the regiment to retire; and it fell back, deployed in line so as to offer a smaller obstacle to the artillery-fire. On seeing this, a large body of the rebel cavalry emerged from the grove and formed up in front of it. The effect of this movement was to stop the fire from the guns, as the new-comers were in the way. They too deployed into line, which somewhat

overlapped Kirke's force, and they moved forward as if intending to attack.

"Now look out," said Kirke jocosely to his orderly, in Hindustani; "we may get a chance."

Kirke continued to retire the regiment, the enemy's cavalry following. He even gave the word to trot. The rebel cavalry began to trot too, halting, however, when Kirke halted, and advancing whenever he retired.

In this way the two bodies of horse moved across the plain till they had got to be a full mile from the enemy's main position. The rebel cavalry meanwhile were getting nearer to Kirke's men, coming so close that their faces could be distinguished, and it looked as if, were a determined rush made, Kirke and his attendants would be cut down before the regiment could turn to help them. And the rebels, seeing that the retreat continued, began to grow excited. Shouts were raised, and swords waved. Some of them broke their ranks and began curveting about in front of their line, abusing the Feringhee runaways.

"It's about time now," said Kirke to himself, drawing his sword. Then he gave the order, and his trumpeter sounded the halt, and then immediately afterwards, as the regiment turned to its front, the canter; and putting himself at their head, he led the way towards the enemy.

The enemy's line continued to move on at a slow trot, and the interval between the two was rapidly diminishing; but a spectator looking merely at the British line might have thought he was viewing a parade exercise, so cool and leisurely did the advance appear. Kirke, in front of the centre on Kathleen, with drab felt turban-covered helmet and tunic and breeches, and high boots of untanned leather, riding with stirrups somewhat short, and a strong seat, erect, his long straight sword held upright, a sinister smile on his dark resolute face. In front of the right squadron comes Braddon, tall and heavy, under whom even the big steed he bestrides seems undersized, a powerful Australian recaptured during the campaign, which perhaps erst bore some portly civilian in more peaceful times. Before the centre squadron rides Egan, dapper and light, horse and man seeming as one. Yorke leads the left squadron, spare and lithe, and with an easy seat, riding Selim with a light hand, the little horse bounding along with the short springy action of the Arab, like a mad thing, as if panting for the fray.

When barely fifty paces remain, Kirke's



trumpeter sounds the charge, and the whole regiment echo the shout which their leader gives, as, waving his sword, he lets Kathleen go. Some of the enemy, pressing forward, respond to the challenge, but some halt, some turn round—their line is broken and their chance gone. It is no fight, but a running pursuit. The bravest, who stop to fight, fall first, overmatched and outnumbered. Those save themselves who fly first, as the two bodies gallop together helter-skelter across the plain. The rebel horsemen parry and cut backwards; but the game goes against those who fight an enemy behind, and many a one rolls from his saddle under the pursuers' sharp sabres. Not until the battle has rolled on to within less than a furlong from the enemy's position does Kirke sound the halt, and the pursued are able to disengage themselves and take refuge in the grove. Then Kirke re-forms his men and retires, not too soon, for the enemy's artillery after a pause begins to open fire, although the plain is covered with the bodies of their comrades. But the fire is scarcely opened when it stops again, for the enemy's attention is now diverted by the movement of the troops threatening their flanks; a panic seizes them, and they limber up and retire, and Kirke and his men remain in possession of the field, sprinkled with the bodies of fallen men and riderless horses.

Some of these bodies move, and one man, disengaging himself from his horse, is seen walking leisurely towards the grove, in full face of the regiment, now drawn up in order.

Kirke looks at his orderly, giving a little jerk of his hand towards the rebel trooper, and the orderly taking the hint, gallops after him. The man hears the sound of his pursuer's horse, and, looking round for an instant, sets off at a run. He is not far from the grove, and will find shelter there; but he cannot run fast in his heavy boots, and the horseman soon overtakes him. Once or twice he tries to evade his fate by doubling, but presently the trooper gets him within reach of his tulwar, and there is a laugh among the onlookers as the man falls under the blow, while his pursuer dismounts to rifle the body, for the soldiers of both sides usually carry their wealth about them, and a score or so of rupees may often reward the victor in single combat.

"Our fellows will expect to get any loot that is to be had," said Kirke, riding up to Egan. "Leave ten files of your squadron; and see that everything is brought in to be

shared equally amongst the whole. And mind," he added, as Egan turned round to give the order, "we don't want to be bothered with any wounded prisoners." Then the regiment passed on at speed to join the field force, whilst the detachment moved about the field engaged on their office, looking after their fallen comrades among other things, and catching loose horses. Two of the regiment only were found to be killed; fifteen had been dismounted; about twice as many altogether were wounded or bruised by falls. More than eighty bodies of the enemy were counted. Many of these were of men wounded, cut down, or ridden over and trampled down; and some of them lay as dead when the fatigue-party came up. But the pretence was of course seen through; a carbine-shot or slice of the tulwar settled the affair; and when the detachment passed on to join the regiment, nothing stirred on the plain to resist the wild dogs and jackals when they should arrive for their banquet in the evening. An hour later the camp-followers would come up, and the dead be stripped of what clothing remained to them. Perhaps hereafter the mothers and wives in some distant villages would wonder why their sons and husbands did not come home, and would be fain to console themselves with the reflection that they must have fallen in a good cause. For, strange as it may seem, it was not the English only who deemed themselves to have the right in this quarrel. To many of these benighted creatures it seemed to be quite a noble thing to stand by their comrades, and strike a blow to avert the pollution which they believed their crafty Feringhee rulers to be preparing for them.

"This is the neatest job we have done during the war," said Kirke, as, an hour or two later, the little group of officers lay resting under a tree at their ease, waiting for the late breakfast which the servants, who had come up with the mule bearing the mess-equipment, were busy preparing, the regiment being now encamped for the day, and pickets duly posted. "It is not often one gets a chance to have three squadrons all going to work together, and over such splendid ground too."

"And yet," said Braddon, "although perhaps one ought not to say so, those men were better fellows than ours, if the truth must be confessed—better mounted, better riders, better trained. If their leaders were worth anything, they might have shown us a thing or two. But the scamps have no heart for their work.



They are ashamed of themselves, to begin with, and all at cross-purposes. I suspect that they only keep together now because they don't know what else to do."

"Yes," observes Kirke, "it will take all of a year to bring the regiment up to the mark of one of the best of the old irregular corps; but the lads take to the business very kindly, don't they? But here is breakfast ready at last."

"It can't be more ready than I am," responded Braddon; "this 'pursuing practice' is the very deuce for giving a fellow an appetite."

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

ABOUT this time the *Gazette* arrived from England, containing the first Mutiny brevet. Kirke was made a major; while Braddon was made both major and C.B. for his gallant share in the defence of the residency. Kirke, although he might naturally have felt annoyed at his junior being more distinguished than himself, took the matter on the whole very well. He was a hard man, but jealousy was not a part of his character. Yorke being still a subaltern, although now nearly at the top of the list, was not yet eligible for brevet promotion. It was in this brevet that Dumble, as already mentioned, was made a brevet-colonel and C.B. Braddon was good-humouredly satirical about the value of a reward which embraced Dumble, but the profession of indifference to distinction was not carried very far; with the rise in public estimation his self-respect had returned, and his moroseness disappeared, and he was now as blithe and gay as any one in the regiment. As for Yorke, he did not want reward or promotion to maintain his spirits; indeed, to belong to Kirke's horse was in itself a sufficient passport to consideration throughout the camp of the main army, which the regiment had now joined. One regiment of British cavalry was also, like themselves, a corps of veterans, who had been in the thick of the fighting; but to the officers and men of the dragoons lately arrived as reinforcements from Europe, and who had not yet had an opportunity of crossing swords with an enemy, the famous corps which had already been mentioned over and over again in despatches, and whose exploits were in everybody's mouth, was naturally an object of curiosity and respect; nor could Yorke help contrasting the sort of reception he now received whenever his duties brought him in contact with the officers of other branches of the serv-

ice, with the obscurity of his position a few months ago.

Then, too, as the avenging army swept the country clear of wandering rebel hordes, the post was re-established, and English letters began to reach the camp, so long cut off from news of the distant West. Yorke's letters, like those of many of his comrades, were written in the strain which the times made natural, full of rejoicings that those so dear to the writers had been spared thus far, full of anxieties for the dangers still to be undergone. As Yorke's sister, who was his chief English correspondent, expressed it, life in England at this time was one of continued suspense. "Indeed," said the fair writer, "I sometimes feel as if the strain was more than could be borne, as we have to wait from day to day for more tidings from India. But as Mr. Morgan always says [Mr. Morgan was the new incumbent of a chapel-of-ease at Wiltonbury], everything is ordered for the best, and this must be our precious consolation whatever befalls those dear to us. The Mills's cousin, whom of course you know, as he is in the army, has just sent them tidings of his safety. All the officers of his regiment were treacherously murdered, but he was away on leave at the time, and so was preserved. Truly, as Mr. Morgan says, there is a special providence which guards over us in all our dangers. And you, my dearest Arthur, how mercifully have you been saved almost out of the lion's mouth! The papers are quite full of Captain Kirke's heroic deliverance of your garrison just as you were at the point of destruction; and everybody has been reading Colonel's Dumble's beautiful affecting despatch; no wonder the garrison fought bravely with such a noble commander as he must be: still our hearts are strained almost to bursting when we think that you are still set in the midst of so many and great dangers; but should my dearest Arthur be spared to receive these fond lines, I know that we shall have his sympathy in our dreadful anxiety."

In these days of irregular posts, it often happened that more than one mail arrived at the same time, and in fact Yorke received by this same post another letter from his sister—for his mother was not a good correspondent—written a month later than the first, expressed much in the same terms as the other in the beginning, but containing also a piece of news at the end which could not be withheld. Her dearest Arthur's affectionate heart would



be made glad on hearing that his fond sister was about to become the wife of the new incumbent of St. Clement's. With so estimable a man for husband, to say nothing of his being so brilliant a preacher, she felt sure that her happiness was secured. Mr. Morgan was a widower, the letter went on to say; "indeed he has been sorely tried, poor dear fellow, for his first wife died after a long and very painful illness; but I trust he has now many years of happiness before him." The letter concluded by saying that the marriage was to take place in a few weeks. The writer would have wished to defer it till her dearest Arthur should be at home; but she supposed he could not be spared from his military duties just at present, and dear William had made such a point of the new vicarage being now ready for occupation, that she was forced to consent to a speedy union.

The tide of war had now completely turned. It was no longer a struggle on terms of equality, where discipline and courage on one side were balanced against numbers on the other. The British army was now in great strength, and moving triumphantly over the country. The rebel cavalry had pretty well given up fighting on its own account, and the opportunities for engaging it had become rare; but the enemy still held out in force here and there, occupying strong positions from which they had to be dislodged; and the British cavalry, moving in advance of the army, more than once suffered losses from artillery and infantry fire, to which they were unable to reply. This happened one day to Kirke's horse, now brigaded with two other regiments under Colonel Tartar, and in advance of the army moving on a point where the enemy seemed disposed to make a stand. Kirke's horse was drawn up in reserve while one of the other regiments was skirmishing in their front among some high crops, in which the horsemen were almost concealed, and which surrounded a flat-roofed town hardly to be made out above the tall grain, but from the outskirts of which a desultory fire was proceeding. The younger troops, who had never been in action before, were in a state of great excitement, as a squadron told off for skirmishing was engaged in front soon to be reinforced by another — Kirke's men meanwhile, who were in the rear, conducting themselves with the *nonchalance* of old campaigners, the men dismounted, the officers in a little group on horseback.

"They seem very lively in front there," said Kirke, as the dragoons might be seen trotting round in circles discharging their carbines in reply to the enemy's fire; "but I should doubt anything coming out of the business, except that some of the youngsters will get hit. I wonder the brigadier don't send us up instead. Not that we should be able to do much better, but our men would be cheaper."

"It would be an awful nuisance though," said Egan, "to have a lot of our fellows knocked over for nothing, merely because the general wants us cavalry to do infantry work. A regiment of Sikhs would clear out these fields in a jiffey."

"My good fellow," observed Braddon, "if you deduct all the men who are knocked over in war without satisfying any useful purpose, the casualties in this noble pastime would undergo a perceptible reduction."

"May be so, but it must be a horrid bore to be hit about in this way without getting any good by it."

"But you may get a great deal of good by it, my dear fellow; there, for example, goes a man who will get a good deal," — and as Braddon spoke, a doolee was borne to the rear with an officer, whom they could make out to be the commandant of the regiment engaged, wounded in the leg by a gunshot: "that man arrived from England about three days ago, and has been in action about five minutes, but he is safe for his C.B. now, and will be a great authority on cavalry for the remainder of his life."

"Ah! here are the infantry at last," said Kirke, as a regiment of Sikhs came up in haste at a long swinging stride, and sent a couple of companies in skirmishing order into the high crops.

"Now, there goes a really brave man," said Braddon, pointing to the commandant of the regiment, a stout, middle-aged officer, who rode at the head of it. "That man has a wife and eight children in England to my knowledge. I declare I don't think I could muster up courage to go into action if I had such a frightful load on my shoulders."

"I don't see that at all," said Yorke; "if a man has all the comfort of married life in peace time he must pay for it on active service. You can't have everything without alloy in this world. But I don't observe that married men make a bit worse soldiers than bachelors."

"Then they ought to. As for comfort, I don't fancy old Swaby there has had too much in that line; he has been always



dreadfully hard up, but it has been luxury compared to what is in store for his family if he comes to grief. I fancy I can see them, settled in some small country town, a picture of old Swaby in full uniform the only ornament left remaining, and the poor mother telling the children what a splendid soldier their father was (which won't put food into their little bellies however), and besieging the court of directors continually for an appointment for her eldest boy. No, if I were a married man I should be an awful coward."

Yorke laughed as Braddon finished his outburst, knowing that his friend could afford to play with the subject of bravery; but he could not help thinking that although the hope of winning the fair prize now before him was a source of strength and courage at present, what a hard wrench it would be to leave her side to go campaigning again, although he felt sure enough that, once in the field, a wife at home would make no difference in his conduct any more than it would in that of Braddon or any other soldier. But these reflections were interrupted by an order to mount. The infantry were now coming up in force, and advancing to the attack of the enemy's position, and Kirke's horse were ordered off to the right to guard the flank.

Passing through a grove of trees, the regiment came on to a piece of barren ground, some half a mile wide, and extending right up to the town, the left end of which was from this point clearly exposed to view, a wall surrounding the flat-roofed houses and huts within; while still further to the left could be made out a considerable body of the enemy, both horse and foot. It was to guard against any counter-attempt from this force that Kirke's horse had been detached to the right, while the main attack was made in front under cover of the high crops.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### GERMAN HOME LIFE.\*

BY A LADY.

#### VII.

#### WOMEN.

"*Ehret die Frauen*," says Schiller in one of his best-known poems: "*Sie*

\* [The publication of these papers—which another chapter will conclude—has been interrupted by illness.]

*flechten und weben himmlische Rosen ins irdische Leben;*"

(Honour to women! To them it is given  
To garland the earth with the roses of heaven;)

and in a key of fervent exhortation, he proceeds to contrast in changing metre, and terms certainly *not* advantageous to the "superior," the characteristics of the two sexes.

By the "superior" we of course mean the stronger sex: the *style esclave* still obtain in Germany. No John S. Mill has as yet arisen with quixotic enthusiasm on the social horizon of Teutonia, nor has, so far, the voice of the emancipated been heard in the fatherland.

It has somewhere been rashly asserted by some one, that every woman not born an Englishwoman, could she have had a choice in the matter, would have chosen to be so born. No greater error could be made as regards the German woman. She, taking her all round, is absolutely contented with her lot, and supremely disregarding of the estate of other women. The day of small things not only suffices for her, but is to her as a crown of glory; she despises the frivolity of the French, the freedom of the English, the fearless strides and absolute independence of the American woman. Do not believe that you will be able to sit long in the seat of the scornful: you will have to come down and go out, for towering high above you, on her pedestal of homebaked virtues, and looking down upon your ornamentalness and uselessness with the fear and dislike virtue assumes in gazing upon vice, stands the traditional *Hausfrau*. That she should have anything to learn of her neighbours (outside the fatherland) is impossible; there is only one country in the world, and that is Germany; there is only one woman and that is the German woman. In the face of such convictions as these, it would be daring to hint at the state of mind that has been characterized as a mean satisfaction with a mean position. The "coming" woman, as yet, casts no shadow across the dead level of German home life. The "platform woman" and the "medical woman" are still only known by evil report; beings that cause the virtuous matron to draw her imaginary skirts shudderingly around her ample form, and to pass by, with mentally averted eyes, on the other side.

When, in Germany, the (so-called) chivalry of the Middle Ages fell dead, and the romantic period came to a timely end, woman seems to have disappeared into indefi-



nite drudgery, whence she only emerges to bewilder us by her paradoxical position during the Goethe-Schiller period. The intellectual resurrection of the fatherland, the age of philosophy and letters, the Weimar-Athen's epoch, when a grand spiritual revolution shook old prejudices and false tastes to their rotten foundations, presents a picture full of intense interest to the student of human nature. After years of silence and obscurity, woman comes again to the front; yet truth obliges us to confess, in no very elevated guise. Artificiality was banished from society; nature now was to have her rights; paint and powder, ruffles and *talons rouges*, were deposed; and in the place of French audacity, wit, and sprightliness we have classic robes, fillet-bound heads, melancholy, moonshine, and sentiment. All social conventionalities are upset and defied. Men and women change partners as in a quadrille; a continual *chassez-croisez* confuses society. "There is hardly a woman in Weimar," writes Schiller to Körner, "but has a *liaison*. They are all coquettes; one may easily fall in with an affair of the heart, though it will not last any time." Extravagant worship of the purely intellectual, on the one hand, and a throwing off with undisguised contempt the old traditional restraints of life on the other, mark the most brilliant period of German history. A glorification of personal freedom is the gospel of the new school, whereof the highest doctrine seems to be that every man shall do what is good in his own eyes, since his appetites, passions, and desires are sacred emanations from a Superior Being implanted in his breast only to be gratified. Selfish sentimentality, hysteric weepings over the dullness and indifference of mankind, rhapsody, melting of sympathetic souls, romantic meetings, absence of all firm purpose or high-strung resolve, elective affinities, bathos and suicide, mark the epoch of the rehabilitation of woman in Germany.

As we gaze round on the Weimar group, we are puzzled. We see Jean Paul with his *Titanide*, Charlotte von Kalb, a big, flighty, foolish woman, tumbling, morally and physically, any way (the lawful husband philosophically indifferent to the eccentricities of his half-mad, slatternly spouse), disputing the possession of Richter's Platonic soul with the sentimental Emilia von Berlepsch, also "a married lady;" and in the dim background languishes, somewhat obscurely, a Madame de Krüdener (not the author of "*Valé-*

*rie*" be it observed), and yet another sympathetic being, nameless to posterity. It is true the "only one" (*der Einzige*) is a little shocked by the fall from the empyrean of one "dear angel," and a little trammelled by the exactions of the other, but his purer spirit at length finds the repose it seeks in the haven of matrimony. We see the great Goethe, after endless "love-affairs," not too great to form a *liaison* with Frau von Stein (Herr von Stein quite agreeable to the arrangement), of whom it must be said that she turned out a considerable thorn in the majestic poet's flesh. A sentimental and bellettristic correspondence flourishes during a decade, long before the end of which, we read between the lines that Goethe is heartily sick of his exacting charmer. They quarrel—as all lovers in all times have done, and will do—and the disputes are generally made up by presents of sausages, fruit, or cakes from the high-tempered lady. Goethe goes after strange goddesses; and the rupture is complete when he "declines on the lower range of feeling" of a Christiana Vulpius. We see the calm Schiller puzzled as to which he ought to love best, his wife, or her sister Charlotte von Lengefeld; and an uncomfortable suggestion presents itself to the mind that he may have married the wrong lady. We are almost tempted to think that the correct Körner had a *tendre* for his sister-in-law, the artist, Dorothea Stock, whose lover, Huber, ran away with another man's wife, said man uttering pious aspirations for the happiness of the interesting couple, and imploring Heaven to bless their union. We see young Jerusalem dying of Wertherism; Von Kleist shooting himself with his "friend" Sophia Vogel, "*am heiligen See*," near Potsdam, and Charlotte Stieglitz trying to rouse her husband, a confirmed hypochondriac, by stabbing herself to the heart before his eyes with a dagger. Not the least part of the strange picture lies in the fact that the exceptional women ("They are *all* coquettes," says Schiller) of blameless lives and decent conduct mix freely with their more elastic sisters, and seem definitively, and of conviction, to have adopted the axiom, that all lapses from virtue are to be regarded with the strictest toleration.

Amidst all these ecstasies and fervours, simmerings and sighings, we turn with a feeling of relief to the wholesome typical figure of Werther's Charlotte, and admire the exquisite calmness with which she, having seen



His body borne before her on a shutter,  
Like a well-conducted person  
Went on cutting bread and butter.

She, after all, though the others be the representative men and women of an epoch, is the typical German woman; true through all time; and she has gone on cutting bread and butter ever since. In fact, for decent German women there seems, by universal consent, to be no other career; and when we consider that the world is full of exorbitant persons who clamour three times a day for food, let us give all honour to the bread-and-butter cutters of life.

But in the rebound from artificiality, the then polite world fell into such extremes of genteel sensibility that no one dared to be truly natural. The ambition to shine, if not by talents, then by singularity; if not by beauty, then by extravagance of opinion; if not by rank, then by recklessness; destroyed the very simplicity that the enthusiasts had originally taken for their text, and "the modesty of nature," overstepped, became unnatural.

Nevertheless, we must remember that this is the period to which every German man and woman turns with pride and pleasure; it is the moment of time when woman emerges from the obscurity and drudgery of the dark ages, and becomes a personage and a power. The lives at which we have briefly glanced are not the lives of obscure, little-regarded persons; they are those of the representative men and women of the times, who gave the tone to society and to literature; not hidden, shamefacedly, under deprecatory bushels, but set up high on the altars of enthusiasm and hero-worship. These men are their greatest: these women their highest and brightest: these philosophies and poesies and moralities, their supremest, sublimest, best. It is their *ne plus ultra* of all that culture and development can produce. Like the age of Pericles, an age to be cited by admiring worlds for all after times, with proud pointings of the finger to the unapproachable group, and triumphant upward glances of unspeakable adoration.

This is what German men and women get out of it. To outsiders this affectation of nature is the most offensive form of the artificial. The French *marquise*, chattering shallow philosophies, could at least amuse you by her wit, if you refused to be bewildered by her beauty; but these votaresses of "nature" bore you to death with their dull loves and high-flown correspondence; the talk is so tall, the out-

come so small; the sentimentality is so heavy, flat, stale, and unprofitable, that you turn from these *femmes incomprises*, these tender transparent souls, and feel in your heart that perhaps worse things than epigrammatic immoralities, paint, and patches have happened to you.

The ideal woman of Germany is still much what Schiller painted her; she poses in passionless serenity (as you may see on the title-pages of the poetry-books), surrounded by sister-souls, and crowned with stars. She is a soft sentimental creature, all sensibility and adjectives, weaving "heavenly roses" into this earthly life; sighing softly to the stars, wandering in moonlight, culling forget-me-nots and pansies, and enwreathing her blonde brows with the flowers of the feelings; melancholy, sympathetic, *schwärmerisch*; blue-eyed and pensive; swimming, somewhat vaguely, in vast seas of sentiment, not far from dangerous gulfs of bathos. The Egeria of some favoured Numa, the "heavenly friend" of a semi-Platonic lover; vaporous, floating somewhere, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, ready to dissolve at the touch of this gross workaday world, and so pass away in a state of elemental purity to more sympathetic regions.

There is no figure more poetic than that of the ideal German woman; there is no actuality more prosaic than the flesh-and-blood reality, as she lives and moves and has her being. The ideal woman is always unmarried; the real woman is married. If marriage be the prose of life, German marriage is of prose, prosiest. "*Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier*," says Schiller, with the gentle cynicism of his cold, calm nature, "*reisst der schöne Wahn entzwei!*" With the loosened cestus and the lost veil, the sweet madness is also lost. He knew best. The finding is not one to gratify the weaker sex generally, but no German woman has been found to resent the poet's utterance. They thenceforth, if goddesses at all, are household goddesses; their pedestal, if pedestal be still possible, is set upon the great Teutonic tripod—the home-baked, the home-brewed, the home-spun. Marthas henceforth, cumbered about with too much serving (consider only those clamourings for food at which we have already glanced), to have time for aught else. It seems to be an accepted dogma that a man is a man whether he be bachelor or benedick; whereas a woman may only be properly so called when she has fulfilled her destiny as wife and mother.



Short of that she is an incomplete unit; and, whatever other "mission" she may have fulfilled, that which nature originally intended for her remains unaccomplished. Under the heading of "Marriage," woman in her fullest development shall be dealt with; for the present we can only contemplate her as she walks "in maiden meditation fancy free."

The girl is, however, mother to the woman; and if, in the majority of cases, the woman be only the greater child, a glance backwards from effect to cause will go far towards explaining this feminine phenomenon. We have seen what the ideal German woman is, and the young lady tries to copy her. She piques herself upon her "sensibility," and is proud of her "*Empfindlichkeit*," a quality which often has the root quite as much in "tetchiness" and temper as in tenderness. She is easily offended, easily discouraged, easily thrown off her balance. The feminine virtues of patience and submission become, by exaggeration, vices of helplessness and indecision; she is kept in a state of such tutelage and irresponsibility as can scarcely fail to make her troublesome at a crisis and useless in an emergency. Clinging and clamouring have come to be looked upon as somewhat obstructive attributes, and the parasitical virtues are, generally, rather at a discount amongst us; but this is not so in Germany, where negative acquiescence ranks higher in women than positive affirmation, where their poets paint them helpless and their husbands like them subjugated.

When the writer of these pages first went to Germany, it was with the expectation of finding in every tenth woman an uncrowned Corinna, and in every twentieth a silent Sappho: silent only in the sense, be it observed, of the poet's "mute inglorious Milton." Even at the capitol Corinnas were not; and Sappho was conspicuously absent "without leave."

Now, in Germany learning is the characteristic honour of the nation; and it is the proud boast, and the just one, too, of German women, that they alone, of all the modern feminities of the earth, are absolutely well educated. The same professors that lecture to their brothers and cousins within the university halls and college class-rooms come down from those greater altitudes to teach the children and young girls in their day-schools. They are taught regularly, systematically, patiently, lovingly. A German girl must be dull indeed who is not well-read. Everything is taught, and everything is taught

well. But, after all, a building is not made of brick only, nor a ship of mere wood; and there are a score of diverse influences and social conditions working on the outer and inner systems of female education in Germany quite beyond the reach of any professor however eminent, or any pedagogues however profound.

Besides education, there is such a thing as self-education. A woman may be very well up to the general mark, nay, high above it in all matters of ordinary education; yet, if she strive not to teach herself somewhat of those things that make life lovely, she will learn before long that all her knowledge is but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, and that the wisdom of her professors has been spent on her in vain. In the moral and social education of a German girl, even in her physical education, precisely the contrary doctrine prevails. She is taught that to be womanly she must be helpless, to be feminine she must be feeble, to endear herself she must be dependent, to charm she must cling. She is not brought up to be, she does not desire to be, the companion, the comrade, the equal, in "all that not hurts distinctive womanhood," of the men around her. She is thrown back upon herself and other women for society and amusements; a life that revolves in a narrow circumscribed round of inanities is considered good enough for her. To be herself, is to be nothing — less, worse than nothing. To be as like everybody else as she can; to copy her friend's clothes, phraseology, and manners; to worship the platitude of precedent, to conform to the dead level that custom has prescribed, to keep carefully to the sheep-walk, to applaud in concert and condemn in chorus, is the only behaviour that can be tolerated. If she does these things she fulfils all the law and the prophets, and it shall be well with her; but if she do them not, she will be viewed askance by her sisters, eyed with dislike and suspicion; it will be whispered that she is a *Blaustrumpf*, or a *Freigeist*; it will be proclaimed that she is a *Pietistinn*, or an *emanzipirtes Frauenzimmer*; she will be stigmatized as *ueberspannt*, revolutionary, dangerous, objectionable.

Allowances are made by these gentle ladies for the eccentricities of French, English, and American women, on account of the unfortunate accident of their birth; but they are inexorable towards one of their own circle who would dare to assert any originality of character, or independence of action. Woe would cer-



tainly betide the folly of that virgin who would venture to shake off the "wounding cords that bind and strain," and make an existence for herself independent of the cackling of the *Kaffees* and the weariness of infinite boredom based upon everlasting babble. Visions of charming German women I have known rise up and look up at me with blue pathetic eyes. They are the exceptional women, the women least loved by their fellows — disturbing, uncomfortable souls, bringing constraint and *gêne* in their train. The utterances of such women, though modest enough, are out of key with the Philistine chorus (shall we say the *vox Dei*?) in the background. And, after all, it is by these, not by the vague, exalted, heroic figures, that the sorry action of the play is helped forward, and the platform chiefly occupied. They have one bugbear and one object of idolatry, these monotonous ladies; a fetish which they worship under the name of *mode*; a monster between public opinion and Mrs. Grundy. To say that a thing "is not *mode* here" is to condemn it as if by all the laws of Media and Persia. It is not her centre, but the system of her social education, that renders the German woman so hopelessly provincial. Recent great events might have led us to expect greater results in this direction. The last advices from Berlin show that petty personal spites, small envyings, backbitings, and jealousies are as rife in the imperial city as in the much-despised little *Residenz* towns. Nor can any change for the better be hoped until men and women are allowed, or will allow themselves and each other, to mix on terms of greater personal equality and dignity.

Let us look back at the physical conditions of the young girl's life. We have seen her sitting *hinter Ofen*, living in a dry overheated atmosphere, nibbling at unwholesome nicknacks, pecking at her food, and poisoning herself with sweets and sour. A girl is seldom sent to school away from home, by reason of the extra expense of board and lodging. Every one who has lived in Germany must remember with pleasure the gangs of fresh round child-faces passing through the streets during early morning hours. All these little students carry neat knapsacks containing books, slates, etc., strapped on their backs, and the promenades are made merry with their chatter. *Fahre in jahraus* they go, growing less round and less rosy as time passes on, until early maiden-

hood is reached. On holidays the children meet together and play; there seems no idea that these little brothers and sisters should suffice for each other, with the occasional excitement of "a party." Boys and girls do not play together as our boys and girls do: even at a very early age, strictest division of the sexes obtains: were boys allowed to burst in upon the confabulations and titterings of these little misses, and loudly proclaim their scorn (as English youth is apt to do) of "girls' nonsense," it might be better, eventually, for all parties.

As the little girl grows older, she has her coffee-parties like her elders, and makes a vast number of acquaintances of her own age, so that society forms a large ingredient of juvenile life. All the little sayings and doings, envyings and uncharitablenesses, are repeated day after day; the little spites and jealousies are kept up through a long course of years, and the daily gossip becomes almost a necessity of life. There is no "coming home for the holidays." The children are *at home*; they have only more time for the discussion of the quarrels and friendships that have rejoiced or offended them during the "half-year;" more coffee-drinking, more gossip, and more liberty.

The child buds into early maidenhood, and then this passing to and fro through the streets, where she knows every one, and is known to all, begins to have its disadvantages. She becomes self-conscious, has a bowing acquaintance with her friends' brothers, who meet her by chance (or otherwise) on their way to or from school and college. A system of coquetry is now inaugurated, which is not without its influence on her character. Hitherto she has had coffee and gossip; but now a fresh stimulant comes to her life; she has something to conceal; her eyes become less candid, and her gaze is not so fearless as it was. Here again, not the girl, but the system, is to be blamed. The sort of frank "flirtation," beginning openly in fun and ending in amusement, which is common amongst healthy high-spirited boys and girls in England, and has no latent element of intrigue or vanity in it, but is born of exuberant animal spirits, youthful frolics, and healthy pastimes shared together, is forbidden to her, and these tacit arrangements are made and enjoyed after the surreptitious manner of stolen fruit.

Quite young German children are extremely deft with their fingers, and it is surprising to see what charming specimens



of their handiwork these little maidens offer at birthday shrines or on Christmas-trees. It would be well that English governesses and schoolmistresses followed the example of German ladies who undertake the education of girls in this most essential part of a gentlewoman's education; for the most part it is totally neglected in our better-class schools, and the present rage for art-needlework has nothing to do with the prosaic essential acquaintance that every lady should have with the darning-needle and the cutting-out scissors. As a German girl approaches the completion of her education, her studies are somewhat relaxed, and she profits by the time thus gained to attend once or twice a week at a *Nähsschule*, where well-brought-up ladies will give her a course of lessons on cutting-out, fixing, piecing, patching, and darning, as well as in every possible and impossible sort of ornamental stitchery. She will make her brother a set of shirts, and for herself a complete outfit against the day when she emerges from schoolgirlhood into young-ladyism.

The rite of confirmation now comes. In Protestant Germany it means nothing of the religious enthusiasm, the ardent aspiration, the passionate resolves that often mark the epoch in the minds of our young people. There is nothing of "recollection" or piety about the rite. It simply means, to those whom it most concerns, a long dress, visiting-cards, a bouquet, a lace-frilled pocket-handkerchief, the "*Du*" of childhood exchanged for the "*Sie*" of young-ladyhood, and the potential *Schlafrock* and *Morgenhaube* for early hours. Visitors pour in to offer congratulations and presents; cake and wine and bustle pervade the domestic atmosphere; a droschky is hired, and the confirmed young Christian is driven out to pay visits and show off her finery.

German girls have no out-door amusements, if we except skating when the winter proves favourable. Boating, riding, archery, swimming, croquet,—all the active, healthy, out-door life which English maidens are allowed to share and to enjoy with their brothers, is unknown to them. There may be several horses in the stable (as is not unfrequently the case where there are cavalry brothers), yet no one dreams of training any of them to carry a lady. Such diversions are looked upon by the girls themselves as bold, coarse, and unfeminine. Country walks, thick boots, and water-proof clothes are out of the programme, nor could you convince

them that a good gallop in the open, or a long stretch over the common, would morally and physically be much better for them, more wholesome and commendable, than the close unhealthy atmosphere of coffee-gossip. It is in vain that you tell them such exercises, far from unsexing them, fit them all the better for the duties of their sex; it is difficult for them to hear you out and not show the scorn they entertain for you.

For much that affects the lives of German women we must, however, look at the conditions of existence generally. In England, where the villages are closely dotted about, where noblemen's seats, manor-houses, the luxurious villas of retired bankers and merchants and lawyers stand thick and threefold, where the social position of the clergy is a recognized one, country life takes an idyllic turn that the pencil of Leech will hand down to posterity. The girls in these families are all about equally cultured and well-mannered; they feel no shyness when asked to the big entertainments that the duke gives to his country neighbours; they are not overcome with embarrassment if the sons of the house let the light of their lordly countenances shine upon them; very often the rector's daughter is a far more elegant woman than Lady Dorothy or Lady Elizabeth. The schoolfellows of these young ladies, though not the cream of the cream, are of good position, with brothers in all the professions—at the bar, in the army, in India, in the colonies, in merchants' and bankers' and lawyers' offices; there is a refinement and an ease of manner about them that makes their acquaintance desirable and their society pleasant. They come up to town once or twice a year, and visit largely amongst their friends in the different counties of England; and belonging to what may, for want of a better term, be called the upper-middle classes of society, there is yet nothing in their language or bearing to define their position or indicate their precise rank. They will read the same books, hear much the same talk that every one else hears, and, having connections "up and down along the scale of ranks," acquire insensibly an ease of manner that has its basis in self-respect and a modest independence of, and indifference to, other folks' grandeur. But in Germany there are no smiling villages where squire and parson and lord of the manor meet on terms of friendly equality; no big red-brick houses with paddocks and shrubberies and brilliant gardens; no trim villas



with closely shaven lawns, geometrical flower-beds, and a "man and a maid" to keep things going. Germany is a thinly populated country: the scattered villages are mere assemblages of huts, dismally huddled together. The *Pächter*, or tenant farmers, may have a smart, trim abode, and the *Bauer*, not, as is often supposed, the patient, plodding "peasant," but a sort of yeoman farmer, tilling his own little plot, has doubtless gold and silver and linen galore cunningly secreted in chests and presses after the manner of his kind in other countries. And there, too, is the parson; but neither he nor any one else thinks of model cottages, draining, window-gardening, or the like. In short, *there is no one to think of it*. The farmer is usually a greedy, grasping, extortionate man; the *Bauer* much the same; the parson, a farmer like the rest, is very like the rest, as we shall see elsewhere, in other matters. The lord of the soil is a great noble; the estate is twenty, thirty, forty miles in circumference, and his well-tilled acres bring him in a vast revenue. He comes occasionally for the shooting, and his stewards and bailiffs transact the necessary business of the estate with him. The ladies of the family are at Berlin or Vienna, Ischl or Baden; some of them are, perhaps, "placed" about the court; what have they in common with the womenkind of such lumbering, uncouth clods as these? Now and again, with a trampling of horses and a blowing of trumpets, they arrive, dimly magnificent through a whirlwind of dust and fanfaronade. The people on the estate pause with apathetic wonder in their monotonous work, and gaze up out of the vast, brown, hedgeless fields as though the gods had flashed by that way. On Sunday the family pew, which is like a great opera-box, will be furnished, and the *gräfliche Familie* will yawn through the squalid service. The parson, before he begins his discourse, will bow to the sublimities in the opera-box, and perhaps, if the countess be bored beyond endurance, he may be fetched up to the *Schloss* during the afternoon to make up a second whist-party, and play unlimited "robbers" into the small hours of Monday morning.

From the foregoing it will be readily understood why it is that German women can know nothing of the charm of country life. There is no such thing as country life, as we understand it, in Germany; no cosy sociability, smiling snugness, pleasant bounties and hospitalities; and above all, for the young folk, no free-

dom, flirtation, boatings, sketchings, high teas, scamperings, and merriments generally. "Society" in small towns is necessarily very restricted; commercial people (these have hitherto been generally Jews) visiting amongst each other; professors and professional men's families forming another circle; whilst "society" proper, consisting of officers' families, of those "placed" about the court, of the higher civil functionaries, with a scattering of the *noblesse* unattached, who prefer living in town, or have retired from active service, regard all outside their own exclusive circle with supreme indifference, not to say contempt.

Years pass; the young girl is no longer so very young; her friends are beginning to be anxious; a suitable *parti* must be found. She has not much choice. She must marry an officer, or an *employé* as high in office as may be. This is no case of curates and croquet; or of barristers and Badminton; archery-meetings and government clerks, and a villa at Putney. Clergymen are *nowhere* in German "society"—barristers impracticable (for matrimonial purposes), and of bankers, merchants, and commercial people generally out of the big towns, there can be no question. Nevertheless a marriage is arranged; but first there is the knotty point of the "caution" to be settled. A "caution" in its Transatlantic sense must not here be presupposed. A "caution" in the Teuto-technical sense is the sum of fifteen thousand thalers (more or less, according to the grade of the intending benedick), to be deposited, if the lover be, as he is almost sure to be, a military man, in government funds, by the contracting parties, so that should the husband be killed in the service of his country, or die an inglorious death at home, the widow may have a sufficiency upon which to live *standesgemäss*, or in a manner befitting her position. There are, however, not very many young couples who can deposit this sum, so that what with money-difficulties and the scarcity of suitors, the young lady has a somewhat uncertain time of it until fate and the "caution" smile propitiously.

The betrothed couple are, however, not much nearer than they were before: they are never allowed to be alone together. They put on their best clothes and go about paying visits, and the poor old *Frau Mama* toddles panting after them, always keeping the young folks well in view. This may, perhaps, account for the singular manners and customs of lovers in Ger-



many; their démonstrative familiarities being quite calculated to terrify a shy person into apoplexy. The betrothal is, on the whole, a more important affair than the wedding.

The evening before the marriage — the *Polterabend*, as it is called — a singular ceremony takes place; all the friends of the bride's family go to her house, unlimited coffee and cakes and *Bowle* are consumed; people arrive in costume, place is made for them, and they repeat appropriate and inappropriate verses, original or borrowed, whilst they present their gifts. Clatter and confusion reign; it is a relief if dancing vary the scene, which generally closes with speechifying, toasting, and rather indiscriminate allusions of the pointedly personal character. Having brought our young friend so far along love's flowery way, we will pause, hoping to meet her again before long in all the added dignity and lustre of matronhood.

It will be understood from the foregoing that German marriages, though not concluded in the altogether conventional manner of the French, have still a vast deal less of sentiment and a great deal more of calculation about them than the "gushing" character of the nation might lead us to expect. The German has many points of resemblance with the Scotchman: he is "canny" and long-headed, prudent and frugal; he is sentimental, but not carried away by sentiment. "*Wenn der Deutsche schenkt*," says Goethe, "*liebt er gewiss!*"

For the maiden lady of noble family foresight has provided the refuge of the *Stift*. A *Stiftsdame* has a recognized and official position in society: she wears her *order* across the breast or on the shoulder of her black silk gown, in the "world;" and lives in a state of droning comfort when her leave of absence expires and she has to retire to her secular cloister. The Protestant *Stift* supplies (in a very advantageously amended form) the place of the Catholic convent. The Reformation, not knowing what to do with its superfluous spinsters, instituted the *Stift* or "Foundation for Noble Maidens." The foundation was made in this manner. A certain number of Protestant nobles, living within a given circuit, would become aware (*dans le temps*) of a number of marriageable, but not-likely-to-be-married daughters dwelling within their borders; thereupon they would come together, consult, compare, and resolve that each count or baron should contribute his thousand thalers (more or less) towards the purchase of lands; that

the sum thus invested should give each depositing party a presentation in perpetuity to the so-called *Stift*. A house or houses would be forthwith bought or built; forests, fisheries, farms, added thereto; an overseer or intendant appointed; an abbess or prioress nominated (probably the lady of most distinguished descent amongst the nobles contributing); the land would be farmed, the *Stift* supplied with every sort of produce, the accounts audited by one or other of the founders, and for all time a comfortable, nay, in many cases a luxurious retreat be provided for such maidens as were doomed to fade suitorless into the sere and yellow. It will easily be understood that in many cases the land purchased at a few shillings per acre has, in the course of years, risen to an immense value; that many of these *stifts* have become extremely wealthy, and that, so far as material comfort goes, they leave nothing to be desired. The rule is a secular one; in all cases the ladies are allowed to go into "society;" leave of absence for three or six months yearly is granted; marriage is quite a possibility; friends are received with hospitality, even with profusion; a sitting and bedroom, and a personal attendant is apportioned to each lady; and though in some cases meals have to be partaken of in common, and permission asked of the prioress or abbess to take drives into the country or a walk into the village, yet severity of the rule cannot be complained of. On the other hand, there is often a pettiness of tone, a narrowness of feeling, a personality, and a prejudice that makes life in such institutions a weariness. The meanest of all pride prevails; the snobbish elevation of rank and title-worship, that adulation of mere descent, that envy and detraction and rage for be-little-ing, which is, more or less, the poison of German society generally, and the special poison of all small, self-contained, self-occupied, self-adulating communities.

I have dwelt at some length on the system of prying and scandalizing that obtains in Germany, because it is a crying evil, one that cuts at the very root of all confidence, and peeps and whispers with a persistence worthy of a better cause; but I should be unfair, were I not to add, that it is done without any conscious malignity; out of *désœuvrement*, rather than of malice prepense; *pour passer le temps*, rather than to injure or destroy. Neither can it be possible that these ladies believe all the news they promulgate; nay, nor the half of it. It has not unfrequently happened to



the present writer to see the lady whose character had just been torn to tatters, or was in process of tearing, enter the room with unsuspecting confidence, and meet with the warmest of receptions. At first one is startled: upon reflection one understands that this system of "murdering characters to kill time," is after all mere amusement (for the murderers), and a clinging to use and wont.

It will be objected that there are narrow circles and parish politics everywhere, and that gossipry is not the exclusive privilege of the German. True, but it is only when for years and years the same local twaddle repeats itself, the same personalities and prying prevail, that the mischievous and offensive results become overpowering. It will be asked how it is, then, that young English ladies are so enthusiastic for Germany and the German life? Simply because they *are* English; free to take all that is pleasant, and there is much that *is* pleasant, nay, even precious in that life; untrammelled by all the social tyranny that cribs, cabins, and confines the ordinary German woman; bound by no obligation to do as others do; free to come, and go, and enjoy; not dreaming in their easy philosophy of life of the horror with which such comings and goings, sayings and doings, are regarded in strictly German circles, nor how loud the reprehension, how utter the condemnation, that watches and follows their unsuspecting footsteps. An English girl would revolt from the tyranny of small things that encompasses a German girl's life; she would start aside like a broken bow, rebel overtly, and probably prefer the life of a governess (and that is saying much), with a sense of work, and independence, and personal identity, to carry her onwards, to the dull routine of comparative comfort and superlative nonentity.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
OSTRICH-FARMING IN AFRICA.

WITHIN the last seven or eight years, an industry has sprung up at the Cape of Good Hope, which, on account of its novelty, and the important results it produces, is worthy of notice. It is that of keeping ostriches in a state of semi-domestication, for the sake of their feathers, which have latterly become more and more scarce, and consequently more valuable. From the Cape, the business of ostrich-farming has been introduced into South America,

where it is carried on with more or less success. But the best feathers are still those produced in the south of Africa.

Like many other important undertakings, ostrich-farming, if not actually the result of an accidental discovery, at least received a great impetus from an apparently trifling circumstance. A few years ago, one of the native traders in ostrich feathers and eggs, having more eggs than he could conveniently carry, left four or five of them in a cupboard adjoining a bakehouse in some Algerian village: on his return, about two months afterwards, he was surprised to find the broken shells of his ostrich eggs and a corresponding number of young ostrich chicks. The birds were, of course, dead, from want of attention; but the fact was undeniable that the fresh eggs of two months ago had, under the influence of the high temperature, actually produced fully developed chickens. This circumstance came to the knowledge of an officer of the French army, M. Crépu, who immediately perceived the practical results that might ensue from a careful following-up of the hint thus strangely given. He set to work to devise "artificial incubators," for the purpose of hatching ostrich eggs, while at the same time he procured some pairs of adult birds, with a view to rearing them in a state of semi-domestication.

It is needless here to enter into particulars of the difficulties M. Crépu had to encounter. Suffice it to say that, after many disappointments, he had the satisfaction of finding a live ostrich chick actually hatched in his apparatus; and thus his assiduous efforts were crowned with triumph. About fifty-three or fifty-four days is the full term of incubation, which may be slightly accelerated or retarded by a trifling change in the heat to which the eggs are subjected, although the smallest excess or want of heat beyond a certain limited range is fatal. But to such perfection have artificial incubators now been brought, that the whole "sitting" of eggs may be hatched with more certainty than if left to the natural care of the parents.

The baby chick when it makes its *début* is about the size of a small common fowl, and begins to pick up food at once. The nature of the food suitable for both the brood and the adults was a principal difficulty in the first attempts at the artificial breeding of the ostrich; but a careful study of the habits of the birds in a wild state has resulted in the discovery of the best kind of diet suited for the welfare of



their domesticated brethren. The principal food given to the young birds is lucerne and thistles, and tender herbs and grasses indigenous to the country. Old birds are fed on more matured shrubs and plants, the leaves of which they strip off with their beaks. They are also fed on Indian corn, known at the Cape as "mealies."

It will be interesting to note that when the full number of eggs has been laid, the old birds invariably place one or two of them *outside* the nest—the nest consisting naturally of a hollow scooped out of the sand by the action of the legs and wings of the birds. It has been found that these eggs are reserved as food for the chicks, which are often reared, in a natural state, miles away from a blade of grass or other food. As soon as the chicks emerge from the shell, the parent ostrich breaks one of these eggs, and the yolk is eagerly eaten up by the young ones. They are, therefore, both herbivorous and carnivorous; but it is not necessary to gratify their appetite for flesh, as they thrive excellently on the herbs above mentioned. Of course, where food is supplied in abundance, this precaution on the part of the parent birds of providing meat for their offspring is not necessary, and each egg so left is therefore wasted. Considerable loss also occurs in the number of addled eggs, when they are left to be hatched by the parents. It is said that the ostrich is able to discover when an egg becomes addled, and that it immediately ejects it from the nest; thus showing an amount of wisdom which has hardly been attributed to a bird which is popularly supposed to thrust its head into a bush, when being hunted, in the vain hope that, as it cannot see, it cannot be seen by, its pursuer.

These observations were first made in Algeria, but it is at the Cape that they have been turned to practical account, and a very perfect system of ostrich-farming has been established there. Different practices prevail at different establishments. The birds are allowed occasionally to sit; but the success which has attended the use of artificial contrivances is so great, that fewer losses occur by this means than under natural circumstances, and the use of incubators is becoming very general. The chicks produced are so healthy as to show that they do not suffer from this mode of treatment.

The general arrangement of ostrich-farms is very similar in all cases. The *desiderata* are plenty of space, suitable

soil—that is, sand and pasture with facilities for growing the proper food—conveniences for shelter and water. A well-conducted "farm" would require perhaps £3,000 capital to begin in a small way. The industry at the Cape is barely eight years old, and much has to be learned by a beginner; loss and disappointment are frequently experienced at first; but the occupation is considered a very profitable one, and is certainly healthy and agreeable; yet nowhere are patience, sagacity, and perseverance more necessary than in the conduct of a good ostrich-farm.

A healthy bird of a week old is worth £10; at three months it will be worth £15; and at six months, £30 and more. Feathers may be plucked from the ostrich when a year old, and each year's crop will be worth about £17 per bird. At five years, the breeder begins to pair his birds, and each pair will yield from eighteen to twenty-four eggs in a season. It is necessary to keep the adult birds in separate paddocks, which are generally surrounded by wire-fencing. The ostrich is liable to sudden fits of jealousy. In such a case, frequent quarrels would ensue if the birds were all together in one inclosure, with the result, if not of black eyes, at least of damaged feathers, and perhaps broken legs, and even death to one of the combatants. The blow from the leg of the ostrich has been computed to be fully equal to the force developed by the kick of a colt seven months old. But whatever be the exact force produced, it is very severe, sufficiently so to break a man's leg.

The ostrich, however, both male and female, is quite an exemplary parent, notwithstanding the popular rumour that, like the crocodile, it leaves its eggs in the sand, to be hatched simply by the action of solar heat. Father and mother take it in turn to sit on the eggs, and when the ostrich takes his female companions out for their evening promenade in the desert, one of them always remains by the nest. This fact is sufficient to induce many breeders to leave the eggs to be hatched in the natural way, and merely to devote their energies to the rearing of the young birds and the collection of the feathers.

These are operations which require very great care. Regular supplies of food—about two pounds a day to each adult—are necessary, shelter must be provided for the night, and to shield the birds from the violent storms which frequently burst over the southern part of Africa; and there must be supplies of sand or pebbles, which the



birds swallow, as aids to digestion. Pep-sine is unknown among those birds of the desert, and they introduce a quantity of hard substances into their gizzard, to assist them in grinding up their food; just as the dyspeptic featherless biped takes his morning bitters to help the secretion of the gastric juices. It is very amusing to watch the flock of young birds as the attendant enters to scatter their breakfast. The moment he appears with his load of "green-meat," the youngsters of the ostrich family trot up to the entrance, and caper and dance about in the most grotesque manner, and devour their food with evident relish. They are generally tame, and to a certain extent tractable; but as they grow old they sometimes evince a sourness of temper which is anything but encouraging to the formation of a near acquaintance with them.

As the feathers are picked they are sorted according to their quality and purity of colour. The pure whites from the wings are called "bloods," the next quality, "prime whites;" "firsts;" "seconds;" and so on. The tail feathers are not so valuable, and the more irregular the markings of the coloured varieties, the less

valuable are they. "Bloods" will fetch from forty to fifty pounds sterling per pound-weight in the wholesale market; and from this price they range as low as five shillings per pound.

The quality of the feathers produced by tame ostriches is fully equal to the best collected from "wild" birds, while the general average is much higher. Notwithstanding the increasing yield, prices are rising instead of falling; indeed, good ostrich feathers are now thrice as dear as they were fifteen years ago. But it is more than probable that as the production increases the price will eventually fall. Even with reduced prices, the profits would be sufficiently large to render ostrich-farming a very profitable undertaking, and, as each year will increase the experience of breeders, the difficulties will be gradually diminished, and losses more easily avoided. As it is, this strange industry—the domestication of the wild birds of the desert, once regarded as types of liberty and intractability—is at the same time one of the most interesting and most profitable of the African trader.

THE *Times* correspondent at Shanghai gives some interesting details of the latest advances towards western civilization attempted by the Japanese. The first and most important is the effort, which really appears to be made with some adaptive skill as well as prudence, to introduce parliamentary institutions into Japan. An Assembly and a Senate have been constituted at Yeddo. The former was opened by the mikado in person on the 20th of June; it is not founded on a representative basis, nor has it legislative power, though it is believed that the leaders of the Japanese Liberals aim at ultimately giving it both the one and the other. They understand, however, and it is very creditable to them if they do, that "the chasm which divides feudalism from popular government cannot be passed at a leap." The new Assembly is, therefore, merely a gathering of the provincial governors or prefects at Yeddo, with the privilege of originating and discussing such projects of law as may occur to them or be submitted to them by the government. The mikado in his "speech from the throne" explained the views of his ministers. He said:—

Our object in opening in person this the Provincial Parliament has been to secure by its means the thorough

discussion of all matters affecting the interior economy of our empire, and to secure to the provinces adequate representation. You have been convoked for this purpose, and in order that your knowledge of the condition and feeling of the people of your several districts may aid you in discussing their requirements and introducing such reforms and changes as may seem to you to be most urgently demanded. It is our wish that your deliberations should be marked by general harmony, and that, sinking minor differences, they should tend to promote the ends in view in calling you together. If with one mind you adhere steadily to this course, your conduct will be surely productive of the general welfare, and thus your deliberations may become the foundation of the eternal well-being of the empire.

These observations are commonplace enough in themselves, but in the mouth of a potentate who only a few years ago was almost worshipped as a manifestation of the Deity, and was shrouded jealously from vulgar eyes, they are very significant. The Senate, the *Times* correspondent writes, "was opened on July 5, also by the mikado in person, and with the same state and ceremony. Its functions are much more ambitious than the Assembly's, but no such precise definition of them has yet been made public." Another novelty, imitative of European conditions and pointing to the growth of a new power in the community, is a press-law of a rather rigorous type.



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning  
{ Vol. CXXVII.

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## NOTES ON THE FIRTH.

## I. — FROM A FOURTH-PAIR WINDOW.

THE sky is dappled blue with clouds that stray.

Like frozen waves the roofs go rolling down  
The valley steeps, but weatherworn and brown

Steeple and stack shoot mastlike toward the day.

Pandean pipes whereon the winds would play,  
Long rows of chimney-pots the ridges crown ;

And black on slates and skylights flicker and frown

Shadows of smoke that streams and wings that sway.

The city's monstrous voices surge to me,  
The mist afar its fantasies arranges,  
And sudden windows twinkle joyously.

A blue grey streak, a fixed uncertainty,  
A fallen slip of sky that shifts and changes,  
The Forth beyond them broadens into sea.

## II. — AT QUEENSFERRY.

The blackbird sang, the skies were clear and clean.

We bowled along a road that curved its spine

Superbly sinuous and serpentine  
Thro' silent symphonies of glowing green.

Sudden the Firth came on us — sad of mien,  
No cloud to colour it, no breeze to line,  
A sheet of dark, dull glass, without a sign  
Of life and death, two shelves of sand between.

Water and sky merged blank in mist together,  
The fort loomed spectral, 'and the guard-ship's spars  
Traced vague, black shadows on the shimmery glaze.

We felt the dim strange years, the grey strange weather,  
The still strange land unvexed of sun or stars,  
Where Lancelot rides clanking thro' the haze.

## III. — RAIN.

The sky sags low with convoluted cloud,  
Heavy and imminent, rolled from rim to rim,  
And wreaths of mist beveil the further brim  
Of the leaden sea, all spiritless and cowed.

The rain is falling sheer and strong and loud,  
The strand is desolate, the distance grim  
With stormful threats, the wet stones glister dim,  
And to the wall the dank umbrellas crowd.

At home! — the soaked shrubs whisper dismal-mooded,  
The rails are strung with drops, and steeped the grasses,  
Black chimney-shadows streak the shiny slates.

A dragged fishwife screeches at the gates,  
The baker hurries dripping on, and hooded  
In her stained skirt a pretty housemaid passes.

## A ROMAN "ROUND-ROBIN."

("HIS FRIENDS" TO Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS.)

*Hæc decies repetita [non] placebit.* — ARS POETICA.

FLACCUS, you write us charming songs :  
No bard we know possesses  
In such perfection what belongs  
To brief and bright addresses ;

No man can say that life is short  
With mien so little fretful ;  
No man to virtue's paths exhort  
In phrases less regretful ;

Or touch with more serene distress  
On fortune's ways erratic ;  
And then delightfully digress  
From Alp to Adriatic.

All this is well, no doubt, and tends  
Barbarian minds to soften ;  
But, Quintus — we, we are your friends —  
Why tell us this so often ?

Why feign to spread a cheerful feast,  
And then thrust in our face  
These barren scraps (to say the least)  
Of stoic commonplace ?

Recount, and welcome, your pursuits :  
Sing Lyde's loosened hair ;  
Sing drums and Berycynthian flutes ;  
Sing parsley-wreaths ; but spare, —

Ah, spare to tell, what none deny,  
That fairest things decay ;  
That time and gold have wings to fly ;  
That all must fate obey !

Or bid us dine — on this day week —  
And pour us — if you can —  
From inmost bin, as velvet sleek,  
Your cherished Cæcuban ;

Of that we fear not overplus ;  
But your didactic "tap"  
(Forgive us !) grows monotonous ;  
*Nunc vale ! Verbum sap.*

AUSTIN DOBSON.



From The Victoria Magazine.  
BOSNIA IN 1875.

THE rearguard of Mahommedanism in Europe maintains its last stronghold in the Turkish vyalet of Bosnia. Here, as the religion of the ruling caste, Islam has had a trial of nearly four centuries. What fruits has it borne?

From this point of view alone, Bosnia affords an interesting study. And at the actual moment, when the desperate rising of the Christians has roused the attention of Europe to this almost unknown country, the following sketch of the past history and present circumstances of its people may not be unwelcome. During the last few years I have resided much at Serajevo, the capital, in pursuance of a scheme for training native schoolmistresses. I can therefore speak from personal knowledge.

In geographical position the nearest to European civilization, but in social condition the most barbarous of the provinces of Turkey-in-Europe, Bosnia, including Turkish Croatia and the Herzegovina, extends to a point west of the longitude of Vienna, and interposes a savage and oriental aspect between the Dalmatian shores of the Adriatic, and the advancing culture of Serbia, Hungary, and Croatia. Cross the frontier from these lands, and you may fancy yourself in the wilds of Asia.

The soil of Bosnia teems with various and valuable minerals, her hills abound in splendid forests, her well-watered plains are fertile and productive, her race, under culture, proves exceptionally gifted. Yet her commerce is contemptible; "*plums*," to quote the report of Mr. Consul Holmes for 1873, being "the most valuable article of trade in the province;" her population is uneducated, not one man in a hundred knowing how to read, and the chief town, Serajevo, which contains from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants, possessing not a single book-shop.

One or two English speculators have been tempted to enquire into the mineral riches of the land, but have prudently retired, being unable on the one hand to come to satisfactory terms with the government, and on the other to find a com-

pany to work the mines in the face of the vexatious hindrances which baffle all enterprise under the present *régime*. But the immense mineral wealth cannot much longer remain untouched.

It is well known that iron and silver exist in considerable quantity; it is asserted that gold is also to be found. Cinnabar, rich in quicksilver, abounds at several points; also sulphur and zinc. Yet iron is the only metal worked by the Turks, and that after a most primitive method. Salt is abundant, and engineers of mines have declared that "the whole valley of the Bosna is one vast coal-bed."

An Austrian company has obtained some sort of local concession to work all the mines of coal, lead, and copper, within thirty miles of the proposed line of railway. But this concession has not yet received the needful satisfaction at Constantinople, and it appears that the Turks have a particular disinclination to give their neighbours, the Austrians, any footing in Bosnia. The beautiful marble, white, and white with red streaks, fragments of which are met with in the rough Turkish pavements, will surely some day be wrought into splendid edifices and works of art. Stone for building-purposes is plentiful; yet every one is struck on first entering Bosnia, with the wretched appearance of the houses, built of wood and rubble, and roofed with shingles. In Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, wood, rubble, and shingles still prevail, only here and there brick and stone houses, roofed with tiles, are beginning to appear.

No sportsman or angler has yet been keen enough to seek his full reward in the rivers and woods of Bosnia; yet three or more varieties of trout throng the streams, and game is plentiful; the wolves, bears, eagles, wild swans and various birds would certainly be worth looking after, by those whom they may concern.

A road now leads from Brood on the Save to Serajevo, a distance of about one hundred and thirty-eight English miles, along which passes once a week each way the post-cart of the Austrian consulate in Bosnia; three places in the hay of the springless vehicle may be hired by those who do not object to jolt on continuously



for two days and a night, or more. If a private cart be taken from Brood, at least three nights might be spent on the way, sleeping at khans, the discomfort of which is not to be described. It is necessary to take bed and bedding, or at least mattress, and moreover to command the immediate expulsion of the carpets, mats, and cushions, which form the only furniture of the rooms. A road is in course of completion from Serajevo to the Dalmatian frontier by way of Mostar, the chief town of the Herzegovina. Two years ago the rough carts of the country might be driven to Livno, and thence across the Austrian frontier to Spalatro on the Adriatic; but I am told that the Turkish portion of this road is now scarcely passable. There is a road from Serajevo by Travnik and Banjaluka to Gradiska on the Save, and other cart-roads and fragments of roads exist, but they are constantly out of repair, and the bridges in most uncertain condition.

It is possible to traverse this rude land in many directions, on foot or on horseback, rejoicing in the ever-changing beauty of mountain, wood, and water, which is enlivened by the rich colouring and picturesque variety of national costume. But the traveller may journey on for days, and he will come upon no works of modern enterprise, no monuments of ancient mediæval art. He may, indeed, if he search diligently, and if he know where to look, discover beneath weeds and brushwood, or scanty tillage, traces of Roman roads, one of which led across the province from Scissia (Sissege) on the Save, to Salona on the Adriatic. These tracks of ancient passage he may find for the searching, and, what is likely to be more to his purpose, he may come once, and once only, upon the fragment of a modern railway, lying detached and unconnected in the Bosnian plains. Along this railway, without beginning and without end, a train runs once a day each way, conveying a ludicrously small average of goods and passengers between the village of Novi and the more important town of Banjaluka. The ideal and fragmentary nature of this achievement is owing to the collapse of the contract between an Austrian company and the Turkish government; but the

whole of which it should form a part may some day become our main highway to India. It is to be seen on the map of the "Continental Guide," where Bradshaw has traced in anticipation a railway (elsewhere, by-the-bye, prophetically designated a branch of the great Euphrates Valley Railway) which trending eastward off the well-known Semmering line between Vienna and Trieste, and traversing a part of Croatia, may at some future time cross Bosnia, old Serbia, and Bulgaria, to Salonica and Constantinople. Such means of passage through the land — viz., lost Roman roads, of which scarce a trace remains, and the projected Turkish railways of which, save the fragment here noted, not a Bosnian sod has been turned — constitute the chief works, with the exception of the roads, telegraphs, and bridges of the last few years I should rather say the only works, for which Bosnia is indebted to the ancient Roman, and modern Turkish enterprise.

But what traces do we find of the intermediate centuries which elapsed before a part of the Roman province of Mœsia became the Turkish pashalik of Bosnia? Ruined castles of the ancient feudal nobility, ruins of Serb and Latin churches and convents; and the three Franciscan convents of Foinitza, Kreshevo, and Sudiska, which, endowed with special privileges, have been maintained from the fifteenth century to the present day. The Paterenes, who seem in some points to have resembled the Waldenses and Albigenses, and were very numerous in Bosnia from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, were exterminated with cruel persecutions, and have left visible traces only in graveyards popularly assigned to them.

Before the Turkish conquest at the end of the fifteenth century, the frontiers of Bosnia were repeatedly changed, and her inhabitants were incessantly harassed by the passage and encounters of hostile troops. For Bosnia has ever been the borderland of contending rival States and rival Churches. Her history, in the Middle Ages as in later periods, is a distressing and tangled record of petty warfare, revolting treachery, and terrible crimes. A gleam of legendary light falls on the



times of Ban Kulin, who held the faith of the Paterenes, and whose name is still remembered among the people, marking the era of a distant golden age. Her race is identical with that of Free Serbia, Old Serbia, and Montenegro, and with the Serb population of Hungary and Dalmatia. She takes her name from the Bosna, a tributary of the Save. As in other Serb countries, her early princes were called *zupans*. The word *zupa* signifies a sunny land, and may possibly denote the broad sunny plains lying between mountain ranges which form a characteristic configuration of the countries between the Danube and the Adriatic, which were peopled in the seventh and eighth centuries by Serbs. At one time nearly all these lands acknowledged the supremacy of Byzantium. At another period Bosnia was incorporated in the kingdom of Hungary. In the middle of the fourteenth century she formed a part of the empire of Stephen Dushan, that great ruler of the house of Nemanja, who assumed the title of "Christ-loving Czar of all Serbs and Greeks," who imitated the style and the institutions, and aspired to succeed to the sovereignty of Byzantium, but died of fever on the march to Constantinople (1355).

Before the Turkish conquest, Bosnia was again a separate state under native bans and kings, and she had been partly conquered by and partly reconquered from the Magyars. The Serbs belonged to the Eastern, the Hungarians to the Western Church, and then as now the jealousies of rival hierarchies divided the Bosnian race.

Whatever germs of free institutions may have existed in the barbarous communities which we trace throughout the Serbian countries, and in Bosnia among the rest, were stifled here beneath the growth of feudalism, and the contending claims of the Eastern and Western Churches. Finally, the accidents of geographical position exposed the southern Slavs to the full sweep of the Turkish deluge. By right divine the Osmanli conquered, and overthrew the corrupt decay of the Byzantin empire; but in its ruin there suffered a younger race, the younger

children of the European family, those southern Slavs, who, after centuries of repression, are asserting their right to independent existence.

After the conquest of Bosnia by the Turks, such of the nobility who remained alive in the land became Mahomedan. The Bosnian begs were the offspring of an alliance between feudalism and Islam.

The feudal system, which had been established in Bosnia in the Christian period, was continued after the Mussulman conquest, with this sole difference, that the feudal lords changed their faith and their suzerain. Their own position was confirmed by the change. We have seen that Bosnia was continually the object of attack from Hungary. Now, the Turkish policy was acute and masterly; there was also much that was noble and magnanimous in the Osmanli character; tempting terms were offered to the Bosnian nobles. Perceiving that under the shelter of their mighty conquerors, they would be able to preserve their nationality, maintain their caste-privileges, and bid defiance to Hungary and the pope, many of the nobles threw in their cause with that of the empire of Othman, and the Bosnian Slavonic Mussulman became, in the words of Turkish writers, "the lion that guarded Stamboul." Bosnia was the bulwark of Islam against Western Europe. As in later times the *vis inertiae* of the Turkish empire in Europe has been considerably weighted by the Mussulman element in Bosnia, so in the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth centuries, the days of its aggressive vigour, the spahis, or feudal chiefs of Bosnia, led powerful contingents to the Turkish armies, and the ranks of the janissaries were largely recruited by her sons.

But the tyranny and pretensions of the begs waxed too great. They assumed entire independence, they coerced or chased away the viziers sent from Constantinople to reside or rule in Bosnia. It became necessary to subdue it as a rebel province. This subjection was accomplished in our own days by Omer Pasha, who in 1850-1 put an end to the feudal system in Bosnia, equalizing the Mussulman Bosnian begs or magnates, with all



other Mussulmans in Turkey, abolishing the rank and office of spahis, or military feudal chiefs, and compelling the tithe hitherto received by them to be paid into the government treasury.

All Mussulmans being equalized before the law in 1850, and political and social equality among all creeds and classes having been proclaimed by the Hatti-Humayoun of 1856, let us inquire what was the actual condition of the subjects of the Porte in Bosnia in the spring of 1875, immediately before the outbreak of the revolt.

The population of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, consisting of one Slavonic race, is still commonly spoken of as forming three different nations, so great is the division marked by difference of creed. I give the following statistics gathered from last year's Turkish official reports. Their accuracy cannot be relied upon.

Bosnian Mussulmans . . . . .	442,050
Christians of the Orthodox Eastern Church . . . . .	576,756
Roman Catholics . . . . .	185,503
Jews . . . . .	3,000
Gypsies . . . . .	9,537
Total	1,216,846

In addition to this native population should be mentioned some five thousand Austrian subjects, and some hundreds of Osmanli officials.

It is only in the mutesariflik of Serajevo that the Mahomedans are in the majority. In the other six sub-divisions of the land the Christians, Pravoslavs, and Catholics, being taken together, more or less outnumber the Mussulmans.

The Bosnian Mussulmans are still the principal owners of the land, and reside on their estates, or in houses in the towns. They are also small merchants, and follow trades. Some are *kmets*, or farmers of the lands for richer Mussulmans. The Bosnian beg, *par excellence*, "the powerful feudal chief of sixty years ago, is a chained monster with drawn teeth and cut claws. He was decidedly too big a megatherion for our age. Omer Pasha, the Croat, a renegade, did a good deed for humanity in the Turkish service, when he thrust him back among the fossil curiosities of history. The brute force of the savage is broken, and he has acquired no other. For, with some possible exceptions, the Bosnian begs of to-day are ignorant and corrupt, indolent, and wholly incapable of organization or combined action. Some have learnt a little Turkish, Arabic, and Persian, but very few know

how to read and write their own tongue. The spirit of feasting and merry-making, banished by Mahomet and his followers, but ineradicable among the Slavs, still lingers among the Bosnian Mussulmans.

Instead of the annual festival of the *Krsno ime*, when the friends and relations of every Serbian house gather to celebrate with feasting the day of their patron saint, the begs still in many places make a festivity of the time of boiling down plums for *bestily*, or plum syrup. But even this lingering opportunity for social union is being relinquished, and scarcely anything else of the kind remains.

The Mussulmans of Serajevo still keep St. John the Baptist's day (24th of June, O.S.), when the sun is said to dance at dawn on the top of the hill Trebovitch: on that day, and on St. Elias' and St. George's days, the Mussulman population turns out of doors, and the whole side of Trebovitch, especially the neighbourhood of the Moslem saint's tomb, is bright with red turbans and jackets, and groups of women in white veils. They sit in separate companies, smoking and drinking coffee, and there is a striking absence of life and gaiety among them.

It is said that many of the Bosnian begs are not indisposed to embrace the Christianity professed by their forefathers, that they will call a priest to say prayers over them when they are ill, that they keep the name of the patron saint of their family, and it is certain that they preserve with care the patents of nobility of their Christian ancestors. But on the other hand it is evident that many of them are fanatic Moslems, and nourish a blind and savage hatred against their Christian fellow-countrymen. This hatred finds vent even in quiet times in many a hidden act of cruelty. At the present moment of licensed insult and revenge, we read of Christians being impaled, flayed alive, and cruelties of the worst ages committed on helpless women and children. In a season of perfect quiet, only three winters ago, (1871-2), some fierce Mussulmans of Serajevo swore to cut the throats of the Christians if they dared to hang bells in the tower of their new church. The conspiracy was discovered, and the leading Mussulmans held responsible for the quiet of the town. The pasha confessed the weakness of his authority to maintain the law, when he called the principal merchants and asked them to give up their legal rights to the bells, on the ground that if their sound were heard he would be unable to restrain the fury of the Mahomedans.



The state of political feeling among the Bosnian Mussulmans was described to me before the outbreak by those who knew them well, as by no means unanimous. At present they have no leading men of preponderating influence who might render them strong and dangerous by uniting them in one purpose. Some are amicably disposed towards Serbia; others are fanatically jealous of the Christian principality. The name of the late Prince Michael of Serbia was not unpopular among them, but his assassination by men who were his own subjects greatly injured the Serbian cause, and is regarded by the begs of Bosnia, among whom lingers the spirit of their aristocratic caste, as a crime which condemns the nation. Dislike to the Osmanlis, and to Stamboul, is universal among them, and has been much increased by taxation, and by the obligation to serve in the Turkish army.

The conscription was first enforced by Osman Pasha in 1864. The Bosnian Mussulmans are drawn by lot for the regular army, or *nizam*, for a term of four years' service; and likewise for the *redif*, or reserve, in which they must serve one month in the year for nine years. Exemption may be purchased from the *nizam* for the payment of a hundred ducats, about £50, or a substitute may be found; but service in the *redif* is compulsory on each man on whom the lot may fall. The Bosnians are not required to serve outside the province. They are all infantry; the cavalry and artillery stationed in Bosnia are natives of other provinces of Turkey, and form a part of the third army-corps stationed at Monastir. Since the outbreak, robber bands of Turkish volunteers have been raised in different parts of the country. The *redif* (or regulars) in many places have refused to serve.

If the Turkish military service is detested, the various grades of the sacerdotal-legal profession are greatly desired. Some of the Bosnian ulemas have studied at Stamboul. Pilgrimages to Mecca are frequent. It is a not uncommon sight to see crowds of the Mussulman population sally forth from Serajevo to meet some returning hadji, or to escort pilgrims setting out for the holy places. Wandering dervishes visit the country. Although no spirit of proselytism exists in Bosnia, yet renegadism has been more frequent of late among the Christians.

In the course of 1874, in Serajevo alone, ten females and four males, Catholics and Pravoslavs, became Mahomme-

dan, and it is uncertain how many in other parts of the province. The immediate cause is generally the great poverty of the Christians, which obliges them to place their girls in service in Turkish houses, where they are often unable to resist material comforts and advantages offered to them.

The large Mussulman element presents a great difficulty in Bosnia. But a well-organized Christian government would be able to deal with it. Serbia gives promise of strength and tact sufficient for the task. Since she expelled the Turks from her own territory, she still maintains a mosque in Belgrade for Mahomedan visitors, the expenses being defrayed by the Serbian government.

The Pravoslav Christians of Bosnia are merchants, small tradesmen, and farmers. Some few have attained to the possession of landed property; but the Mussulmans cannot endure the innovation, and they do their utmost, usually with success, to prevent a Christian from acquiring land, or to dispossess him if he has accomplished the purchase.

The Bosnian *kmet*, or farmer, usually a Christian, pays to his landlord, usually a Bosnian Mussulman, one third of the produce, or one half, according to the agreement, and as the landlord or tenant may supply oxen, seed, and implements. A tithe, which is now actually the eighth, is paid into the government treasury, and is collected by the tax-gatherer, who farms the taxes from the government. Great and bitter complaints, certain, by the very nature of the institution to be well founded, are made of the injustice and exactions of the tax-gatherer. The cultivator dares not gather in his crops till the visit of the assessor; while he is waiting it repeatedly happens that the harvests perish. The tax on the arbitrarily calculated value is, of course, exacted all the same. I have repeatedly heard that the peasants suffer much less from the Turkish landlord than from the government official, for the land-owner is interested in the prosperity of his tenant.

The tax in lieu of military service which is paid by all non-Mussulmans, weighs very heavily on the poor, who have to pay equally with the rich twenty-eight piastres for every male. In the poorest and most miserable family this sum must be paid for the male infant who has first seen the light a few hours before the visit of the tax-gatherer. I have heard the bitterest complaints of the cruelty of this tax on the young children of the rayah. Great



suffering results from the forced labour exacted by the government. For instance, in the making of the new road to Mostar, Christians were driven by Zaptics from great distances, and compelled to work for days without pay.

Systematic and legalized extortion has succeeded to the violence of former times; the mass of the people are ground to the dust under the present *régime*. Poor Bosnians told me last year that many of them were much better off in the days of *begluk* (the reign of the begs). It is very possible that the Christian *rayah* was often less miserable when more directly under the beg, or resident land-owner, than he is now under the temporary official, the present farmer of the revenue, whose sole advantage lies in pocketing all he can for himself. The position of the land-owner and his dependents would afford opportunity for the development of many a kindly human feeling; the tax-gatherer is by nature a bird of prey. Not long ago the Christian retainers of the begs used to come into the town to church on the great festivals, decked out in the old-fashioned silver ornaments of the country, but now these ornaments are seldom seen, for their owners have been obliged to sell them. With the exception of a few merchants, the Pravoslav population is miserably poor. There is no development of the immense material resources of the country, no means of employment and occupation which might enable the poor to meet the ever-increasing taxation, the extortions of the officials, and the heavy exactions of their own clergy.

In spite of all hindrances, the Serb merchants of Bosnia have advanced steadily, though slowly, in wealth and position. It was jealousy of their progress which led to the oppression at Gradiska, opposite the Austrian frontier, in 1873. The conduct in this affair of Mustapha Assim Pasha, the then governor of Bosnia, too zealous a Turk for the age, and determined to restore the waning Mussulman prestige, obliged his recall from the province. Had he remained, the inevitable revolt would probably have broken out sooner. The immediate cause of the insurrection of 1875 may be found in the iniquitous manner of raising the taxes, and the additional screw which has of late been put on the "naked Bosnian *rayah*" to contribute to the payment of Turkish bond-holders. But this is not all. Far deeper than any temporary accident of increased taxation, lies the innate

strength of Serbian nationality, and the immutable determination of the Christian Serb to throw off the foreign yoke of the Turk. And it is certain from the vengeful temper of the Mussulmans, that should the present insurrection terminate in the pacification of Bosnia as a Turkish province, the condition of the Christians will be worse than before, notwithstanding any amount of promises and professions from Constantinople.

I will here give a literal translation of the words of a native Bosnian woman, describing the changes which had taken place in the daily life of the Christian women of Serajevo, within the memory of the present generation: "When the vizier resided at Travnil, thirty years ago, the condition of the common people was much better than it is now, for then there were no taxes but the *haratch* (in exemption from military service). They were rich, and had horses, oxen, swine, sheep, and poultry; they wore fine clothes with silver ornaments, they had beautiful arms. Although there was no liberty, yet the begs and agas, lords of the land, protected and defended their own *kmets*. The greatest violence was in the days of Mentaj Pasha and Fazli Pasha, who plundered, killed, caged, tortured, and tormented just as they chose; there was no inquiry made, and no evidence taken. This lasted till the time of Omer Pasha. As regards liberty, from that day to this, the difference is as great as between heaven and earth; at that time the women did not dare to go to the *charshia* (market-place) or along the streets, they did not dare to stand at the doors; when they went to church, or wherever they were obliged to go, they went without ornaments, and covered down to the feet in a white cloth; the Turkish women rarely went along the streets, even covered up so that you could not see their eyes. Now for some time past Christian women and maidens, wives and daughters of the Pravoslav merchants, adorned with ducats and pearls, in their best dresses, go along the streets, and in the *charshia* as in their own homes by day or by night without any fear." Here is some progress certainly, but the picture is sad enough, showing how deplorably low is the standard of social order and prosperity left on the mind of a native after a lifetime spent in Bosnia.

The Christians of the Eastern Orthodox Church have the same peculiar customs, the same national saints and heroes, the same historic traditions as the Serbs of the principality, with whom they count



themselves one nation, though politically separated. They call themselves Serbs; their religion is the Pravoslav. And the Provoslav Serb, whether he finds himself under Austrian or Turkish rule, or whether he be a Montenegrin or a native of Free Serbia, is the citizen of one Serbian fatherland, and nourishes an ideal national unity.

I may here remark that considerable confusion has arisen from the term *Greek* being applied indiscriminately to all Christians of the Orthodox or Eastern communion. It is sometimes taken for granted that all the Christians of Turkey-in-Europe are Greeks by race as well as by religion. This has arisen from the habit of French writers describing them as "*les Grecs*." It is really less reasonable to call the Orthodox Serbs and Russians *Greeks* than it would be to call the Roman Catholic English and Germans *Latins*. For the different branches of the Eastern Church are all distinctly national in this sense, that they acknowledge no foreign authority whatever. The Serbs of the Serbian principality, and the Greeks of free Greece, have their own metropolitans, who reside in Belgrade and in Athens, and are independent of the Phanariote patriarch of Constantinople. The Slavonic Christians of Turkey reckon it among their chief grievances, that they are forced under the jurisdiction of the Greek patriarch of Constantinople, and have not their own metropolitan. Appointed in Constantinople, and Greeks by birth, the Phanariote bishops placed over Slavonic flocks are tools of the Turks and play into their hands. They are the wolves, and not the shepherds. The name Pravoslav, the old Slavonic liturgies and Church-services, the Serbs have in common with the Russians; herein lies their bond of union with Russia.

The Roman Catholic Christians, or "*Latins*," of Bosnia and the Herzegovina are more orderly and submissive, but less steady and enterprising than the Pravoslavs. They are on a much better understanding with the Turks. Roman Catholic priests are never heard of in the Turkish prisons; Serb priests frequently, and for the most part on accusation or suspicion of political offences. Among the Roman Catholics of Serajevo there is not one single merchant; some follow trades, but for the most part the community are miserably poor. In the villages they are *lemeto*, and cultivate the land for the begs. In Travnik, Livno, and other towns they are "*Latin*" merchants; here and there

they have recently acquired land. Notwithstanding the superior education and intelligence of the priests, and the privileges granted to the clergy from the time of Mahmoud the Conqueror, their flocks remain ignorant and benighted. The paucity of schools is astonishing; unparalleled I believe among any other Roman Catholic population in Europe, except the Albanian. There are only from thirty to thirty-four Roman Catholic boys' schools in the whole province. Within the last few years girls' schools have been established in four places by sisters of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, who have their mother house in Croatia. Some improvement may also be expected from the future priests, who are receiving a more national and liberal training in Bishop Strossmayer's seminary at Diakovar in Slavonia. Up to this time they had been educated in Italy, or Hungary, and to a great degree had lost sympathy with the spirit of their nation, although their superior learning gave them much influence with the people. They have succeeded in entirely abolishing among the Roman Catholic Bosnians the festival of the *Krsno ime*, on the ground of the expense which it involved to the impoverished people. But whatever are the abuses, and they are many, of these festivals, they have served to keep up the brotherhood, courage, and sense of national unity among the Pravoslavs, and made them stronger to resist the Mussulman influence. The Bosnian Catholic is to a great degree denationalized. He has cast away almost all that is Serbian, as Pravoslav. He does not call himself Serb, but Latin. So far as he has any political intelligence whatever, he has the same aspirations as the Catholic Slavs of Austrian Croatia and Slavonia. But the unity which is said to be growing there among the educated Pravoslavs and Catholics has not yet penetrated Bosnia.

The Jews of Serajevo are now a prosperous community; some of its members have grown rich within the last ten years, and have acquired property in land and houses. Their poor are exceedingly well cared for, and a Jewish beggar is never seen. No Jew is ever accused of murder, theft, or violence, or found in the Turkish prisons, except on account of debt. This is the bright side of the picture; there is a dark side; in some respects they are miserably degraded. Their houses and persons are filthy, they are small of stature, and the women always undersized. Their language, I am told by Dr. Thompson of Constantinople, probably the only



Englishman who has conversed with them, continues nearly the same as that spoken in Spain at the time of their expulsion, and is very nearly that in which Don Quixote is written. They have a boys' school only. They have many holidays and feasts, and more merry-makings at home than any other "nation" in Serajevo.

The wretched condition of education in Bosnia is one of its greatest misfortunes. The Pravoslavs have in the whole province only six girls' schools, and at the highest estimate forty-seven boys' schools. The population is carefully kept in ignorance by the Turkish government, the stupidity of the people being a necessary condition for Turkish rule. In the whole province there is not a single book-shop. I except the depot of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Serajevo, which has been established for about eight or ten years. But no other books are to be bought in the place, save a few elementary school-books, the old Slavonic "Book of Hours," and an occasional almanac. A Bosnian merchant who recently attempted to have a few Serbian books in stock for sale, was obliged to give them up to the Turkish authorities. In fact, Serbian books and newspapers are strictly prohibited at the frontier; whatever enters the country must be smuggled in. So great is the perfectly reasonable jealousy with which newspapers are withheld from the eyes of Bosnian readers, that not long ago a formal complaint was made by the Turkish authorities to the Austrian consulate, that one of its officials had shown Slav newspapers received there to Bosnian merchants. There is a government printing-press in Serajevo, but it has sent forth nothing save a few very indifferent elementary school-books, a song-book, and two newspapers in Turkish and Slavonic, whose contents are of the most meagre description, relating chiefly to the movements and changes of Turkish officials, which, indeed, are so frequent that their record leaves little space for the scanty scraps of news which fill up the remainder of the sheets. It may be supposed that this newspaper has no circulation among the Serb population.

One of the first questions which will be asked by those who have any knowledge of a Turkish province, and any human interest in its inhabitants, will always be this: "Is the evidence of Christians against Mussulmans received in Bosnia?" It need scarcely be said that the evidence of Christians cannot be accepted in the *mehkeme* or kadi's court, the ancient

Turkish court of justice, whose decisions are based on the law of the Koran alone; but in the modern courts of justice, councils or *medjliss*, the evidence of Christians against Mussulmans is admitted by law yet the principle is now acknowledged, and even in Bosnia the evidence of Christians against Turks has occasionally been taken, more especially when backed by a bribe, by means of which, be it remarked, justice or injustice may at any time equally be obtained. But it is certain that in ordinary cases the evidence of twenty Christians would be outweighed by that of two Mussulmans. The Turks have naturally shown little zeal, except under European pressure, in carrying out the design, which, taking from the kadis the decision of all disputes between Christians and Mussulmans, and referring such cases to the *medjliss*, threatens to destroy the essentially Turkish institution of the *mehkemes*. In each of the *medjliss* of Serajevo there are four or six Mussulmans; one, sometimes two Pravoslavs, one Roman Catholic, and one or two Jews. A knowledge of Turkish is necessary, as the proceedings are wholly conducted in that language. The influence of the non-Mussulmans is very small, and the office is most unpopular among the Pravoslavs, on account of the contempt with which they are liable to be treated by the Mussulman majority. Such being the state of things, the position of the Christian towards the Mussulman remains intolerable. The hereditary insolence of the Mussulman Bosnian is met by the hereditary cringing of the rayah. It will take some generations of a better system than the present to restore to the rayah the virtues of the free. As an instance of Turkish insolence, under the eyes of the European consuls in Serajevo, where the Turks are on their best behaviour, I will give the following anecdote. A dervish, named Hadji Loy, met in the road near the town of Serajevo, a Pravoslav priest on horseback. He ordered him to dismount, telling him, "Bosnia is still a Mahommedan country, do you not see that a Turk is passing? Dismount, instantly!" Three different times he met the same priest, and obliged him to get off his horse. This dervish also forced a whole wedding-party of Roman Catholics to pass him on foot. This happened in 1871, and that same year in Serajevo itself, a Christian boy of eighteen was stabbed by a Mussulman, who escaped in the midst of the market-place, in the presence of numerous Turks and Zaptics. I have been told terrible stories of cruel



ties occurring in distant parts of the province. I refrain from relating these stories, for I was unable to enquire into them, the recital being always accompanied with entreaties of secrecy. The wretched Christians dared not complain. They dared not tell any one who they thought could make their case known, because of the certain vengeance with which they would be treated. But now the poor Bosnian rayah is telling his own tale to Europe. Let him be heard; it is a true tale of bitter wrong and suffering. A. P. IRBY.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

CHAPTER VIII.  
THE NEW RECTOR.

THE news which so much disturbed the inhabitants of the rectory at Brentburn was already old news in Oxford, where indeed it was known and decided who Mr. Chester's successor was to be. The august body in whose hands the appointment lay was absolutely unconscious of the existence of Mr. St. John. Several members of it, it is true, were his own contemporaries, and had been his acquaintances in the old days when these very dons themselves traversed their quadrangles with such hopes and fears in respect to the issue of an examination, as the destruction of the world or its salvation would scarcely rouse in them now; but what was it likely they could know about a man who at sixty-five was only a curate? who had never asked for anything, never tried for anything; but had kept himself out of sight and knowledge for a lifetime? Those of them who had a dim recollection that "old St. John" was Chester's curate in charge, naturally thought that he held that precarious and unprofitable place for so long, because of some personal connection with the locality, or preference for it, which he was well off enough to be able to indulge. He had been poor in his youth, but probably his wife had had money, or something had fallen to him. What so likely as that something good should fall by inheritance to a man with such a patrician name? Therefore let nobody blame the dons. They might have been capable (though I don't know whether they would have had any right to exercise their patronage so) of a great act of poetic justice, and might have given to the undistin-

guished but old member of their college the reward of his long exertions, had they known. But as they did not know, what could these good men do but allot it to the excellent young Fellow—already the winner of all kinds of honours—who condescended to be willing to accept the humble rectory? Everybody said it was not worth Mildmay's while to shelve himself in an obscure place like Brentburn; that it was a strange thing for him to do; that he would hate it as poor Chester—also an extremely accomplished man and fellow of his college—had done. Gossips—and such beings exist in the most classical places—feared that he must want the money; though some thought he was merely disinclined to let a tolerable small living, not far from town, and in a good county, where there were many "nice families," pass him; but very few people, so far as I am aware, thought of any higher motive which a popular young don could have for such a fancy.

Mr. Mildmay was quite one of the advanced rank of young Oxford men. I have never been able to understand how it was that he continued more or less orthodox, but he had done so by special constitution of mind I suppose, which in some tends to belief as much as in some others it tends to unbelief. He was not one of those uncomfortable people who are always following out "truth" to some bitter end or other, and refusing all compromise. Perhaps he was not so profound as are those troublesome spirits, but he was a great deal happier, and a great deal more agreeable. It is quite possible that some young reader may object to this as a shameful begging of the question whether it is not best to follow "truth" with bosom bare into whatsoever wintry lands that oft-bewildered power may lead. I don't know; some minds have little inclination towards the sombre guesses of science, new or old; and perhaps some may prefer Roger Mildmay for the mere fact that he did not feel himself to have outgrown Christianity,—which, I confess, is my own feeling on the subject. However, if it is any satisfaction to the said young reader, I may as well avow that though nature kept him from being sceptical, that kindly nurse did not hinder him from throwing himself into much semi-intellectual foolishness in other ways. To hear him talk of art was enough to make all the Academy dance with fury, and drive the ordinary learner, however little attached to the Academy, into absolute imbecility; and his rooms were as



good as a show, with all the last fantastical delights of the day—more like a museum of china and knickknacks than rooms to live in. His floors were littered with rugs, over which, in the æsthetic dimness, unwary visitors tumbled: his walls were toned into olive-greens or peacock-blues, dark enough to have defied all the sunshine of the Indies to light them up. He had few pictures; but his rooms were hung with photographs “taken direct,” and a collection of old china plates, which perhaps in their primitive colours and broad effect “came” better than pictures in the subdued and melancholy light. But why insist upon these details? A great many highly cultured persons have the same kind of rooms, and Mildmay was something more than a highly cultured person. All this amused and occupied him very much—for indeed collecting is a very amusing occupation; and when he had found something “really good” in an old curiosity-shop, it exhilarated him greatly to bring it home, and find a place for it among his precious stores, and to make it “compose” with the other curiosities around it. As sheer play, I don’t know any play more pleasant; and when he looked round upon the dim world of *objets d’art* that covered all his walls, shelves, and tables, and marked the fine pictorial effect of the one brilliant spot of light which the green shade of his reading-lamp prevented from too great diffusion—when, I say, looking up from his studies, Mr. Mildmay looked round upon all this, and felt that only very fine taste, and much patient labour, supported by a tolerably well-filled purse, could have brought it all together, and arranged everything into one harmonious whole, there came a glow of gentle satisfaction to the heart of the young don.

But then he sighed. All perfection is melancholy. When you have finally arranged your last acquisition, and look round upon a completeness which, even for the introduction of additional beauty, it seems wicked to disturb, what can you do but sigh? And there was more than this in the breath of melancholy—the long-drawn utterance of an unsatisfied soul in Mildmay’s sigh. After all, a man cannot live for china, for æsthetic arrangement, for furniture, however exquisite; or even for art, when he is merely a critic, commentator, and amateur—not a worker in the same. You may suppose that he was weary of his loneliness; that he wanted a companion, or those domestic

joys which are supposed to be so infinitely prized in England. I am sorry to say this was not the case. The class to which Mildmay belongs are rather in the way of scouting domestic joys. A man who makes a goddess of his room, who adores china, and decks his mantelshef with lace, seldom (in theory) wants a wife, or sighs for a companion of his joys and sorrows. For why? He does not deal much in sorrows or in joys. The deepest delight which can thrill the soul in the discovery of old Worcester or royal Dresden, scarcely reaches to the height of passion; and even if a matchless cup of *Henri Deux* were to be shivered to pieces in your hand, your despair would not appeal to human sympathy as would the loss of a very much commoner piece of flesh and blood. And then young ladies as a class are not, I fear, great in the marks of china, and even in the feminine speciality of lace require years to mellow them into admiration of those archæological morsels which cannot be worn. Besides, the very aspect of such rooms as those I have indicated (not being bold enough to attempt to describe them) is inimical to all conjoint and common existence. Solitude is taken for granted in all those dainty arrangements; in the dim air, the dusky walls, the subdued tone. A child in the place, ye heavens! imagination shivers, and dares not contemplate what might follow.

And then Mr. Mildmay had exhausted this delight. I believe his rooms were papered with three different kinds of the choicest paper that ever came out of Mr. Morris’s hands. His curtains had been embroidered in the art school of needlework on cloth woven and dyed expressly for him. An ancient piece of lovely Italian tapestry hung over one door, and another was veiled by a glorious bit of Eastern work from Damascus or Constantinople. His Italian cabinets were enough to make you faint with envy; his Venice glass—but why should I go on? The rugs which tripped you up as you threaded your way through the delicate artificial twilight were as valuable as had they been woven in gold; and no sooner was it known that Mildmay had accepted a living than all the superior classes in the southern half of England pricked up their ears. Would there be a sale? About a thousand connoisseurs from all parts of the country balanced themselves metaphorically on one foot like Raphael’s St. Michael, ready to swoop down at the first



note of warning. I am not sure that among railway authorities there were not preparations for a special train.

Mr. Mildmay had got tired of it all. Suddenly in that dainty dimness of high culture it had occurred to him that studies of old art and accumulations of the loveliest furniture were not life. What was life? There are so many that ask that question, and the replies are so feeble. The commonest rendering is that which Faust in sheer disgust of intellectualism plunged into—pleasure; with what results the reader knows. Pleasure in its coarser meaning, in the Faust sense, and in the vulgar sensual sense, was only a disgust to such a man as Roger Mildmay. What could he have done with his fine tastes and pure habits in the *coulisses* or the casinos? He would only have recoiled with the sickening sensations of physical loathing as well as mental. What then? Should he marry and have a family, which is the virtuous and respectable answer to his question? He had no inclination that way. The woman whom he was to marry had not yet risen on his firmament, and he was not the kind of man to determine on marriage in the abstract, dissociated from any individual. How then was he to know life, and have it? Should he go off into the distant world and travel, and discover new treasures of art in unsuspected places, and bring home his trophies from all quarters of the world? But he had done this so often already that even the idea almost fatigued him. Besides, all these expedients, pleasure, domesticity, travel, would all have been ways of pleasing himself only, and he had already done a great deal to please himself. Life must have something in it surely of sharper, more pungent flavour. It could not be a mere course of ordinary days one succeeding another, marked out by dinners, books, conversations, the same thing over again, never more than an hour of it at a time in a man's possession, nothing in it that could not be foreseen and mapped out. This could not be life. How was he to get at life? He sat and wondered over this problem among his beautiful collections. He had nothing to do, you will say; and yet you can't imagine how busy he was. In short, he was never without something to do. He had edited a Greek play, he had written magazine-articles, he had read papers before literary societies, he had delivered lectures. Few, very few, were his unoccupied moments. He knew a great many people in the highest

classes of society, and kept up a lively intercourse with the most intelligent, the most cultivated minds of his time. He was, indeed, himself one of the most highly cultured persons of his standing; yet here he sat in the most delightful rooms in his college, sighing for life, life!

What is life? Digging, ploughing, one can understand that; but unfortunately one cannot dig, and "to beg I am ashamed." These familiar words suggested themselves by the merest trick of the ear to his mind unawares. To beg, the Franciscans he had seen in old Italy had not been at all ashamed; neither were the people who now and then penetrated into college rooms with—if not the Franciscan's wallet, or the penitent's rattling money-box—lists of subscriptions with which to beguile the unwary. For what? For hospitals, schools, missions, churches; the grand deduction to be drawn from all this being that there were a great many people in the world, by their own fault or that of others, miserable, sick, ignorant, wicked; and that a great many more people, from good or indifferent motives, on true or on false pretences, were making a great fuss about helping them. This fuss was in a general way annoying, and even revolting to the *dilettanti*, whose object is to see and hear only things that are beautiful, to encourage in themselves and others delightful sensations; but yet when you came to think of it, it could not be denied that the whole system of public charity had a meaning. In some cases a false, foolish, wrong meaning, no doubt; but yet—

If I were to tell you all the fancies that passed through Roger Mildmay's head on the subject, it would require volumes; and many of his thoughts were fantastic enough. The fact that he had taken orders and was the man he was, made it his proper business to teach others; but he would much rather, he thought, have reclaimed waste land, or something of that practical sort. Yes, to reclaim a bit of useless moorland and make it grow oats or even potatoes—that would be something; but then unfortunately the ludicrous side of the matter would come over him. What could he do on his bit of moorland with those white hands of his? Would it not be much more sensible to pay honest wages to some poor honest man out of work and let him do the digging? and then where was Roger Mildmay? still left, stranded, high and dry, upon the useless ground of his present existence. Such a man in such a self-dis-



cussion is as many women are. If he works, what is the good of it? It is to occupy, to please himself, not because the work is necessary to others; indeed, it is taking bread out of the mouths of others to do badly himself that which another man, probably lounging sadly, out of work, and seeing his children starve, would do well. Let him, then, go back to his own profession; and what was he to do? A clergyman must preach, and he did not feel at all at his ease in the pulpit. A clergyman must teach, and his prevailing mood was a desire to learn. A clergyman must care for the poor, and he knew nothing about the poor. The result of all these confused and unsatisfactory reasonings with himself was that when the living of Brentburn was offered to him half in joke, he made a plunge at it, and accepted. "Let us try!" he said to himself. Anything was better than this perplexity. At the worst he could but fail.

Now Mr. St. John, as I have said, was a member of the same college, and had served the parish of Brentburn for twenty years, and what was to Roger Mildmay an adventure, a very doubtful experiment, would have been to him life and living; and next on the list of eligible persons after Mr. Mildmay was the Rev. John Ruffhead, who was very anxious to marry and settle, and was a clergyman's son well trained to his work. Such injustices are everywhere around us; they are nobody's fault, we say—they are the fault of the system; but what system would mend them it is hard to tell. And, on the other hand, perhaps neither Mr. St. John nor Mr. Ruffhead had the same high object before them as Roger had. The old man would have gone on in his gentle routine just as he had done all those years, always kind, soothing the poor folk more than he taught them; the young man would, though sure to do his duty, have thought perhaps more of the future Mrs. Ruffhead and the settling-down, than of any kind of heroic effort to realize life and serve the world. So that on the whole, ideally, my *dilettante* had the highest ideal; though the practical effect of him no one could venture to foretell.

He had decided to accept the living of Brentburn at once, feeling the offer to be a kind of answer of the oracle—for there was a certain heathenism mingling with his Christianity—to his long-smouldering and unexpressed desires; but before concluding formally he went, by the advice of one of his friends, to look at the place, "to see how he would like it." "Like it!

do I want to like it?" he said to himself. Must this always be the first question? Was it not rather the first possibility held out to him in the world—of duty, and a real, necessary, and certain work which should not be to please himself? He did not want to like it. Now men of Mildmay's turn of mind are seldom deeply devoted to nature. They admire a fine landscape or fine sunset, no doubt, but it is chiefly for the composition, the effects of light and shade, the combination of colours. In the loveliest country they sigh for picture-galleries and fine architecture, and cannot please themselves with the mists and the clouds, the woods and the waters, the warm, sweet, boundless atmosphere itself, in which others find beauty and mystery unceasing. Yet on this occasion a different result took place; although it was contrary to his own principles, when he first came out of the prosaic little railway at Brentburn and saw at his right hand one rich cloud of foliage rounding upon another, and all the wealth of princely trees standing up in their battalions under the full warm August sky; and on the other the sweet wild common bursting forth in a purple blaze of heather, all belted and broken with the monastic gloom of the pine-woods and ineffable blue distances of the wilder country—there suddenly fell upon him a love at first sight for this insignificant rural place, which I cannot account for any more than he could. I should be disposed to say that the scent of the fir-trees went to his head, as it does to mine; but then the very soul within him melted to the great, broad, delicious greenness of shadows in the forest; and the two between them held him in an ecstasy, in that sweet lapse of all sense and thought into which nature sometimes surprises us, when all at once, without any suspicion on our part of what she is about, she throws herself open to us and holds out her tender arms. Mildmay stood in this partial trance, not knowing what he was doing, for—two full minutes; then he picked himself up, slightly ashamed of his ecstasy, and asked his way to the church, and said to himself (as I think Mr. Ruskin says somewhere) that mere nature without art to back her up is little, but that he might indeed permit himself to feel those indescribable sensations if he could look at all this as a background to a beautiful piece of ancient architecture in the shape of a church. Alas, poor Mr. Mildmay! I don't know why it had never been broken to him. Ignorant persons had said, "A very nice



church," perhaps out of sheer ignorance, perhaps from the commercial point of view that a new church in perfect repair is much more delightful to a young rector's pocket at least, than the most picturesque old one in perpetual need of restorations. But anyhow, when the church of Brentburn did burst upon him in all its newness, poor Roger put out his hand to the first support he could find, and felt disposed to swoon. The support which he found to lean on was the wooden rail, round a rather nasty duck-pond which lay between two cottages, skirting the garden hedge of one of them. Perhaps it was the odour of this very undelightful feature in the scene that made him feel like fainting, rather than the sight of the church; but he did not think so in the horror of the moment. He who had hoped to see the distant landscape all enhanced and glorified, by looking at it from among the ancestral elms or solemn yew-trees about a venerable village spire, and old grey, mossy Saxon walls — or beside the lovely tracery of some decorated window with perhaps broken pieces of old glass glimmering out like emeralds and rubies! The church, I have already said, was painfully new; it was in the most perfect good order; the stones might have been scrubbed with scrubbing-brushes that very morning; and, worse than all, it was good Gothic, quite correct and unobjectionable. The poor young don's head drooped upon his breast, his foot slipped on the edge of the duck-pond. Never was a more delicate distress; and yet but for the despairing grasp he gave to the paling, the result might have been grotesque enough.

"Be you poorly, sir?" said old Mrs. Joel, who was standing, as she generally was, at her cottage door.

"No, no, I thank you," said the new rector, faintly; "I suppose it is the sun."

"Come in a bit and rest, bless you," said Mrs. Joel; "you do look overcome. It is a bit strong is that water of hot days. Many a one comes to look at our cheuch. There's a power of old cheuches about, and ours is the only one I know of as is new, sir, and sweet and clean — though I says it as shouldn't," said the old woman, smoothing her apron and curtsying with a conscious smile.

"You are the sexton's wife? you have the charge of it?" said Mr. Mildmay.

"Thank my stars! I ain't no man's wife," said Mrs. Joel. "I be old John Joel's widow — and a queer one he was; and the curate he say as I was to keep the place,

though there's a deal of jealousy about. I never see in all my born days a jealouser place than Brentburn."

"Who is the curate?" asked Mr. Mildmay.

"Bless your soul, sir, he'll be as pleased as Punch to see you. You go up bold to the big door and ask for Mr. St. John; he would always have the hartis-gentlemen and that sort in, to take a cup of tea with him. The missis didn't hold with it in her time. She had a deal of pride, though you wouldn't have thought it at first. But since she's dead and gone, Mr. St John he do have his way; and two pretty young ladies just come from school," said Mrs. Joel with a smirk. She was herself very curious about the stranger, who was evidently not a "hartis-gentleman." "Maybe you was looking for lodgings, like?" she said, after a pause.

"No, no," said Mildmay, with unnecessary explanatoriness; "I was only struck by the church, in passing, and wished to know who was the clergyman —"

"Between ourselves, sir," said Mrs. Joel, approaching closer than was pleasant, for her dinner had been highly seasoned, "I don't know as Mr. St. John is what you call the clergyman. He ain't but the curate, and I do hear as there is a real right clergyman acoming. But you won't name it, not as coming from me? for I can't say but he's always been a good friend."

"Oh no, I shall not name it. Good-morning," cried Mildmay hurriedly. A new church, a horrible duck-pond, an old woman who smelt of onions. He hurried along, scarcely aware in his haste until he arrived in front of it that the house beyond the church was the rectory, his future home.

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE girls I need not say had been engaged in calculations long and weary during these intervening days. Cicely, who had at once taken possession of all the details of housekeeping, had by this time made a discovery of the most overwhelming character; which was that the curate was in arrears with all the tradespeople in the parish, and that the "books," instead of having the trim appearance she remembered, were full of long lists of things supplied, broken by no safe measure of weeks, but running on from month to month and from year to year, with here and there a melancholy payment "to account" set down against it. Cicely was young and she had no money, and knew by her own



experience how hard it was to make it; and she was overwhelmed by this discovery. She took the books in her lap and crept into the drawing-room beside Mab, who was making a study of the children in the dreary stillness of the afternoon. The two little boys were posed against the big sofa, on the carpet. The young artist had pulled off their shoes and stockings, and, indeed, left very little clothes at all upon Charley, who let her do as she pleased with him without remonstrance, sucking his thumb and gazing at her with his pale blue eyes. Harry had protested, but had to submit to the taking-away of his shoes, and now sat gloomily regarding his toes, and trying to keep awake with supernatural lurches and recoveries; Charley, more placid, had dropped off. He had still his thumb in his mouth, his round cheek lying flushed against the cushion, his round white limbs huddled up in a motionless stillness of sleep. Harry sat upright, as upright as possible, and nodded. Mab had got them both outlined on her paper, and was working with great energy and absorption when Cicely came in with the books in her lap. "Oh go away, go away," cried Mab, "whoever you are! Don't disturb them! If you wake them all is lost!"

Cicely stood at the door watching the group. Mab had improvised an easel, she had put on a linen blouse over her black and white muslin dress. She had closed the shutters of two windows, leaving the light from the middle one to fall upon the children. In the cool shade, moving now and then a step backwards to see the effect of her drawing, her light figure full of purpose and energy, her pretty white hand a little stained with the charcoal with which she was working, she was a picture in herself. Cicely, her eyes very red and heavy—for indeed she had been crying—and the bundle of grocery-books in her apron, paused and looked at her sister with a gush of admiration, a sharp pinch of something like envy. Mab could do this which looked like witchcraft, while she could only count, and count, and cry over these hopeless books. What good would crying do? If she cried her eyes out it would not pay a sixpence. Cicely knew that she had more "sense" than Mab. It was natural. She was nineteen, Mab only eighteen, and a year is so much at that age! But Mab was clever. She could do something which Cicely could not even understand; and she would be able to make money, which Cicely could scarcely hope to do. It was envy, but of

a generous kind. Cicely went across the room quite humbly behind backs, not to disturb her sister's work, and sat down by the darkened window, through which a fresh little breeze from the garden was coming in. It distracted her for a moment from her more serious cares to watch the work going on. She thought how pretty Mab looked, lighting up the poetical darkness, working away so vigorously and pleasantly with only that pucker of anxiety in her white forehead, lest her sitters should move. "Oh, quiet, quiet!" she said, almost breathless. "He must not either go to sleep or wake right up, till I have put them in. Roll the ball to him softly, Cicely, quite softly as if he were a kitten." Cicely put away the terrible books and knelt down on the carpet and rolled the big ball, which Mab had been moving with her foot towards little dozing Harry, who watched it with eyes glazing over with sleep. The light and the warmth and the stillness were too much for him. Just as the ball arrived at his soft little pink toes he tumbled over all in a heap, with his head upon Charley. Mab gave a cry of vexation. "But never mind, it was not your fault," she said, to make up for her impatience. And indeed Cicely felt it was rather hard to be blamed.

"After all it does not matter," said Mab. "I have done enough—but I shall never never get them to look like that again. How pretty children are even when they are ugly! What pictures such things make! how anybody can help making pictures all the day long I can't imagine. It is only that you will not try."

"I would try if I had any hope," said Cicely; "I would do anything. Oh, I wonder if there is anything I could do!"

"Why, of course you can teach," said Mab, consoling her, "a great deal better than I can. I get impatient; but you sha'n't teach; I am the brother and you are the sister, and you are to keep my house."

"That was all very well," said Cicely, "so long as there was only us two; but now look," she cried pointing to the two children lying over one another in the light, asleep, "there is *them*—and papa——"

"They are delightful like that," cried Mab starting up; "oh, quick, give me that portfolio with the paper! I must try them again. Just look at all those legs and arms!—and yet they are not a bit pretty in real life," cried Mab in the fervour of her art, making a fine natural distinction.

Cicely handed her all she wanted, and



looked on with wondering admiration for a moment; but then she shook her head slightly and sighed. "You live in another world," she said, "you artists. Oh, Mab, I don't want to disturb you, but if you knew how unhappy I am——"

"What is the matter? and why should you be more anxious than papa is?" cried Mab, busy with her charcoal. "Don't make yourself unhappy, dear. Things always come right somehow. I think so as well as papa."

"You don't mind either of you so long as you have—— Oh, you don't know how bad things are. Mab! we are in debt."

Mab stopped her work, appalled, and looked her sister in the face. This was a terrible word to the two girls, who never had known what it was to have any money. "In debt!" she said.

"Yes, in debt—do you wonder now that I am wretched? I don't know even if papa knows; and now he has lost even the little income he had, and we have given up our situations. Oh, Mab! Mab! think a little; what are we to do?"

Mab let her chalk fall out of her hand. She went and knelt down by Cicely's side, and put one soft cheek against another as if that would do any good. "Oh, how can I tell?" she said with tears in her eyes. "I never was any good to think. Is it much—is it very bad? is there anything we can do?"

Cicely shed a few tears over the butcher's book which was uppermost. "If we were staying here forever," she said, "as we were all foolish enough to think when we came—we might have paid it with a struggle. I should have sent away those two maids, and tried to do everything myself."

"Everything, Cicely?" Mab was as much appalled at the thought of life without a Betsy, as a fine lady would be denuded of her establishment. The want of a maid-of-all-work represents a dreadful coming down in life, almost more than a greater apparent loss does. Her countenance fell, the corners of her mouth took a downward curve, and her pride received a crushing blow. Yet if you consider what Betsy was, the loss was not deadly. But as usual it was not the actual but the sentimental view of the case which struck the girls.

"Yes," said Cicely, with a solemn paleness on her face. She felt the humiliation too. "I shouldn't mind *doing* things," she said, her voice breaking a little; "it is what people will think. Us, a clergyman's daughters! But what is the use

even of that?" she cried; "it will do no good now. Papa must leave Brentburn, and we have not a shilling, not a penny now, to pay those things with. I think and think—but I cannot tell what we are to do."

The two clung together in an agony of silence for a moment; how many wringings of the heart have been caused by a little money! and so often those who suffer are not those who are to blame. The ruin that seemed to be involved was unspeakable to the two girls; they did not know what the butcher and the baker might be able to do to them; nor did they know of any way of escape.

"If there was any hope," said Cicely after a pause, "of staying here—I would go round to them all, and ask them to take pity upon us; to let us begin again paying every week, and wait till we could scrape some money together for what is past. That, I think, would be quite possible, if we were to stay; and we might take pupils——"

"To be sure," cried Mab, relieved, springing up with the easy hope of a sanguine disposition, "and I might get something to do. In the mean time I can finish my drawing. They have not stirred a bit, look, Cicely. They are like two little white statues. It may be a pity that they were ever born, as Aunt Jane says—but they are delightful models. I almost think," Mab went on piously, working with bold and rapid fingers, "that in all this that has happened there must have been a special providence for me."

Cicely looked up with surprise at this speech, but she made no reply. She was too full of thought to see the humour of the suggestion. Mab's art furnished a delightful way of escape for her out of all perplexity; but Cicely could only go back to the butcher's book. "What could we do, I wonder," she said half to herself, for she did not expect any advice from her sister, "about the living? Very likely they don't know anything about poor papa. It may be very high-minded never to ask for anything," said poor Cicely, "but then how can we expect that other people will come and thrust bread into our mouths? It is better to ask than to starve. As a matter of fact we cannot starve quietly, because if we are found dead of hunger, there is sure to be a business in the papers, and everything exposed. 'Death, from starvation, of a clergyman's family!' That would make a great deal more fuss than quietly going and asking for something for papa. I am not a bold girl—



at least I don't think so," she cried, her soft face growing crimson at the thought, "but I would not mind going to any one, if it was the head of the college, or the lord chancellor, or even the queen!"

"I wonder," said Mab, "if we met the queen driving in the forest — as one does sometimes — whether we might not ask her, as people used to do long ago? I don't think she would mind. Why should she mind? She could not be frightened, or even angry, with two girls."

Cicely shook her head. "The queen has nothing to do with Brentburn; and why should she be troubled with us any more than any other lady? No! that sort of thing has to be done in a business way," said the elder sister seriously. "If I could find out who was the chief man, the head of the college —"

They had been so much absorbed that they had not heard any sound outside; and at this moment the door was suddenly thrown open, admitting a flood of cross-light, and revealing suddenly the figures of the curate and some one who followed him.

"My dears!" began Mr. St. John, surprised.

"Oh, papa! you have woke them up. You have spoiled my light!" cried Mab, in despair.

Cicely started to her feet, letting the account-books tumble on the floor; and the two little boys raised a simultaneous howl of sleepy woe. "Harry wants his tea," they both piped piteously. Mr. Mildmay, whom the curate had met at the gate, looked with a surprise I cannot describe on this extraordinary scene. The white babies in the light had seemed to him at first an exquisite little "composition," which went to his very heart; and the two other figures, half lit up by the stream of unwelcome light from the door, bewildered the young man. Who were they, or what? One indignant, holding her charcoal with artistic energy; the other, startled, gazing at himself with a hostile sentiment, which he could not understand, in her eyes.

"My love," said the gentle curate, "you should not make a studio of the drawing-room." Mr. St. John was not disturbed by the wailing of the little boys, to which, I suppose, he was used. "Cicely, this is Mr. Mildmay, from Oxford, who has come — to look at the parish," he added with a gentle sigh. "Let us have tea."

Why did the girl look at him with that paleness of anger in her face? Mr. Mild-

may's attention was distracted from the drawing and the artist, who, naturally, would have interested him most, by the gleam of hostility, the resentment and defiance in Cicely's eyes.

"Yes, papa," she said shortly; and with merely an inclination of her head to acknowledge his introduction to her, she took up the children, Charley in one arm, who was half dressed, Harry under the other, whose feet were bare, and carried them out of the room. She had divined the first moment she saw him, a dark figure against the light, who he was; and I cannot describe the bitterness that swelled like a flood through poor Cicely's heart. It was all over, then! There was no further hope, however fantastical, from college, or chancellor, or queen! Fantastic, indeed, the hope had been; but Cicely was young, and had been more buoyed up by this delusion, even in her despair, than she was aware of. She felt herself fall down, down into unspeakable depths, and the very heart within her seemed to feel the physical pain of it, lying crushed and sore, throbbing all over with sudden suffering. The passionate force of the shock gave her strength, or I do not think she could have carried the two children away as she did, one in each arm, while the stranger looked on amazed. Little Charley, always peaceable, held her fast round the neck, with his head against her cheek; but Harry, whom she carried under her other arm, lifted his head a little from that horizontal position, and kept up his melancholy whine. She was not fond of the children; how could she be? and I think would gladly have "given them a shake" in the excitement and misery of her feelings. It was so hard upon the girl, that I think she might be forgiven for feeling that thus her young arms were to be hampered all her life; and, meanwhile, she felt that her father and sister would be perfectly amiable to the stranger, who was about to supplant them, and turn them out of their house. This, I am afraid, exasperated Cicely as much as anything else. "These two," would have no *arrière pensée*; they would be perfectly kind to him, as though he were acting the part of their best friend.

And, indeed, this was how it turned out. When she went back, having disposed of the children, to make the tea, Cicely found Mab and Mr. Mildmay in great amity over the uncompleted drawing. He had been criticising, but he had been praising as well; and Mab was flushed with pleasure and interest. She



ran off laughing, to take off her blouse and wash her hands, when Cicely came in, and the elder sister, who felt that her eyes were still red, felt at the same time that her ungenial and constrained reception of him had struck the new-comer. She went and gathered up the account-books from the floor with a sigh. Despair was in her heart. How could she talk and smile as the others had been doing? As for Mr. St. John, he was as pleased with his visitor as if he had brought him something, instead of taking all hope from him. It was rarely the good man saw any but heavy parish people—the rural souls, with whom indeed he was friendly, but who had nothing to say to him except about their crops and local gossip. The gossip of Oxford was much sweeter to his ears. He liked to tell of the aspect of things “in my time,” as I suppose we all do; and how different this and that was nowadays. “I knew him when he was a curate like myself,” he said, with a soft sigh, talking of the dean, that lofty dignitary. “We were at school together, and I used to be the better man;” and this was spoken of the vice-chancellor himself; and he enjoyed and wondered to hear of all their grandeurs. He had met Mildmay on the road, looking through the gate at the rectory, and had addressed him in his suave old-world way as a stranger. Then they had talked of the church, that most natural of subjects between two clergymen; and then, half reluctantly, half with a sense of compulsion, the stranger had told him who he was. Mr. St. John, though he was poor, had all the hospitable instincts of a prince. He insisted that his new acquaintance should come in and see the house, and hear about everything. He would have given the same invitation, he said afterwards, to any probable new resident in the parish, and why not to the new rector? for in Mr. St. John’s mind there was no gall.

But to describe Mildmay’s feelings when he was suddenly introduced into this novel world is more difficult. He was taken entirely by surprise. He did not know anything about the curate in charge. If he thought of his predecessor at all it was the late rector he thought of, who had died on the shores of the Bay of Naples after a life-long banishment from England. He could understand all that; to go away altogether after art, antiquity, Pompeii, classic editings, and æsthetic delights was perfectly comprehensible to the young Oxford man. But this—what

was this? The old man before him, so gentle, so suave, so smiling, his own inferior in position, for was he not rector elect, while Mr. St. John was but curate? yet so far above him in years and experience, and all that constitutes superiority among gentlemen of equal breeding. Why was he here as curate? And why did *that* girl look at himself with so much suppressed passion in her eyes? and where had the other been trained to draw so well? and what was the meaning of the two children, so unlike all the others, whom his young enemy had carried off impetuously, instead of ringing the bell for their nurse as any one else would have done? Mildmay felt a thrilling sensation of newness as he sat down at the tea-table, and looked on, an interested spectator of all that was proceeding under his eyes. This in its way was evidently *life*; there was no mistaking the passion that existed underneath this quiet surface, the something more than met the eye. Was it a skeleton in the closet, as the domestic cynic says? But these were not words that seemed to apply to this calm old man and these young girls. It was life, not the quiet of books, and learned talk, and superficial discussion, but a quiet full of possibilities, full of hidden struggle and feeling. Mildmay felt as if he had come out of his den in the dark like an owl, and half blinking in the unusual light, was placed as spectator of some strange drama, some episode full of interest, to the character of which he had as yet no clue.

“You are looking at the furniture; it is not mine,” said Mr. St. John, “except the carpets, which, as you say, are much worn. The other things are all Mr. Chester’s. I am expecting every day to hear what is to be done with them. Most likely they will sell it; if you wanted anything —”

Mildmay made a gesture of horror in spite of himself, and Mab laughed.

“You do not think Mr. Mildmay wants all that mahogany, papa? The catafalque there, Cicely and I agreed it was more like a tomb in Westminster Abbey than anything else.”

“What is amiss with it?” said Mr. St. John, “I always understood it was very good. I am told they don’t make things nearly so strong or so substantial now. Poor Chester! He was a man of very fine taste, Mr. Mildmay. But why do you laugh, my dear? That was why he was so fond of Italy; shattered health, you know. Those men who are so fond of



art are generally excitable; a little thing has an effect upon them. Cicely, give Mr. Mildmay some tea."

"Yes, papa," said Cicely; and gave the stranger a look which made him think his tea might be poisoned. Mr. St. John went maundering kindly, —

"You said you were going to London, and had left your things at the station? Why shouldn't you stay all night here instead? There are a great many things that I would like to show you—the church and the school for instance, and I should like to take you to see some of my poor people. Cicely, we can give Mr. Mildmay a bed?"

Cicely looked up at her father quickly. There was a half-entreaty, a pathetic wonder, mingled with anger in her eyes. "How can you?" she seemed to say. Then she answered hesitating, "There are plenty of beds, but I don't know if they are aired—if they are comfortable." Strangely enough, the more reluctant she was to have him, the more inclined Mildmay felt to stay.

"It is very kind," he said. "I cannot think how it is possible that I can have had the assurance to thrust myself upon you like this. I am afraid Miss St. John thinks it would be very troublesome."

"Troublesome! There is no trouble at all. Cicely is not so foolish and inhospitable," said the curate in full current of his open-heartedness. "My dear, it is fine warm weather, and Mr. Mildmay is a young man. He is not afraid of rheumatics like the old people in the parish. He and I will walk up to the station after tea and fetch his bag, and I will show him several things on the way. You will tell Betsy?"

"I will see that everything is ready," she said, with so much more meaning in the words than was natural or necessary. Her eyes were a little dilated with crying, and slightly red at the edges; there was surprise and remonstrance in them, and she did not condescend by a single word to second her father's invitation. This settled the question. Had she asked him, Mildmay might have been indifferent; but as she did not ask him, he made up his mind it was quite necessary he should stay.

"I shall perhaps see you finish that group," he said to Mab, who was interested and amused by the novelty of his appearance, as her father was.

"Ah, but I shall never get them into the same *pose*! If papa had not come in

so suddenly, waking them—besides spoiling my light——"

"I am afraid it was partly my fault," he said; "but I did not expect to be brought into the presence of an artist."

The colour rose on Mab's cheeks. "Please don't flatter me," she said. "I want so much to be an artist. Shall I ever be able to do anything, do you think? for you seem to know."

Cicely looked at her sister, her eyes sparkling with offence and reproach. "The people who know you best think so," she said. "It is not right to ask a stranger. How can Mr. Mildmay know?"

How hostile she was! between her smiling pretty sister, who was ready to talk as much as he pleased, and her kind old suave father, what a rugged implacable young woman! What could he have done to her? Mildmay felt as much aggrieved when she called him a stranger, as if it had been a downright injury. "I know a little about art," he said quite humbly; "enough to perceive that your sister has a great deal of real talent, Miss St. John."

"Yes, yes, she is clever," said the curate. "I hope it will be of some use to you, my poor Mab. Now, Mr. Mildmay, let us go. I want to show you the rectory fields, and the real village, which is some way off. You must not think this cluster of houses is Brentburn. It is pleasant walking in the cool of the afternoon, and, my dears, a walk will be good for you too. Come down by the common and meet us. Cicely," he added in a half-whisper, standing aside to let his guest pass, "my dear, you are not so polite as I hoped. I wish you would look more kind and more pleased."

"But I am not pleased. Oh, papa, why did you ask him? I cannot bear the sight of him," she cried.

"My love!" said the astonished curate. He was so much surprised by this outburst that he did not know how to reply. Then he put his hand softly upon her forehead, and looked into her eyes. "I see what it is. You are a little feverish: you are not well. It is the hot weather, no doubt," he said.

"Oh, papa! I am well enough; but I am very wretched. Let me speak to you when we have got rid of this man—before you go to bed."

"Surely, my dear," he said soothingly, and kissed her forehead. "I should advise you to lie down for a little, and keep quiet, and the fever may pass off."



But I must not keep my guest waiting," and with this Mr. St. John went away, talking cheerfully in the hall to his companion as he rejoined him. "It is trying weather," they heard him saying. "I stopped behind for a moment to speak to my eldest daughter. I do not think she is well."

"Will papa discuss your health with this new man?" cried Mab. "How funny he is! But don't be so savage, Ciss. If it must be, let us make the best of it. Mr. Mildmay is very nice to talk to. Let us take whatever amusement is thrown in our way."

"Oh, amusement!" said Cicely. "You are like papa; you don't think what is involved. This is an end of everything. What are we to do? Where are we to go to? His name is not Mildmay; it is Ruin and Destruction. It is all I can do not to burst out upon him and ask him, oh! how has he the heart—how has he the heart to come here!"

"If you did I think he would not come," said Mab calmly. "What a pity people cannot say exactly what they think. But if he gave it up, there would be some one else. We must make up our minds to it. And how beautifully poor papa behaves through it all."

"I wish he were not so beautiful!" cried Cicely, in her despair, almost grinding her white teeth. "I think you will drive me mad between you—papa and you."

From Temple Bar.

RICHELIEU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

THE death of the great Henry once more plunged unhappy France from the very pinnacle of prosperity to the lowest depths of turbulence and misery. Left to the guardianship of an infant king and an ambitious, weak, unworthy woman, what fate was in store for her?

While in the streets and the dwellings of the citizens all was woe and mourning, while the public apartments of the palace presented one sombre aspect of unrelieved black, and faithful servants and honest men wandered through them in ghostly silence, with tearful faces and saddened hearts, Marie de Médicis and her Italian minions held secret conclave amongst gold, purple, and embroidery; from behind their closed doors came sounds of laughter and songs of gladness;

every semblance of even outward decency was cast aside; it was the exultation of a band of freebooters, who saw before them a wealthy country, in which law was dead, laid open to pillage. Honest Sully was no companion for those vampires, and, with a heart bowed down with grief for the loss of his noble master, and even yet more so for the sorrow of seeing the labours of his life about to be destroyed, retired to his estate, and left them to wreak the ruin he was powerless to avert. The chief favourite of the queen regent was a Florentine named Concino Conchini, better known by his French title of *Maréchal d'Ancre*, an unscrupulous adventurer, whom she loaded with riches and dignities;\* he, his wife, the pope's nuncio, the Spanish ambassador, D'Epernon, and a few others, formed this privy council, of which the object was the total overthrow of that policy under which France had grown great and prosperous, the reopening of religious persecution, and the appropriation of the treasures amassed by the dead king for the execution of his great design.

The effects of this combination were soon fatally apparent. The genius and firm hand of the great Henry repressed the power of the nobles and kept it within the boundaries of the law, but under the feeble rule of a weak woman it again agitated the State with factions and conspiracies. Bribes and largesses to the amount of forty million livres were scattered among the malcontents for the purpose of conciliating them. But, while they shamelessly accepted the money, their turbulence continued to increase; many withdrew to their domains, assembled their men-at-arms, and prepared for civil war. The more honest, desirous to reform the abuses of the State, demanded the convocation of the States-General,† and the government, powerless for all save evil,

\* Conchini and Leonora Galigai, afterwards his wife, had come to France in the train of Marie de Médicis; from the first they were the queen's most evil councillors, filling her ears with scandals and her heart with bitterness against her husband. If the assassination of the king was the result of a plot, and not simply of individual fanaticism, there are reasons to suspect that these Italians, as well as the Duc d'Epernon, were concerned in it; indeed, were it possible to prove the existence of such a conspiracy, it might be difficult to exonerate the queen herself from participation. Her behaviour after the tragic event sufficiently warrants the assertion that Henry's death, far from being a source of grief, was regarded by her as a relief.

† The States-General, as it is known to every reader of French history, was an assemblage convoked by the king in any great crisis, and especially when the royal power was unequal to cope with the difficulties of the time. It was composed of the three orders, the nobles, the clergy, and the *tiers-état*.



after a few futile preparations for an armed resistance and many more bribes, was compelled to submit. But little or nothing could be achieved by an assembly the interests of the different parts of which were so utterly opposing. And so after much talk, complaining, and disputing, it was dissolved, not to meet again for one hundred and seventy years. And then how different the result!

And yet this gathering of vapid, purposeless talkers, that passed away and seemed to leave behind it no more trace of its existence than does a fleeting cloud upon the face of heaven, was pregnant with great results, since it brought into the light a man destined to remodel the political world of France. That man was Armand du Plessis, afterwards Cardinal Duc de Richelieu.

Armand Jean du Plessis was born in the Château de Richelieu, in Touraine, on the 5th of September, 1585. His father was the Seigneur de Richelieu, and captain in Henry the Fourth's guards. There were three sons, the eldest, according to the custom of noble houses, followed the career of arms; the second entered the church; the third, Armand, created Marquis de Chillon, was likewise educated for the military profession, which he followed until his brother, who had been appointed to the bishopric of Luçon, turned ascetic and entered a Carthusian monastery. The bishopric having been for many years in the Richelieu family, so valuable an appanage could not be permitted to pass into the hands of a stranger, and the young marquis, then only eighteen, was called upon to take his brother's place. He does not appear to have offered any opposition to this sudden change of career. Eight hours a day for four years he is said to have devoted to the study of theology, and thereby to have permanently injured a constitution always frail and delicate. Not having attained the age prescribed for the episcopacy, he took a journey to Rome to solicit his institution. The Abbé Siri tells an anecdote of this time which foreshadows the future cardinal. He deceived the pope in his age, and after he had received consecration begged absolution for the deceit. "This young bishop," said the pontiff, "is gifted with a rare genius, but he is subtle and crafty."

Seven years passed away, and never was prelate more pious, more unassuming; theological studies and the conversion of heretics formed the sole objects of his life; but he had also gained a great repu-

tation as a preacher. Probably, his ambition at this time—for there never could have been a time when Armand Richelieu was not ambitious—was confined within the pale of the Church. But the convocation of the States-General summoned him from his retirement. The clergy chose him as one of their representatives, and, on account of his before-mentioned priestly eloquence, selected him for their orator. No fierce denouncer, however, of corrupt power was the Bishop of Luçon; on the contrary, he introduced into his speech such adroit flatteries to the queen-mother that, having already insinuated himself into the favour of the favourite, Leonora Galigai, she appointed him to be her chaplain. So well did his fortunes progress that within two years we find him, thanks to Maréchal d'Ancre, secretary of state for war and foreign affairs. A not very noble figure does the future great cardinal cut at this period as the toady of the queen-mother and her minion.

But the days of the latter were numbered. The boy-king was carefully secluded by the ambitious Marie from all State affairs, and passed his time in hunting and puerile amusements. Among his attendants was a gentleman named Albert de Luynes, whose ambition meditated no less a design than to destroy Conchini, subvert the power of the queen-mother, and rule in their place. To accomplish this, he irritated the pride of the young Louis to such an extent, by representing the condition of tutelage and almost imprisonment in which he was kept, a condition, he averred, that would continue as long as the maréchal lived, that he prevailed upon the boy to enter into a plot for his assassination. And on the 24th of April, 1617, Conchini was murdered in the broad daylight in the court of the Louvre, not by common hirelings, but by barons, officers, and "men of honour." After the murder followed a yet more revolting scene; each murderer, anxious to prove his share in the deed, fell upon the dead man and stripped him of his accoutrements and property; one seized upon his sword, another upon his ring, a third upon his scarf, a fourth upon his cloak, and rushed away eager and breathless, to lay these spoils at the feet of the king. Jean Baptiste d'Ornano, a Corsican colonel, had the *honour* to reach the royal presence first. Upon learning the success of the plot, Louis showed himself at the window of the *grand salon*, and to the shout of "*Vive le roi!*" which rose from the court



below, responded, "Many thanks to you, my worthy friends; now I am king indeed!"

Wolves devour wolves. The downfall of the favourite was the signal for the destruction of all his belongings; and those who had cringed lowest to him in his days of power were now the most inveterate against all who claimed kin with him. His wife was the first victim. She was immediately arrested, and brought before the Parlement, upon accusations of sacrilege, witchcraft, and political crimes. Being weak in health, and finding no relief from ordinary physicians, she had engaged the services of a charlatan, who pretended to the knowledge and exercise of the occult sciences. Her credulity afforded an excellent means for her destruction. She was accused of performing pagan sacrifices and of communing with the powers of darkness. She was asked by what kind of sorcery she had dominated the queen-mother? "By no other than the power by which strong souls govern the weak," was the answer.\* Her innocence of the greater part of the charges brought against her was so palpable that several of the judges, knowing her death to be a foregone conclusion, retired from the deliberations. The sentence declared Conchini and his widow guilty of *lèse-majesté* divine and human, condemned the memory of the husband to perpetual infamy, and the wife to be beheaded, and her body burned.

It was for this treacherous assassination and false *procès* that Louis obtained the agnomen of "the Just"!

Marie de Médicis was, it need scarcely be said, included in the ruin of her party, and was kept close prisoner to her own apartments, until she obtained permission to retire to her estate at Blois.

The Bishop of Luçon, who had ever been one of the most assiduous flatterers of the unfortunate Conchini, was one of the first to felicitate the king upon having "done justice." Nevertheless he had to follow the queen mother into her exile. But soon afterwards, De Luynes, probably considering him too clever a servant to be safe, ordered him to seek some other abode. He retired into a priory in Poitou, "being desirous," he said, "of devoting himself entirely to the combatting of heresy." Here he also composed and published controversial and devotional

works, and played the hypocrite à *merveilles*!

Marie de Medicis was no better off at Blois than she had been in the Louvre; De Luynes surrounded her and her adherents with spies, two of her friends were broken upon the wheel for holding secret correspondence with her, others were sent into perpetual banishment. But after a time the nobles grew impatient of the yoke of the new favourite, who was quite as rapacious and tyrannous as the old; to break it, it was necessary to reinstate the queen, and the Duc d'Epéron headed an enterprise which effected her escape. The court was in great alarm; but, too weak to crush the rebels, was compelled to negotiate with them. The man chosen to conduct these negotiations was the Bishop of Luçon. The friend who procured him this mission and consequent recall to court was Père Joseph. This man had some time previously attracted Richelieu's attention; the subtle attraction of kindred minds had drawn them towards each other and brought about a close attachment, which was dissolved only by death. Joseph had been a soldier before he turned Capuchin, had been a great traveller, and was possessed of a subtle, powerful genius, and a resolution so indomitable and tenacious that at times it was capable of supporting even that of the cardinal. Could all the secret springs of that age be laid bare before us, we might perhaps see his *Eminence grise* frequently playing the part of wirepuller, his *Eminence rouge*\* that of puppet.

Père Joseph had, thanks to his patron, obtained so good a footing at court, having been employed upon more than one important affair to foreign courts, that he was enabled to insinuate that patron's return. And with such skill and prudence did the bishop conduct his delicate mission that he succeeded in bringing about a temporary reconciliation between Marie de Médicis and her son. But it was of short duration. De Luynes, still all powerful, soon recommenced the persecution of her friends; the great nobles, more disaffected than ever, retired to their estates and took up arms; the Huguenots, fearing repressive measures, followed their example; D'Epéron, allying himself with their chiefs, De Rohan and La Trémouille, broke into open revolt. The king marched against them in person; there was an engagement, in which the rebels had the

\* The atrocity and the degraded superstition displayed in this *procès* were far exceeded in that which was instituted some years later against the unfortunate priest Urbain Grandier.

\* Two nicknames by which the cardinal and his confessor were known.



worst of it. A second reconciliation was patched up, and Louis published a declaration to the effect, that all which had been done by his mother and those allied with her had no end but the good of the State.

During this time the Bishop of Luçon, while still retaining the mother's confidence, contrived to preserve the favour of De Luynes, and even, through one of his nieces, to ally himself by marriage with him. But the genius of the subtle churchman had already begun to excite apprehensions in the favourite's mind, and he cared not to let him become too powerful. The bishop desired to be a cardinal, but the king, under the inspiration of his minister, while openly supporting his claim, sent secret instructions to the pope to refuse him the hat—a proceeding highly characteristic of this weak and treacherous monarch.

The death of De Luynes, who expired of a fever while engaged in military operations against the Protestants of the south, left the helm of the State free to the first hand daring and powerful enough to seize upon it. The next year Richelieu obtained the coveted hat. In 1624 he again became secretary of state for foreign affairs, but only after much coquetting and dissimulation. His health rendered the country air necessary to him; his tastes were not for mundane affairs, but for study and seclusion; these and other like excuses rendered his acceptance of the post an apparent sacrifice. But from that time his rise was swift and sure. Day by day his powerful mind and striking genius made themselves more and more felt in the national councils, and his giant intellect, mastering the puny dwarfs by whom he was surrounded, quickly grasped the supreme power.

Austria, which was master of both ends of Italy—Naples and Milan—desired a route which should unite the empire with Spain and the German with the Italian possessions, so that it could, when necessary, march an army from one side of the Alps to the other without opposition. The Valtelline valley, situated between Tyrol, Venetia, Milan, and the Grisons, to which it belonged, fulfilled these requirements; and taking advantage of the religious feuds which were then raging in that district, the empire would have annexed it but for the decisive action of Richelieu. Taking up the policy of the great Henry, he resolved by every means to weaken the power of the colossus. His reply to the ambassador, who sent him a long despatch setting forth the dif-

ficulties of interfering in this affair, and especially urging the ambiguous conduct of the pope, is highly characteristic of the man. "The king has changed his council and the ministry its policy. We shall send an army into the Valtelline, which will render the pope less uncertain, and the Spaniards more tractable."

It was not foreign affairs alone, however, that engaged his attention. The whole land was in a state of ferment that threatened universal anarchy. The Huguenots were in a chronic state of revolt, and the great nobles combining in incessant conspiracies. Most dangerous of the conspirators was the king's brother, Gaston Duc d'Orléans. History cannot furnish, even out of the family of which he was the founder, a character more revolting and contemptible than that of this prince. The first to initiate a plot, the first to fly upon discovery; arousing discontent in every heart, and ready to betray and sacrifice every man who listened to his councils; there was no villainy, no treachery too black for his approval; there was no meanness, no degradation to which he was not ready to submit to save himself from the consequences. Seven years had elapsed since Louis's marriage with Anne of Austria, and still there was no heir to the crown; the king's health was delicate, and the chances were thus greatly in favour of Gaston's succession. This gave him an influence among the *noblesse* even greater than his position warranted. It was but in the ordinary course of things that Orléans and his faction should be the bitter opponents of Richelieu; to them were joined in the league of hate the queen and her friends, the Duchesse de Chevreuse—the remarried widow of De Luynes—and the Princesse de Condé. From the first there had been feud between the queen and the cardinal. It has been said that he made dishonourable addresses to her, and that the rejection of his advances was the cause of that enmity with which he ever afterwards pursued her. There is nothing improbable in the charge, for his gallantries were notorious, as Marion de l'Orme could have testified; but her dislike, probably, arose at first from the fact of his being a favourite of Marie de Médicis, between her and whom there had ever been implacable hostility.

Out of these complications was hatched a conspiracy which aimed, not only at the destruction of the minister but the dethronement of the king, his divorce from the queen and her marriage with Gaston.



Joined with the arch-traitor in this design was the Duc de Vendôme and his brother, the natural sons of Henry IV., the Comte de Soissons, the Duc de Montmorency, the Comte Chalais, and D'Ornano, one of the assassins of Conchini. Informed of the plot, Richelieu struck the first blow by arresting the latter. A few days afterwards Gaston was upon his knees before the minister in abject submission, swearing upon the Gospel to love those who loved the king and the queen-mother, and to inform his Majesty of the least word he heard uttered against him or his councillors, expressing at the same time his approval of the arrest of D'Ornano, who had hitherto been his most faithful servant. Once more the cardinal played the part of the humble, studious priest, for the relentless animosity of his enemies intimidated him. Once more he pleaded his desire to retire from mundane affairs — he was weary of pomps and vanities; the weak, vacillating king, alarmed at the thought of being left to govern alone, would not hear of his retirement, and even wrote with his own hand the most lavish promises to defend him against all enemies, whoever they might be: "Assure yourself that I will never change," ran the document, "and whoever attacks you, you shall have me for your second." But his ruse obtained him a far more substantial protection than this royal bond in the shape of permission to raise a company of musqueteers to serve him for a body-guard. Armed and omnipotent, he ordered the arrest of the Duc de Vendôme, the grand prior, and several personages of the highest consequence, among whom was the king's favourite, the Comte de Chalais. Upon being arrested, the unfortunate young man, hoping thereby to save his life, made certain revelations which implicated the queen in the plot; but on the scaffold he recalled the accusation, and firmly protested her innocence. This, however, goes for nothing: he would have been a poor creature who would not have done as much under similar circumstances. There was a private judgment held upon the unhappy Anne in the king's chamber, in the presence of Marie de Médicis and the cardinal; Louis accused her of desiring his death in order that she might espouse Orléans. "What! from Louis to Gaston; there would be too little to gain by such a change!" was her disdainful retort.

The death of Henry IV. had once more loosed the persecution of a fanatical populace upon the Protestants, who were com-

pelled to arm in self-defence. In the south and west they were under the leadership of such powerful names as Soubise, Trémouille, and Rohan, and formed a league, whose organization, army, and treasury, were perfectly distinct from those of the State, thus forming a government within a government. So dangerous a combination, which threatened to permanently divide the kingdom, could not be permitted by so sagacious and powerful a statesman as Richelieu. As early as the period of the Valtelline expedition the royal fleet had gained an advantage over the League in the waters of La Rochelle, which important naval and military town had always been the headquarters of the Huguenots, and captured the Isle of Ré; but France did not possess at the time sufficient ships to blockade the port, and so the advantage was lost.\* In 1627, however, the attitude of England compelled him to again turn his attention in that direction. Buckingham, to avenge himself upon Louis and Richelieu, had long since resolved upon war with France.† To provoke this, he had encouraged English privateers to seize upon French ships, which were confiscated as prizes. An application for assistance from Soubise, one of the great Huguenot leaders, gave him the opportunity he desired, and at his solicitation Charles fitted out a fleet of one hundred vessels, and an army of seven thousand men, for the invasion of France, of which the duke himself, who was neither soldier nor sailor, was entrusted with the command. Nevertheless, he succeeded in effecting a landing upon the Isle of Ré.

With all the energy the situation required, Richelieu set to work to repel the invader. Concealing the crisis from the king, who was sick at the time, he took the whole responsibility upon himself. He made every provision, spent his own

\* Richelieu may be justly considered to have been the creator of the French navy. When he entered upon power, the nation did not possess a single vessel of war fit for service. This branch of the national defences was in a state of deplorable incompetency, as was every person connected with it; the admirals were nobles who knew no more of the sea than do our own lords of the admiralty. He abolished the office of grand admiral and instituted in its place a superintendent of navigation; established schools of pilotage and of marine artillery, and published a complete maritime code. In a few years he had created a fleet capable of coping with those of Spain and England.

† "When the duke was making preparations for a new embassy to Paris, a message was sent him from Lewis that he must not think of such a journey. In a romantic passion he swore 'that he would see the queen in spite of all the power of France,' and from that moment he determined to engage England in a war with that kingdom." — HUME.



money, engaged his credit, collected all the munitions of war, covered the menaced coast with troops, and, doffing his cardinal's gown and hat for breastplate and helmet, commanded the expedition in person. Buckingham was completely routed, and two-thirds of his army destroyed. The royalists now laid siege to Rochelle. By the orders of the minister, a mole forty-seven hundred feet in length was thrown across the harbour, thus isolating the town from the sea, and rendering further assistance from England impossible. Twice was the gigantic work thrown down by the waves, but the inflexible cardinal began afresh each time, and the third succeeded. After a most heroic resistance, during which, it is said, twenty-five thousand people, out of a population of thirty thousand, died by famine or the sword, the town was obliged to capitulate. The cardinal, issuing from the trenches, where he had performed the part of captain and engineer, doffed his armour, and donning his gown celebrated a thanksgiving mass in the church of Sainte-Marguerite.

But his enemies were like the fabled hydra: he had no sooner destroyed one batch than another sprang up in their places. His grand and comprehensive policy had long since soared above the weak intelligence of the queen-mother. Jealous of the absolute power he wielded over the State, and, above all, jealous of the influence he had won over her son's mind, she now manifested towards him only bitterness and hostility. He no longer bowed before the storm, as in the old days, but faced it with haughty reproaches. "Considerations of State frequently oblige us to rise above the passions of princes," he said, and peremptorily demanded permission to retire from the ministry. Louis dared not accept his resignation, and was fain to humble himself to his all-powerful servant.

More absolute than ever he turns his attention to the re-establishment of French influence in Italy, assembles a large body of troops, superintends their discipline, draws out a plan of campaign, and, carrying the king with him, is soon at the foot of the Alps. A complete victory over the duke of Savoy and the Spanish army terminates the campaign. With his soldiers flushed with success, he again turns his arms against the Huguenots; Privas, Alais, Nîmes, their last strongholds, fall before him; De Rohan makes submission, and on the 28th of June, 1629, the last flames of the civil war are extinguished. At Privas, while he was sick, there had

been a cruel massacre; but at Mantauban he received the Huguenot ministers with much graciousness, telling them that the king looked upon them as his subjects, and in that quality made no distinction between them and the Catholics. He used his victory with the most generous moderation, and obtained an ordinance from the king which left the conquered the free exercise of their religion. Richelieu's was too large a mind to be a persecutor of opinion.

Another campaign against Savoy quickly followed this success. With armour on back, and sword at his side, he led the troops in person, endured all the dangers and fatigues of a common soldier, carried Pignerol and Chambéry, and, with the assistance of a brilliant victory gained by the Maréchal de Montmorency at Vigliana, brought the war to a close. But while the nation was growing greater and more powerful day by day, while the acclamations of the people followed his steps wherever he moved, the envy and hatred of little minds were endeavouring to rob him of the fruits of his labours. The two queens, putting aside for a time their mutual antipathies, made common cause against him; the mother, whose sympathies were with Savoy, her son-in-law, importuned Louis night and day to dismiss his minister. But once more these enmities redounded to his honour, and letters patent conferring upon him the title of "Principal Minister of State" raised him to a still greater height of power.

Towards the end of the Italian campaign, however, Louis was seized with a fever at Lyons, and his life was despaired of. Even around the sick man's bed the courtiers held council how the obnoxious cardinal should be disposed of after the king's death. De Guise was for exile, Bassompierre for perpetual imprisonment, the Maréchal de Marillac, the mother's favourite, counselled death. An unseen listener, Richelieu overheard all, and marked each speaker for the doom he had proposed. But the crisis passed, and the king lived. The affectionate solicitude shown by the queen during his danger softened his heart towards her, and inclined him to lend his ear to her accusations against the cardinal, and to the prayers of the mother for his dismissal. In vain did Richelieu, by the most humble advances, endeavour to conciliate her; implacable in her hatred, she only redoubled her importunities.

The result of these intrigues will be



best conveyed to the reader in the following graphic scene, bequeathed us by the Abbé Siri, which was acted in the Luxembourg, Marie de Médicis' palace.

As she was in the midst of her discourse, and was earnestly pressing her son to accord her what she desired, the cardinal suddenly entered the chamber; he had in truth found the door closed and express injunctions given to the usher to admit no person, and above all, him, if he presented himself; but as he knew all the ways of the palace, he went to the wardrobe of that princess, and through there entered the chamber, having gained for that end one of her women named Zuccole, who, being in her mistress's confidence, was left sole guard of that entrance. The unexpected arrival of the cardinal quite confounded the queen-mother. Very soon, however, she recovered from her surprise, and the presence of the cardinal served only to redouble her anger as much by the remembrance it renewed of all the offences he had committed as because she saw herself interrupted in the accomplishment of her designs, so that, full of fury and resentment, transported with anger, she called him, in the presence of her son, a double-faced, insolent, audacious traitor, and bestowed upon him many other injurious epithets. She recapitulated to the king in his presence all that she had already said to him upon the subject before he arrived, omitting nothing that was calculated to still further blacken him in his mind. The cardinal, astounded and confused at the extreme fury of this princess, replied not a single word to all the abuse she heaped upon him; he endeavoured only to soften the bitterness of her mind, and to moderate her anger. That is why, with a respectful countenance and in the most humble and submissive terms he could find, accompanied even with tears, which he always had at his command, he addressed her in the most feeling manner in the world and the most proper, to soften her. But her hatred and anger against him had risen to such a height that neither his submission, his prayers, nor his tears were able to move her; on the contrary, she cried with a loud voice, that he was a crafty knave who well knew how to play his part, and that all he was doing was mere mummary, and a mere trick to deceive her once more. The cardinal, seeing this, turned to the king and entreated him to permit his retiring and passing the remainder of his days in repose, it not being right that his Majesty should retain him in his service and continue him in the ministry against the wish of the queen. At these words, the monarch, testifying a desire to defer to the wishes of his mother, accorded him his request, and desired him to leave the presence.

Without losing a moment's time, the mother appoints two of her favourites—the brothers De Marillac—to the premiership and the command of the army,

throws open her *salons* to the crowd of fawning sycophants, and gives way to the exultation of victory. But her confidence is premature; Richelieu is not yet defeated. Upon quitting the Luxembourg, Louis repairs to his hunting-lodge at Versailles; thither the cardinal follows him, and obtains admission to his cabinet. What passed at that interview, history has not recorded; but at the moment De Marillac, the premier, arrived to be formally installed in his new dignity, the king was taking leave of Richelieu, and commanding him to retain his office and serve him well in it. The would-be minister was arrested upon the spot, and his brother the same night at a supper he had given to celebrate his new fortune. French wit has recorded these events in history under the heading of "the Day of Dupes."

The Maréchal de Marillac, under the pretence of exactions and peculations carried on during his government in Champagne, was brought to the scaffold after a two years' *procès*.\* His brother died in prison. All the creatures of the queen-mother, down to the meanest, were cast into the Bastille, and she herself exiled from France never to return to it. She ended her days miserably in a foreign land, and well deserved her fate. The cowardly Gaston, who had shown a clean pair of heels at the bursting-up of the plot, immediately sought about for other dupes with whom to concoct conspiracy. This time he found a noble one in the Maréchal de Montmorency, who placed himself at the head of a body of malcontents vowed to the destruction of the cardinal. They were defeated in an engagement near Castelnaudry, and the maréchal and the duke fell into the hands of the minister. Orléans licked the dust, betrayed his victims as usual, and signed a treaty in which he vowed to evermore love all the king's ministers, and Richelieu especially. Being the king's brother, he escaped unscathed, and was permitted to join his worthy mother in Brussels. But the brave Montmorency was condemned to the block, spite of the prayers of the people and an almost universal intercession.

While suppressing the power of the Protestants at home, the cardinal's inim-

\* The condemnation of this man, a soldier who had served in the army forty years, was an act of lawless tyranny; the Parlement of Paris twice declared the commission appointed to try him to be illegal, and was twice compelled to rescind its decree. Once resolved upon a course of action Richelieu was prepared to trample upon every law and every institution. He constituted himself the sole judge of the right and the wrong, and his WILL was the only fixed law of the nation.



ical policy towards the house of Austria engaged him to assist them abroad; thus we find him taking part with the revolting Netherlands, and allying himself during the Thirty Years' War with the great Protestant champion, Gustavus Adolphus. The revolution which wrested Portugal from Spain also greatly owed its success to his countenance and succour. Varying fortunes attended the arms of France during the period of this the most awful of all the wars of creeds. In 1635 the Imperialists and Spaniards crossed the frontiers at different points, and the latter advanced within thirty-five leagues of Paris. A universal cry, *à la mode française*, when rulers or generals are unsuccessful, rose from every order of the State. Believing the storm to be overwhelming, Richelieu would have retreated before it, but for the encouragement and counsels of Père Joseph. He held his ground and conquered. The invaders were beaten back, and everywhere defeated. Not in vain had he taken up the mantle of the great Henry; the decline of the house of Austria and the ruin of the Spanish monarchy date from this period, as well as the permanent preponderance of France in the affairs of Europe.

Not all the terrible examples which the inexorable cardinal had already held up to his enemies could repress the hydra from sending forth new heads. The queen continued to carry on a correspondence with the exiled foes of the minister, especially with the Duchesse de Chevreuse, and even to hold treasonous communication with those foreign powers most hostile to France. Such despatches, more than once intercepted by her ever-watchful enemy, brought upon her fresh and ever increasing humiliation. But in 1638, in the twenty-second year of her unhappy married life, a dauphin was born; an event which brought forth many scandalous effusions from the ribald pamphleteers of the time, and did little to soften the king's habitual coldness towards her.

Orléans was as indefatigable as ever in plotting, and continued to bring better heads than his own to the block. De Soisson's conspiracy, however, which broke out in 1641, and which was supported by the Duc de Bouillon, Spain, and Austria, might have brought about a revolution had not the leader been killed in the first engagement. Scarcely was this rebellion dissolved before the hydra sent forth another head. To distract the king's mauling affections from Made-

moiselle de Hauteville\*—for he could not endure that Louis should have any favourite, male or female, unless of his choosing—Richelieu had placed about his person, in the capacity of spy, a young gentleman named Cinq-Mars. This youth, who was very handsome, and engaging in manners, quickly became supreme favourite, and his royal master's bosom-confidant. Louis, in his weak, fretful way, would constantly complain to him of the cardinal's tyranny and of his weariness beneath the yoke; from which this shallow-sighted courtier conceived the assurance that, safe in the royal protection, he might attempt the destruction of the obnoxious minister and leap into his place.

The outcome of such ideas was a conspiracy, which embraced De Bouillon, Orléans, and all the other haters of the great man. While this was concocting, a severe illness kept Richelieu away from the court. He suspected, however, that mischief was brewing, but could obtain no proofs. One day he received anonymously a sealed packet which contained a copy of the conspirators' treaty with Spain. With the spring of a tiger he was upon them: Cinq-Mars was arrested, and Orléans, so swift had been his movement, unable to fly, sent him the most humble excuses, the most cowardly supplications. The condition he imposed upon this double traitor was that he should give up the names of all his accomplices; a condition which he scrupulously and with all alacrity performed. Cinq-Mars boldly asserted that the king knew of his projects, and had not discouraged them. Louis was compelled to admit that a proposition for the cardinal's destruction had been made to him, but protested that he had repelled it with horror; and so he gave up his favourite to the tiger's fangs with the most heartless indifference.

On the morning of the execution he was walking with some gentlemen in the grounds of Saint-Germain. Taking out his watch, and seeing that it was the hour fixed for the fatal event, he said, with the utmost *sang-froid*, "I should like to see the ugly grimace that *cher ami*† is making just now."

More than ever did he now fall beneath

\* Louis XIII.'s amours were few and, it is believed, platonic; yet woe to her upon whom he cast an eye of liking, for from that hour the minister resolved upon her destruction. He banished Mademoiselle de Hauteville from the court, and consigned the beautiful and amiable Mademoiselle de la Fayette to a cloister.

† *Cher ami* was the name he had given the unfortunate Cinq-Mars in the days of his favour.



the domination of his minister, and never had that minister been so triumphant and terrible. His progress from Lyons, where the execution had taken place, to Paris was that of a Cæsar. Being in ill health, he was carried by his guards in a gorgeous litter, which accommodated, besides his bed, seats for two other persons; it was so large that in places walls had to be taken down and gates widened to admit its passage. But the Nemesis of blood was upon the conqueror in the midst of his victory. Sick in body, sick in mind; the hydra sending forth heads faster than ever; the heavy burden of taxation created by the ceaseless wars maddening the lower classes to riot; every hand armed with a dagger against his life; every person that approached the throne threatening that which was dearer to him than life — his power. He dared not stir abroad, even to the king's antechamber, unless surrounded by guards; fear and hatred were the only sentiments he inspired. At last came the end, when the iron will could no longer sustain the frail body, and worn out by labour and anxiety, the great minister lay upon his bed of death. "Sire," he said to the king, who came to visit him, "in taking leave of your Majesty, I have the consolation of leaving your kingdom more powerful than it ever was before, and your enemies abased." Henri Martin, in his "History of France," gives this fine picture of the closing scene: —

On the 3rd of December, in the afternoon, the king came to see the cardinal for the last time. The doctors, having given up all hope, had abandoned the sick man to some empirics who procured him a little relief, but his weakness increased: on the morning of the fourth, perceiving the approach of death, he desired his niece, the Duchess d'Aguillon, to retire, "the person," according to his own words, "whom he had most loved;" it was the only moment, not of weakness, but of tenderness, that he had had; his immovable firmness was not belied during all his long sufferings. All the assistants, ministers, generals, relations, and domestics, were bathed in tears; for this terrible man was, by the confession of contemporaries the least favourable to him, "the best master, relation, and friend that ever existed." Towards noon he heaved a deep sigh, then a feebler one, then his body sank down and remained immovable — his great soul had departed.

Five months afterwards, on the 14th of May, 1643, Louis followed him into the tomb, thus dying ere he could realize the irreparable loss he had sustained.

With the administration of Richelieu ended that intermediate epoch which be-

gan with Francis I., and which is known, in the history of art, as the Renaissance. It was he who swept away the last outward forms of the feudal system; its spirit lingered in remote provinces until the great Revolution, but as an institution it died with its ancient titles and privileges. In 1626 he had sent forth a mandate for the destruction of the fortifications of all towns and *châteaux* not necessary to the defence of the country, thereby rendering the nobles powerless to resist authority. The counts and dukes who had ruled over the provinces and towns of the kingdom during the Middle Ages, and who, except when the sceptre was grasped by a strong hand, set the central power at defiance, had been superseded by governors appointed by the king; but these dignities, vested in the great families, had gradually become hereditary, and were wielded with a haughtiness and contempt for the royal will scarcely inferior to the ancient suzerains. Richelieu transferred these governorships to inferior personages who could be displaced at pleasure, and whose obedience could thus be more safely relied upon. Until the power of the nobles was crushed, peace and law could never be established, since their pride, their feuds and ambition kept the nation in a constant ferment. It was the substitution of one tyrant for many — an exchange which was favourable to the country for a time, until it developed into that absolute centralization which drained the very life-blood of France during the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. and the whole of that of his successor. Richelieu sowed the first seed of the Revolution.

Reference has already been made to the reforms he effected in the naval administration; scarcely less sweeping were those he brought about in the military department. Special taxes were set aside for the maintenance of the army, the pay and condition of which had been hitherto dependent upon the general state of the finances. The soldiery were forbidden to pillage the inhabitants of the country during war, or to oppress them with cruel exactions, and full justice was done to all who had suffered from such causes. But a yet more radical change from the old to the new style of warfare was effected by the alteration in military costume. The old ponderous panoply of steel was almost entirely cast aside; in the musketeer guards even the helmet was superseded by a broad-brimmed hat of felt.

No inward reforms, deeply affecting the happiness and well-being of the nation,



could have so effectually marked the transition from the ancient to the modern as the abolition of these old titles, old customs, and old costumes, for these are the symbols which individualize ages and nations. It is these outward husks, and not the entities they shroud, which separate us from Rome and mediævalism. Could some magician bring back the men of past ages we should be astonished to find how little human nature changes, how little better or worse it really is than it was two thousand or five hundred years ago. *Now* the tiger's claws are sheathed and gloved, in the old times they were more usually worn bare; but they still exist, sharp and cruel as ever, when the pressure comes to draw them forth.

It could be scarcely imagined that amidst such perils and mighty cares a statesman would find time to compose tragedies and busy himself with the pursuits of literature. Nevertheless, our cardinal did find time to keep five poets, among whom was Pierre Corneille, writing plays upon plots he had himself invented; he also wrote a tragi-comedy called "*Mirame*," upon the production of which he expended two hundred thousand crowns. Herein lay the weakness of this iron soul: to praise his play was the surest road to his favour; one writer received six hundred livres for six verses of eulogy, and pensions were liberally scattered upon his flatterers. But beyond such personal vanity, unlike his royal master, who disliked both letters and people of letters, Richelieu took a deep interest in literature and its professors; a little society which met occasionally to discuss literary subjects suggested to him the foundation of a body which should decide all questions of taste, criticism, and language; hence the *Académie Française*, of which he was the founder and protector.

By no means a gay court, although a sensual and licentious one, was that of Louis XIII. Sombre and melancholy, oppressed by a superstitious gloom, which he dignified by the name of religion,\* caring little for any diversion save that of hunting, such was the central figure.

He saw himself reduced to the most melancholy and miserable life in the world, without suite, without court, without power, and, consequently, without pleasure and without honour. Thus were passed some years of his life at Saint-Germain, where he lived like a private gentleman; and while his armies were

taking towns and winning battles, he amused himself with catching birds. . . . But the chase did not occupy him so much but that he grew weary at times. Sometimes he would lay hold of a person and say, "Let us stand at that window until we tire ourselves," and then he would fall into a reverie. One could scarcely enumerate all the fine handicrafts he had learned beyond those which concerned the chase; for he would make leather cannons, snares, nets, arquebusses, money. He was a good confectioner, a good gardener, he raised green peas, and sent them to be sold in the market. . . .

Il eut cent vertus de valet  
Et pas une vertu de maître.\*

The surroundings of this melancholy picture were even darker. The queen usually sequestered from all pleasure by the jealousy of her husband, the whole atmosphere heavy with *espionage*, conspiracy and death, and the grim shadow of the executioner hovering over all. And as though the sword and the axe could not kill fast enough, duels to the death were fought in every street and every public place upon the most frivolous pretences.† It was an age of transition which extended far beyond this reign, until the end of the Fronde time and the administration of Colbert; it was the fight of nature against law, savagery against civilization. Have we gained as much as we imagine by the exchange? It is a question well worth pondering over.

The monarch was but a puppet in the hands of his mighty minister, and would gladly have shaken off the yoke if he had dared. He had never liked the cardinal, even from the time he first came to court as the obsequious and humble friend of the queen-mother. "I know that man better than you do, madame," he said to her one day; "he has a measureless ambition." Fear and incapacity for State affairs were the bonds which bound the master to the servant. And Richelieu used every art to magnify the difficulties of statecraft in his master's eyes. Without this pilot Louis was like a rudderless ship drifting before a gale amidst shoals and quicksands. To a temperament so timid, weak, and vacillating the iron will of such a man was necessary for support.‡

\* Tallemant de Réaux—"Historiette de Louis Treize."

† In twenty years it was calculated that eight thousand were killed in these encounters. In vain did kings issue edicts pronouncing them punishable with death; they were never enforced until Richelieu executed two gentlemen for fighting in the Place Royale.

‡ For the finest portrait ever drawn of this king the reader is referred to Victor Hugo's splendid play of "Marion de l'Orme."

\* "Il n'aimoit point Dieu, mais il avoit grand peur de l'enfer," said a Frenchman epigrammatically.



A figure at once elegant and imposing, a majestic bearing, features delicate, yet stern, and the eye of an eagle, such is the portrait of the great cardinal, which has been handed down to posterity. In society the terrible and relentless statesman was gay and *spirituel*; his conversation, from the extent of his knowledge and the depth of his mind, delightful, and at the same time diversified by *bons mots*, and the gossip of the time. In the society of ladies he was the most polished of gallants; he was a constant frequenter at the Hôtel Rambouillet; assisted at the *thèses d'amour* of the *Précieuses*, and even spoke the jargon of the romances of the period. His ordinary life was one of unceasing labour. He usually retired to rest at eleven o'clock, but slept only three or four hours. His first sleep passed, he had his portfolio brought to him in bed, and either wrote himself or dictated to a secretary. At six o'clock he went to sleep again, but rose between seven and eight. Having performed his devotions, he set his secretaries to copy the despatches of which he had made minutes during the night. After this he dressed, and received his ministers, with whom he shut himself up until ten or eleven. Then he heard mass, and took a walk round the garden, where he gave audience to the numerous inferior persons who sought him. After dinner he conversed for several hours with his guests. The rest of the day was employed in State affairs, in receiving ambassadors and other functionaries. In the evening he took another walk for recreation, and to give audience to those who could not obtain it in the morning.

Judged by the petty canons of a superficial age, of which the littleness of soul is surpassed only by its inflated vanity, the grand, antique figure of this mighty statesman is that of a tyrant and wholesale murderer. But it is by the canons of his own time, and by the broad principles taught by universal history, not by those of milk-sop humanitarians, that Armand Richelieu and his deeds must be judged. It was a vast task he imposed upon himself — out of the anarchy into which the world had fallen to create order. His order, truly, was absolutism, but, nevertheless, it was the first link in the chain which led to liberty. Spite of our nineteenth-century ideas, social and political advancement cannot be accomplished by leaps; it is the slowest and most tedious of all progress, and its motto should be, *Festina lente*. Feudalism, although admirably adapted for

the Middle Ages, would have kept nations in eternal bondage; until that inelastic yoke was removed, the people could never expand. Both in France and England the rise of the middle class dates from the establishment of absolute monarchy, as the rise of the great body of the people dates from the French Revolution. To assert that Richelieu's policy aimed at ultimate freedom would be to assert a fallacy; nevertheless, it did much to bring it about. De Retz has said that "his care for the State did not extend beyond his own life," but that manual of statecraft, the "*Testament Politique*," which he left behind, would seem to refute that theory. The work he did for France was a grand legacy to posterity; he put a termination to the terrible religious wars which had desolated the country during more than a century, and while granting free toleration to its worship, he forever destroyed Protestantism as a political power; he annexed Lorraine and the greater part of Alsace, and conquered the enemies of France, whether English, Spaniards, or Austrians; he reformed both army and navy, and swept away numberless ancient corruptions and abuses. The days for social advancement, for the rise and encouragement of trade and manufactures had not yet come; that was a work reserved for a future minister, a great man, but a much smaller than he. It had not come because the middle class had not risen to sufficient consideration in the State, but Richelieu cut down the barriers which barred their progress; he was Colbert's pioneer. He reformed with axe and sword. The forest must be cleared, the wild beasts slaughtered, before the settler can build his hut, and sow his corn, and live in peace. He was a tyrant only to the great, his vengeance seldom descended on less than a noble. He would have all equal before the king, all equally amenable to the law; in that he was the first abolitionist of privilege; he was the first great liberator of his nation. He was merciless, since the men he resolved to crush could be intimidated only by measures of the extremest rigour. But in war his clemency was far in advance of his age; and his victories were never stained by massacre or cruelty. Of the sacredness of individual life he had no feeling. "I never undertake anything," he said, "without thorough consideration. But when once my resolution is taken, I go straight to my object, I overthrow all, I mow down all, I cover all with my red cassock." And the terrible purpose once resolved upon no prayer could



pierce him, no considerations of gratitude or humanity soften. Once, when in great danger from his enemies, Montmorency offered to shelter and protect him; such generosity should never have been forgotten. But, when the brave *maréchal* lay under sentence of death, he was reminded of the incident, but without effect. He was as much the fox as the lion; the dwarf as the giant; he could even cringe and play the sycophant unto abasement. He was as vindictive as he was ungrateful, and never forgave either slight or injury. His vanity descended to the absurd and undignified. Fontenelle tells us that at the representation of his tragedy, "*Mirame*,"

I have heard say that the applause which was given to the play, or rather to him who was known to be so interested in it, transported the cardinal so beyond himself that sometimes he rose and leaned half out of his box to show himself to the assembly; at other times he imposed silence in order that passages yet finer might be well heard.

He before whose frown the haughtiest nobles, and even the royalty of France trembled, he who held at his will the lives of millions, was transported with delight by the hand-clapping of a few toadies and groundlings!

How greedy he was of all fame is testified in the following passage from one of Mazarin's despatches:—

In all things he desires that the decision, whatever it may be, shall appear to depend upon him, and upon him alone; he allows no person to share in his glory. If he entrust a difficult affair to any one, as soon as he sees it in a good way, he finds means of taking it out of the hands of him to whom he has confided it, and draw it to himself, so that in the end he may have all the honour.

Such was Armand Richelieu, statesman, churchman, soldier, *littérateur*, and *précieux*; he was endowed with many of the meanest and worst qualities of humanity; but he was possessed of a genius for governing men which appears only once in many generations.

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From Temple Bar.  
HER DEAREST FOE.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

KATE settled herself to perform her task of writing to Tom as soon as she had finished a little domestic talk with Mills, who informed her that Doctor Slade had

called early, while she was dressing Miss Fanny, for he was going out to dinner, so Sir Hugh's servant had told Mills, as he passed through the kitchen, to go on some errand for his master. Safe, therefore, from interruption, Mrs. Temple wrote rapidly and fully to her prime counsellor. After explaining her reasons for making Fanny accept Mrs. Turner's invitation, and taking the whole blame of that transaction on herself, she went on to say that she wished very much he would endeavour to see Ford, apparently by accident, to ascertain if he kept up any intercourse with Poole; "for," she wrote, "although I am reluctant to confess what must seem unreasonable suspicions to you, mine have for some time pointed to Ford. Why, I am reluctant to say. When I make up my mind to tell you, perhaps you will admit I am somewhat justified. At any rate, accept such guidance from me, as to direct your inquiries towards this man. Ascertain, if you can, whether he has sought out Gregory's son, or made him any offer. Is Poole still in the old house, or has Sir Hugh Galbraith—"

As she traced the name Mills entered. "He has been ringing again," said she,—Mills seemed to fulfill some self-imposed duty by religiously avoiding the name of her mistress's enemy,—"and he wants to know if it would be perfectly convenient to you to write a bit for him now; he is very sorry to trouble you."

"I will come in ten minutes," replied Mrs. Temple, without raising her eyes, or ceasing to write. "Tell him so, please."

Mills retreated, grumbling vaguely.

Sir Hugh Galbraith was pacing slowly to and fro when she entered. He turned and greeted her with grave politeness, placing a chair at the table, and moving the writing-materials; in doing so he upset some of them, which Mrs. Temple hastened to pick up, with the strange weft of compassion that, since she had seen him carried helpless and inanimate into her home, had shot across the warp of her dislike.

"I have to apologize very heartily," said Galbraith, "for trespassing so perseveringly on your time, but I ventured to think that you might be more at leisure in the evening, and I really want a letter despatched."

"I am disengaged now," returned Mrs. Temple, seating herself at once, and getting pen and paper, "but I never am in the morning or afternoon."

"I shall remember," said Galbraith, as



if he intended frequent employment of his fair hostess. Some such idea suggested itself to her, and, strive as she would, she could not restrain a smile, all the softer and sweeter from the effort to be grave. She kept her eyes steadily on the paper, however, and her resolute composure quickly returned. Sir Hugh took his place on the sofa opposite to her. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"I am."

"My dear Upton. I had yours of the 2nd, yesterday. It crossed one I sent you the same day. I now write to say it is exceedingly unlikely I can be in London for some weeks." He stopped, at a sign from his amanuensis. "I feel very shaky still," he resumed, "and must keep quiet, so tell your friend to put me out of his head as a possible purchaser of his horse."

Again a long pause. Mrs. Temple read aloud her last word, to show she had finished, and still no others came. Thinking that he was in the agonies of composition, she kept silence for a moment, and once more, as a reminder, read softly, "purchaser of his horse," looking up as she spoke. She met Galbraith's eyes fixed upon her, as if so absorbed in contemplation that everything else was forgotten, and yet there was no shade of boldness in his grave reflective gaze. Conjecture and admiration might be described, especially the former, but nothing to offend; still Mrs. Temple could not keep down the quick bright blush that flushed her cheek, and then faded slowly away, leaving her paler than before.

"Forgive me," said Sir Hugh, bluntly, yet in less harsh tones than he had hitherto spoken; and leaning his sound arm on the table, he bent towards her. "I had forgotten what I was about, while wondering what freak of fortune drove you to keep a shop!" Again Mrs. Temple's lip curved with a passing smile, and before she could reply Galbraith went on hastily, "I am aware that such remarks are altogether presumptuous, unwarrantable, but I could not keep the words back."

"As you are suffering, and I imagine very dull, I suppose I must not quarrel with you for amusing yourself with speculations concerning my insignificant history! You will find it much more interesting in imagination than in reality, so I shall not enlighten you."

Mrs. Temple looked straight into his eyes as she spoke, something of the dislike and defiance that had struck him so forcibly at first returning to her expression.

"You do not suppose I would venture to ask?" he returned quickly.

"Suppose we finish your letter," said Mrs. Temple quietly.

"Yes, yes, of course; where was I?"

"As a possible purchaser of his horse," read Mrs. Temple demurely.

"Ah!—h'm"—Galbraith's ideas evidently would not come. "I really have nothing more to say—you must just end it if you please."

"But that is so abrupt! Can you not tell your friend how you are going on—when you are likely to leave—but I must beg pardon in my turn. I am going out of my province."

"I am very thankful for any suggestion," replied Galbraith. "Say I am still confoundedly weak, and fear I cannot move for four or five weeks, but that I am in capital quarters." A pause.

"Capital quarters," read Mrs. Temple, looking up with an unrestrained smile, so bright and frank that it seemed a gleam of real light. "Shall I add, 'and a secretary on the premises'?"

"If you like," replied Sir Hugh, also relaxing into a smile. "But that is self-evident. Will you add, that as soon as I am strong enough I shall join him in Dublin, if he thinks he can manage to get away to the west for some trout-fishing?"

Mrs. Temple bent her head, and wrote on quickly and steadily; presently she pressed the page on the blotting-paper, and presented it for Galbraith's signature, holding it as before with a firm, still, white hand.

"You don't know how much obliged to you I am," he said, pausing with the pen in his hand, and looking up in her face with his grave sombre eyes, which had a sort of yearning expression at times. "I should be badly off without your help. As to letting that doctor write for me, I should let everything go to smash for want of a line, first. He is an infernal gossip—I mean a confirmed gossip."

"Yes, that is better," said Mrs. Temple, softly and gravely. "I should think gossip too weak a diversion for the Inferno! a devil is nothing if he is not strong!"

Sir Hugh looked at her with increasing curiosity; there was such a contrast between her words and the gentle accent with which they were uttered.

"That is one's idea of a devil certainly," he returned.

"Had you not better sign your letter, and let it be posted? My good old Mills



is going to fetch my young friend and assistant, who is out this evening; she can post it for you."

"Thank you; and I am keeping you standing."

Galbraith hastily scrawled a hieroglyphic at the end of his letter, and handed it back to his fair secretary, who proceeded deliberately to fold and address it.

"There is sealing-wax somewhere," said Sir Hugh, who was by no means anxious to shorten the operation; "I think it had better be sealed."

"Very well," she replied, searching among the writing-things. "But I cannot see any. If you want some, Sir Hugh Galbraith," pronouncing his name rather slowly, and for the first time, "I *sell* the article, and will be happy to supply you—an excellent quality twopence per stick, first-rate threepence!"

She paused as she said this, resting one hand on the table, and looking quietly at him, but with a sort of suppressed sparkle under her long lashes.

"And I shall be delighted to become your customer," returned Galbraith, laughing. "Shall I ring for your housekeeper to —"

"Oh! I know where to find it, and will not keep you a moment," interrupted Mrs. Temple.

"But it gives you so much trouble!"

"Consider the unexpected sale of twopennyworth of sealing-wax—or, shall we say threepence?"

She left the room as she spoke, swiftly but without hurry, and Galbraith was still smiling and pulling his moustaches when she returned with two pieces of sealing-wax and a lighted taper. "Twopence," said she, holding up one piece; then, raising the other, added "threepence."

"The first quality, of course," said Sir Hugh, laughing, and with a brighter expression than she had yet seen upon his countenance.

"Now for a seal; I could not see any."

"I have my ring," interrupted Sir Hugh.

"Which you cannot get off," said Mrs. Temple; "so I brought you one, with the latest motto, 'Reply quickly.' Will that do?"

"Very well, indeed; your forethought is admirable, Mrs. Temple. You would make a good general."

"I trust I may prove a successful one, when my battle begins," said the young widow with a sigh, looking down at the seal she was affixing; she could neither account for, nor resist the impulse to bring her masked batteries into play.

Never before had she felt the same vivid interest as in the daring game on which she had ventured; and which, even while it half frightened her, she could not relinquish. If she could only get well through it, and accomplish Galbraith's chastisement before Tom could find out what was going on, or interfere, or even look disapprobation; for she dearly loved her kindly, pleasant, honest counsellor, and highly valued his good opinion. Still, the game was worth the candle; she only intended to bring down her foe from his proud pre-eminence, not to hurt him seriously; but while she thought, Galbraith was saying,

"Is there a fight before you, then?"

"Yes; a worse one than you were ever in—a legal battle."

"I am sorry to hear it; a lawsuit is a serious affair. I was very near launching into one myself, and I don't feel quite sure I am safe yet."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Temple, pausing, as she closed the ink-bottle, and looking up quickly and keenly in his face, forgetting everything save the desire to glean some straw of intelligence to show her how the current was setting. "Indeed! but if you *do* drift into such a contest, you have wealth, and rank, and influence. I have nothing, and am nobody." A sweet arch smile. "Nevertheless, once the fight begins, believe me, I will stand to my guns as long as I have a round of ammunition, Sir Hugh Galbraith; so good-evening."

"One moment," he exclaimed, eagerly; for he was marvellously roused and stirred. "I wished to speak to you about a—one or two things."

"And they are?" asked Mrs. Temple, pausing in her retreat.

"Oh—ah!—I hope my fellow, Jackson, gives no unnecessary trouble to Mrs. What's-her-name?—that he behaves properly. These troopers are rough customers; but Jackson and I have gone through a campaign together, and he suits me much better than a fine-gentleman valet." For once in his life, Galbraith was talking against time, though thinking himself an idiot all the while.

"He seems to get on very well with Mills," said Mrs. Temple, feeling anxious to retire. "I hear no complaint. I hope you have all you require, and are comfortable. I feel I ought to justify Dr. Slade's recommendation."

"I never was so well placed before," returned Sir Hugh; "and if you will be so good as to write a letter for me occasionally, there is nothing else I can want;



but," seeing her about to speak, "I will *not* have Slade for a secretary."

"Well, we will try and manage your correspondence for you," said Mrs. Temple, good-humouredly; and repeating her "good-evening," moved decidedly to the door.

Galbraith's resources were exhausted, so he opened it for her, exclaiming, "I am sorry for the opposite party in your coming battle, Mrs. Temple. You are a dangerous antagonist."

"I will endeavour to be dangerous, depend upon it," said she; and bending her head in return for his bow, she swept away without raising her eyes.

"That woman has a history," thought Sir Hugh, closing the door after her. "Yet how fresh, and fair, and young she looks! She is a gentlewoman; she must be a gentlewoman; there's not a tinge of anything bold in her fearless frankness. How much more pluck Upton has in some things than I have! Had he been in my place, now—by Jove! he would have asked her to pull off his ring to seal that letter; I daren't. After all, would he have dared? I doubt it. I wonder what the late Temple was like. A white-chokered elder of some Methodist chapel, probably. These tradesmen are all Dis-senting Radical hounds! How could such a woman as that marry one of these fellows; she never learnt that style, those manners, behind a counter. By George! perhaps" — he stopped even from consecutive thought, as some conjecture, possibly more repulsive than the Methodist husband, suggested itself; and with a look of anger and disgust, addressed himself to the task of lighting a cigar with a twist of paper, which burnt his fingers, and evoked some bad language before he succeeded.

Fanny returned in due course, escorted both by Mrs. Mills and Joseph, junior; she was considerably less bright than when she started. "Oh! they were very kind and hospitable," she said, in reply to some inquiries from her friend; "but I was obliged to eat a great deal more than was good for me; and then we had an adorable young man from Stoneborough, and another who sells fish, I think. The Stone man is evidently Miss Turner's property. The fishmonger, I flatter myself, fell to my spear. He wasn't nice — and Mr. Joseph lamented to me privately, as we walked home, that his parents had done him irreparable injury at his baptism, by bestowing such a ridiculous name upon him. I consoled him to the best of my

power, and advised him to turn it into Beppo — the idea pleased him; but he wanted to know who Beppo was. So I exclaimed, 'What! an admirer of Byron not know one of his leading characters.' At which he was annihilated, and we arrived here in peace. I was so glad he said no more, because I began to be afraid Beppo wasn't in Byron at all. But he is, isn't he, Kate?"

Mrs. Temple reassured her.

"Then he proposed driving me and his sister over to Stoneborough, which was alarming. And oh, they perfectly stupefied me with questions about Sir Hugh. Never send me there again, Kate."

"I think we had better let him know you are engaged."

"But I am not; not regularly, you know; only if —"

"Fanny! do you consider yourself free to marry any one?"

"Well — no, not exactly."

"That is quite enough. We had better say good-night."

"And what have you been doing all the long evening?" said Fanny, yawning.

"Nothing particular. I have read; written one letter to Tom, and another for my enemy."

"Another for Sir Hugh! Oh! my goodness, Kate."

"Yes; and he coolly declares we must manage his correspondence for him. He will not have Dr. Slade. So as he will be here but a short time, we must make the best of it; only you must do your share."

"Me! I should be afraid to go near him, after what Tom said."

"Nonsense, Fan; he is a quiet, civil, grave personage, more like a parson than a soldier; though I fancy, full of pride and prejudice; but come, let to-morrow take care of itself—to bed, to bed, to bed."

A few days passed unmarked by any event; for Sir Hugh Galbraith's requirements and correspondence had become almost a daily occupation. Fanny had been sent once in Mrs. Temple's place, and had returned utterly discomfited. "I knew I should make a mess of it," she said. "I never saw such a cold, proud, stern, disagreeable man. I went in trembling, and he made me shake in my shoes! the sort of bow he made and the stare he gave, was enough to turn one to stone. And oh, the muddle I got into with the letter — writing the same things over two or three times, and leaving out other bits; even Sir Hugh laughed at last, and said,



'You are not quite so good an amanuensis as your sister.' Then I exclaimed, 'She is not my sister;' and, perhaps, I ought not to have said so. I will not write any more for him, Kate! that I can tell you."

Meantime, Tom had not been idle; and in due time Kate received a report of his proceedings.

"Your suggestions are very good," wrote the London agent of the Berlin Bazaar; "and so far as I can I will carry them out; but it is not so easy to invent an accident that will bring me in contact with Ford. I am not in a position to require a stockbroker, and if I were, your views would not incline me to trust much capital in his hands. However, I will be on the lookout. I could not manage to see Gregory till last night; and, curious enough, your ideas are so far justified, that Ford has called upon him, but did not see him, as Captain Gregory was out. So far, the stars in their courses fight for you! I warned Gregory to say nothing of the will, beyond the bare fact of knowing that his father drew one for Mr. Travers, also to keep his communications with myself, and the affidavit, as dark as possible. This, I think, the worthy captain will do, as he has a prejudice against Ford, because of his supposed injustice to 'father.' I think, therefore, that Gregory is armed at all points; at the same time, I must say that your suspicions of Ford seem to me, to say the least, unfounded. What object could he possibly have in bestowing so great a benefit on a man, who would unhesitatingly hand him over to the powers that punish if he found out the fraud; for even you do not imagine Sir Hugh would be a party to it. I cannot help thinking that your best plan would be, now you have such a curious opportunity, to make Galbraith's acquaintance, see what sort of a fellow he is, and then let me come down and negotiate between you. I am certain he would make a very much better settlement in this way than the lawyers proposed. And after all, you wished him to have a fair share of the property. The fact is, that although an advanced Liberal, I cannot reconcile myself to think of you and Fanny always behind a counter, and open to the addresses of any accomplished Turner of your society. It may do for a picturesque episode, but will never answer in the long run. Think over my proposition, and don't reject it with scorn right off. Thank Fan for her description of the supper, and say she *might* write a little more legibly, etc. etc."

"Make terms with Hugh Galbraith —

never! unless I dictate them," was Kate's mental comment on this epistle. "For even if the discovery of another will released me from any compromise I might have made I should feel bound in honour not to look for one. It is deplorable that this wrong-headed man should have so mortally offended poor Mr. Travers! All would have gone right then. Why should he despise me so fiercely, at least the 'me' he thinks I am?" a half-pleased smile parted her lips as she thought. "But to submit to the will that placed me at his feet — at his mercy — never! As to the rest, I think he likes me: I have set the wheel in motion, but can I stop it?"

Kate pondered long and vaguely. Though she had been a wife, she knew nothing of love or lovers, save from books, which she was inclined to believe greatly exaggerated the subject. Matrimony had been a most prosaic and disenchanting condition to her, and though too natural and sympathetic a woman to be indifferent to admiration, her own heart was almost an unsolved mystery to her, and she scarcely believed in love. Freedom, knowledge, movement, colour; pleasant friends, and the power of serving them; a bright home, and the power of embellishing it — these were her outlines of happiness. For the present it was infinitely amusing to play with Galbraith's evident curiosity and dawning admiration, which, by relaxing his mental fibres, would do a man of that description infinitely more good than harm; and, come what might, she felt no fear of consequences to herself, as she was quite resolved to act the prudent, quiet landlady to the last.

Absorbed in her own thoughts, she had not noticed the flight of time, and was startled by the entrance of Fanny.

"It is quite seven, isn't it?" said that young lady, looking at a watch which lay on a stand. "The boy may put up the shutters? I am quite tired of staying there by myself, in the dusk, and it would be sinful to light up for nothing."

"Oh, yes, dear," returned Kate, folding up her letter; "it is quite time to close." So saying, she stirred the fire and lit the lamp, for one of the charms of the "shop parlour" was, that it had no gas. It was, as has been said before, a low, wainscoted room, with a wide, tiled fireplace and carved oak mantelshef, over which was a tall, narrow glass, with old-fashioned girandoles at each side. A few bits of good old china enlivened it, and a couple of gay prints under the girandoles finished it off pleasantly.



The objectionable horsehair chairs and sofas had been covered with bright chintz. A sort of sideboard of stained wood ran along the side of the room opposite the fire, with a cupboard at each end, and open shelves in the centre filled with books. This was adorned by a saucer or two full of moss and primroses prettily arranged, and a tiny pierced flower-vase of raised Dresden ware was stuck full of violets, scenting the room with their delicate fragrance.

The lamp stood on a solid, old-fashioned, octagon table, which had been rescued from a remote corner of the house, and its cover of rich red cloth gave just the amount of colour to complete the picture of a pleasant, unpretending interior, which nevertheless had the indefinable expression in its general effect which bespoke the presence of gentlewomen.

When Mrs. Mills brought in the teakettle and equipage, she observed to her mistress, "I made a couple of rounds of buttered toast, ma'am, for you didn't eat much dinner; and he" — a motion of the hand upwards — "wants his letters wrote as usual; and he desired me to say that, if you like, he will come down here to save you the trouble of going up to him."

"I really think it would be better," said Mrs. Temple, looking at Fanny.

"Perhaps so; but if you once let him in you will never get rid of him — that's my opinion," returned Fanny, sagely.

"My compliments, Mills; say we are just going to tea, and afterwards we shall be happy to write for him, if he chooses to come down, unless he would like a cup of tea."

"Oh, Kate!" cried Fanny; "what would Tom say?"

"That I am heaping coals of fire on my enemy's head! It is so churlish to tell him to wait till we have done eating."

"Am I to say that?" asked Mills, with unmistakable disapprobation.

"No, no!" cried Kate, laughing. "It would be cruel to let him devour your toast, Mills. Say I will receive him after tea."

That meal had hardly been despatched, and the things cleared away, when a knock at the door announced their visitor.

He paused a moment, as if struck by the simple, graceful comfort of the room. Mrs. Temple rose and advanced a step to receive him. "I am glad you are so much better," she said, "as to venture down-stairs."

Fanny murmured, "Good-evening," and dropped a slight curtsy.

"Thank you for permitting me to come! I must trouble you with a very short letter this evening," returned Sir Hugh.

"Sit near the fire," said Kate, feeling it was a totally different matter, receiving him in her parlour, from visiting him in his.

"What a pleasant, cheerful room this is," he observed, taking the chair indicated; "quite different from mine."

Fanny observed that he had discarded his dressing-gown, and, although only in a velveteen shooting-coat, was got up with some care. He was certainly tall and gaunt, and plain, but had, she thought, a soldierly, distinguished air.

Meantime she settled herself to her needlework in demure silence, and Mrs. Temple, producing pen, ink, and paper, replied to Sir Hugh's remark, "You must not disparage my drawing-room, it is the pride of my house."

"Oh, it is very nice indeed! but it is somehow rather desolate."

"Shall I begin?" said Kate.

"Yes, if you please."

"Dear Sirs,—I feel somewhat surprised not to have heard again from you on the subject of yours of 2nd inst."

Kate having written this, looked up.

"That's all," said Sir Hugh. "Will you direct it to Messrs. Payne and Layton, Gray's Inn?"

Mrs. Temple obeyed in silence, with an odd sense of danger. What if by chance it fell into Mr. Wall's hands? He knew her writing so well, what would he think? She could only hope it would not.

Fanny, in the mean time watching Galbraith sign his name, could not hold her tongue any longer. "How hard it must be to write with one's left hand," said she, timidly.

"The result is not very satisfactory," replied Sir Hugh. "At any rate, it could not be easily imitated."

A long pause ensued. Galbraith was evidently in no hurry to go away, and Mrs. Temple would not start any topic of conversation. At last Sir Hugh observed that he hoped, from what Slade had told him, to be able to write his own letters in another month.

"How nice that will be!" exclaimed Fanny.

"Because you will then be freed from the chance of having to write for me?" asked Galbraith with a good-humoured smile.

"Oh, no! I did not mean that!" she cried, blushing very prettily.

"Fanny was dreadfully distressed at



having been so indifferent a secretary the other day," said Mrs. Temple.

"It was as much my fault as hers," replied Sir Hugh, turning his eyes full upon Kate as she spoke. "You teach me how to dictate as we go on. You seem to understand your work thoroughly."

"I used to write a good deal for poor Mr.—I mean my husband," returned Kate, pulling herself up just in time.

"Ah! I suppose he was also in business?"

"He was. All my people were."

"Except me," said Fanny, quickly; "that is the reason I am so little good now."

Galbraith then made some remark on the probable age of the house, which led to a discussion on the origin and rise of Pierstoffs; and Mrs. Temple promised to look out a quaint history of —shire she had bought at a book-stall, where some interesting particulars were to be found respecting their present locality. Then Fanny, with some dexterity, turned the conversation to India, and induced Sir Hugh to give some description of the country and its sports. The moments flew quickly, till Mrs. Temple, glancing at her watch, said, smiling, "In the absence of Dr. Slade, I must remind you that invalids must keep early hours."

"I fear I have intruded too long," returned Sir Hugh, rising. "I am greatly obliged to you for the relief of a little society."

"Well, Kate," said Fanny, when he was quite gone, "if it was not my duty to hate Sir Hugh Galbraith, I should say he was rather awful, but very nice."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

A BRIGHT sun and keen wind were playing havoc with the old and infirm, the weak-lunged and rheumatic, in famous London town about a month after Sir Hugh Galbraith's accident, and Tom Reed was walking thoughtfully down the Strand, after witnessing the last rehearsal of his smart little piece previous to its production. His thoughts were agreeable. After a long, brave struggle with fortune she was beginning to yield coyly to his embrace. He was tolerably sure of the editorship of the *Thresher*, should P—not be able to resume that office, and altogether he felt it due to himself, to Fanny, to Mrs. Travers, that he should run down to Pierstoffs on Saturday and have a talk with them. "I have not heard from either for two or three days," thought

Tom; "I suppose Galbraith is gone by this time: what a curious eddy of circumstances that he should be carried into Mrs. Travers's house! I wish she would hear reason about that will. It was an infamous affair, but she will never upset it—oh, Mr. Ford!"

This exclamation was elicited by a gentleman who stopped suddenly before him, so as to arrest his progress.

"Mr. Reed," he returned, "I was determined not to let you pass me as you did before."

"Did I?" cried Tom, shaking hands with him; "where?"

"At the exhibition of water-colours; but you had some ladies with you, so I did not speak."

"Well, I am very much obliged to you for stopping me now; I was lost in thought. How have you been this age? Why, it is just a year since I saw you."

"Yes! just a year," echoed Ford. "Oh! I am quite well—never was better." But he did not look so. He was thinner and more haggard than of old, and had a more restless, shifty expression than ever in his eyes. "Have you been always in town?" he continued. "I thought you must have been away, from never meeting you."

Tom's caution was aroused by the sort of suppressed eagerness underlying his efforts at easy cordiality.

"Yes, I may say I have, except for a night or two, and one short run to the Continent; but I have been desperately busy, and our lines are not likely to cross."

"Exactly so," said Ford. "I will turn with you as far as Hungerford Market. Pray, have you any news of our friends Mrs. Travers and Miss Lee?"

"Yes; I had a letter from Mrs. Travers a short time ago; they were quite well—flourishing, in short."

"At Wiesbaden?"

"I am not at liberty to say where," said Tom Reed, smiling pleasantly.

"I should have imagined," returned Ford, with the old, nervous catch in his voice, "that considering the long-standing acquaintance I had with Mrs. Travers, and the devotion I ever showed to her interest, an exception might be made in my favour."

"I dare say she would herself; but you must see I couldn't."

"Well, Mr. Reed, will you satisfy me on one point?—is she living in tolerable comfort? Is her plan of a school succeeding?"

"I assure you, Mr. Ford, she is very



comfortable at present, and her plan is fairly successful."

"Fairly successful," repeated Ford, thoughtfully. "Well, I too have been fairly successful, and have some idea of taking a holiday this summer in order to enjoy a trip on the Continent. Should my presence annoy Mrs. Travers I would avoid any town she resided in—if you would tell me where she is!"

"Nonsense!" cried Tom; "I dare say she would be very pleased to see any 'auld acquaintance.'"

"But you forget, Mr. Reed," with a wavering, mechanical smile, "I was unfortunately the means of discovering that unlucky, that disgraceful will; I even placed it in her hands; and, innocent as I am, I fear she will never forgive me."

"I think you do Mrs. Travers injustice," said Tom; "she is not that sort of person."

"But ladies" (Ford would not have said "women" for the world) "ladies are not always very just in their conclusions; though, of course, *you* must see that I was quite an involuntary agent."

"Of course, of course," said Tom, yet a strange doubt seemed to come to him, even while Ford was protesting his innocence. "What are you doing now?" he continued, to change the subject.

"Oh, I am working up a tolerable business as a ship-broker and insurer—underwriting on a small scale; but I should be very happy to see you, Mr. Reed, any evening you are inclined to look in at my place. I have changed my quarters; stay, here is my card."

"Thank you. I fancy you had better look in on me, No. 6, — Court, Temple; I am more in your way coming out of the City—and tell me what is Travers & Co. doing."

"Winding up as fast as they can. Sir Hugh Galbraith had a bad fall out hunting I saw by the papers."

"Yes, I heard so. By the way, do you ever see anything of Poole, the fellow who was one of the witnesses to that unfortunate will?"

"No; do you know anything of him?"

"Not much; but I am afraid he is not in very good hands, and has a dangerous taste for the turf."

"A great mistake on his part."

"Well, I must leave you, for I have to meet a man at the House of Commons at two. By-the-bye, I have a play coming out at the 'Lesbian' to-morrow night. I'll send you orders if you like." "Must keep him in sight," thought Tom to him-

self, "though there's not much to be got out of him."

"Thank you," returned Ford, "I should very much like to go. By the way, as I presume you have Mrs. Travers's address"—Tom nodded—"perhaps you would have no objection to forward a letter for me to her?"

"None whatever," exclaimed Tom; "send it under cover to me; she shall have it, and will reply, I have no doubt, in due course."

"So I suppose," said Ford, stiffly; "why should she not?"

"Why indeed," replied Tom, politely and indefinitely. "Good-morning."

So they parted. Reed hurrying on to his appointment and thinking what a worthy, respectable, tiresome prig Ford was, in spite of a spasm of suspicion that once shot across him as they were speaking, but which had vanished as the conversation continued. "He is evidently full of thought and sympathy for his late employer's widow. I wonder why she is so inveterate against him; it is not like her to be so unreasonable. To be sure, I have never heard her reasons."

Ford plodded moodily on to take a boat at Hungerford Stairs. He was evidently in deep thought; he jostled in an unconscious way against several passers-by, and stood so lost in his own reflections upon the platform that he missed one boat, and would have missed a second, had not an amphibious creature, with a rope in his hand, called out in stentorian tones, "Now, then, where are you for?" His face looked older, greyer, and more pained in expression, when he stepped ashore at London Bridge than when he parted with Tom Reed half an hour before. Perhaps all the grief and disappointment, the smouldering indignation, the bitter sense of being undervalued, and, worse than all, the unconfessed consciousness that he could not rely upon himself; all these vultures which gnawed and tortured him, more or less at times, had not in them such elements of tragedy as in two words which seemed to trace themselves on the atmosphere before him, and on the thought within him; they were—"in vain."

If Mr. Ford had been a tall, dignified patrician with a schedule of debts and a doubtful past, or an eager, fiery democrat, burning to right the wrongs of every one under the sun, but leaving his children to fight their own battles the best way they could, the task of dissecting such characters—demonstrating their defects, demanding admiration for their nobler as-



pects, asking sympathy for their trials, compassion for their weakness, and justice tempered by mercy for the total — would be deemed no unworthy task for a novelist's or biographer's pen. But when the subject "of the sketch" is a middle-aged man of middle height and sloping shoulders — of good business capacities, of undoubted integrity, of unimpeached morality, guiltless of any excess, his principal recreation a mild taste for art and a keen ambition to be attired as becomes a swell — which of our young lady readers would care to be informed how vanity and weakness combined to ruin and corrode much that was good, and how in a man, whose life of quiet, unvaried work knew little that was bright, an intense, unresisted passion, too strong for the character it dominated, mastered his reason and drove him into the wilderness where right and wrong were confounded in outer darkness.

Tom Reed had finished his letter to Mrs. Temple, describing his interview with Ford, the day following. He had written it at intervals as the interruptions of the M. T. office would permit, and perhaps less clearly than usual, as he was somewhat excited by the event which was to come off that evening at the "Lesbian." "You may depend on my posting you a line with the result, good or bad, before I sleep to-night." He had just added this as a P.S., when a boy — an inky boy — in shirt-sleeves, entered with a crumpled card on which was inscribed "Mr. J. D. Trapes."

"What a — nuisance!" growled Tom; "I can't see him. You did not say I was in, did you?"

"No, sir, I said I'd see."

"And so did I," cried a thick voice behind him; a loud laugh ensued, and Mr. J. D. Trapes presented himself.

"Excuse me! I really do want a few words with you, most particularly, or I shouldn't intrude. Reed, it's a shame for you to deny yourself to an old friend."

"Must do so in the office, you see; or we would get no work done," returned Tom, putting the best face he could on it, as he shook his visitor's hand. "And as time is precious, what can I do for you?"

"Oh, a great many things! Fork out a fiver; put your name to a little bill at thirty-one days; give me three to five against 'Leonidas' just to square my book. Lots of things, which I know you won't do! However, the thing I really want won't cost much. Who is the man you were speaking to in the Strand yes-

terday, just by the turn to Hungerford Market?"

"Why? What do you want to know about him?" asked Tom, with a sudden dim sense of a necessity for caution.

"I only want his name and address. I have a strong idea he is a fellow I have lost sight of for some time, that owes me a pot of money."

"Oh! then I am sure it cannot be my friend," said Tom, laughing. "Ford never owed any one sixpence, I am quite sure."

"Ford, did you say?" repeated the other, sharply. "No, that was not the name. Who is he?"

"He is a ship-broker, I believe; he was the head clerk in a large City house."

"So was my man," returned Trapes, carelessly. "What was the firm?"

"Travers & Co."

"Ay! I remember; you used to go down to Hampton Court to see old Travers's widow. Saw you with her once in Bushey Park! Sly dog! Something wrong with the will, eh?"

"How the deuce do you know?"

"Aha! I know lots of things that would surprise you, though I am a failure and you have shot ahead. Reed! we've changed places since we were first acquainted."

"I am sorry to hear you talk like that, Trapes," said Tom, kindly. "If you feel yourself going down, why don't you stop and turn round?"

"It's easy to talk," returned the other, with various expletives, which must not be reproduced here. "Did you ever know a man stop and turn round, once he was fairly set agoing down hill? If you catch him before he is over the brow well and good, you may put on the drag; but not after — not after!" he repeated, gloomily. Then brightening up, if such an expression could be applied to a face like his, and before Tom could speak, he went on: "The fact is, I never could plod. I never was like you. I wanted to go the pace from the beginning, and I went it! Too much quicksilver in my veins, eh, my boy? Never mind, I begin to see my way to a good thing, and if I succeed I'll reform — if I don't! Look here now. What does respectability and morality and all the rest of it mean? A good coat on your back, a good balance at your banker's. But look at the difference; you are a jolly good fellow if you can pay for your vices, or virtues — upon my soul I believe they are convertible terms — but an infer-



nal blackguard and a blockhead to boot, if you can't. Look here, Reed; I dare say you think you are a ——— cleverer fellow than I am; but I can tell you, you are not; you are steady and industrious, which being interpreted, generally means a sneak and a grubber; nothing personal intended, you know! and look where you are."

"Well," said Tom, good-humouredly, seeing his old acquaintance had had something stronger than tea for his breakfast. "I am glad your free translation was not personally intended; and I am very glad you have something good in prospect; in the mean time ———"

"In the mean time," interrupted Trapes, coarsely, "you'll lend me five pounds, till times mend?"

"No, I shall not," said Tom, still good-humoured, but decided. "I will gladly try to put you in the way of earning something; you used to turn out good work; for I am quite ready to admit you are a cleverer fellow than myself. Why, you ought to do something even in copying. You wrote, and probably still write, a capital hand!"

"Not quite so steady as it used to be," replied the other, with a leer. "But you are right; 'it's a capital hand, and it shall make me a capitalist yet. By the way,' with a sudden change of tone, 'if five is too much, could you manage a sov?'"

"Perhaps I can," returned Tom, smiling, and thinking he would, by a moderate outlay, purchase immunity from the inroads of Mr. J. D. Trapes. "But I can assure you, my success has by no means reached that height at which five-pound notes become plentiful. However, if a sovereign is of any use," drawing out his purse, "you are welcome to one."

"Thank you," said Trapes, pocketing it. "Will pay back with interest — twenty per cent. 'pon honour, if I succeed in my grand *coup*." He threw on his hat, which, as well as the rest of his attire, was of the seediest, but still some degrees better than the garments he wore when Tom and Fanny met him at the Waterloo Station; and with a defiant air was turning to leave Tom's dingy little den, when he suddenly stopped, and exclaimed with an oath, "I nearly forgot; where does this Ford hang out. What's his place of business?"

"That I do not know," said Tom. "And you know City men don't consider it the correct thing to give their private address to any except personal friends."

"Oh, never mind," returned Trapes, with a wave of the hand, intended to ex-

press contempt; "I know a man who was in the same office with him, he will tell me."

"But, if Ford is not the man who owes you money, what do you want so particularly with him?"

"If it's not him he's uncommon like him! perhaps he is his twin brother, and can give me information," said Trapes, with a grin. "At all events, Master Tom, you may be clever enough to succeed, but you are not clever enough to suck my brains, or find out my little game, I can tell you; though, I daresay you are calling me a drunken vagabond in your own mind. I'd like to hear you say it, sir! I'd like to hear you say it!"

With a gloomy and threatening countenance, the wretched man abruptly turned his back upon Tom, and departed. With a mixture of disgust and regret, Tom resumed the work he had interrupted.

"I wonder if anything could have saved that fellow? The best and the worst of us have turning-points; and it's an awful business if the pointsman is not at hand to keep the train on the right line! But what does he want with Ford? for it is evident Ford *is* the man he wants. Ford was never on the turf, even in the mildest form. I doubt if he ever went to the Derby." As no solution offered itself, Tom shook his head, and proceeded in his task of demolishing the arguments in a rival "leader" of that morning; but at intervals the unanswerable question would recur: "What can the fellow want with Ford?"

The night brought triumph! Tom's piece was received with genuine hearty laughter and applause. The smiling manager promised its repetition, every night till further announcements; and the author bowed his acknowledgments from a private box. But faithful to his word, though wearied by work, excitement, and the laughter of a jovial supper-party, Tom did not sleep that night till he had written and posted a few joyous, loving lines to Fanny, enclosing a letter, which he found on his table, from Ford; and adding a word of warning for Kate. "I would not reply too quickly were I you, nor mention the date on which I received the enclosed missive; dates might suggest the probable distance of your present locale from the twelve-mile radius. Though why you choose to preserve such strict incognito, I don't pretend to judge."

Mr. Ford's letter gave Mrs. Temple some food for thought, it was as follows:—



"My dear Mrs. Travers,— I trust you will not deem me intrusive if I avail myself of your friend Mr. Reed's permission to address a few lines to one whose interest and welfare have ever, since the days of our early friendship, been most dear to me. I feel that, hurried on by an impetuosity which blinded me to the requirements of good taste and sound judgment, I wofully offended you at our last meeting; also that the fact of my having been the innocent instrument of discovering the document which has so fatally injured your fortunes, has affected your opinion prejudicially against me, and I have long wished for an opportunity to remonstrate against your severity, and if possible, win back the confidence you once reposed in me. I acknowledge with much penitence, that the expression of my feelings was premature; that I did not show the delicacy due to your recent widowhood; but, now that time and distance have intervened, is there no hope that a devotion so true, so lasting as mine, dating from those days of simple happiness, when I was a favoured guest of your dear and respected mother, may not at last win some return— may not ultimately, meet success! I would not venture to urge my suit upon you were it not that fortune has smiled upon me, however undeserving, more than she has upon your excellent self, and I venture to offer you the comforts of an unpretending, though not, I hope, unrefined home. As regards that most disgraceful will, need I remind you that I hastened to place it in your hands—and myself at your disposal. Your present position is not of *my* making; and that position is an unceasing source of agony; I repeat the word, agony, to me! Young, beautiful, accustomed to a life of luxury and observance, how can you contend against the difficulties which surround you, and which are, or will be, aggravated by the cruel malice of an envious world. While on this topic, suffer me to point out that the fact of your residence being known only to a young and not oversteady man like Mr. Reed, whose estimate of himself is rather above than below par, is, to say the least, liable to misconception.

"I think it right to mention that in one of my interviews with Sir Hugh Galbraith, he questioned me as to your surroundings and associations with a brutal directness, which almost urged me, contrary to my habits, to personal violence. He then, with a sneer, observed that he was told your only confidant was a good-

looking young vagabond connected with the press. I feel, therefore, justified, in recommending that you should reveal your abode either to myself as an old and trusted acquaintance of your late husband, or to Mr. Wall, a very respectable and trustworthy person.

"Would I dare hope for permission to visit you and urge my cause. When I remember the happy evenings in which I was permitted to share your graceful task of tending your favourite flowers, I feel the bitterest regret at the unaccountable estrangement which has occurred. Then I flattered myself that a strong sympathy existed between us, and that you were not unconscious nor quite averse to my unspoken admiration! How my hopes and your happiness were blighted by untoward circumstances, it is not for me to recapitulate. It is, though no doubt for different reasons, engraven on both our hearts!

"Again, entreating your pardon and favourable consideration,

"I am, dear Mrs. Travers, as ever, devotedly yours, "JAMES W. FORD."

"P.S. Pray excuse all errors in this hurried scrawl."

It had cost him a night's rest to polish and elaborate!

The effect of this epistle on the young widow can only be described by a line in Fanny's reply to Tom Reed:

"Whatever was in Mr. Ford's letter, it has set Kate dancing mad!"

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

JOHN KNOX AND HIS RELATIONS TO WOMEN.

# I.

## THE CONTROVERSY ABOUT FEMALE RULE.

WHEN first the idea became widely spread among men that the Word of God, instead of being truly the foundation of all existing institutions, was rather a stone which the builders had rejected, it was but natural that the consequent havoc among received opinions should be accompanied by the generation of many new and lively hopes for the future. Somewhat as in the early days of the French Revolution, men must have looked for an immediate and universal improvement in their condition. Christianity, up to that time, had been somewhat of a failure politically. The reason was now obvious, the capital flaw



was detected, the sickness of the body politic traced at last to its efficient cause. It was only necessary to put the Bible thoroughly into practice, to set themselves strenuously to realize in life the Holy Commonwealth, and all abuses and iniquities would surely pass away. Thus, in a pageant played at Geneva in the year 1523, the world was represented as a sick man at the end of his wits for help, to whom his doctor recommends Lutheran specifics.\*

The reformers themselves had set their affections in a different world, and professed to look for the finished result of their endeavours on the other side of death. They took no interest in politics as such; they even condemned political action as antichristian: notably, Luther in the case of the Peasants' War. And yet, as the purely religious question was inseparably complicated with political difficulties, and they had to make opposition, from day to day, against principalities and powers, they were led, one after another, and again and again, to leave the sphere which was more strictly their own, and meddle, for good and evil, with the affairs of State. Not much was to be expected from interference in such a spirit. Whenever a minister found himself galled or hindered, he would be inclined to suppose some contravention of the Bible. Whenever Christian liberty was restrained (and Christian liberty for each individual would be about coextensive with what he wished to do), it was obvious that the State was antichristian. The great thing, and the one thing, was to push the gospel and the reformer's own interpretation of it. Whatever helped was good; whatever hindered was evil; and if this simple classification proved inapplicable over the whole field, it was no business of his to stop and reconcile incongruities. He had more pressing concerns on hand; he had to save souls, he had to be about his Father's business. This short-sighted view resulted in a doctrine that was actually Jesuitical in application. They had no serious ideas upon politics, and they were ready, nay, they seemed almost bound, to adopt and support whichever ensured for the moment the greatest benefit to the souls of their fellow-men. They were dishonest in all sincerity. Thus Labitte, in the introduction to a book † in which he exposes the hypocritical democracy of the Catholics under the League, steps aside for a moment to stigmatize the hypocritical democracy of the Protestants.

And nowhere was this expediency in political questions more apparent than about the question of female sovereignty. So much was this the case that one James Thomasius, of Leipsic, wrote a little paper\* about the religious partialities of those who took part in the controversy, in which some of these learned disputants cut a very sorry figure.

Now Knox has been from the first a man well hated; and it is somewhat characteristic of his luck that he figures here in the very forefront of the list of partial scribes who trimmed their doctrine with the wind in all good conscience, and were political weathercocks out of conviction. Not only has Thomasius mentioned him, but Bayle has taken the hint from Thomasius, and dedicated a long note to the matter at the end of his article on the Scotch reformer. This is a little less than fair. If any one among the evangelists of that period showed more serious political sense than another, it was assuredly Knox; and even in this very matter of female rule, although I do not suppose any one nowadays will feel inclined to endorse his sentiments, I confess I can make great allowance for his conduct. The controversy, besides, has an interest of its own, in view of later controversies.

John Knox, from 1556 to 1559, was resident in Geneva, as minister, jointly with Goodman, of a little church of English refugees. He and his congregation were banished from England by one woman, Mary Tudor, and proscribed in Scotland by another, the regent Mary of Guise. The coincidence was tempting: here were many abuses centring about one abuse; here was Christ's gospel persecuted in the two kingdoms by one anomalous power. He had not far to go to find the idea that female government was anomalous. It was an age, indeed, in which women, capable and incapable, played a conspicuous part upon the stage of European history; and yet their rule, whatever may have been the opinion of here and there a wise man or enthusiast, was regarded as an anomaly by the great bulk of their contemporaries. It was defended as an anomaly. It, and all that accompanied and sanctioned it, was set aside as a single exception; and no one thought of reasoning down from queens and extending their privileges to ordinary women. Great ladies, as we know, had the privilege of entering into monasteries and cloisters,

\* Gaberel's "*Eglise de Genève*," i. 88.

† *La Démocratie chez les Prédicateurs de la Ligue*.

\* "*Historia affectuum se immiscantium contraversione de gynæcocratia*." It is in his collected prefaces, Leipsic, 1683.



otherwise forbidden to their sex. As with one thing, so with another. Thus, Margaret of Navarre wrote books with great acclamation, and no one, seemingly, saw fit to call her conduct in question; but Mademoiselle de Gournay, Montaigne's adopted daughter, was in a controversy with the world as to whether a woman might be an author without incongruity. Thus, too, we have Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné writing to his daughters about the learned women of his century, and cautioning them, in conclusion, that the study of letters was unsuited to ladies of a middling station, and should be reserved for princesses.\* And once more, if we desire to see the same principle carried to ludicrous extreme, we shall find that reverend father in God the Abbot of Brantôme, claiming, on the authority of some lord of his acquaintance, a privilege, or rather a duty, of free love for great princesses, and carefully excluding other ladies from the same gallant dispensation.† One sees the spirit in which these immunities were granted; and how they were but the natural consequence of that awe for courts and kings that made the last writer tell us, with simple wonder, how Catherine de' Medici would "laugh her fill just like another" over the humours of pantaloons and zanies. And such servility was, of all things, what would touch most nearly the republican spirit of Knox. It was not difficult for him to set aside this weak scruple of loyalty. The lantern of his analysis did not always shine with a very serviceable light; but he had the virtue, at least, to carry it into many places of fictitious holiness, and was not abashed by the tinsel divinity that hedged kings and queens from his contemporaries. And so he could put the proposition in the form already mentioned: there was Christ's gospel persecuted in the two kingdoms by one anomalous power; plainly, then, the "regiment of women" was antichristian. Early in 1558 he communicated this discovery to the world, by publishing at Geneva his notorious book—"The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women."‡

As a whole, it is a dull performance; but the preface, as is usual with Knox, is both interesting and morally fine. Knox was not one of those who are humble in the hour of triumph; he was aggressive even when things were at their worst. He had a grim reliance in himself, or rather in his

mission; if he were not sure that he was a great man, he was at least sure that he was one set apart to do great things. And he judged simply that whatever passed in his mind, whatever moved him to flee from persecution, instead of constantly facing it out, or, as here, to publish and withhold his name from the title-page of a critical work, would not fail to be of interest, perhaps of benefit, to the world. There may be something more finely sensitive in the modern humour, that tends more and more to withdraw a man's personality from the lessons he inculcates or the cause that he has espoused; but there is a loss herewith of wholesome responsibility; and when we find in the works of Knox, as in the Epistles of Paul, the man himself standing nakedly forward, courting and anticipating criticism, putting his character, as it were, in pledge for the sincerity of his doctrine, we had best waive the question of delicacy, and make our acknowledgments for a lesson of courage, not unnecessary in these days of anonymous criticism, and much light, otherwise unattainable, on the spirit in which great movements were initiated and carried forward. Knox's personal revelations are always interesting; and, in the case of the "First Blast," as I have said, there is no exception to the rule. He begins by stating the solemn responsibility of all who are watchmen over God's flock; and all are watchmen (he goes on to explain, with that fine breadth of spirit that characterizes him even when, as here, he shows himself most narrow), all are watchmen "whose eyes God doth open, and whose conscience He pricketh to admonish the ungodly." And with the full consciousness of this great duty before him, he sets himself to answer the scruples of timorous or worldly-minded people. How can a man repent, he asks, unless the nature of his transgression is made plain to him? "And therefore I say," he continues, "that of necessity it is that this monstriferous empire of women (which among all enormities that this day do abound upon the face of the whole earth, is most detestable and damnable) be openly and plainly declared to the world, to the end that some may repent and be saved." To those who think the doctrine useless, because it cannot be expected to amend those princes whom it would dispossess if once accepted, he makes answer in a strain that shows him at his greatest. After having instanced how the rumour of Christ's censures found its way to Herod in his own court, "even so," he continues, "may the sound of our weak trumpet, by

\* *Œuvres de d'Aubigné*, i. 449.

† *Dames Illustres*, pp. 358-360.

‡ Works of John Knox, iv. 349.



the support of some wind (blow it from the south, or blow it from the north, it is of no matter), come to the ears of the chief offenders. *But whether it do or not, yet dare we not cease to blow as God will give strength. For we are debtors to more than to princes, to wit, to the great multitude of our brethren*, of whom, no doubt, a great number have heretofore offended by error and ignorance."

It is for the multitude, then, he writes; he does not greatly hope that his trumpet will be audible in palaces, or that crowned women will submissively discrown themselves at his appeal; what he does hope, in plain English, is to encourage and justify rebellion; and we shall see, before we have done, that he can put his purpose into words as roundly as I can put it for him. This he sees to be a matter of much hazard; he is not "altogether so brutish and insensible, but that he has laid his account what the finishing of the work may cost." He knows that he will find many adversaries, since "to the most part of men, lawful and godly appeareth whatsoever antiquity had received." He looks for opposition, "not only of the ignorant multitude, but of the wise, politic, and quiet spirits of the earth." He will be called foolish, curious, spiteful, and a sower of sedition; and one day, perhaps, for all he is now nameless, he may be attainted of treason. Yet he has "determined to obey God, notwithstanding that the world shall rage thereat." Finally, he makes some excuse for the anonymous appearance of this first instalment: it is his purpose thrice to blow the trumpet in this matter, if God so permit; twice he intends to do it without name; but at the last blast to take the odium upon himself, that all others may be purged.

Thus he ends the preface, and enters upon his argument with a secondary title: "The First Blast to awake Women degenerate." We are in the land of assertion without delay. That a woman should bear rule, superiority, dominion, or empire over any realm, nation, or city, he tells us, is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, and a subversion of good order. Women are weak, frail, impatient, feeble and foolish. God has denied to woman wisdom to consider, or providence to foresee, what is profitable to a commonwealth. Women have been ever lightly esteemed; they have been denied the tutory of their own sons, and subjected to the unquestionable sway of their husbands; and surely it is irrational to give the greater where the less has been withheld, and

suffer a woman to reign supreme over a great kingdom who would be allowed no authority by her own fireside. He appeals to the Bible; but though he makes much of the first transgression and certain strong texts in Genesis and Paul's Epistles, he does not appeal with entire success. The cases of Deborah and Huldah can be brought into no sort of harmony with his thesis. Indeed, I may say that, logically, he left his bones there; and that it is but the phantom of an argument that he parades thenceforward to the end. Well was it for Knox that he succeeded no better; it is under this very ambiguity about Deborah that we shall find him fain to creep for shelter before he is done with the regiment of women. After having thus exhausted Scripture, and formulated its teaching in the somewhat blasphemous maxim that the man is placed above the woman, even as God above the angels, he goes on triumphantly to adduce the testimonies of Tertullian, Augustine, Ambrose, Basil, Chrysostom, and the Pandects; and having gathered this little cloud of witnesses about him, like pursuivants about a herald, he solemnly proclaims all reigning women to be traitresses and rebels against God; discharges all men thenceforward from holding any office under such monstrous regiment, and calls upon all the lieges with one consent to "*study to repress the inordinate pride and tyranny of queens*." If this is not treasonable teaching, one would be glad to know what is; and yet, as if he feared he had not made the case plain enough against himself, he goes on to deduce the startling corollary that all oaths of allegiance must be incontinently broken. If it was sin thus to have sworn even in ignorance, it were obstinate sin to continue to respect them after fuller knowledge. Then comes the peroration, in which he cries aloud against the cruelties of that cursed Jezebel of England—that horrible monster Jezebel of England; and after having predicted sudden destruction to her rule and to the rule of all crowned women, and warned all men that if they presume to defend the same when any "noble heart" shall be raised up to vindicate the liberty of his country, they shall not fail to perish themselves in the ruin, he concludes with a last rhetorical flourish: "And therefore let all men be advertised, for THE TRUMPET HATH ONCE BLOWN."

The capitals are his own. In writing, he probably felt the want of some such reverberation of the pulpit under strong hands as he was wont to emphasize his



spoken utterances withal; there would seem to him a want of passion in the orderly lines of type; and I suppose we may take the capitals as a mere substitute for the great voice with which he would have given it forth, had we heard it from his own lips. Indeed, as it is, in this little strain of rhetoric about the trumpet, this current allusion to the fall of Jericho, that alone distinguishes his bitter and hasty production, he was probably right, according to all artistic canon, thus to support and accentuate in conclusion the sustained metaphor of a hostile proclamation. It is curious, by the way, to note how favourite an image the trumpet was with the reformer. He returns to it again and again; it is the Alpha and Omega of his rhetoric; it is to him what a ship is to the stage-sailor: and one would almost fancy he had begun the world as a trumpeter's apprentice. The partiality is surely characteristic. All his life long he was blowing summonses before various Jerichos, some of which fell duly, but not all. Wherever he appears in history his speech is loud, angry, and hostile; there is no peace in his life, and little tenderness; he is always sounding hopefully to the front for some rough enterprise. And as his voice had something of the trumpet's hardness, it had something also of the trumpet's warlike inspiration. So Randolph, possibly fresh from the sound of the reformer's preaching, writes of him to Cecil:—"Where your honour exhorteth us to stoutness, I assure you the voice of one man is able, in an hour, to put more life in us than six hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears." \*

Thus was the proclamation made. Nor was it long in wakening all the echoes of Europe. What success might have attended it, had the question decided been a purely abstract question, it is difficult to say. As it was, it was to stand or fall, not by logic, but by political needs and sympathies. Thus, in France, his doctrine was to have some future, because Protestants suffered there under the feeble and treacherous regency of Catherine de' Medici; and thus it was to have no future anywhere else, because the Protestant interest was bound up with the prosperity of Queen Elizabeth. This stumbling-block lay at the very threshold of the matter; and Knox, in the text of the "First Blast," had set everybody the wrong example and gone to the ground himself. He finds occasion to regret "the

blood of innocent Lady Jane Dudley." But Lady Jane Dudley, or Lady Jane Grey, as we call her, was a would-be traitress and rebel against God, to use his own expressions. If, therefore, political and religious sympathy led Knox himself into so grave a partiality, what was he to expect from his disciples? If the trumpet gave so ambiguous a sound, who could heartily prepare himself for the battle? The question whether Lady Jane Dudley was an innocent martyr, or a traitress against God, whose inordinate pride and tyranny had been effectually repressed, was thus left altogether in the wind; and it was not, perhaps, wonderful if many of Knox's readers concluded that all right and wrong in the matter turned upon the degree of the sovereign's orthodoxy and possible helpfulness to the Reformation. He should have been the more careful of such an ambiguity of meaning, as he must have known well the lukewarm indifference and dishonesty of his fellow-reformers in political matters. He had already, in 1556 or 1557, talked the matter over with his great master, Calvin, in "a private conversation;" and the interview\* must have been truly distasteful to both parties. Calvin, indeed, went a far way with him in theory, and owned that the "government of women was a deviation from the original and proper order of nature, to be ranked, no less than slavery, among the punishments consequent upon the fall of man." But, in practice, their two roads separated. For the man of Geneva saw difficulties in the way of the Scripture proof in the cases of Deborah and Huldah, and in the prophecy of Isaiah that queens should be the nursing mothers of the church. And as the Bible was not decisive, he thought the subject should be let alone, because, "by custom and public consent and long practice, it has been established that realms and principalities may descend to females by hereditary right, and it would not be lawful to unsettle governments which are ordained by the peculiar providence of God." I imagine Knox's ears must have burned during this interview. Think of him listening dutifully to all this—how it would not do to meddle with anointed kings—how there was a peculiar providence in these great affairs; and then think of his own peroration, and the "noble heart" whom he looks for "to vindicate the liberty of his country;" or his

\* M'Crie's "Life of Knox," ii. 41.

\* Described by Calvin in a letter to Cecil. Knox's Works, vol. iv.



answer to Queen Mary, when she asked him who he was, to interfere in the affairs of Scotland—"Madam, a subject born within the same!" Indeed, the two doctors who differed at this private conversation represented, at the moment, two principles of enormous import in the subsequent history of Europe. In Calvin we have represented that passive obedience, that toleration of injustice and absurdity, that holding back of the hand from political affairs as from something unclean, which lost France, if we are to believe M. Michelet, for the Reformation; a spirit necessarily fatal in the long run to the existence of any sect that may profess it; a suicidal doctrine that survives among us to this day in narrow views of personal duty, and the low political morality of many virtuous men. In Knox, on the other hand, we see foreshadowed the whole Puritan Revolution and the scaffold of Charles I.

There is little doubt in my mind that this interview was what caused Knox to print his book without a name.\* It was a dangerous thing to contradict the man of Geneva, and doubly so, surely, when one had had the advantage of correction from him in a private conversation; and Knox had his little flock of English refugees to consider. If they had fallen into bad odour in Geneva, where else was there to flee to? It was printed, as I have said, in 1558; and, by a singular *mal-à-propos*, in that same year Mary died, and Elizabeth succeeded to the throne of England. And just as the accession of Catholic Queen Mary had condemned female rule in the eyes of Knox, the accession of Protestant Queen Elizabeth justified it in the eyes of his colleagues. Female rule ceases to be an anomaly, not because Elizabeth can "reply to eight ambassadors in one day in their different languages," but because she represents for the moment the political future of the Reformation. The exiles troop back to England with songs of praise in their mouths. The bright occidental star, of which we have all read in the preface to the Bible, has risen over the darkness of Europe. There is a thrill of hope through the persecuted churches of the Continent. Calvin writes to Cecil, washing his hands of Knox and his political heresies. The sale of the "First Blast" is prohibited in Geneva; and along with it the bold book

of Knox's colleague, Goodman—a book dear to Milton—where female rule was briefly characterized as a "monster in nature and disorder among men."† Any who may ever have doubted, or been for a moment led away by Knox, or Goodman, or their own wicked imaginations, are now more than convinced. They have seen the occidental star. Aylmer, with his eyes set greedily on a possible bishopric, and "the better to obtain the favour of the new queen,"‡ sharpens his pen to confound Knox by logic. What need? He has been confounded by facts. "Thus what had been to the refugees of Geneva as the very word of God, no sooner were they back in England than behold! it was the word of the devil."§

Now, what of the real sentiments of these loyal subjects of Elizabeth? They professed a holy horror for Knox's position: let us see if their own would please a modern audience any better, or was, in substance, greatly different.

John Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London, published an answer to Knox, under the title of "An Harbour for Faithful and true Subjects against the late blown Blast, concerning the government of Women."§ And certainly he was a thought more acute, a thought less precipitate and simple, than his adversary. He is not to be led away by such captious terms as *natural* and *unnatural*. It is obvious to him that a woman's disability to rule is not natural in the same sense in which it is natural for a stone to fall, or fire to burn. He is doubtful, on the whole, whether this disability be natural at all; nay, when he is laying it down that a woman should not be a priest, he shows some elementary conception of what many of us now hold to be the truth of the matter. "The bringing-up of women," he says, "is commonly such" that they cannot have the necessary qualifications, "for they are not brought up in learning in schools, nor trained in disputation." And even so, he can ask, "Are there not in England women, think you, that for learning and wisdom could tell their household and neighbours as good a tale as any Sir John there?" For all that, his advocacy is weak. If women's rule is not unnatural in a sense preclusive of its very existence, it is neither so convenient nor so profit-

\* Knox's Works, iv. 358.

† Strype's "Aylmer," p. 16.

‡ It may interest the reader to know that these (so says Thomasius) are the "*ipsissima verba Schlusselfurgii*."

§ I am indebted for a sight of this book to the kindness of Mr. David Laing, the editor of Knox's works.

\* It was anonymously published, but no one seems to have been in doubt about its authorship; he might as well have set his name to it, for all the good he got by holding it back.



able as the government of men. He holds England to be specially suitable for the government of women, because there the governor is more limited and restrained by the other members of the constitution than in other places; and this argument has kept his book from being altogether forgotten. It is only in hereditary monarchies that he will offer any defence of the anomaly. "If rulers were to be chosen by lot or suffrage, he would not that any woman should stand in the election, but men only." The law of succession of crowns was a law to him, in the same sense as the law of evolution is a law to Mr. Herbert Spencer; and the one and the other counsels his readers, in a spirit suggestively alike, not to kick against the pricks or seek to be more wise than He who made them.\* If God has put a female child into the direct line of inheritance, it is God's affair. His strength will be perfected in her weakness. He makes the Creator address the objectors in this not very flattering vein:—"I, that could make Daniel, a sucking babe, to judge better than the wisest lawyers; a brute beast to reprehend the folly of a prophet; the poor fishers to confound the great clerks of the world—cannot I make a woman to be a good ruler over you?" This is the last word of his reasoning. Although he was not altogether without Puritanic leaven, shown particularly in what he says of the incomes of bishops, yet it was rather loyalty to the old order of things than any generous belief in the capacity of women, that raised up for them this clerical champion. His courtly spirit contrasts singularly with the rude, bracing republicanism of Knox. "Thy knee shall bow," he says, "thy cap shall off, thy tongue shall speak reverently of thy sovereign." For himself, his tongue is even more than reverent. Nothing can stay the issue of his eloquent adulation. Again and again, "the remembrance of Elizabeth's virtues" carries him away; and he has to hark back again to find the scent of his argument. He is repressing his vehement adoration throughout, until, when the end comes, and he feels his business at an end, he can indulge himself to his heart's content in indiscriminate laudation of his royal mistress. It is humorous to think that this illustrious lady, whom he here praises, among many other excellences, for the simplicity of her attire and the "marvellous meekness of her stomach," threatened him, years after, in no

very meek terms, for a sermon against female vanity in dress, which she held as a reflection on herself.\*

Whatever was wanting here in respect for women generally, there was no want of respect for the queen; and one cannot very greatly wonder if these devoted servants looked askance, not upon Knox only, but on his little flock, as they came back to England tainted with disloyal doctrine. For them, as for him, the occidental star rose somewhat red and angry. As for poor Knox, his position was the saddest of all. For the juncture seemed to him of the highest importance; it was the nick of time, the flood-water of opportunity. Not only was there an opening for him in Scotland, a smouldering brand of civil liberty and religious enthusiasm which it should be for him to kindle into flame with his powerful breath; but he had his eye seemingly on an object of even higher worth. For now, when religious sympathy ran so high that it could be set against national aversion, he wished to begin the fusion together of England and Scotland, and to begin it at the sore place. If once the open wound were closed at the border, the work would be half done. Ministers placed at Berwick and such places might seek their converts equally on either side of the march; old enemies would sit together to hear the gospel of peace, and forget the inherited jealousies of many generations in the enthusiasm of a common faith; or—let us say better—a common heresy. For people are not most conscious of brotherhood when they continue languidly together in one creed, but when, with some doubt, with some danger perhaps, and certainly not without some reluctance, they violently break with the tradition of the past, and go forth from the sanctuary of their fathers to worship under the bare heaven. A new creed, like a new country, is an unhomely place of sojourn; but it makes men lean on one another and join hands. It was on this that Knox relied to begin the union of the English and the Scotch. And he had, perhaps, better means of judging than any even of his contemporaries. He knew the temper of both nations; and already during his two years' chaplaincy at Berwick, he had seen his scheme put to the proof. But whether practicable or not, the proposal does him much honour. That he should thus have sought to make a love-match of it between the two peo-

\* Social Statics, p. 64, etc.

\* Hallam's "Const. Hist. of England," i. 225, note m.



ples, and tried to win their inclination towards a union instead of simply transferring them, like so many sheep, by a marriage, or testament, or private treaty, is thoroughly characteristic of what is best in the man. Nor was this all. He had, besides, to assure himself of English support, secret or avowed, for the Reformation party in Scotland; a delicate affair, trenching upon treason. And so he had plenty to say to Cecil, plenty that he did not care to "commit to paper neither yet to the knowledge of many." But his miserable publication had shut the doors of England in his face. Summoned to Edinburgh by the confederate lords, he waited at Dieppe, anxiously praying for leave to journey through England. The most dispiriting tidings reach him. His messengers, coming from so obnoxious a quarter, narrowly escape imprisonment. His old congregation are coldly received, and even begin to look back again to their place of exile with regret. "My First Blast," he writes ruefully, "has blown from me all my friends of England." And then he adds, with a snarl, "The Second Blast, I fear, shall sound somewhat more sharp, except men be more moderate than I hear they are."\* But the threat is empty; there will never be a second blast—he has had enough of that trumpet. Nay, he begins to feel uneasily that, unless he is to be rendered useless for the rest of his life, unless he is to lose his right arm and go about his great work maimed and impotent, he must find some way of making his peace with England and the indignant queen. The letter just quoted was written on the 6th of April, 1559; and on the 10th, after he had cooled his heels for four days more about the streets of Dieppe, he gives in altogether, and writes a letter of capitulation to Cecil. In this letter,† which he kept back until the 22nd, still hoping that things would come right of themselves, he censures the great secretary for having "followed the world in the way of perdition," characterizes him as "worthy of hell," and threatens him, if he be not found simple, sincere, and fervent in the cause of Christ's gospel, that he shall "taste of the same cup that politic heads have drunken in before him." This is all, I take it, out of respect for the reformer's own position; if he is going to be humiliated, let others be humiliated first;

like a child who will not take his medicine until he has made his nurse and his mother drink of it before him. "But I have, say you, written a treasonable book against the regiment and empire of women. . . . The writing of that book I will not deny; but to prove it treasonable I think it shall be hard. . . . It is hinted that my book shall be written against. If so be, sir, I greatly doubt they shall rather hurt nor (than) mend the matter." And here come the terms of capitulation; for he does not surrender unconditionally, even in this sore strait: "And yet if any," he goes on, "think me enemy to the person, or yet to the regiment, of her whom God hath now promoted, they are utterly deceived in me, *for the miraculous work of God, comforting His afflicted by means of an infirm vessel, I do acknowledge, and the power of His most potent hand I will obey. More plainly to speak, if Queen Elizabeth shall confess, that the extraordinary dispensation of God's great mercy maketh that lawful unto her which both nature and God's law do deny to all women*, then shall none in England be more willing to maintain her lawful authority than I shall be. But if (God's wondrous work set aside) she ground (as God forbid) the justness of her title upon consuetude, laws, or ordinances of men, then"—then Knox will denounce her? Not so; he is more politic nowadays—then, he "greatly fears" that her ingratitude to God will not go long without punishment.

His letter to Elizabeth, written some few months later, was a mere amplification of the sentences quoted above. She must base her title entirely upon the extraordinary providence of God; but if she does this, "if thus, in God's presence, she humbles herself, so will he with tongue and pen justify her authority, as the Holy Ghost hath justified the same in Deborah, that blessed mother in Israel."\* And so, you see, his consistency is preserved; he is merely applying the doctrine of the "First Blast." The argument goes thus: The regiment of women is, as before noted in our work, repugnant to nature, contumely to God, and a subversion of good order. It has nevertheless pleased God to raise up, as exceptions to this law, first Deborah, and afterwards Elizabeth Tudor—whose regiment we shall proceed to celebrate.

There is no evidence as to how the reformer's explanations were received, and

\* Knox to Mrs. Locke, 6th April, 1559. Works, vi. 14.

† Knox to Sir William Cecil, 10th April, 1559. Works, ii. 16, or vi. 15.

\* Knox to Queen Elizabeth, July 20th, 1559. Works, vi. 47, or ii. 26.



indeed it is most probable that the letter was never shown to Elizabeth at all. For it was sent under cover of another to Cecil, and as it was not of a very courtly conception throughout, and was, of all things, what would most excite the queen's uneasy jealousy about her title, it is like enough that the secretary exercised his discretion (he had Knox's leave in the case, and did not always wait for that, it is reputed) to put the letter harmlessly away beside other valueless or unrepresentable State papers. I wonder very much if he did the same with another,\* written two years later, after Mary had come into Scotland, in which Knox almost seeks to make Elizabeth an accomplice with him in the matter of the "First Blast." The queen of Scotland is going to have that work refuted, he tells her; and "though it were but foolishness in him to prescribe unto her Majesty what is to be done," he would yet remind her that Mary is neither so much alarmed about her own security, nor so generously interested in Elizabeth's "that she would take such pains, *unless her crafty counsel in so doing shot at a further mark.*" There is something really ingenious in this letter; it showed Knox in the double capacity of the author of the "First Blast" and the faithful friend of Elizabeth; and he combines them there so naturally, that one would scarcely imagine the two to be incongruous.

Twenty-days later he was defending his intemperate publication to another queen — his own queen, Mary Stuart. This was on the first of those three interviews which he has preserved for us with so much dramatic vigour in the picturesque pages of his history. After he had avowed the authorship in his usual haughty style, Mary asked: "You think, then, that I have no just authority?" The question was evaded. "Please your Majesty," he answered, "that learned men in all ages have had their judgments free and most commonly disagreeing from the common judgment of the world; such also have they published by pen and tongue; and yet notwithstanding they themselves have lived in the common society with others, and have borne patiently with the errors and imperfections which they could not amend." Thus did "Plato the philosopher:" thus will do John Knox. "I have communicated my judgment to the world: if the realm finds no inconven-

ience from the regiment of a woman, that which they approve, shall I not further disallow than within my own breast; but shall be as well content to live under your Grace, as Paul was to live under Nero. And my hope is, that so long as ye defile not your hands with the blood of the saints of God, neither I nor my book shall hurt either you or your authority." All this is admirable in wisdom and moderation, and, except that he might have hit upon a comparison less offensive than that with Paul and Nero, hardly to be bettered. Having said thus much, he feels he need say no more; and so, when he is further pressed, he closes that part of the discussion with an astonishing sally. If he has been content to let this matter sleep, he would recommend her Grace to follow his example with thankfulness of heart; it is grimly to be understood which of them has most to fear if the question should be reawakened. So the talk wandered to other subjects. Only, when the queen was summoned at last to dinner ("for it was afternoon") Knox made his salutation in this form of words: "I pray God, madam, that you may be as much blessed within the Commonwealth of Scotland, if it be the pleasure of God, as ever Deborah was in the Commonwealth of Israel."\* Deborah again.

But he was not yet done with the echoes of his own "First Blast." In 1571, when he was already near his end, the old controversy was taken up in one of a series of anonymous libels against the reformer affixed, Sunday after Sunday, to the church-door. The dilemma was fairly enough stated. Either his doctrine is false, in which case he is a "false doctor" and seditious; or, if it be true, why does he "avow and approve the contrary, I mean that regiment in the queen of England's person; which he avoweth and approveth, not only praying for the maintenance of her estate, but also procuring her aid and support against his own native country?" Knox answered the libel, as his wont was, next Sunday, from the pulpit. He justified the "First Blast" with all the old arrogance; there is no drawing-back there. The regiment of women is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, and a subversion of good order, as before. When he prays for the maintenance of Elizabeth's estate, he is only following the example of those prophets of God who warned and comforted the wicked kings of Israel; or of Jeremiah,

\* Knox to Queen Elizabeth, August 6th, 1561. Works, vi. 126.

\* Knox's Works, ii. 278-280.



who bade the Jews pray for the prosperity of Nebuchadnezzar. As for the queen's aid, there is no harm in that: *quia* (these are his own words) *quia omnia munda mundis*: because, to the pure, all things are pure. One thing, in conclusion, he "may not pretermitt;" to give the lie in the throat to his accuser, where he charges him with seeking support against his native country. "What I have been to my country," said the old reformer, "what I have been to my country, albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the ages to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth. And thus I cease, requiring of all men that have anything to oppose against me, that he may (they may) do it so plainly, as that I may make myself and all my doings manifest to the world. For to me it seemeth a thing unreasonable, that, in this my decrepit age, I shall be compelled to fight against shadows, and howlets that dare not abide the light."\*

Now, in this, which may be called his *Last Blast*, there is as sharp speaking as any in the "First Blast" itself. He is of the same opinion to the end, you see, although he has been obliged to cloak and garble that opinion for political ends. He has been tacking indeed, and he has indeed been seeking the favour of a queen; but what man ever sought a queen's favour with a more virtuous purpose, or with as little courtly policy? The question of consistency is delicate and must be made plain. Knox never changed his opinion about female rule, but lived to regret that he had published that opinion. Doubtless he had many thoughts so far out of the range of public sympathy, that he could only keep them to himself, and, in his own words, bear patiently with the errors and imperfections that he could not amend. For example, I make no doubt myself that, in his own heart, he did hold the shocking dogma attributed to him by more than one calumniator; and that, had the time been ripe, had there been aught to gain by it, instead of all to lose, he would have been the first to assert that Scotland was elective instead of hereditary—"elective as in the days of paganism," as one Thevet says in holy horror.† And yet, because the time was not ripe, I find no hint of such an idea in his collected works. Now, the regiment of women was another matter that he

should have kept to himself; right or wrong, his opinion did not fit the moment—right or wrong, as Aylmer puts it, "the *Blast* was blown out of season." And this it was that he began to perceive after the accession of Elizabeth; not that he had been wrong, and that female rule was a good thing, for he had said from the first that "the felicity of some women in their empires" could not change the law of God and the nature of created things; not this, but that the regiment of women was one of those imperfections of society, which must be borne with because yet they cannot be remedied. The thing had seemed so obvious to him, in his sense of unspeakable masculine superiority and his fine contempt for what is only sanctioned by antiquity and common consent, he had imagined that, at the first hint, men would arise and shake off the debasing tyranny. He found himself wrong, and he showed that he could be moderate in his own fashion, and understood the spirit of true compromise. He came round to Calvin's position, in fact, but by a different way. And it derogates nothing from the merit of this wise attitude that it was the consequence of a change of interest. We are all taught by interest; and if the interest be not merely selfish, there is no wiser preceptor under heaven, and perhaps no sterner.

Such is the history of John Knox's connection with the controversy about female rule. In itself, this is obviously an incomplete study; not fully to be understood, without a knowledge of his private relations with the other sex, and what he thought of their position in domestic life. This shall be dealt with in another paper.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### VINTAGING IN TUSCANY.

IN the lower Val d'Arno, overlooking the fruitful plain which extends from Florence to Empoli, stands an old villa, a long, low, roomy house, anciently belonging to the *Arte della Lana*, whose lamb bearing a banner over one shoulder is sculptured on various parts of its walls. In the twelfth century it was only a roof resting on high arches for drying the wool; then our host's ancestors bought it, filled up the arches, built a first-floor, and gradually added wing after wing. The rooms are large and lofty, and the staircase very handsome. The ceiling of one of the rooms is frescoed

\* Calderwood's "History of the Kirk of Scotland," edition of the Wodrow Society, iii. 51-54.

† Bayle's Historical Dictionary, art. Knox, remark G.



with Raphaelesque designs like the loggia in the Vatican. The house is full of old furniture, old china, and various Roman and Etruscan statues, and a splendid sarcophagus found on the property, for we are near Signa, the old "Signa Romanorum" of the legions. The villa is slightly raised above the plain, and about two miles from the Arno, opposite Monte Morello, the weather-teller of all the country round, as the old proverb says:—

Se a Morello  
Ve' il cappello,  
Non uscir  
Senza l' ombrello.

To the left, on the opposite side of the Arno, lies the town of Prato and the beautiful line of hills behind it, and further up the valley is Pistoja, and the Apennines in the distance. To the right we see Florence with its stately Duomo and campanile, and in the background the hills of Vallombrosa. Behind the villa is a large garden, all the walks of which are shaded with *pergole* (vines on trellises,) and from thence the ground slopes up to vineyards and olive-groves, and to the wooded hills from the summit of which on a clear day one can discern the sea at Leghorn, some sixty miles off.

In this pleasant and picturesque old mansion were assembled a joyous company, mixed Italian and English, for the vintage of 1874. To the advent of the *forestieri* was ascribed by the courteous *contadini* the splendid yield of grapes, better than they had been for twenty-six years.\* On a fine September morning we started, Italian and English, men and women, masters and mistresses, and servants laden with innumerable baskets, big and little, each armed with a rough pair of scissors, and our *padrona* leading the way, with her guitar, pouring out as she went an endless flow of *stornelli*, *rispetti*, and *canzone*, in which Tuscany is as rich as in any of the country products, maize or figs, pumpkins or tomatoes, oil or wine or grain, the Italians amongst us improvising words to the well-known airs. The vintage is always a happy time; every one works with a will, and is contented and light-hearted. As "Modesto," one of our men, said, "*Buon vino fa buon sangue.*"

The old *fattore* (bailiff), who had retired

\* That is to say, since the outbreak of the iodism. To give some idea of the virulence of the disease, the farms on this estate, though two less in number, used to produce at least 2,000 *barile* of wine; and in this, an exceptional year, the yield was only 1,100. One year, when the disease was at its height, they had five *barile* of stuff resembling mud!

from all active work on the estate, except the management of his especial pets, the vineyards, *alla francese* (vines cut low in the French fashion, not allowed to straggle from tree to tree as is the Tuscan usage), was very great on this occasion. He pointed out trees he had planted, and works he had done, fifty years ago, before the *padrone* was born. The dear old man was now seventy-eight, and as brisk and alert as any of us; with an eye still bright, and his keen humorous face as full of vivacity as the youngest. He was full of old proverbs and wise sayings, like all peasants of the "Casentino," his native region, about twenty miles south-west of Florence, and looked sharply after all our workmen to see that each duly did the picking of his row of vines. He was struck with great admiration at the way in which Englishmen, and women too, worked, and quite concerned for the repeated drenchings in perspiration of a strenuous old gentleman of the party, remarking, gravely, "*Questo povero Signor Antonio! ma suda troppo!*" He chuckled when we got hot and red under the burning sun, gracefully putting it to the ladies, "*Il sole d'Italia vi ha baciato.*" By eleven we were thoroughly tired, and went to rest under the scanty shade of the olives and fig-trees with our guitar. One of the young peasants had lost his father in Russia with Napoleon I., and we called him up, and told him to sing about the great general. He sung to a favourite *stornello* air,—

Guarda, Napoleon, quello che fai;  
La meglio gioventù tutta la vuoi,  
E le ragazze te le friggerai.

Napoleon, fa le cose guiste,  
Falla la coscrizione delle ragazze,  
Piglia le belle, e lasciar star le brutte.

Napoleon, te ne pentirai!  
La meglio gioventù tutta la vuoi;  
Delle vecchiaia, che te ne farai.

Napoleon, non ti stimar guerriero —  
A Mosca lo trovaresti l'osso duro,  
All' isola dell' Elba prigioniero.\*

\* While you go our youths collecting,  
All our pretty girls neglecting,  
Pause, Napoleon, and beware.

Deal more justly with all classes,  
Make conscription of the lasses —  
Leave the plain and choose the fair.

Napoleon, if with ruthless hand,  
Of its flower you mow the land,  
In old age you'll pay it dear.

Boast not, tyrant, of your glory,  
Moscow's plains were grim and gory  
Elba was a prison drear.



Twelve o'clock brought a welcome arrival—lunch from the villa. Grape-picking is a capital sharpener of the appetite. We were soon reclining—*sub tegmine fagi*—round a steaming dish of *risotto con funghi*, and a knightly sirloin of roast beef, which would have done honour to old England. A big *fiasco* (a large bottle bound round with reeds or straw, and holding three ordinary bottles) of last year's red wine was soon emptied, well-tempered, I should say, with water from the neighbouring well. At a little distance the labourers in the vineyard were enjoying the unwonted luxury of a big wooden bowl full of white beans crowned with *polpetti*, little sausages of minced meat and rice.

We first gathered all the white grapes. These were transferred from our small baskets to big ones, placed at the end of each row of vines. These bigger baskets were then carried on men's backs to the villa, where the grapes were laid out to dry in one of the towers, on *stoje*, great trays made of canes. Here they are exposed to sun and air for some weeks, when they are used for making the *vin santo*. After the white grapes were gathered, we fell to on the black, of the choice kinds, the "San Giovese," the "Aleatico," the "Colorino," and the "Occhio di Pernice." These also were destined to be exposed on *stoje* in the same manner. They are used as *governo*, that is to say, when the new wine is racked for the first time these choice black grapes are put in, so as to cause another fermentation. They at once deepen the colour of the wine and clear it. How melancholy the vines looked stripped of their grapes! The glorious white and golden, and pink and deep red bunches had given a beauty to the landscape which one did not realize until they were gone, and the poor vines stood bare. In our discussions about the progress of our work, the time of day often came in question. The old *fattore* was very anxious to know how we in England knew the hour, as he had heard that our churches did not ring the *Ave Maria* at midday or in the evening. He had doubtless a settled conviction that we were little better than heathens, but was too polite to say so right out. We explained that we had abundance of both big clocks and little watches; but he answered, "*Ma che*" (with a horizontal wave of the hand) "I have a watch too. I set it by the *Ave Maria*, and hardly ever use it. At midday, when the *Ave Maria* rings, we know we are to eat; and when we hear it at sundown,

twenty-four o'clock, as we say here, we leave off work; and at one o'clock of night (an hour after sunset) it rings again so that we may remember our dead and say an *Ave* for them." All our arguments to prove that clocks and watches might be good substitutes for the *Ave Maria* were useless, and he remained staunch to his idea that England must be a wretched place without the *Ave Maria*—"Si dove sta male in Inghilterra senza l'*Ave Maria*."

At last the beautiful great white oxen, with their large, soft, black eyes, and with tassels of red and yellow worsted dangling about the roots of their horns and over their cool moist noses, came to the edge of the vineyard drawing a large vat (*tino*) fixed on the cart. Into this all the remaining grapes were thrown. A handsome young lad of sixteen, after tucking up his trousers and washing his feet in a bucket of water drawn from the well close by, jumped atop of the vat and lustily stamped down the contents, singing as he plied his purple-stained feet:—

Bella bellina, chi vi ha fatto gli occhi?  
Che vi gli ha fatti tanto innamorati?  
Da letto levereste gli ammalati,  
Di sotto terra levereste i morte.  
Tanto valore e tanta valoranza!  
Vostri begli occhi son la mia speranza.\*

Of such tender sentiment and musical sound are the songs of the Tuscan "roughs." These songs are most of them the composition, both words and airs, of the peasants and artisans who sing them. The hills round Pistoja and the streets of Florence ring with an ever-renewed outpour of such sweet and simple song.

The *padrone* prides himself much on his fine breed of oxen, and told us the old Tuscan proverb, "*Chi ha carro e buoi, fa bene i fatti suoi*." When the last load of grapes was carted off we returned to the villa, where we found all hands busy in the great courtyard of the *fattoria* † on one side of the villa, emptying the grapes and must out of the vats with wooden *bigoncie*, high wooden pails, without handles. These are carried on men's shoulders, and their contents poured into immense vats (*tini*) ranged all round

\* My lovely charmer, who hath made thine eyes,  
That fill our bosoms with such ecstasies?  
Their glance would draw the sick man from his bed,  
Or haply pierce the tomb and raise the dead.  
Oh! my sweet love, thy beauty and thy worth  
Are all my hope and all my joy on earth.

† The *fattoria* comprehends the farm buildings, cellars, granaries, bailiff's dwellings, etc., attached to a villa, just as in the Roman times the *villa rustica* was attached to the *villa urbana*.



the courtyard under covered arcades. In our wine-shed (*tinaia*) there are about fifty of these, containing from five to fifty butts each, besides three large square reservoirs of stone, each holding three hundred barrels. The bubbling and boiling of the fermenting wine fills the air, and the smell is almost strong enough to get drunk upon. The men often do get tipsy, if they remain too long treading the grapes, or drawing off the new wine. But here it is an article of faith that the perfume of the must is the best medicine, and people bring weakly children to tread the grapes and remain in the *tinaia* to breathe the fume-laden air and eat of the fresh grapes; for at vintage-time no peasant or *padrone* refuses grapes to any one who asks. They say that *il buon Dio* has given them plenty, and why should they in their turn not give to those who have nothing? I suppose this universal readiness to give is one reason why there is so little stealing here. You see vines full of fruit close to the roads, and quite unprotected by any sort of fence, and yet no one of the country-side ever takes them. There are, it is true, certain *malfamati* villages, whose inhabitants have the reputation of thieves, and against these and pilferers from the large towns the vineyards are guarded by men armed with guns, with which they keep popping the night through. At times you see twenty or thirty poor people standing quietly looking on, until called up to receive their dole of grapes, with which they go away happy, with their graceful "*Dio ve ne renda merito.*" At home they will mix water with the must they squeeze out of their basket, or apronful, of such ungrudged gifts, and make *mezzo vine* or *acquarello* (water and wine fermented together), for the winter. The same thing is done on a large scale at many *fattorie*. This mixture of wine and water is distributed to the poor in winter, and is the common drink of the workmen about the villa. After the first good wine is drawn off from the vats, the *vinaccia* (skins, grape-stones, and stalks) is put into the wine-press and the second wine pressed out. This wine is good, but considerably rougher, from the larger amount of tannin, due to the skins and stalks, than the wine which is drawn from off the vats after fermentation without any agency of the press. After passing through the press, the clots of *vinaccia* are again put into the vats, and water is poured upon them. In eight or ten days a fresh fermentation takes place,

and the *vinaccia* is once more pressed in the wine-press. This gives *mezzo vino*, or *acquarello*, half-wine, not at all bad, but of course of insufficient body to keep through the summer. For this there is no want of demand at the villa. Besides the rations of the workpeople, there are the "*poveri del buon Dio.*" In Tuscany there are no almshouses or poorhouses, save in the chief towns. Most villas have one or two days in the week when alms are distributed to all who come and ask. Here the gathering of poor occurs every Monday and Thursday at ten in the morning. A hunch of bread, a glass of half-wine, and five centimes are doled out to every applicant, and on Christmas-day any one who brings a *fiasco* has it filled with *mezzo vino*, and gets half a loaf of bread and half a pound of uncooked meat. Such has been the custom, I am told, at this villa, for many hundred years.

Our happy holiday vintaging lasted for five days, and then we went to help the vintaging of one of the *contadini* of the *padrone*. This family had been on the estate for two hundred and eighty years. All their vines were trained Tuscan fashion on maples, and we had the help of ladders and steps to gather the grapes. Half the grapes, and indeed half of all the produce of the land — grain, pumpkins, flax, fruit, or wine, belongs to the *padrone*, who pays all the taxes and buys the cattle. The *contadino* pays no rent for his house, which the *padrone* keeps in repair. The peasant gives the labour, and the master finds the capital.

This is, in rough outline, the system of *mezzeria*, or *métayer* (half-and-half) tenure, still universal in Tuscany. Like all human things, it has two sides, and may be condemned as the most backward, or defended as the most patriarchal and wholesome of systems, binding landlord and tenant in the bond of an obviously common interest, and encouraging the closest and most familiar relations between the two. When the landlord is intelligent, active, and judicious, he may become a centre of enlightenment and improvement to his tenantry; but all his attempts must be made with the most cautious discretion, or he will infallibly frighten, and perhaps alienate, his tenantry, who are thorough conservatives, and love *stare super antiquas vias*. Thus the best commentary on the "Georgics" is still agriculture in action in Tuscany, a passing peep into one of whose most pleasing chapters has been attempted in this paper. JANET ROSS.



From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE HISTORY OF TWINS, AS A CRITERION OF THE RELATIVE POWERS OF NATURE AND NURTURE.\*

BY FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S.

THE exceedingly close resemblance attributed to twins has been the subject of many novels and plays, and most persons have felt a desire to know upon what basis of truth those works of fiction may rest. But twins have many other claims to attention, one of which will be discussed in the present memoir. It is, that their history affords means of distinguishing between the effects of tendencies received at birth, and of those that were imposed by the circumstances of their after lives; in other words, between the effects of nature and of nurture. This is a subject of especial importance in its bearings on investigations into mental heredity, and I, for my part, have keenly felt the difficulty of drawing the necessary distinction whenever I tried to estimate the degree in which mental ability was, on the average, inherited. The objection to statistical evidence in proof of its inheritance has always been: "The persons whom you compare may have lived under similar social conditions and have had similar advantages of education, but such prominent conditions are only a small part of those that determine the future of each man's life. It is to trifling accidental circumstances that the bent of his disposition and his success are mainly due, and these you leave wholly out of account—in fact, they do not admit of being tabulated, and therefore your statistics, however plausible at first sight, are really of very little use." No method of enquiry which I have been able to carry out—and I have tried many methods—is wholly free from this objection. I have therefore attacked the problem from the opposite side, seeking for some new method by which it would be possible to weigh in just scales the respective effects of nature and nurture, and to ascertain their several shares in framing the disposition and intellectual ability of men. The life-history of twins supplies what I wanted. We might begin by enquiring about twins who were closely alike in boyhood and youth, and who were educated together for many years, and learn whether they subsequently grew unlike, and, if so,

what the main causes were which, in the opinion of the family, produced the dissimilarity. In this way we may obtain much direct evidence of the kind we want; but we can also obtain yet more valuable evidence by a converse method. We can enquire into the history of twins who were exceedingly unlike in childhood, and learn how far they became assimilated under the influence of their identical natures; having the same home, the same teachers, the same associates, and in every other respect the same surroundings.

My materials were obtained by sending circulars of enquiry to persons who were either twins themselves or the near relations of twins. The printed questions were in thirteen groups; the last of them asked for the addresses of other twins known to the recipient who might be likely to respond if I wrote to them. This happily led to a continually widening circle of correspondence, which I pursued until enough material was accumulated for a general reconnaissance of the subject.

There is a large literature relating to twins in their purely surgical and physiological aspect. The reader interested in this should consult "*Die Lehre von den Zwillingen*," von L. Kleinwächter, Prag, 1871; it is full of references, but it is also disfigured by a number of numerical misprints, especially in p. 26. I have not found any book that treats of twins from my present point of view.

The reader will easily understand that the word "twins" is a vague expression, which covers two very dissimilar events; the one corresponding to the progeny of animals that have usually more than one young at a birth, and the other corresponding to those double-yolked eggs that are due to two germinal spots in a single ovum. The consequence of this is, that I find a curious discontinuity in my results. One would have expected that twins would commonly be found to possess a certain average likeness to one another; that a few would greatly exceed that degree of likeness, and a few would greatly fall short of it; but this is not at all the case. Twins may be divided into three groups, so distinct that there are not many intermediate instances; namely, strongly alike, moderately alike, and extremely dissimilar. When the twins are a boy and a girl, they are never closely alike; in fact, their origin never corresponds to that of the above-mentioned double-yolked eggs.

I have received about eighty returns of cases of close similarity, thirty-five of which

\* In my "English Men of Science," 1874, p. 12; I treated this subject in a cursory way. It subsequently occurred to me that it deserved a more elaborate enquiry, which I made, and of which this paper is a result.



entered into many instructive details. In a few of these not a single point of difference could be specified. In the remainder, the colour of the hair and eyes were almost always identical; the height, weight, and strength were generally very nearly so, but I have a few cases of a notable difference in these, notwithstanding the resemblance was otherwise very near. The manner and address of the thirty-five pairs of twins is usually described as being very similar, though there often exists a difference of expression familiar to near relatives but unperceived by strangers. The intonation of the voice when speaking is commonly the same, but it frequently happens that the twins sing in different keys. Most singularly, that one point in which similarity is rare is the handwriting. I cannot account for this, considering how strongly handwriting runs in families, but I am sure of the fact. I have only one case in which nobody, not even the twins themselves, could distinguish their own notes of lectures, etc.; barely two or three in which the handwriting was undistinguishable by others and only a few in which it was described as closely alike. On the other hand, I have many in which it is stated to be unlike, and some in which it is alluded to as the only point of difference.

One of my enquiries was for anecdotes as regards the mistakes made by near relatives, between the twins. They are numerous, but not very varied in character. When the twins are children, they have commonly to be distinguished by ribbons tied round their wrist or neck; nevertheless the one is sometimes fed, physicked, and whipped by mistake for the other, and the description of these little domestic catastrophes is usually given to me by the mother, in a phraseology that is somewhat touching by reason of its seriousness. I have one case in which a doubt remains whether the children were not changed in their bath, and the presumed A is not really B, and *vice versa*. In another case an artist was engaged on the portraits of twins who were between three and four years of age; he had to lay aside his work for three weeks, and, on resuming it, could not tell to which child the respective likenesses he had in hand belonged. The mistakes are less numerous on the part of the mother during the boyhood and girlhood of the twins, but almost as frequent on the part of strangers. I have many instances of tutors being unable to distinguish their twin pupils. Thus, two girls used regularly to impose

on their music-teacher when one of them wanted a whole holiday; they had their lessons at separate hours, and the one girl sacrificed herself to receive two lessons on the same day, while the other one enjoyed herself. Here is a brief and comprehensive account: "Exactly alike in all, their schoolmasters never could tell them apart; at dancing-parties they constantly changed partners without discovery; their close resemblance is scarcely diminished by age." The following is a typical school-boy anecdote. Two twins were fond of playing tricks, and complaints were frequently made; but the boys would never own which was the guilty one, and the complainants were never certain which of the two he was. One head master used to say he would never flog the innocent for the guilty, and another used to flog both. No less than nine anecdotes have reached me of a twin seeing his or her reflection in a looking-glass, and addressing it, in the belief it was the other twin in person. I have many anecdotes of mistakes when the twins were nearly grown up. Thus: "Amusing scenes occurred at college when one twin came to visit the other; the porter on one occasion refusing to let the visitor out of the college gates, for, though they stood side by side, he professed ignorance as to which he ought to allow to depart."

Children are usually quick in distinguishing between their parent and his or her twin; but I have two cases to the contrary. Thus, the daughter of a twin says: "Such was the marvellous similarity of their features, voice, manner, etc., that I remember, as a child, being very much puzzled, and I think, had my aunt lived much with us, I should have ended by thinking I had two mothers." The other, a father of twins, remarks: "We were extremely alike, and are so at this moment, so much so that our children up to five and six years old did not know us apart."

I have four or five instances of doubt during an engagement of marriage. Thus: "A married first, but both twins met the lady together for the first time, and fell in love with her there and then. A managed to see her home and to gain her affection, though B went sometimes courting in his place, and neither the lady nor her parents could tell which was which." I have also a German letter, written in quaint terms, about twin brothers who married sisters, but could not easily be distinguished by them.\* In the well-known novel by Mr.

\* I take this opportunity of withdrawing an anecdote.



Wilkie Collins of "Poor Miss Finch," the blind girl distinguishes the twin she loves by the touch of his hand, which gives her a thrill that the touch of the other brother does not. Philosophers have not, I believe, as yet investigated the conditions of such thrills; but I have a case in which Miss Finch's test would have failed. Two persons, both friends of a certain twin lady, told me that she had frequently remarked to them that "kissing her twin sister was not like kissing her other sisters, but like kissing herself—her own hand, for example."

It would be an interesting experiment of twins who were closely alike, to try how far dogs could distinguish them by scent.

I have a few anecdotes of strange mistakes made between twins in adult life. Thus an officer writes: "On one occasion when I returned from foreign service my father turned to me and said, 'I thought you were in London,' thinking I was my brother—yet he had not seen me for nearly four years—our resemblance was so great."

The next and last anecdote I shall give is, perhaps, the most remarkable of those that I have: it was sent me by the brother of the twins, who were in middle life at the time of its occurrence: "A was again coming home from India, on leave; the ship did not arrive for some days after it was due; the twin brother B had come up from his quarters to receive A, and their old mother was very nervous. One morning A rushed in, saying, 'Oh, mother, how are you?' Her answer was, 'No, B, it's a bad joke; you know how anxious I am!' and it was a little time before A could persuade her that he was the real man."

Enough has been said to prove that an extremely close personal resemblance frequently exists between twins of the same sex; and that, although the resemblance usually diminishes as they grow into manhood and womanhood, some cases occur in which the resemblance is lessened in a hardly perceptible degree. It must be borne in mind that the divergence of development, when it occurs, need not be ascribed to the effect of different natures

but that it is quite possible that it may be due to the appearance of qualities inherited at birth, though dormant, like gout, in early life. To this I shall recur.

There is a curious feature in the character of the resemblance between twins, which has been alluded to by a few correspondents: it is well illustrated by the following quotations. A mother of twins says: "There seemed to be a sort of interchangeable likeness in expression, that often gave to each the effect of being more like his brother than himself." Again, two twin brothers, writing to me, after analyzing their points of resemblance, which are close and numerous, and pointing out certain shades of difference, add: "These seem to have marked us through life, though for a while, when we were first separated, the one to go to business, and the other to college, our respective characters were inverted; we both think that at that time we each ran into the character of the other. The proof of this consists in our own recollections, in our correspondence by letter, and in the views which we then took of matters in which we were interested." In explanation of this apparent interchangeableness, we must recollect that no character is simple, and that in twins who strongly resemble each other every expression in the one may be matched by a corresponding expression in the other, but it does not follow that the same expression should be the dominant one in both cases. Now it is by their dominant expressions that we should distinguish between the twins; consequently when one twin has temporarily the expression which is the dominant one in his brother, he is apt to be mistaken for him. There are also cases where the development of the two twins is not strictly *pari passu*; they reach the same goal at the same time, but not by identical stages. Thus: A is born the larger, then B overtakes and surpasses A, and is in his turn overtaken by A, the end being that the twins become closely alike. This process would aid in giving an interchangeable likeness at certain periods of their growth, and is undoubtedly due to nature more frequently than to nurture.

Among my thirty-five detailed cases of close similarity, there are no less than seven in which both twins suffered from some special ailment or had some exceptional peculiarity. One twin writes that she and her sister "have both the defect of not being able to come down stairs quickly, which, however, was not born with them, but came on at the age of twenty."

dote, happily of no great importance, published in "Men of Science," p. 14, about a man personating his twin brother for a joke at supper, and not being discovered by his wife. It was told me on good authority; but I have reason to doubt the fact, as the story is not known to the son of one of the twins. However, the twins in question were extraordinarily alike, and I have many anecdotes about them sent me by the latter gentleman.



Another pair of twins have a slight congenital flexure of one of the joints of the little finger: it was inherited from a grandmother, but neither parents, nor brothers, nor sisters show the least trace of it. In another case, one was born ruptured, and the other became so at six months old. Two twins at the age of twenty-three were attacked by toothache, and the same tooth had to be extracted in each case. There are curious and close correspondences mentioned in the falling-off of the hair. Two cases are mentioned of death from the same disease; one of which is very affecting. The outline of the story was that the twins were closely alike and singularly attached, and had identical tastes; they both obtained government clerkships, and kept house together, when one sickened and died of Bright's disease, and the other also sickened of the same disease and died seven months later.

In no less than nine out of the thirty-five cases does it appear that both twins are apt to sicken at the same time. This implies so intimate a constitutional resemblance, that it is proper to give some quotations in evidence. Thus, the father of two twins says: "Their general health is closely alike; whenever one of them has an illness, the other invariably has the same within a day or two, and they usually recover in the same order. Such has been the case with whooping-cough, chicken-pox, and measles; also with slight bilious attacks, which they have successively. Latterly, they had a feverish attack at the same time." Another parent of twins says: "If anything ails one of them, identical symptoms *nearly always* appear in the other: this has been singularly visible in two instances during the last two months. Thus, when in London, one fell ill with a violent attack of dysentery, and within twenty-four hours the other had precisely the same symptoms." A medical man writes of twins with whom he is well acquainted: "Whilst I knew them, for a period of two years, there was not the slightest tendency towards a difference in body or mind; external influences seemed powerless to produce any dissimilarity." The mother of two other twins, after describing how they were ill simultaneously up to the age of fifteen, adds, that they shed their first milk-teeth within a few hours of each other.

Trousseau has a very remarkable case (in the chapter on asthma) in his important work "*Clinique Médicale*." (In the edition of 1873, it is in vol. ii., p. 473.) It was quoted at length in the original

French, in Mr. Darwin's "Variation under Domestication," vol. ii. p. 252. The following is a translation:—

"I attended twin brothers so extraordinarily alike, that it was impossible for me to tell which was which without seeing them side by side. But their physical likeness extended still deeper, for they had, so to speak, a yet more remarkable pathological resemblance. Thus, one of them, whom I saw at the *Néothermes* at Paris, suffering from rheumatic ophthalmia, said to me, 'At this instant my brother must be having an ophthalmia like mine;' and, as I had exclaimed against such an assertion, he showed me a few days afterwards a letter just received by him from his brother, who was at that time at Vienna, and who expressed himself in these words: 'I have my ophthalmia; you must be having yours.' However singular this story may appear, the fact is none the less exact: it has not been told to me by others, but I have seen it myself; and I have seen other analogous cases in my practice. These twins were also asthmatic, and asthmatic to a frightful degree. Though born in Marseilles, they never were able to stay in that town, where their business affairs required them to go, without having an attack. Still more strange, it was sufficient for them to get away only as far as Toulon in order to be cured of the attack caught at Marseilles. They travelled continually, and in all countries, on business affairs, and they remarked that certain localities were extremely hurtful to them, and that in others they were free from all asthmatic symptoms.

I do not like to pass over here a most dramatic tale in the "*Psychologie Morbide*" of Dr. J. Moreau (de Tours), *Médecin de l'Hospice de Bicêtre*. Paris, 1859, p. 172. He speaks "of two twin brothers who had been confined, on account of monomania, at Bicêtre. . . . Physically the two young men are so nearly alike that the one is easily mistaken for the other. Morally their resemblance is no less complete, and is most remarkable in its details. Thus, their dominant ideas are absolutely the same. They both consider themselves subject to imaginary persecutions; the same enemies have sworn their destruction, and employ the same means to effect it. Both have hallucinations of hearing. They are both of them melancholy and morose; they never address a word to anybody, and will hardly answer the questions that others address to them. They always keep apart and never communicate with



one another. An extremely curious fact which has been frequently noted by the superintendents of their section of the hospital, and by myself, is this. From time to time, at very irregular intervals of two, three, and many months, without appreciable cause, and by the purely spontaneous effect of their illness, a very marked change takes place in the condition of the two brothers. Both of them, at the same time, and often on the same day, rouse themselves from their habitual stupor and prostration; they make the same complaints, and they come of their own accord to the physician, with an urgent request to be liberated. I have seen this strange thing occur, even when they were some miles apart, the one being at Bicêtre and the other living at Sainte-Anne."

Dr. Moreau ranked as a very considerable medical authority, but I cannot wholly accept this strange story without fuller information. Dr. Moreau writes it in too off-hand a way to carry the conviction that he had investigated the circumstances with the sceptic spirit and scrupulous exactness which so strange a phenomenon would have required. If full and precise notes of the case exist, they certainly ought to be published at length. I sent a copy of this passage to the principal authorities among the physicians to the insane in England, asking if they had ever witnessed any similar case. In reply I have received three noteworthy instances, but none to be compared in their exact parallelism with that just given. The details of these three cases are painful, and it is not necessary to my general purpose that I should further allude to them.

There is another curious French case of insanity in twins, which was pointed out to me by Professor Paget, described by Dr. Baume in the "*Annales Médico-Psychologiques*," 4 série, vol. i., 1863, p. 312, of which the following is an abstract. The original contains a few more details, but is too long to quote. François and Martin, fifty years of age, worked as railroad contractors between Quimper and Châteaulin. Martin had twice had slight attacks of insanity. On January 15 a box in which the twins deposited their savings was robbed. On the night of January 23-4 both François (who lodged at Quimper) and Martin (who lived with his wife and children at St. Lorette, two leagues from Quimper) had the same dream at the same hour, three A.M., and both awoke with a violent start, calling out, "I have caught the thief! I have caught the thief!

they are doing mischief to my brother!" They were both of them extremely agitated, and gave way to similar extravagances, dancing and leaping. Martin sprang on his grandchild, declaring that he was the thief, and would have strangled him if he had not been prevented: he then became steadily worse, complained of violent pains in his head, went out of doors on some excuse, and tried to drown himself in the river Steir, but was forcibly stopped by his son, who had watched and followed him. He was then taken to an asylum by gendarmes, where he died in three days. François, on his part, calmed down on the morning of the 24th, and employed the day in inquiring about the robbery. By a strange chance, he crossed his brother's path at the moment when the latter was struggling with the gendarmes; then he himself became maddened, giving way to extravagant gestures, and making incoherent proposals (similar to those of his brother). He then asked to be bled, which was done, and afterwards, declaring himself to be better, went out on the pretext of executing some commission, but really to drown himself in the river Steir, which he actually did, at the very spot where Martin had attempted to do the same thing a few hours previously.

The next point which I shall mention, in illustration of the extremely close resemblance between certain twins, is the similarity in the association of their ideas. No less than eleven out of the thirty-five cases testify to this. They make the same remarks on the same occasion, begin singing the same song at the same moment, and so on; or one would commence a sentence, and the other would finish it. An observant friend graphically described to me the effect produced on her by two such twins whom she had met casually. She said: "Their teeth grew alike, they spoke alike and together, and said the same things, and seemed just like one person." One of the most curious anecdotes that I have received concerning this similarity of ideas was that one twin, A, who happened to be at a town in Scotland, bought a set of champagne-glasses which caught his attention, as a surprise for his brother B; while, at the same time, B, being in England, bought a similar set of precisely the same pattern as a surprise for A. Other anecdotes of a like kind have reached me about these twins.

The last point to which I shall allude regards the tastes and dispositions of the thirty-five pairs of twins. In sixteen cases — that is, in nearly one half of them —



these were described as closely similar; in the remaining nineteen they were much alike, but subject to certain named differences. These differences belonged almost wholly to such groups of qualities as these. The one was the more vigorous, fearless, energetic; the other was gentle, clinging, and timid: or, again, the one was more ardent, the other more calm and gentle; or again, the one was the more independent, original, and self-contained; the other the more generous, hasty, and vivacious. In short, the difference was always that of intensity or energy in one or other of its protean forms: it did not extend more deeply into the structure of the characters. The more vivacious might be subdued by ill health, until he assumed the character of the other; or the latter might be raised by excellent health to that of the former. The difference is in the keynote, not in the melody.

It follows from what has been said concerning the similar dispositions of the twins, the similarity in the associations of their ideas, of their special ailments, and of their illnesses generally, that the resemblances are not superficial, but extremely intimate. I have only two cases altogether of a strong bodily resemblance being accompanied by mental diversity, and one case only of the converse kind. It must be remembered that the conditions which govern extreme likeness between twins are not the same as those between ordinary brothers and sisters (I may have hereafter to write further about this); and that it would be wholly incorrect to generalize from what has just been said about the twins, that mental and bodily likeness are invariably co-ordinate; such being by no means the case.

We are now in a position to understand that the phrase "close similarity" is no exaggeration, and to realize the value of the evidence about to be adduced. Here are thirty-five cases of twins who were "closely alike" in body and mind when they were young, and who have been reared exactly alike up to their early manhood and womanhood. Since then the conditions of their lives have changed; what change of conditions has produced the most variation?

It was with no little interest that I searched the records of the thirty-five cases for an answer; and they gave an answer that was not altogether direct, but it was very distinct, and not at all what I had expected. They showed me that in some cases the resemblance of body and mind had continued unaltered up to old age,

notwithstanding very different conditions of life; and they showed in the other cases that the parents ascribed such dissimilarity as there was wholly, or almost wholly, to some form of illness. In four cases it was scarlet fever; in one case, typhus; in one, a slight effect was ascribed to a nervous fever: then I find effects from an Indian climate; from an illness (unnamed) of nine months' duration; from varicose veins; from a bad fracture of the leg, which prevented all active exercise afterwards; and there were three other cases of ill-health. It will be sufficient to quote one of the returns; in this the father writes:—

"At birth they were *exactly* alike, except that one was born with a bad varicose affection, the effect of which had been to prevent any violent exercise, such as dancing or running, and, as she has grown older, to make her more serious and thoughtful. Had it not been for this infirmity, I think the two would have been as exactly alike as it is possible for two women to be, both mentally and physically; even now they are constantly mistaken for one another."

In only a very few cases is there some allusion to the dissimilarity being partly due to the combined action of many small influences, and in no case is it largely, much less wholly, ascribed to that cause. In not a single instance have I met with a word about the growing dissimilarity being due to the action of the firm free-will of one or both of the twins, which had triumphed over natural tendencies; and yet a large proportion of my correspondents happen to be clergymen whose bent of mind is opposed, as I feel assured from the tone of their letters, to a necessitarian view of life.

It has been remarked that a growing diversity between twins may be ascribed to the tardy development of naturally diverse qualities; but we have a right, upon the evidence I have received, to go further than this. We have seen that a few twins retain their close resemblance through life; in other words, instances do exist of thorough similarity of nature, and in these external circumstances do not create dissimilarity. Therefore, in those cases, where there is a growing diversity, and where no external cause can be assigned either by the twins themselves or by their family for it, we may feel sure that it must be chiefly or altogether due to a want of thorough similarity in their nature. Nay further, in some cases it is distinctly affirmed that the growing dissimi-



larity can be accounted for in no other way. We may therefore broadly conclude that the only circumstance, within the range of those by which persons of similar conditions of life are affected, capable of producing a marked effect on the character of adults, is illness or some accident which causes physical infirmity. The twins who closely resembled each other in childhood and early youth, and were reared under not very dissimilar conditions, either grow unlike through the development of natural characteristics which had lain dormant at first, or else they continue their lives, keeping time like two watches, hardly to be thrown out of accord except by some physical jar. Nature is far stronger than nurture within the limited range that I have been careful to assign to the latter.

The effect of illness, as shown by these replies, is great, and well deserves further consideration. It appears that the constitution of youth is not so elastic as we are apt to think, but that an attack, say of scarlet fever, leaves a permanent mark, easily to be measured by the present method of comparison. This recalls an impression made strongly on my mind several years ago by the sight of a few curves drawn by a mathematical friend. He took monthly measurements of the circumference of his children's heads during the first few years of their lives, and he laid down the successive measurements on the successive lines of a piece of ruled paper, by taking the edge of the paper as a base. He then joined the free ends of the lines, and so obtained a curve of growth. These curves had, on the whole, that regularity of sweep that might have been expected, but each of them showed occasional halts, like the landing-places on a long flight of stairs. The development had been arrested by something, and was not made up for by after growth. Now, on the same piece of paper my friend had also registered the various infantine illnesses of the children, and corresponding to each illness was one of these halts. There remained no doubt in my mind that, if these illnesses had been warded off, the development of the children would have been increased by almost the precise amount lost in these halts. In other words, the disease had drawn largely upon the capital, and not only on the income, of their constitutions. I hope these remarks may induce some men of science to repeat similar experiments on their children of the future. They may compress two years of a child's history on one side of a ruled half-sheet of

foolscap paper if they cause each successive line to stand for a successive month, beginning from the birth of the child; and if they mark off the measurements by laying, not the o-inch division of the tape against the edge of the pages, but, say, the 10-inch division—in order to economize space.

The steady and pitiless march of the hidden weaknesses in our constitutions, through illness to death, is painfully revealed by these histories of twins. We are too apt to look upon illness and death as capricious events, and there are some who ascribe them to the direct effect of supernatural interference, whereas the fact of the maladies of two twins being continually alike, shows that illness and death are necessary incidents in a regular sequence of constitutional changes, beginning at birth, upon which external circumstances have, on the whole, very small effect. In cases where the maladies of the twins are continually alike, the clock of life moves regularly on, governed by internal mechanism. When the hand approaches the hour-mark, there is a sudden click, followed by a whirring of wheels; the moment that it touches it, the stroke falls. Necessitarians may derive new arguments from the life-histories of twins.

We will now consider the converse side of our subject. Hitherto we have investigated cases where the similarity at first was close, but afterwards became less; now we will examine those in which there was great dissimilarity at first, and will see how far an identity of nurture in childhood and youth tended to assimilate them. As has been already mentioned, there is a large proportion of cases of sharply contrasted characteristics, both of body and mind, among twins. I have twenty such cases, given with much detail. It is a fact that extreme dissimilarity, such as existed between Esau and Jacob, is a no less marked peculiarity in twins of the same sex, than extreme similarity. On this curious point, and on much else in the history of twins, I have many remarks to make, but this is not the place to make them.

The evidence given by the twenty cases above mentioned is absolutely accordant, so that the character of the whole may be exactly conveyed by two or three quotations. One parent says: "They have had *exactly the same nurture* from their birth up to the present time; they are both perfectly healthy and strong, yet they are otherwise as dissimilar as two boys could be, physically, mentally, and in their emo-



tional nature." Here is another case: "I can answer most decidedly that the twins have been perfectly dissimilar in character, habits, and likeness from the moment of their birth to the present time, though they were nursed by the same woman, went to school together, and were never separated till the age of fifteen." Here again is one more, in which the father remarks: "They were curiously different in body and mind from their birth." The surviving twin (a senior wrangler of Cambridge) adds: "A fact struck all our school contemporaries, that my brother and I were complementary, so to speak, in point of ability and disposition. He was contemplative, poetical, and literary to a remarkable degree, showing great power in that line. I was practical, mathematical, and linguistic. Between us we should have made a very decent sort of a man." I could quote others just as strong as these, while I have not a single case in which my correspondents speak of originally dissimilar characters having become assimilated through identity of nurture. The impression that all this evidence leaves on the mind is one of some wonder whether nurture can do anything at all beyond giving instruction and professional training. It emphatically corroborates and goes far beyond the conclusions to which we had already been driven by the cases of similarity. In these, the causes of divergence began to act about the period of adult life, when the characters had become somewhat fixed; but here the causes conducive to assimilation began to act from the earliest moment of the existence of the twins, when the disposition was most pliant, and they were continuous until the period of adult life. There is no escape from the conclusion that nature prevails enormously over nurture when the differences of nurture do not exceed what is commonly to be found among persons of the same rank of society and in the same country. My only fear is that my evidence seems to prove too much and may be discredited on that account, as it seems contrary to all experience that nurture should go for so little. But experience is often fallacious in ascribing great effects to trifling circumstances. Many a person has amused himself with throwing bits of stick into a tiny brook and watching their progress; how they are arrested, first by one chance obstacle, then by another; and again, how their onward course is facilitated by a combination of circumstances. He might ascribe much importance to each of these events,

and think how largely the destiny of the stick had been governed by a series of trifling accidents. Nevertheless all the sticks succeed in passing down the current, and they travel, in the long run, at nearly the same rate. So it is with life in respect to the several accidents which seem to have had a great effect upon our careers. The one element, which varies in different individuals, but is constant in each of them, is the natural tendency; it corresponds to the current in the stream, and inevitably asserts itself. More might be added on this matter, and much might be said in qualification of the broad conclusions to which we have arrived, as to the points in which education appears to create the most permanent effect; how far by training the intellect, and how far by subjecting the boy to a higher or lower tone of public opinion; but this is foreign to my immediate object. The latter has been to show broadly, and, I trust, convincingly, that statistical estimation of natural gifts by a comparison of successes in life, is not open to the objection stated at the beginning of this memoir. We have only to take reasonable care in selecting our statistics, and then we may safely ignore the many small differences in nurture which are sure to have characterized each individual case.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### THE SEA AND THE SAHARA.

It is seriously proposed to open communication with Soudan and other regions of Central Africa by means of a canal three or four hundred miles long, debouching at one end into the Mediterranean, and at the other into an inland sea that when made shall equal in extent the two counties of Kent and Sussex put together. A port is to be made on the outer as well as the inner—that is to say, on the Constantine and Soudan—coast; and when it is considered that all the merchandise from the latter country has at present to be carried to the ports of Tripoli and Morocco on foot, it will be seen that the scheme aims at an enormous gain in time and cheapness of transport. At present, so greatly do the natives dread their Algerian and Tunisian neighbours that they never enter their territories if they can avoid it, thus preferring the longer and more costly transit. What products of Soudan do reach Algerian and European markets are therefore scarce



and dear. These are chiefly of a costly kind: gold-dust, ivory, skins, ostrich feathers, gum arabic, ottar of roses, indigo and other dyes, etc. — a single camel-load often representing not less than three hundred pounds. The commerce between Algeria and Soudan at present amounts to about a million and a half pounds sterling of export, and pretty nearly the same of import, the chief articles in demand being cotton goods, cutlery, and weapons. In consequence of the insecurity of the journey from Algeria into the interior and *vice versâ*, and the necessary transport of merchandise to the ports of Morocco and Tripoli, many efforts have been made by the Algerian government to conciliate the Touaregs, through whose country the caravans bound to Soudan and Timbuctoo have to pass. In 1859 Marshal Péligrier tried to make a treaty with them. Some Touareg chiefs were invited to Paris to confer on the subject, and an interview was arranged to take place at Ghadamez, the ancient Cydämus, for the purpose of settling a commercial treaty between the Touaregs and Algeria. The arrival of the French envoys in that remote district created a great sensation, and the meeting ended in an agreement, according to which the Touareg caravans on the one hand, and the Algerian on the other, were to pursue their journeys unmolested. But the disastrous events of 1870 and 1871 intervened, and for a time put a stop to all intercourse with the interior. The French territories in Algeria were in insurrection, and the movement was not quelled without much difficulty. In 1873 two enterprising French travellers — the first under the auspices of the Société de Géographie, the second under those of the Chambre de Commerce d'Algérie — attempted to renew commercial relations with Soudan. M. Dupère was treacherously murdered on his way from Ghadamez, southward; M. Soleilles, more cautious in his movements, stopped at a commercial station north of the Sahara, and there exhibited specimens of European merchandise with a view to tempt the natives to trade. The mission was not successful, in consequence of the high price demanded for their goods by the Soudan traders; but we believe it is to be repeated. More successful have been the efforts of a learned Jew of Morocco, the Rabbi Mardochée (Mordecai), to whose enterprise public attention has been drawn on more than one occasion. Born in an oasis of Morocco, Mardochée is a striking example of the energy and the adventurous spirit of his

race. Having travelled much and made himself acquainted with the languages and the commercial relations and habits of other countries, he is the first who opened a bank at Timbuctoo. After ten years' labour, and on the eve of seeing his undertaking rewarded, his caravans were pillaged by the Touaregs, and he returned to his own country poorer than he set out. The French Geographical Society, however, and his own people, made up a fund to enable him to undertake another journey, and a second time he has set out for Timbuctoo, with scientific as well as commercial objects.

Now a far bolder scheme is occupying the minds alike of merchants and men of science in France and Algeria. Among its warmest supporters are Captain Roudaire, M. Duveyrier, the author of "*Les Touaregs du Nord*," M. Le Verrier, M. de Lesseps, and others; while the Assemblée Nationale, the Académie des Sciences, the Société de Géographie, and the Ministère des Travaux Publics, have given countenance to the undertaking. The late expedition of inquiry under Captain Roudaire has been reported by M. Duveyrier before the Geographical Society of Paris, and the paper is full of interest from many points of view. A naturalist, geologist, physician, and land-surveyor were attached to the expedition, which was protected by thirty soldiers. During the four months and a half spent by the exploring party in investigating the region mapped out for the enterprise, many valuable additions were made to the slender knowledge possessed of the Algerian Sahara. To understand the district under survey, it will be necessary to glance at the map, where the so-called "*Pays des Chotts*" will be found south of Constantine. *Chott*, an Arabic word, signifying *marais*, or marsh, fen, swamp, is applied to large tracts of country possessing those characteristics, the largest of which is called Chott Meghigh. A map of the "*Pays des Chotts*" is shortly to be published by the Geographical Society of Paris, and it is here that the exploring party set to work. The description of this region is exceedingly curious. In some places the chief feature is what the Arabs call *bakhbākha* — that is to say, beds of rivers baked to a reddish colour by the sun and charged with crystals of salt. In the winter and spring these river-beds are filled by the rains and snow from the mountains. In summer the water disappears.

In other places there are vast chalky



plains of never-varying monotony; here the phenomenon of mirage is frequently witnessed. M. Duveyrier made many attempts to reproduce the aerial capes, isles, and mountains before him, but without success. In other places were found quagmires, known to the Arabs as *borma*, gulfs of liquid mud, in which an unwary horseman of the party was near being fatally engulfed. The Arab population of the Algerian Sahara have the tradition that one of these Chotts, Chott-es-Selam, was once covered with a sheet of water. They say that the Chott-es-Selam was a lake at the time of the conquest of their country by the Mahommedans, in the year 681 of our era. Since the year A.D. 1200, the Chott has gradually dried up, and during the last hundred years no recollection of water covering its bed has been handed down. M. Duveyrier says that, without any knowledge of ancient authors, or of this or any other tradition, a common sailor would affirm the same thing from the quantities of shells found, broken or entire, in some spots on the Chotts. The exploring party entered the Sahara from the north, and proceeded south as far as Chegga; there they found a variety of desert plants and shrubs. To the north of Chegga they found reeds of enormous length and a small species of bamboo, which makes hiding-places for wild boar and birds. Here exists an Arab tradition of an ancient settlement of twenty-five villages, all entirely destroyed

by an inundation of the river Djedi. By the side of the river-beds many plants grow; but on the sandy plains of the desert proper the tamarisk often grows alone. M. Duveyrier describes how, on the 9th of January, a number of little plants sprang up in the district of El-Faïd, to the great joy of the shepherds, who could then reckon on herbage for their goats and sheep. The oases of Souf are portrayed in terms which seem to bring an earthly paradise before our eyes; here are villages surrounded by palm-groves, gardens teeming with flowers and fruit, fields of emerald breaking the monotony of the rolling sands. Later on, again, the travellers rested at a place described in such terms that many travellers will be tempted to follow them. It is called Negrin, a town built on a mountain-side, within reach of the grand Roman ruins of Besseriani, girt with orchards and olive-gardens, and with a river winding by. The observations resulted in fixing the latitude and longitude of many places, and a collection was made of geological and natural-history specimens, dried plants, seeds, etc. The region explored by M. Duveyrier is so little known that these details would be welcome generally, but they are all the more so when they are given in reference to an enterprise which (if carried out) will place the gold and ivory of Soudan within easy reach of London markets.

DR. HANS HILDEBRAND, the Swedish antiquary, has just made a peculiarly interesting discovery in the neighbourhood of Christianstad. At Nymö, near that town, a tumulus from the bronze age was examined, in which, under a great heap of stones, were found two burnt corpses and a small bronze ring. In a stone chest close by were found the bones of about twenty persons, all buried in a sitting posture, together with two amber beads and a bone spearhead. But the most important discoveries were made in a wholly untouched "jettestue" at Fjelkinge. By the side of the entrance were several hundred fragments of richly ornamented clay pots, and two flint axes. Inside were found human skeletons, a quantity of amber, a perforated animal tooth, four bone vessels, flint knives, etc. In the southern portion of the chamber itself were the bones of four sitting figures, and a skull was picked up in perfect preservation. Unfortunately, the roof gave way, which made it

impossible to investigate the northern part of the chamber. Bones of domestic animals were scattered everywhere. The great importance of this discovery consists in the strong additional evidence it gives of the existence of domestic animals in Sweden during the stone age.

It is announced that the long-lost "Madonna with the Child," of Vandyck, of which countless copies exist in various parts of Europe, has at last been discovered in the original. The picture has formed the altar-piece to the chapel of an obscure German cloister, and was found there by the Flemish painter Georg van Haanen. After slight restoration it is now to be seen entirely uninjured and in its pristine condition.



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning  
Vol. CXXVII. }

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## NOTES ON THE FIRTH.

## IV. — TWILIGHT.

The sunset's roses faint and fain decline.  
Inshore the still sea shimmers scale on  
scale,

Like an enormous coat of magic mail —  
Sheet silver shot with tremulous opaline.

Rare boats traverse it, glidingly supine.  
The Inchkeith light by moments flashes  
pale.

The distance darkles, and a far grey sail  
Melts vague into the solemn evenshine.

The thickening dusk is quick with pattering  
feet

And swishing dresses, and the airs of June  
With broad sea-scents and blown cigars are  
sweet;

And over yonder, where the ripples beat,  
Sweethearts are wandering, while the yel-  
lowing moon

Sails the blue lift, and wide stars glance and  
greet.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

Macmillan's Magazine.

## A SONG FOR GALATEA.

A DOUBTFUL stir, a sound yet not a sound,  
Again the stillness, now a whisper breathed  
And lost in breathing — now a growing light  
And laughter, laughter from the rosy east  
With quickening air and music : on they drive,  
Riot of nymph and triton — strange sea-  
beast —

Foam-flashed and shaken jewels : throned o'er  
all,

Queen of the pomp yet gentlier than a queen,  
Fenced from rough sport yet tuned for merry  
play,

Rides Galatea, fairest maid that charms  
The wild-eyed sea-birds, 'tween the sea and  
sky.

Galatea, here to thee,  
Queen of mirth and jollity,  
Raise we loud our jocund song,  
Shouting with thy triton throng, —  
Shouting, as their horns out ring  
At the pleasant song we sing, —  
Shouting, merry maid, to thee,  
Queen of mirth and jollity.

Ay, perchance on yonder shore  
Acis leads his flock once more,  
Stares entranced across the wave,  
Hopeful of thy pageant brave.  
Ay, perchance — or Polypheme,  
Where the mountain torrents stream,  
Slow to think and slow to move,  
Slowly feels the force of love

Rising through his monstrous frame,  
Till his great lips shape thy name,  
Galatea, hailing thee  
Queen of mirth and jollity.

When young Raphael did stand  
Lone on Adriatic strand,  
Peering far across the brine,  
What saw he save charms of thine ?  
Turned he from the virgin's face,  
From her sweet religious grace,  
From the chamber tapestried,  
Turned as bridegroom to his bride,  
Turned afire with sea-king's mood,  
Laughed in glory where he stood  
Shouting loud across the sea —  
Galatea, fresh and free,  
Maiden queen, I paint for thee !

I meseems am Acis now  
For one moment's joy, as thou,  
Tossing all thy tresses free  
To the wild wind's revelry,  
Look'st with wide and wayward eyes  
Into mine. Before me rise  
Pomps and pageants pure and bright,  
Meté for Raphael's delight,  
When he passed from cloister dim,  
Saw thee all in sunshine swim,  
Gave his loyal heart to thee,  
Queen of light and liberty.

Queen, let me thy presence greet,  
Let me plunge to kiss thy feet,  
Roll amid thy jocund throng,  
Winding shell or shouting song,  
Where all day the clear green waves  
High above thy shadowed caves  
Toss their flying crests in glee,  
And the brave breeze fitfully  
Bears the goodly smell of brine ;  
Galatea, make me thine,  
Singer of sweet songs to thee,  
Queen of light and liberty.

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. R. S.

## AN UNSPOKEN QUESTION.

I THOUGHT I must be dreaming  
The day you whispered low,  
And told me the sweet secret  
That I alone must know.

I listened quite in silence,  
Perhaps you thought me cold ;  
My heart was overflowing  
With tenderness untold.

Just for one fleeting moment,  
One only, did you stay.  
Were you and I both dreaming  
That happy summer's day ?

Blackwood's Magazine.



From The Edinburgh Review.  
THE RERESBY MEMOIRS.\*

THIS volume is the first complete edition of a work which has been long recognized as of no ordinary historical value. "Reresby's Memoirs," as they have been commonly called, have always held a prominent place among the records of observers of his day; and even in the form in which they have hitherto appeared, they have ranked with Pepys', Luttrell's, and Evelyn's "Diaries," with North's "Examen" and the "Life of Guildford," as illustrating English court life and politics, during the eventful reigns of the two last Stuarts. The character of the author, indeed, is not interesting or attractive, nor was his power of discernment keen, his taste refined, or his fancy vivid. There was nothing noble in him, from his own showing; a cautious, selfish, and rather mean nature made him a careful trimmer in public life, with a steady eye to his own advancement, though not without a certain sense of honour; quick and sudden in quarrel, after the custom of the age, he was a timeserver and morally weak; and his descriptions of men and things, though truthful, are wanting in force and somewhat commonplace. Nevertheless the accidents of his position have given importance to his experiences; and his recollections possess the merit which belongs to the work of a patient chronicler who has taken part in memorable events, has been intimate with many of the chief actors on the stage of affairs in a stirring time, and has accurately set down, from day to day, what he saw and heard in a busy world of intrigue, faction, and revolutionary change, alternating with more quiet scenes, in the midst of which his fortune was cast. The memoirs, accordingly, have been a quarry from which writers on the reigns of Charles and James the Second have drawn a store of precious material; they were probably studied by David Hume; they have been more than once referred to by Hallam; and, in several places, they largely enter the course of Macaulay's all-absorbing narra-

tive. Yet, as had been suspected, a considerable part of these useful papers remained unknown; and, as we have said, they now appear in their full integrity for the first time. Until the present volume was published, indeed, it was impossible even to guess how widely different were the accepted versions of the Reresby memoirs from the genuine and perfect text of the author. Two editions of the collection were printed as correct, the first as long ago as 1734, the second in 1813; but neither can be called an honest book, or has any pretence to fulness or accuracy; and both depart in important matters from Reresby's language, meaning, and even positive statements. The trustees of the British Museum having obtained possession of the original MS., it now finally sees the light: and the present edition has been enriched by a series of letters, not without value, addressed by Reresby to the great Lord Halifax, and supplied by Lord Spencer, with characteristic kindness, from the treasures of Spencer House and Althorpe. Though we cannot say that the complete memoirs, as we see them, at last, in their true shape, have changed our estimate of the author's career, and have largely added to the facts of history, they undoubtedly, in the words of the editor, form what is "substantially a new work." On some points they remove misconceptions which seemed to rest on very high authority, but are now found to have no such warrant; and, in a few particulars, they really increase our knowledge as regards the events of the time. The great value, however, of the present volume is that by reproducing the author's language, and publishing a variety of details omitted in the two first editions, it makes Reresby's narrative more life-like, and brings out in clearer relief his picture of the England of his day; and this certainly has largely augmented the interest of the book as a whole. As for the manner in which the work has been edited there is assuredly room for much improvement. Mr. Cartwright ought to have pointed out with care the differences between this and previous editions,\* a task he has not even

\* *The Memoirs of Sir John Reresby, 1634-1689.* Edited from the original MS. By JAMES J. CARTWRIGHT, M.A. London: 1875.

\* We notice some of these differences here; a closer



attempted; and he has not indicated the new matter, occasionally of no little importance, which is now published for the first time. His preface, too, is meagre in the extreme; he is singularly sparing in notes and dates; and if he has given us Reresby's text, with blanks, we suspect,

examination would, doubtless, discover more. The edition of 1734, which has become very scarce, contains hardly half the matter of the present edition, the entire of Reresby's travels being left out in it, and whole paragraphs being replaced by a meagre epitome. The editor, too, has omitted most of the personal and somewhat scandalous anecdotes which have been restored in the present edition — no doubt because in 1734 these reminiscences would have given offence to persons still living — and he repeatedly substitutes a colourless phrase for Reresby's homely, but occasionally expressive language. As might, besides, have been expected in the case of a compiler for the general public in the reign of George II., he leaves out whole passages which might detract, however slightly, from the Revolution of 1688 and its associations; and he even ventures to interpolate inventions of his own reflecting on the fallen dynasty and its system of government. How widely the edition of 1734 departs from the genuine memoirs, even in specific statements, the following will show: — (1) The edition of 1734 repeats the story of a marriage of Henrietta Maria with the old Earl of St. Albans, in order probably to disparage the queen; not a word of this is to be found in the present edition. (2) The Dutch invasion of 1667, and the advance of the Dutch fleet to Chatham, are distinctly chronicled in the present edition; there is no allusion to these events in that of 1734. (3) An account of the siege and relief of Vienna figures in the edition of 1734, with the view, perhaps, of discrediting the neutrality of England in 1682-3; from the present edition it would appear that Reresby never referred to either. (4) The edition of 1734 dwells, even in minute detail, on the quarrel of Louis XIV. and the Parliament of Paris with the pope; the present edition shows that all this was interpolated and was, doubtless, inserted to draw a contrast between the independence of France and the dependence of England on Rome. (5) The edition of 1734 states that Ferguson was taken prisoner after the battle of Sedgemoor; the text of the present edition, in which Ferguson is spelled Farquison, is that he was slain; a point to be noticed by future commentators on Macaulay, who refers in the history, in a note, to the stories on this subject. (6) The edition of 1734 is silent on Reresby's love-affair with Miss Hamilton, one of the most curious episodes in his book, and on nearly all that relates to the families of the Dukes of Norfolk and Newcastle, of Buckingham and Halifax. On the other hand, it puts words into the mouth of the Duchess of Portsmouth and of people who conversed with her, which do not appear in the present edition, and, indeed, could not be properly published in our age; there was no necessity, in 1734, to be squeamish with respect to Louise de Querouaille, a Frenchwoman long forgotten in England. As regards the edition of 1813, it is, for the most part, a reprint of that of 1734, with innumerable errors of the press to distinguish it; but it has a long supplementary narrative of Reresby's travels, obtained, it is said, from a MS. in the possession of Topham Beauclerk, but certainly not the composition of Reresby.

for ears polite, we regret that he has not printed the orthography of the old-fashioned diarist, a very decided mistake, we think, in the case of a work which professes to be an exact transcript of an old MS.

Sir John Reresby was born in 1634, a scion of a family which had been settled for generations at Thrybergh in Yorkshire. The annals of the house, which he collected with the pride of a gentleman of that age, probably resembled those of most of his neighbours who formed the rural *noblesse* of his county. A Reresby figured among the Crusaders; the race felt the shock of the Wars of the Roses; and in later times it gave a succession of sheriffs and justices to the West Riding, and often received the honour of knighthood. Reresby tells us how one of his ancestors wasted his substance at the court of Elizabeth; how another was fined in the Star Chamber; how the lands of a third were despoiled by wardship; and he notes with care the marriages of the daughters of the name, and the pedigrees of all those connected with it. At the great crisis of the Civil War, the Reresbys took the side of the crown; their head, a Sir John, who had been made a baronet, and had received many of those attentions from Charles I. which the Stuart princes so gracefully bestowed, lost part of his estate in the king's service; and several of the family fought with distinction under Monckton, Langdale, and other commanders. On the death of Sir John in 1646, the author, then a child, became his successor; and he came into a wrecked inheritance as was then the fortune of many a royalist. He was brought up, however, with no common care by a mother who seems to have had fine parts, and at eighteen he possessed accomplishments superior to those of most youths of his order, which afterwards stood him in good stead. As Trinity College, Cambridge, under the Protector's rule, would not acknowledge "his rank as a nobleman," young Sir John set off in 1654, to finish his education by a course of travel, and during the next four years he remained abroad, England and London, especially, as he tells us, being then dangerous abodes



for men of position. After a short stay at the celebrated college of Saumur — the Huguenot foundation of Duplessis Mornay had utterly fallen off from its rigid discipline — having met a number of gallant adventurers at Le Mans, Lyons, and other places, he crossed the Alps and visited Italy; and having beheld the splendid pageants of Venice, and passed through Germany just in time to witness an imperial election at Frankfort, and to admire the magnificence of the French embassy, he returned down the Rhine to the Low Countries. The diary, which he now began to keep, describes this tour on the whole pleasantly; but it is already marked by the reticent caution, which was a distinctive feature of Reresby's character; and the youth informs us that he took good care to stand aloof from the royalist exiles who, at this juncture, swarmed over the Continent, from fear of Oliver's ever-present spies. In 1658 Sir John saw England again; he gives us this sketch of republican London, as the Commonwealth was verging to a close: —

The citizens and common people of London had then so far imbibed the customs and manners of a commonwealth, that they could scarce endure the sight of a gentleman, so that the common salutation to a man well dressed was "French dog," or the like. Walking one day in the street with my *valet de chambre*, who did wear a feather in his hat, some workmen that were mending the street abused him and threw sand upon his clothes; at which he drew his sword, thinking to follow the custom of France in the like cases. This made the rabble fall upon him and me, who had drawn, too, in his defence, till we got shelter in a house, not without injury to our bravery and some blows to ourselves.

The following shows Reresby's conception of Cromwell; like most even of Cavalier writers, he acknowledges the greatness of their illustrious foe: —

On September the 3rd, 1658, died the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, one of the greatest and bravest men, had his career been good, the world ever produced. For his actions, I leave them to be inquired after in history; for his person, having never seen him very near but once, at the audience of an ambassador in Whitehall, I can only give this description of him, that his figure did noways promise

what he performed. He was personable, but not handsome, nor did he look great nor bold. He was plain in his apparel, and rather affected a negligence than a genteel garb. He had tears at his will, and was certainly the deepest dissembler on earth.

This passage strikingly illustrates the weakness and strength of the Commonwealth after its great head had fallen: —

I was in London some part of this summer, when by the disputes between our new governors, the ambition of some and jealousies of others, the dislike of the Parliament's proceedings on one hand and the haughty and insolent demeanour of the officers of the army on the other, it was easy to discern that a door was opening for the king's return into England; and yet, to show the effect of fear (for all the Rump and the army were even detested by the generality of the nation as well as all Christendom), yet were they congratulated in their new power from all foreign princes; and I was present at a dinner given to Lambert and other officers of the army at the charge of the city of London, which was more costly and splendid than any of those many which I have since seen given by that city to his Majesty; so much more is awe prevalent than love.

Sir John was in France again in 1659; and as Charles II. and his brothers had been banished the kingdom, in deference to the demands of Cromwell, the young cavalier thought he might venture to offer his respects to Henrietta Maria, then in exiled state at the Palais Royal. Misfortune probably had made the royal house of England more than ordinarily condescending to visitors from home; but it is certainly curious, and a signal proof how all who belonged to the Stuarts could unbend — that the queen should have admitted a stranger, without any pretensions to special favour, into extreme intimacy in her domestic circle. Sir John thus describes how he romped and played with the fair young girl who became afterwards the lovely and ill-fated Duchess of Orleans: —

Few Englishmen making this their court, made me the better received; besides, speaking the language of that country, and dancing passably well, the young princess, then aged about fifteen years, used me with all the civil freedom that might be; made me dine with



her, played on the harpsichord to me in her Highness's chamber, suffered me to attend upon her as she walked in the garden with the rest of her retinue, and sometimes to toss her in a swing made of a cable, which she sat upon, tied between two trees; and, in fine, suffered me to be present at most of her innocent diversions.

Reresby, indeed, was more than fortunate in his acquaintance at this time. Among the Cavalier families then living in Paris was that of the famous Anthony Hamilton, and the unknown young gentleman actually became a favoured suitor for the prized hand of the radiant damsel who, in years to come, won the heart of the brilliant and fickle Grammont. The bright Elizabeth, it is true, had not yet shone the evening star of Whitehall and St. James's; but it is strange that the beauty, whose winning face still charms us on the canvas of Lely, should have even thought of one who, as he tells us himself, was mean in appearance and not well-favoured, and positively seems to have thought it troublesome to join in the dance with Hortensia Mancini. Sir John dwells on this courtship in these frigid terms:—

Amongst others was the daughter of my Lady Hamilton, wife of Sir George Hamilton, and sister to the Duke of Ormond, whom I liked so well that after she came with her mother to England, as she did soon after, I had probably married her, had not my friends strongly opposed it, she being a Papist, and her fortune not being great at present. She married afterwards the Count de Grammont, brother to the duke of that name now in France.

A special recommendation from Henrietta Maria, by whom he was evidently much liked, introduced Reresby to Charles II., and for some time after the Restoration Sir John was frequently seen at Whitehall. During this period he led the life of most of the young Cavaliers of the day emancipated from the Puritan yoke; and it is significant of the era that though a cool-headed man, he was what we should now call a ferocious duellist, and, as he said himself, "not a little debauched." With characteristic prudence, however, he endeavoured to mend his fortune at court; but though Charles listened to his solicitations with the courtesy of the most good-natured of the Stuarts, his efforts at first met no success. He thus describes the state of affairs in England during the loyal transports of the Restoration:—

The kingdom at this time was very rich, and

all people well satisfied with the king's return, or such as were not durst not oppose the current by seeming otherwise. . . . The king at this time did not too much trouble himself with business. All things went on calmly and easily. He had a Parliament faithfully inclined to the crown and the Church, ready to do what he could reasonably desire for the service of either. . . . The business was much left to the management of the Earl of Clarendon, then lord chancellor; and the king, as he was of an age and vigour for it, followed his pleasures; and if amongst these love prevailed with him more than others, he was thus far excusable, besides that his complexion led to it, the women seem to be the aggressors.

In 1665, Sir John married a "Mistress Frances Brown," whose extraordinary beauty, he tells us, "put Mistress Hamilton quite out of his mind," but who proved a flower that has blushed unseen. When the young couple first set up house, their income was less than 400*l.* a year, perhaps equal to double that sum in our day; and these were the appointments of a Cavalier who had been favoured by the loveliest girl of the court, and had made a certain figure at Whitehall:—

I came with my family to Thrybergh, where I found my house in a ruinous condition, and all the furniture removed to Beverley, where my stepfather had built a house and lived with my mother; except four beds, six dishes, six pair of sheets, some furniture for the kitchen, six silver spoons, a large silver salt (given me by Sir Francis Foljambe, my godfather), and some old heirlooms, some eight old pictures, and as many books, with very little more; and with this stock I began the world.

During the following eight or nine years, Reresby led the life of a country gentleman, occasionally visiting the distant capital. A prudent and money-making man, he contrived largely to increase his fortune; and as jointures fell in and rents rose, he rapidly emerged from the state of poverty in which he had been left at his father's death. One of the characteristics, indeed, of the time was the marked progress of the country in wealth; and when Sir John writes how he laid out new gardens and pleasure-grounds at Thrybergh, how lath and plaster were replaced by stone in the buildings around the ancient hall, how the park was enlarged and fish-ponds dug, he was noticing a process which was going on with little variation all over England. During this period he took part, like others of his age, in the local administration of the surrounding district; as sheriff for the West Riding he held high state in his year at York; he often "delivered the charge" at Roth-



eram Sessions; and as a deputy-lieutenant he mustered a troop at parades and reviews of the Yorkshire militia, and sometimes drew a blade when occasional risings of old Commonwealth men were summarily put down, the expiring embers of a mighty conflagration. What is most remarkable, however, in his life at this time was his extreme intimacy with the neighbouring magnates; he entertained the princely and brilliant Buckingham in the friendliest way at his own board; he had the full confidence of the Duke of Newcastle; and other lords and ladies of high degree were evidently his familiar acquaintance. Reresby certainly possessed the art of pleasing the great; but this association points to a general truth; and probably the gentleman of ancient lineage was more nearly the equal of the noble at this time than he has been at any subsequent period. In that age birth more than titles determined station; it was not until the eighteenth century that the Cavalier, shut out from high social life, acquired the habits of Squire Western, and the "Hanoverian" peerage grew into a caste; and though the position of the country gentleman has since improved, he has been somewhat eclipsed by the aristocracy of wealth. It should be observed, too, that the very highest in the land were assiduous in courting the county-families: for example, the Duke and Duchess of York went regularly to what was then known as their town; and the following shows how free from restraint and etiquette were their ordinary ways:—

Most of the gentry attended at York whilst their Highnesses were there. The duke passed his time in shooting and other exercises, the duchess in receiving the ladies, which she did very obligingly. One evening having a little snake (which I kept in bran in a box) in my hand as I was in the presence, one of the maids of honour seeing of it was frightened. The duchess, hearing the noise, and what was the occasion, desired to see the snake, and took it into her hand without any fear.

These memoirs also show how jovial and easy was the old-fashioned English life of the time, even then free from the harsh distinctions of class which were the curse of the upper orders in France. Take, for instance, this picture of Christmas at Thrybergh, when Reresby had become comparatively rich:—

I had more company this Christmas than heretofore. The four first days of the new year all my tenants of Thrybergh, Brinsford,

Denby, Mexborough, Hooton Roberts, and Rotheram dined with me; the rest of the time some fourscore of gentlemen and yeomen, with their wives, were invited, besides some that came from York; so that all the beds in the house, and most in the town, were taken up. There were seldom less than fourscore, counting all sorts of people, that dined in the house every day, and Sunday many more. On New Year's Day, chiefly, there dined above three hundred, so that whole sheep were roasted, and served up to feed them. For music I had five violins, besides bagpipes, drums, and trumpet.

The corporation of Sheffield cutlers thus feasted Sir John and his lady:—

I went with my wife and family to the cutlers' feast at Sheffield with some neighbours. I took with me the number of near thirty horse. The master and wardens, attended by an infinite crowd, met me at the entrance into the town, with music and hautboys. I alighted from my coach, and went afoot with the master to the hall, where we had an extraordinary dinner; but this was at the charge of the corporation of cutlers. In the afternoon the burgesses of the town invited me and all the company to a treat of wine at a tavern, where we were very well entertained.

Reresby, who had made himself a name as a good man of business, was invited, in 1674, to contest one of the seats for Aldborough, a place since relegated to Schedule A. The constituency was, even then, as he tells us, "mean;" and the right to elect \* was fiercely disputed between "the owners of nine burghage houses," who multiplied votes by splitting freeholds, and two or three dozen "scot and lot" voters. Sir John was returned after a sharp contest marked by some curious electioneering tricks; and at this point his public career begins, and his memoirs acquire more general interest. Having lived at home in Yorkshire for many years, he was now quite a stranger at Whitehall; and, when he took his seat, he undoubtedly belonged to what was known as the country party, the opposition which, for some time, had been growing up in the Cavalier Parliament, and had indignantly resented the policy of the Cabal, the truckling of Charles to French influence, and the tendency of the court to favour Popery. He was led up to the chair by Lords Russell and Cavendish, the recognized leaders of this great following; his maiden speech was against the Jesuits who held the conscience of the

\* Reresby, however, mentions that the voters were altogether about sixty-six in number; in 1831 they did not exceed sixty-four.



Duke of York; and he professed truly patriotic sentiments against the neglect of the fleet, the power of France, and the scandalous shutting-up of the Exchequer. Danby, however, who had just come into office, and, being a county neighbour, knew his man perfectly, was not discomposed at these demonstrations; and before long the adroit minister, a master of the art of Parliamentary corruption, had wholly won over the recreant M.P. The conversion was completed by Charles himself, who, recently embarked in the struggle with Shaftesbury, pursued skilfully the art of a canvasser, and left nothing undone to gain votes and to influence members of the House of Commons. The following records the interview of the king with Reresby; the duplicity and cynicism of the royal schemer, whose secret aims were in exact opposition to his words, are as characteristic as his courtesy and assumed frankness:—

The king said he had known me long, and hoped that I knew him so well that I should not believe these reports of him. "I know," says he, "it is said I intend the subversion of the religion and government; that I intend to govern by the army and arbitrary power, to lay aside Parliaments, and to raise money by other ways. But every man (nay of those who say it the most) know it is false. There is no subject that lives under me whose safety and well-doing I desire less than my own, and should be as sorry to invade his property and liberty as that another should invade mine." "Those members," said the king, "that pretend to this great zeal for the public good are of two kinds, either such as would subvert the government themselves, and bring it to a commonwealth again; or such as seem to join with that party and talk loudly against the court, hoping to have their mouths stopped by places or preferments." Indeed my lord treasurer had named some of the heads of that party to me who had desired such and such things of the king, and would have come over upon these terms.

From this time forward Reresby became a useful and supple instrument of the court: The means by which his allegiance was secured show how perfectly, even at this time, ministerial influence had become a system. Coarse bribery was not attempted in his case; but his vote and support were skilfully made safe by indirect corruption of various kinds. Charles introduced him to the Duchess of Portsmouth; called him into the royal box "at the French play;" familiarly "laid his hand on his shoulder;" in a word, practised on his dupe those arts of persuasion in which he was eminent even

among the Stuarts. A false but dangerous charge against Sir John was also conveniently hushed up; and Danby gratified him with little favours, and held before him the prospect of a military post. At the same time, a petition against his return for Aldborough having been preferred, great exertions were made to save his seat; the king and the Duke of York interfered in his favour; and members of Parliament who held places at court were peremptorily enjoined to vote in his favour. How this last-named influence was strenuously used may be gathered from the following:—

At the duke's levee I desired him to order his people once more to attend the committee that afternoon (it being the day of my election). The Duke of Monmouth, to whom I had made an application, told me he had already ordered all the officers that were Parliament men to be there, for he then was declared general. The king was so zealous for me that he had charged some of his servants, with some threats, to attend the trial, as I was told, not being by, and himself confirmed it to me as he came out of his bedchamber. My lord treasurer told me the same, and carried me with him in his coach that day to the House, ordering two of his gentlemen to be at the lobby-door to speak to Parliament men as they came in.

Devices like these made the late patriot a mere "king's friend" and tool of the minister. Sir John discreetly saw the error of his ways, and became convinced that the country party were factious and wrong when they claimed from Charles an assurance that war with France was meant, and looked with jealousy at the prospect of a standing army. Reresby, indeed, seems to have done worse than merely change his side of the House; by his own showing, he made Danby aware of more than one project of his old associates, and he acted, perhaps, as a spy upon them. His conduct exasperated the opposition; and a vote of the committee of privileges, which declared him unseated—though he contrived to retain his seat by an accident—was welcomed with a satisfaction he thus describes:—

My adversaries had made me more considerable than I deserved to be, not only by the great opposition they made against me, but by giving a halloo in the House by way of triumph when they found I had lost it. "Well," said the duke (of York), "be not discouraged; if you go out of the House we must make use of you in some other station more considerable." I heard that the king, when he was acquainted by somebody that the opposite party had given this kind of halloo (or noise



of joy) when I had lost it, did say, "Those that would halloo him out of that House would halloo me out of the kingdom."

Such, however, is the force of self-deception, or was, perhaps, the natural character of the man, that Reresby thought himself a political Cato. After remarking that "the business of the session had gone on pretty coolly in both Houses, and my lord treasurer did so order the matter that the king's party rather increased than the other; but it was much feared that some votes were gained more by purchase than by affection,"—he thus moralizes on his own integrity:—

Several persons had got into good employments, not by my lord's kindness so much as by giving money to his lady, who had driven a good trade of taking bribes for good offices, and not without my lord's knowledge. I knew it, but, had neither the face nor the desire to come in at that door, which made me postponed to some that, as I thought, deserved as little as myself.

In return for his devotion to the court, Sir John had a large share of Danby's confidence. It is remarkable, indeed, and a proof of Reresby's discretion, that throughout his career he was entrusted by great personages with their thoughts and secrets. How curious, for instance, it is to find the chief minister of the crown speaking in the following strain of the king's brother, the near presumptive heir to the throne, to a mere ordinary supporter in Parliament:—

His lordship was then so free as to tell me that though the king denied almost nothing to the duke, his brother, yet he did not really love him. . . . He was so open as to tell me, further, that the duke was the chief carrier-on of the French interest; that he now made it his business to court the sectaries and fanatics, hoping thereby to strengthen the Popish interest; that his Highness was so bigoted in that religion that when the Archbishop of Rheims was here, went into our churches and kneeled during the time of divine service, the duke would not be persuaded so much as to come into the door.

Even before the Exclusion Bill, Danby ventured to speak of his master's intentions as to the devolution of the crown:—

His lordship told us the king would be content that something should be enacted to pare the nails (to use his own phrase) of a Popish successor; but that he would not suffer his brother to be taken away from him, nor the right line of the succession of the crown interrupted.

Danby even apologized to Reresby for

the French policy of Charles, which the treasurer himself disapproved at heart:—

He said, further, that the king in honour ought not to join with the confederates against France; that in all the treaties of peace the king of England was named as the principal in that war; that he did actually join with France in the beginning, and went off contrary to his promise, and now to turn his arms against France would not look well nor just to the world.

It was necessary, however, for the treasurer, perhaps, to attempt excuses of this kind, for even devoted partisans of the court detested the domination of Louis XIV., and were jealous of the dependence of Charles upon him. Cautious as he was, Reresby partook in these sentiments:—

There was fresh discourse of a war with France; but I thought it impossible by what I heard, and seeing the king, duke and French ambassador so often very merry and intimate at the Duchess of Portsmouth's lodgings, laughing at those that believed it in earnest. . . . This peace with France, when there was like to be so strong an union to reduce that proud and potent king to better manners, was very displeasing in England. . . .

The year 1678 was marked by the Popish Plot and the frenzy that ensued. No rational person will attempt to excuse the follies and crimes which then took place; but it is right to bear in mind that though the tales of the Oates and Bedloes were infamous falsehoods, a deep-laid conspiracy did exist against the freedom and power of England, of which a Catholic monarch was the chief author, and a Romanizing court the complaisant instrument; and the national instinct was so far not at fault. Reresby's memoirs, like other publications of the day, throw a clear light on this most unhappy and tragic passage in English history, and show what madness possessed the popular mind, and how cruelty and perjury ran riot for a time. The following are some of the monstrous charges which sent many an innocent victim to death:—

Mr. Bedloe did give evidence that there was a consultation at Somerset House, when the queen, my Lord Bellasis, my Lord Powis, and four French abbots being present, it was agreed that the king should be poisoned; that the queen wept, but at last did consent to it. . . . Bedloe, being further examined before my lord chief justice, accused my Lord Carington and my Lord Brudenell to be privy to the plot; the former was therefore committed. He said, therefore, that ten thousand Spaniards were to land at Burlington, and to be



commanded by Sir Henry Tichborne\* as general and Sir Francis Ratcliffe as lieutenant-general, which was very improbable.

What was the effrontery of Bedloe may be gathered from this :—

This Bedloe was the son of a cobbler in Wales, but had cheated a great many merchants abroad and gentlemen at home, by personating Lord Gerard, and other men of quality, and by divers other cheats; and when he was taxed with it, he made it an argument to be more credited in this matter, saying nobody but a rogue could be employed in such a design.

Sir John gives us this account of a dinner with Oates. His conduct was certainly to his credit; but the informer was a contemptible coward, and the Cavalier a most accomplished duellist :—

There came and received with us Doctor Oates, the famous evidence of the Popish Plot. We dined together afterwards at the bishop's table, when the doctor, blown up with the hopes of running down the duke, spoke of him and his family after a manner which showed himself both a fool and a knave. He reflected not only on him personally, but upon the queen, his mother, and his present Majesty, till nobody daring to contradict him, for fear of being made a party to the plot, I did at last undertake to do it, and in such a manner that he left the room in some heat.

Reresby thus describes the trial of Stafford—the worst, perhaps, of the judicial murders of the time :—

The three chief witnesses against him were Drs. Oates, Dugdale, and Turberville. The first swore he had brought him a commission, signed by the pope, to be paymaster of the army to be raised against the king; the second that his lordship offered him 500*l.* to kill the king; the third that he had offered him a reward for the same thing, but at another time. They seemed so positive in this and other dangerous evidence, that myself that sat and heard most of the trial knew not what to believe, had the evidence been men of any credit; but such incoherences, and indeed contradictions in my judgment, appeared towards the latter end of the trial that for my own part I was satisfied at last of its untruth. However, the party were so strong that pursued the cause against him, more than the man, that he was voted guilty, there being 59 lords affirmative, and 32 for negative, or not guilty.

It is fair to say, however, that the popular madness was seen in the country in a mitigated form. A batch of accused

Catholics of high degree, who would probably have been condemned in London, were, with one exception, acquitted at York :—

Though some had been found guilty in London upon this or the like evidence, yet it found so little credence in this county that three of the four were acquitted, as also one Pickering, who was indicted for being a priest upon the same evidence.

The selfish conduct of Charles during the Popish Plot has often been censured by historians. But, in truth, he was altogether unable to resist the flood-tide of popular passion; and with characteristic craft—for it is a complete mistake to suppose that he was not an able man—he followed the stream, waiting till he could turn it to account. The cynical indifference, however, with which he looked on at the perpetration of deeds of blood, for which he was in part responsible, is well shown in the following :—

His Majesty told me Bedloe was a rogue, and that he was satisfied he had given some false evidence concerning the death of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey. . . . I was at the king's going to bed. There were but four present; and his Majesty being in a good humour, spent some time in showing the cheat of such as pretended to be more holy and devout than others, and said they were generally the greatest knaves. He was that night two hours putting off his clothes, and it was half-an-hour past one before he went to bed. He seemed extremely free from trouble and care, though at a time we would have thought he was under a great deal; for everybody guessed that he must either dismiss his Parliament in a few days or give himself up to what they desired.

For his services in Parliament at this juncture, Reresby was made governor of the fort of Burlington. His memoirs narrate at length the impeachment and fall of Danby, but do not contain any new details. It is pleasing to find that Sir John assured his patron of Montague's breach of faith—Montague, apparently, was the author's cousin—and spoke in the House on behalf of Danby. The conduct of Charles at this critical moment provokes the following even from the courtly partisan :—

It is very unhappy for a servant to serve an inconstant or unsteady prince, which was a little the fault of our master. . . . The king seemed not concerned at his parting thus with his brother and his treasurer, nor what use the Parliament would make of it.

Before his fall Danby had told Reresby that the Cavalier parliament would be soon

\* These ancient and distinguished names, Catholic doubtless, but eminently loyal, may remind us that "fanaucs and fools" are not wanting in our day to pander to the grossest anti-Popish prejudice.



dissolved, and had advised him to stand again for Aldborough. How the minister could influence elections in those days appears from the following:—

A new writ was obtained for the choosing a new member for Aldborough in the stead of Sir Solomon Savile (a Roman-Catholic member who had just been excluded). My lord treasurer prevailed with my lord chancellor to bring it with him to the Charterhouse, the 22nd, when I dined with their lordships; and it was given to the under-sheriff of Yorkshire, with this order from the lord treasurer to execute it, and to make the return as I directed, and he would justify him in it.

Reresby was returned for Aldborough in the first parliament of 1679, but lost his seat on petition this time, no justice, as he ruefully observed, being done to a "friend of the late treasurer." He was urged by the court to start again at the second general election of 1679—one of the most bitter of political contests; but he did not succeed in getting in, and, we dare say, he was glad to keep out of the House of Commons at a season of trouble when a follower of the court might have been in danger. His account of his candidature is amusing and curious:—

In most of these little boroughs, which consisted of mean and mercenary people, one had no man sure longer than you were with him; and he that made him drunk or obliged him last was his first friend. However, of 66 electors or voters for members of Parliament, there continued 37 firm to me; but the precept being got into Sir Godfrey Copley's and Sir Bryan Stapleton's possession, who joined together against me, I found the return would be made in favour of them, and they would be the sitting members. I therefore contented myself with putting a public affront upon Sir Godfrey Copley, who had done unhandsomely with me in the management of this matter (which he put up with very patiently), and turned my back on further pretending to stand for Burgess for that Parliament.

During the stormy crisis of the Exclusion Bill the conduct of Reresby was characteristic. He was diligent in his attendance at court, professed the deepest respect for James, and gave him information as to the design of proving the marriage of Lucy Walters, yet at the same time, he but faintly condemned the politicians who tried to disinherit the duke; and he was in the highest degree deferential to Monmouth. He drew up also, at the assizes of York, one of the abhorrence petitions against the bill, but took care, as he tells us, "to pen it so carefully, that 'no great exceptions could be tak-

en against it.'"

The memoirs do not dwell at much length on the fierce Parliamentary war that ensued; he evidently wished not to commit himself, and purposely shunned a perilous subject. Some of his notes, however, are not without interest; thus he confirms the opinion that at one time Charles was not indisposed to yield to Shaftesbury:—

The want of money was so pressing, and the offers of Parliament were so fair, if he would relinquish his brother, that nobody seemed secure which way he would bend. That which made people the more jealous was that several that were well in the king's esteem appeared for the Bill of Exclusion; and the Duchess of Portsmouth was known to incline to it, whether cunningly to gain the good opinion of that party (that were before her greatest enemies), or to comply with the French—whose tool she was—for they were for anything that caused disturbances in England—is uncertain.

This is a picture of the animated scene—one of the most important in our whole history—when the genius of Halifax caused the rejection of the bill:—

This was one of the greatest days ever known in the House of Lords, as the matter was extraordinary, viz., cutting off the lineal descent of the crown; for the bill having passed the Commons they had sent it up to the Lords. So also was the debate. There was a great party in that House for the passing of the bill, and great speakers, of which the chief was the Earl of Shaftesbury. The chief manager against it was the Earl of Halifax, which was a great surprise to many, he having gone along with my Lord Shaftesbury and that interest for some years; but this not being agreeable to his judgment, he opposed it vigorously; and having a great deal of wit, and both judgment and eloquence with it, he made so fine and powerful a defence, that he alone (for so all confessed) persuaded the whole House against it, so that after the debate had lasted ten hours, the question being put whether the bill should pass that House, it was carried in the negative.

Reresby describes the king as calm and indifferent during the agitation of this critical time; but better observers have told an opposite tale. Charles was anxious in the highest degree, but he played a difficult game coolly and with great skill. Sir John gives us this glimpse of the monarch at Windsor, composed and courteous even in the most trying hour:—

The king showed me a great deal of what he had done to the house, which was very fine, and what he intended to do more; for it was then that he was finishing that excellent structure. The king lived very privately at this time; there was little resort to him, and he



passed his days in fishing or walking in the park ; which, indeed, he naturally loved more than to be in a crowd or business.

The state of England at this juncture seemed dismal to Reresby, of whose real sympathies there can be no question : —

At this time the state of the kingdom and government looked very melancholy. The king was poor ; the officers of the crown and household clamorous for their salaries and wages, which had not been paid for some time. Sir Robert Howard, one of the chief officers of the Exchequer, said in the House of Commons that there was not money sufficient for bread for the king's family ; there were no stores in the magazines either for sea or land forces ; the garrisons all out of repair, the platforms decayed, the cannon unmounted, the army divided, some for the Duke of York, others against him, and the officers of State the same thing ; the Parliament, or the major part, in a ferment, glad of their private divisions, that they might the better clip the prerogative, lessen monarchy, and carry on their private designs ; the king and his brother divided, and followed by the adverse party, who promised if he would grant to comply with them and disinherit the duke, they would set him at ease in all other particulars, that he hardly knew how to refuse.

How Reresby, though an "Abhorrer," paid court to Monmouth, appears from the following — a glimpse into the manners of the time : —

Hearing that the Duke of Monmouth was to be at Doncaster, post out of Scotland, I went to meet him, and sent half a buck and some extraordinary sorts of wine to entertain him there. He came not in till midnight, when we expected him no more that night. I was got into the bed designed for his Grace. Before I could put on my clothes the duke came in with Sir Thomas Armstrong ; they were glad to find something ready to eat. The duke sat up but a short time, and would not have the sheets changed, but went into the same bed. The next morning he borrowed my coach, that which he designed to get having but four horses, to Bawtry.

The defection of Reresby from the country party was apparently, in a great measure, condoned ; perhaps his dealings with Danby were not fully known. Certainly he did not forfeit the friendship of some opposition magnates ; he remained on kindly terms with the "good Lord Devonshire," and seems to have continued acquainted with the house of Bedford. Political honour, in fact, in those days was very different from what it is now — a plea to be borne in mind in Sir John's behalf ; and men then did things with little discredit which would brand

them as scoundrels in our stricter time. After the fall of Danby Reresby had the sense to see that Halifax was the rising sun ; and an intimacy sprang up between the county baronet and the celebrated statesman which is at least curious. In truth, however, though the parts of Reresby were contemptible compared to those of Halifax, the two men had some points in common ; both, in different spheres, could read the times ; both, from different motives, could shift and turn with singular skill in a sea of troubles. These memoirs give us a clear idea of the illustrious Trimmer and bring out fully the want of daring, the halting caution, the love of compromise which blended with his genius and thoughtful wisdom. His confidences to Reresby were remarkable, and, indeed, Sir John tells us, were "too frank ;" yet he certainly kept back a great deal from the author. The following on the sentiments of the House of Commons with respect to his speech on the Exclusion Bill, is characteristic in a high degree : —

The same day, waiting on the Lord Halifax, he complained of the unjust severity of the Commons against him in their vote, which was that he was a promoter of Popery and betrayer of the liberties of the people. He said that were a man never so innocent, it coming from the representatives of the people, it was too heavy for any single person to bear ; therefore he had thoughts of retiring from court, but he would go his own pace, and not just be kicked out when they pleased.

What Halifax thought of the state of opinion in England at this critical moment is seen in the conversation with Reresby, a most striking proof of the statesman's openness : —

He carried me with him in his coach to Whitehall ; the next day he invited me to dine with him in private. He told me it was to be feared some unhappy differences might arise in the nation from those disputes about the succession ; and in case it should come to a war, it might be convenient to form a party in one's thoughts. He told me that he knew very well there was but one other and myself that had any considerable interest in my neighbourhood ; asked me my opinion how their inclinations stood. I told him I had an account in writing of all men of note thereabouts, and would wait upon him the next day with their names and characters. I did so, and he did agree with me that the loyal interest was not only much more numerous, but consisted of more wealthy and active men ; and that those who were so busy in Parliament against the court were men of little power or esteem in the county.



Reresby was returned for Aldborough in the short Oxford Parliament, but he does not notice its proceedings in detail. He thus describes the attitude of the Exclusionists now involving themselves in designs of treason:—

It was observed that many of the discontented members of both Houses came armed and more than usually attended; and that there was a design to have seized the king and restrained him till he had granted their petitions; but if any such design was, they either wanted courage or time to execute it.

The following is a correct account of the violence which caused the dissolution, and the strong loyalist reaction which ensued—a movement which Charles turned to advantage with a skill that proves his ability as a political player:—

The truth was that the question was not now whether the duke should succeed or not, but whether it should be a monarchy or a commonwealth. Some of the party had blabbed it in the House that this was not the only material bill they intended should pass this session to secure the people of England from falling under Popery and absolute government; that it was necessary that both the military and civil power should be put into other hands, and that the present affairs of both ought to be examined and changed, inasmuch as the king was told that if he quitted the duke, it was but to be a step both to quit all his friends and servants afterwards, and to fall entirely into the hands of people whom he had reason to think were not so well affected to his person and government.

When the king had triumphed over the fallen Whigs, Reresby was put in the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex, in order, doubtless, that a trusty agent should watch the doings of the “brisk boys” of Shaftesbury. Sir John acquitted himself of this duty well; reported to the court whatever he heard; superintended the proceedings in the murder of Thynne, supposed to be a political crime; and composed loyal addresses for his brethren of the bench marked with his accustomed discreet caution. A few of his experiences in this post may be noticed. He thus describes the temper of the city at this time:—

I dined with the lord mayor of London, one of the faction, where some reflection being cast upon the court, I answered it the best I could. One cannot imagine how every little fellow undertook to censure the king and his proceedings at that time. . . . So great was the anti-court interest then in the city, that the juries would seldom find for the king.

As might have been expected, Halifax

inclined to the side of mercy in the case of Shaftesbury:—

He had as good be set at liberty upon terms as by a jury, which would be sure to acquire him, should he be brought to trial, though never so guilty. Nor could he do the king that harm if he were out, as such an act of mercy and legality would do him good.

This is Reresby's account of the Rye House Plot:—

June 26 came the report of a dangerous conspiracy against the life of our sovereign lord the king, laid by the anti-court party composed of such as had been disappointed of preferments at court, and of Protestant dissenters. It was also against the Duke of York, and intended to have shot the king and the duke coming from Newmarket in their coach, the certain day of his return being known, by forty men well armed, who, after the blow given, were to fly to London and to report that the Papists had done it.

By this time, owing to his useful services, to the support of Halifax, and to the favour of the king, Reresby's influence at court was really great. He had been talked of for envoy to Sweden and Denmark, and had actually been mentioned as not unfitted to represent England at Vienna and Paris—a statement we should have thought incredible but for our knowledge how reckless was the favouritism of the Stuarts. In the summer of 1682 he was made military governor of York, a post then of very high importance; and he gave proof of considerable skill in hunting down some of the Rye House conspirators. This sketch of the castle of York, under the later Stuarts, when the memory of the Civil War was fresh, is not without interest at the present day:—

The garrison of York I formed at this time into this method. The ten companies consisted of five hundred men, besides officers, and the daily guards of eighty men, by detachments of eight out of every company, of four serjeants, six corporals, and one commissioned officer. . . . The tattoo was beaten every night by five drums at ten o'clock, at which hour every soldier was to go to his quarters, or be punished if found after that hour in the streets by the patroller, who went the round of the streets to see that good order was kept. No soldier was suffered, nor, indeed, citizen, to go out of the gates in the day-time with firearms, dogs, or engines for the destruction of game, except gentlemen or officers, or such as had leave in writing from myself.

Sir John, however, had other duties at York besides those of commanding the garrison. The city, though an appanage



of the king's brother, had for some years been opposed to the court; it had recently returned Exclusionists for members, and the mayor and corporation had made themselves obnoxious to the men in power at Whitehall. A letter of Reresby from the Spencer collection shows how high party-spirit ran at this place, and probably represents the state of feeling in not a few of the great towns of the kingdom:—

The loyal party is much inferior to the factious. The first consists of the gentry, clergy, officers, and dependents of the Church, militia officers and soldiers, and about one-fourth part, as is computed, of the citizens. The second of the mayor and whole magistracy (two aldermen only excepted), the sheriffs, and most of the common council, with the rest of the city. . . . It is now come to that, that there is not only a separation of interests, but few do buy of, or have any commerce but with those of their own principle.

Reresby went to York not only to rule in the castle, but to influence or coerce the city, and to bring it back to allegiance to the crown. He performed his office with accustomed discretion; remonstrated with the Whig magistrates; held before them the terrors of the Tory reaction; and having persuaded them he was their good friend, advised the court, now engaged in the project of robbing the large towns of their municipal rights, as to the likeliest way to get rid of their charter. The manner in which Charles directed this service is characteristic:—

The king, as he came from my Lady Portsmouth's, asked me, leaning upon my arm, if I knew sufficient matter for bringing a *quo warranto* against the charter of York. I answered no, but would endeavour to inform myself. I said I found I could not do it so well at this distance as if I were upon the place. The king replied, "I only recommend it to you."

Reresby displayed remarkable zeal in this matter, and Halifax, we regret to say, consented. The governor of York grudged to others their share in aiding the plot to disfranchise the place:—

Sir Thomas Slingsby, Sir Thomas Mauleverer, and some other gentlemen of Yorkshire, to show their diligence in the king's service exceeded mine, sent up an agent with some matter, whereon to ground a forfeiture of the charter of the city of York, of which, having early notice from a friend, I first went to inform the Duke of York and the secretary of it, and used means to introduce their messenger myself to the secretary, whereby I did prevent any jealousy at court of my being too much a friend to that city, and them of the credit they pretended to have by it.

The doom of the city at last appeared certain, and Sir John hastened to apportion the spoil:—

The charter of York being now likely to fall into the king's hands by default, Sir Thomas Slingsby, and Sir Henry Marwood, myself, and others, met to agree upon persons for bearing office in that city who were of best ability and loyalty.

During all this time the nation was under the flood-tide of Tory reaction. The anti-court party appeared prostrate; and the government of Charles was fast becoming a jealous and even a cruel tyranny at home, while England was reduced to a cipher abroad, and France pursued unchecked her career of conquest. Reresby thus notices this state of affairs; his hostility to France again peeps out:—

The face of things began much to alter in England at that time. The duke, that was in Scotland, was extremely courted in that kingdom. . . . The confederates in Spain, Holland, Sweden, etc., that were now preparing to resist the French, were very angry with us that we still continued in our neutrality, and, as the Spaniard said, contrary to our league with him; but our king said his own affairs were in such a posture at home, that he was not in a condition to come into the war. This confirmed the jealousy of our adhering to the French interest, and of a private commerce with them, by the means of the Duchess of Portsmouth.

The frivolity of Charles in this hour of success is vividly seen in this sketch. The king was only able under the stress of danger:—

At Newmarket the king was so much pleased with the country, and so great a lover of the diversions which that place did afford, that he let himself down from majesty to the very degree of a country gentleman. He mixed himself amongst the crowd, allowed every man to speak to him that pleased, went out hawking in the mornings, to cock-matches in the afternoons (if there were no horse-races), and to plays in the evenings, acted in a barn, and by very ordinary Bartlemew-fair comedians.

This was the time when the Duchess of Portsmouth was at the height of her influence. The form of the French concubine seems to arise and mock at the humiliation of England and the State; and she had a real weight in the councils of Charles. As we have said, we suspect this edition qualifies some conversations in which she figures; and we must go back to the earlier editions of the work to read the language in which the reigning sultana was addressed by those who stood



well with her — language banished now to the worst dens of vice. The veil, however, is partly raised in these pages. Conceive a man like Halifax, after paying his court to the favourite in a very humble way, addressing her in this phrase, a mere *équivoque* for the words which we believe he used: "He said further, that were he as young as he had been, he would be as well with her as others."

The following illustrates the decorum of the court, which Reresby, to do him justice, described as "wicked and debauched beyond measure," though his wife figured at the Portsmouth receptions:—

This day the queen being at dinner, the Duchess of Portsmouth, as a lady of the bed-chamber, came to wait on her, which was not usual, and put the queen into that disorder that tears came into her eyes, whilst the other laughed and turned it into jest.

Reresby contrived to stand well with both the parties which divided Whitehall in the last years of Charles. His real friend was, however, Halifax; and the conversations of the keen-sighted statesman continue to illustrate his striking character, and throw fresh light on the events of the time. To the powers of Halifax Reresby gives this flattering tribute: "He always both spake and acted with goodness, honour, and discretion; for certainly there never lived a man in the world of more wit and judgment than himself."

The following shows what sound advice was given by Halifax to the king at this time; a statesman, however, of sterner stuff would either have resigned or enforced compliance:—

My Lord Privy Seal told me he had been very earnest with the king for a Parliament, but to no purpose; that he had used for arguments, that, though the king had slipped his opportunity of calling one soon after the last plot, when he would not have missed of one according to his own desire, if he feared not to have a good one now, the longer it was deferred the more it would be, till at last it might be used as an argument never to call one at all. That nothing ought to be so dear to him as to keep his word with his people; that the law required a Parliament to be called every three years; that . . . though the anti-monarchical party was very low and discouraged, yet this might raise discontent in another party, that which was for the service of the crown, but for his Majesty observing the laws at the same time, especially when they had his royal word for it.

Halifax thus described the position of

affairs on the occasion of his dispute with Rochester; like all true Englishmen he disliked the ascendancy of Louis XIV. in the councils of England:—

He knew not how long he should keep his station (being driven at so fiercely by some); but he did think he had the king his friend, and could not believe that he would part with him for having committed no fault, except it were ever to obey his commands, assuring me that he would ever use his interest so long as it continued to serve me. . . . "But," said he, "times may come, if the court should fall into French councils, when some other station may be fitted for you than that (York); and if that come to pass I must quit mine also, for I have greater endeavours against me from the other side of the water than from home."

This was the prophetic judgment of the sagacious minister on the following, the character, and the prospects of James:—

In some private discourse at the same time, his lordship told me that those who belonged to the Duke of York were mad, for that there were few amongst them that had common sense. . . . Amongst other things he was saying how far he had been with the Duke of York in the point of changing his religion; for he had written to him that, except he became Protestant, his friends would be obliged to leave him, like a garrison that one could no longer defend.

The death of Charles II. found Reresby at York; and the governor, who had feared a popular rising, proclaimed James without a sign of opposition. He thus described the incident:—

I ordered the mail to be brought unopened to my house, so that no letters could be dispersed till I knew the true state of the king. The letters came not in till four in the morning, and then they gave me an account of my gracious and great master's departure out of this world upon the 9th, at night. . . . The king was proclaimed by nine in the morning by my lord mayor, myself, and the high sheriff. . . . All this being done with every sign of peace and satisfaction that could be, not only in York but afterwards throughout the county, and, indeed, the whole kingdom.

Reresby was not blind to the defects of Charles; and indeed often comments on the inconstancy of the king, his levity, and his French leanings. Still, like so many other men of the time, he had been charmed by the graces of his late master, and seems to have really almost loved him. His sentiments towards James were much less warm. He tells us that "his smiles were not real," though he had paid assiduous court to the duke, and the duke had been very condescending to him; and he



never felt for the new sovereign the sympathy he had for his predecessor. Nevertheless, he was devoted in his respects at Whitehall; and James and his queen were most courteous to him. This little scene shows how the royal pair could unbend, like others of the ill-fated race of the king:—

Not being very desirous that my daughter Frances, who was now near twenty years of age, should appear often at court, she had not been at that of the queen dowager's till about this time since she came to town, when being presented with her mother to kiss the queen's hand, the queen told her—calling her by her name—that she was grown very tall and very pretty since she saw her; and without partiality she was then as handsome as most women of that time, had a great deal of wit, and virtue and goodness with it.

Sir John was elected to represent York at the general election of 1685. The city not yet having lost its charter, there can be little doubt that this choice was made to propitiate the court and please the king; and even as it was, the seat was secured, as these memoirs show, by illegal practices, as was the case in other boroughs at this time. Reresby gives this account of the ultra-loyal Parliament which met to welcome the new monarch. The conduct of James had already given rise to doubts:—

Now began the consideration amongst gentlemen of the House what would be asked by the court, and what would be granted in the ensuing Parliament, which consisted of a great many loyal gentlemen, and the generality, however, good patriots and Protestants. Some things to be asked were such (so report said) as gave more countenance to Popery than the laws then in force did permit; the settlement of a constant revenue upon the crown, suitable to that of the late king, and ready money besides for the king's present occasions. The repeal of the law of Habeas Corpus was one which I found the great men opposed in their private discourse, as well as some of us. A toleration or liberty of conscience, which the Papists seemed to apprehend if it were general, some seemed willing to grant, but resolved at the same time not in any alteration to give a capacity to the Papists to come to any place or employment in the government.

The House of Commons of 1685 was very largely composed of untried men; and Reresby, whose experience had been matured, seems to have made a considerable figure in debate. He spoke on the question of supply and others; and took a prominent part in supporting the court. The following is his brief account of Sedgemoor:—

The duke stole out about one o'clock in the morning with his whole army, towards the camp, but with that silence that the king's forces knew nothing of their approach till they came to the sentry, whose fire gave them the first notice. The Duke of Monmouth marched at the head of the foot, my Lord Grey led up the horse and brought their cannon within pistol-shot. Our men got into order as soon as they could, and received them as well as they could, but were so overpowered in numbers that, till my Lord Grey ran away with the horse, being frightened by our cannon, we were in great danger to lose the day. The Duke of Monmouth, however, stood till a great part of his foot was cut to pieces. . . . The Duke of Monmouth from the beginning of this, his desperate attempt,\* had shown the conduct of a great captain, insomuch that the king said himself, he had not made one false step.

The discontent smouldering in the country was even then such that, in Reresby's opinion, any real success would have made the rising formidable in the extreme:—

This great storm, which began from a little cloud (for the number of men which he brought ashore was not above one hundred and fifty) was fortunately dispersed; for, had he got the day, it was to be feared the discontented were so numerous that they would have risen in several parts of England, to the very hazard of the crown. . . . I was informed also by one of the lieutenancy of the city, that should the Duke of Monmouth give a blow to the king's forces, he much feared there would be a rising in London by the factious party.

Sir John is silent as regards the Bloody Assizes, and the atrocities committed in other places. He evidently, however, disliked Jeffreys, and tells us some characteristic anecdotes about the brutal and foul-mouthed judge. Take, for instance, the following:—

After dinner the chancellor, having drunk smartly at table (which was his custom), called for one Montfort, a gentleman of his that had been a comedian, an excellent mimic, and to divert the company, as he called it, made him give us a cause, that is, plead before him in a feigned action, when he acted all the principal lawyers of the age in their tone of voice, and action or gesture of body, and thus ridiculed not only the lawyers but the law itself. This, I confess, was very diverting, but not so prudent, as I thought, for so eminent a man in so great a station of the law. . . . My lord chancellor had like to have died at this time of a fit of the stone, which he brought upon himself by a great debauch of wine at Alderman Duncomb's, when he and my lord treasurer,

\* This is contrary to the judgment of every historian we have read.



and others, drank to that height as 'twas whispered that they stripped unto their shirts, and had not an accident prevented, would have got upon a sign-post to drink the king's health, which gave occasion of derision, not to say more of the matter.

Reresby, however, could play the courtier to Jeffreys, as to any other more human favourite:—

I dined with my lord chancellor and complimented him upon some civilities I told him I hoped I had received from him, and particularly for the king's kindness to me, which I attributed to his character of me in some measure (though I was not very much persuaded he was my friend to that degree, but the way to make friends at court is to pretend you think them so already). He took it very kindly.

After the dissolution of the Parliament of 1685, which, though loyal in the highest degree, had nevertheless given umbrage to James, and had shown that it would not yield in everything, Reresby kept for the most part in his government, occasionally, however, resorting to London. His memoirs form a good running commentary on the arbitrary proceedings of the next two years, and dwell more or less fully on the follies and crimes by which the king offended an attached people, and ultimately lost an ancient throne. The attitude of the author in narrating these events is probably that which most of his party held; he notices with regret the royal infringements of the laws; dwells on the anger this caused with cautious reserve; excuses the king as much as possible; and is very indignant with the Popish faction, which, he insists, worked his "Majesty's undoing." What irritated him most, as may be imagined, was the violent subversion of the local powers which he had been accustomed from youth to revere, by the general dismissals of lords-lieutenant of counties, of justices of the peace, and of militia officers; and he resented, with the scorn of an Englishman of the day, the crowding the army with "Irish Papists," and the ruin of the Anglo-Irish Protestant settlement. He complained, also, a good deal of the attempts that were made "to strain conscience," by endeavouring to ascertain, through emissaries of the court, what would be the sense of the House of Commons in the event of a new Parliament meeting; and he professed a hearty abhorrence of the Romish ascendancy which was being established throughout the kingdom. Like most, indeed, of the high Tories, he dis-

liked Popery quite as much as Dissent; and the sentiment, in his case, was quickened by the fact that he had been disappointed of more than one legacy which he had expected from kinsmen of the unpopular faith, and that part of his quarters near the castle of York were actually taken as a Popish seminary. We can only glance at his numerous allusions to the incidents of this memorable time. Sir John thus describes the feeling with which the news of the dismissal of Halifax was received—the first triumph of the Romish faction:—

This lord was so generally looked upon as a wise man and a good subject, that the removal of him, especially at the beginning of Parliament, astonished a great many, and made them fear there was a change of councils as well as councillors.

The exultation of this party is thus glanced at:—

The Popish party at this time behaved themselves with an insolence which did them a prejudice . . . such power had the council of priests over his Majesty.

The policy of James in Scotland and Ireland is thus noticed:—

About this time the Duke of Gordon, a Papist, was made governor of Edinburgh Castle. . . . This declared favour to persons of that religion gave great disgust in that kingdom. . . . The king gave all the encouragement he could to the increase of his Church by putting more Papists into office, but especially in Ireland. . . . My Lord Clarendon, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, was recalled, and Mr. Talbot, a strict Irish Papist—made a little before Earl of Tyrconnel—sent over to succeed him, which made a great many people leave or sell their estates, and come over for England.

Reresby thus comments on the dismissal of the judges, and the attempt to override law by the dispensing power:—

There was a great change in Westminster Hall of the judges; there was a new lord chief justice of the common pleas, and another new judge there; a new lord chief baron; in fine, four new judges of all courts. This made the greater noise, because several of those turned out were knowing and loyal gentlemen, and their crime was only this—that they would not give their opinions, as most of the rest had done, that the king might dispense, by his prerogative, with the taking of the test to Roman Catholics.

Public opinion thus pronounced in the well-known case of Hales:—



It was agreed by all the judges, Baron Street only excepted, that the king had power by his prerogative to dispense with all penal statutes; that he was the only judge of the necessity of dispensing with the penal statutes. Sir Edward, pleading the king's pardon, had the better of the cause. This judgment was very surprising, and occasioned much disorder in the kingdom.

The establishment of the High Commission is thus referred to:—

I received the news that the king had sworn four Papist lords of his privy council, three of whom had been in the Tower for the Popish Plot, and had appointed a commission for my lord chancellor, lord treasurer, and some others, of whom three were bishops, to inspect and inquire of ecclesiastical affairs and persons.

How men in office were dismissed wholesale, and the king tried to coerce those around him into sanctioning this insane policy, is shown in this:—

Every day produced so great a change in officers, both civil and military, who would not comply with what the king desired of them, that there was no assurance of anything. . . . The only trial of any, especially members of both Houses of Parliament, who had place and came near the king, was this—he took them aside, told them the Test Act was made in the height of faction . . . and therefore he hoped they were so loyal as not to refuse to give him votes for taking away of so unreasonable laws. Every man that resisted the king in this was discharged of his employment.

The Declaration of Indulgence appeared next. Reresby tells us its object was perceived from the first:—

Then came down the declaration of liberty of conscience, gilded over with tenderness for his Majesty's subjects. . . . But the design was well understood, viz., to divide the Protestant churches that the Papists might find less opposition.

The reception of the nuncio at Windsor is thus noticed:—

The pope's nuncio being to make his public entry at Windsor with great solemnity, and the Duke of Somerset, one of the lords of the bedchamber, being in waiting, refused to attend in that ceremony; for which he was forbid coming to court and lost all his places. Five of the six gentlemen of the privy chamber in waiting were put out of their employments for the same cause.

Sir John could not restrain his censure at the violence done at Oxford and in the city:—

The king now put out several aldermen that had ever been reputed faithful and loyal men

to the crown, and had stuck by his interest in the worst time in the city of London. . . . Dr. Hough, president of Magdalen College in Oxford, was put out by certain visitors appointed by the king for that purpose, for being elected, though according to the statutes of the college, yet contrary to the king's mandamus, which had recommended the Bishop of Oxford to that office.

The attempts to influence a Parliament before it was convened, and the arbitrary measures which soon followed, are dwelt upon in this deprecatory tone:—

The king caused the lord-lieutenants of most, if not all, counties of England, to call together all their deputy-lieutenants and the justices of the peace, and to ask them these three questions:—

(1) In case the king should call a Parliament, and they should be chosen of it, would they give their votes to take away the test and penal laws?

(2) Would they give their votes for the choosing of such members as they believed would be for the taking them away?

(3) Would they live peaceably with such as dissented from them in religion, as good Christians ought to do?

Several lord-lieutenants who refused to execute this order were turned out, and Papists put in their places, and the deputy-lieutenants and justices of the peace that did not give a satisfactory answer were generally displaced. This was indeed putting the thing too far, and the wondering of all men to what purpose it was done.

The effect of these dismissals was, in many places, to destroy the whole machinery of local government; and nothing probably in the policy of the court so deeply offended the country gentry, or made the tyranny of James so evident to all men. How Yorkshire was weeded appears in the following:—

In the East and North Ridings the prime of the gentry had been put out of commission of justice of peace and deputy-lieutenants. . . . At this time my Lord Thomas Howard was lord-lieutenant of the West Riding, a Papist, who was gone ambassador to Rome, and he had left but three deputy-lieutenants behind him, two of whom were Roman Catholics, and but two of them in the country.

A similar attempt was made in the case of the corporation of York, the charter of which had by this been forfeited:—

October 4. Comes a messenger to purge the corporation, to put out the former mayor and aldermen, and to put in others, almost all Papists; but it was so lame, by mistakes in the execution of it, that it could not be done.



The following shows how the army was remodelled :—

My lord of Oxford, first earl of the realm, but low in his fortune . . . the king took from him his regiment of horse, and gave it to the Duke of Berwick. At this time died Sir Thomas Slingsby, who had a troop in that regiment, which he bought for 2,000*l.*, which the king denied to his son, though cornet in it, but gave that also to the Duke of Berwick. Fifty Irishmen and Papists had been sent for from Ireland by the Duke of Berwick, to be put into his regiment, and every captain was to have some.

Sir John thus dwells on his special grievance :—

I had a letter from one Lawson, a priest, wherein he gave me notice that the king had given him his house, the manor of St. Mary's in York. . . . He came down to York and claimed the possession, which it being to no purpose to contest, I ordered my housekeeper to give him.

The quality of the Roman Catholic magistrates who were thrust into the places of the discarded Protestants is thus described in a letter of Reresby; it is needless to say what the feelings of his class must have been :—

The first can neither write nor read; the second is a bailiff to the Duchess Dowager of Norfolk, writes; and neither of them has one foot of freehold land in England.

This picture of the acts of James and his government sufficiently explains the indignation his conduct provoked throughout England. Undoubtedly, as Hallam and others have observed, he was not a mere Diocletian or Nero; and his father, we think, was guilty of deeds that savoured more of violence and a despot's will. But, even as the Constitution was then understood, there never was a more unconstitutional king; and his policy far more than that of Charles I., was calculated to offend the great mass of the nation. Englishmen revered, beyond all things, their laws, and believed they possessed sufficient guarantees against arbitrary infringements of them; but the dispensing power, as it was abused by James, threatened all laws with complete subversion, and seemed to remove every restraint on tyranny. The supremacy, too, of the great national council and its freedom were dear to the national heart; but the king had lately got rid of a Parliament as devoted to him as a Parliament could be, and he seemed resolved to do without a Parliament unless he could reduce the two Houses to the nothingness of the half-forgotten States-

General of France. Worse than all, the administration of the realm had been rudely metamorphosed by the royal will; Protestants had been recklessly supplanted by Papists in the State, in the army, even in the Church, in Scotland, in Ireland, in all local government; and this had been done in defiance of law, and in the interest of a faction despised yet abhorred, and suspected of treason of every kind against the liberties and even the existence of England! No wonder, when in 1688 men saw all that they prized as freemen assailed by a stealthy but encroaching tyranny, and felt themselves subjected, they hardly knew how, to a domination they dreaded and contemned, that the national discontent grew fierce and deep; no wonder that even the loyalty of the Cavaliers could not bear the strain put on it; no wonder that even a foreign prince was gratefully welcomed as a deliverer! These memoirs fully attest how general was the anger roused by the policy of James, though the author acknowledges the truth with regret. He thus describes the scenes he beheld before the memorable trial of the seven bishops :—

The hall and palace yards of Westminster were crowded with thousands of people begging their blessing as they passed, and the Archbishop of Canterbury gave it, advising them at the same time to be constant to their religion. Ten Nonconformist ministers went to visit the bishops in the Tower, which the king took ill and sent for four of them to reprimand them. They answered that they could not but adhere to them who were constant to the Protestant faith, or to that effect. The soldiers that kept guard at the Tower drank very often the bishops' good healths, which being told to Sir Edward Hales, lieutenant of the Tower, he sent word to the captain of the guard to do it no more. He returned answer that it was being done at that very time, and that they would drink it, and no other health, whilst the bishops stayed there.

This was the feeling evoked by the trial :—

In this great argument the king's power to dispense with the laws was extremely arraigned, and the king's counsel so much undone, that it was wished at court that the thing had never been begun. Westminster Hall and the palace yard, with the streets near them, were so full of people, and their huzzas and shouts for joy of their lordships' delivery so great, that it looked like a little rebellion in noise, though not in fact. Bonfires were made not only in the city, but in most towns of England where the news of it came, though orders were given to the magistrates in the city to prevent it.



The fleet, like the camp at Hounslow, reflected the national sentiment : —

The king went down to the mouth of the Thames to see the fleet, but the true cause was to appease the seamen, who were ready to mutiny upon occasion of some sea-captains using mass openly aboard their ships. . . . Admiral Herbert, an able seaman, whom the king had put out of great employments, because he would not promise to take off the test, went privately to Holland, and was made rear-admiral there, which made the king very angry, a great many seamen going after him.

Reresby, cautious as he was, could not endure the packing of the Middlesex Bench with Papists : —

I was at the general sessions held for the liberty of Westminster, and some days after that for the county of Westminster, at Whitehall, when I found such a change of justices of the peace and so many Papists and fanatics put into commission, that I did not seek business, and mixed with them as little as I could.

As is well known, Roman Catholics of sense disapproved of the infatuated policy of James. The testimony of Bellasis, though after the revolution, is striking : —

I waited upon my Lord Bellasis, chief commissioner of the treasury under the late King James. He told me that he had been very averse, though a Papist, to the measures used in that reign for promoting that religion, as the putting of Papists into office in counties and corporations, the High Commission court, the laying aside Protestants for refusing to take away the test and penal laws; but his council was suspected, as coming from a man who, as the hot party informed the king, was old and timorous.

When the enterprise of William had become threatening, the king paused in his desperate course, restored many of the men he had dismissed, and made promises of the fairest kind; but it was too late, and the nation had ceased to trust him. Reresby tells us that this was the state of opinion on the news of the landing at Torbay : —

It was very strange, and a certain forerunner of the mischiefs that ensued upon this invasion, that neither the gentry nor common people seemed much afraid or concerned at it, saying, "The prince comes only to maintain the Protestant religion; he will do England no harm."

Danby, before declaring himself, made this remark : —

We are in ill condition now in this nation all ways; for if the king beat the prince, Popery will return upon us with more violence

than ever. If the prince beat the king, the crown and the nation may be in some danger.

The state of York and the neighbourhood at this crisis is fully described in Reresby's narrative, and had its counterpart in many parts of the kingdom. On the first news of the approach of William, the Duke of Newcastle, a Tory magnate, was made lord lieutenant of the West Riding, in the stead of the Catholic Lord Thomas Howard; and commissions were prepared to restore the Protestant justices and deputy-lieutenants who had been dismissed. Meanwhile the city resumed its ancient charter; and pledges were given that the former corporation should be re-instated in their old authority. These concessions, however, made at the last moment, had no influence on the general feeling; and the country gentleman, irritated at the slights put upon them, and the city magistrates who had suffered affronts from the Catholic soldiers within the garrison, and the few Catholic citizens who belonged to the place, resolved to declare for the Prince of Orange. Danby, who, Tory and loyalist as he was, had been for some time in treaty with William, placed himself readily at the head of the movement; and a conspiracy was formed to seize the castle of York, and openly to join the rising in the west, under the pretence of a meeting to petition the king. It had been ascertained that the bulk of the garrison, formed of the sympathizing county militia, would fall in with the intended project; and it was evidently thought that little resistance was to be apprehended on the part of a governor whose character as a timeserver was understood. Reresby, to do him but justice, does not seem to have been privy to this design; but he had been lukewarm of late in the royal cause; he was known to have a grievance of his own; and he had conveniently abstained from committing himself by any extreme acts to the tottering government. How the plot succeeded may be told in his own words : —

When such a draft (of the petition) was finished as Sir Henry (Goodricke) and his party approved of, though many that disliked it went away, they began to sign; and when Mr. Wortley Montague and Sir Henry had done, before a third man could sign, Mr. Tankard went into the hall, and cried that the Papists were risen, and had fired at the militia troops. At this all the gentlemen ran out, and those that were privy to the design got their horses, which were laid ready for them. Sir Henry Goodricke, Mr. Wortley Montague, Mr. Tankard, my Lord Danby, who was ready



in his lodging, expecting this project at dawn, my Lord Dumbain, his son, my Lord Willingby, two Mr. Berties, my Lord Lumley, my Lord Horton, and several others, who made a party with their servants of a hundred horse, well armed and well mounted, rode up to the four militia troops drawn out for another purpose, and cried for a free Parliament, the Protestant religion, and no Popery. The captains of these four troops were Lord Fairfax, Sir Thomas Gower, Mr. Robinson, and Captain Tankard, who, being made privy to the design only the night before, but were ready enough in their tempers for such an action, complied and led all their men to join with them. The first step they made was to the place where the guard of the standing company was kept, consisting of about twenty men, which they surprised, before I had the least notice or jealousy of such an attempt, not believing it possible that men of such quality and estate, however dissatisfied, would engage in a design so desperate, and so contrary to the laws of the land and the religion which they professed. I then sent to every captain to bring his troop to me, as the king's governor, as also the other guard of foot of the militia, who all denied to march or to obey orders. I then sent for my horses, and as I was preparing to go to the troops, hoping to regain them to the king's service if I appeared, Sir Henry Bellasis, who had commanded a regiment in Holland under the prince, and lurked long here in Yorkshire for his service, drew up a party of thirty horse before my door, and thus prevented my going out, till my Lord of Danby, with his chief companions, came up to me. My lord told me that to resist was to no purpose; that he and other gentlemen were in arms for a free Parliament, and for the preservation of the Protestant religion and the government, as by law established, which the king had very near destroyed, and which the Prince of Orange was come to assist them to defend, and that he hoped I would join with them in so good a design.

The parole of the governor was accepted by Danby, and Sir John was kept a few days at his own house at Thrybergh. From this place of repose he received intelligence of the progress and success of the revolution; but his reminiscences are not of much importance. He thus notices how completely the unhappy king was abandoned:—

The number of those that revolted was not one thousand in all as yet, but every one was so jealous one of another that they knew not whom to trust, so the army and artillery were marched back towards London. In that part of Yorkshire where I lived very few gentlemen continued firm to the king, nor, indeed, in any part of the north of England.

This is his account of the insurrectionary rising in London:—

The rabble being sufficiently animated against the Papists before, and more especially now thinking (and reasonably) that the council given the king to withdraw himself came from them, rose in prodigious numbers, and, dividing themselves, pulled down the chapels of that worship, and many houses of such as did profess it, taking and spoiling their goods, and imprisoning such as they suspected to be priests; nor did they forbear the very chapels and houses of ambassadors and other public ministers.

In Yorkshire, however, the peace was preserved:—

It was very much that in these confusions no more mischiefs had been committed. In the West Riding there were few or no justices of the peace sworn but Papists, who all absconded, nor any almost as acted as deputy-lieutenants; and yet very few robberies, felonies, and not one murder, and scarce a battery, had been committed. Only some arms and horses had been seized of Roman Catholics, and that under colour of authority.

Reresby thus describes how James was stopped on the coast of Kent:—

About the 11th or 12th day, his Majesty, being in a hoy, with very few with him, amongst others Sir Edmund Hales, and passing from an island in Kent, was boarded by a boat that had thirty-six armed men on board of her, which was going, as they called it, a priest-codding or catching. They used the king, and especially those that were with him, very uncivilly, took from his Majesty three hundred guineas, all he was worth at the time, and his sword.

Sir John was soon released from parole at Thrybergh, and with the true instinct of a waiter on fortune, was not long in reaching the capital. The scenes he there witnessed naturally aroused his sympathies with the fallen monarch; and cool-headed as he was, he could not learn that his old master had been sent off from Whitehall, and that Dutch troops were encamped in London, without a feeling of indignant bitterness. He thus notices the sudden reaction which followed the first success of William, and perhaps gave his rival a last chance, had he had the ability to turn it to account:—

The prince came to St. James's, where he was complimented and attended by many of the nobility, and the night was spent in ringing of bells, bonfires, and other expressions of joy by the rabble; but thinking men of the city seemed displeased at the king being forced to withdraw himself a second time. . . . When I arrived I found London much changed. The guards and other parts of the army, which both in their persons and gallantry were an ornament to the town, were sent to quarter



ten miles off, and the streets were filled with ill-looking and ill-habited Dutch and other strangers of the prince's army; and yet the city was so pleased with their deliverers that they did not or would not perceive their deformity, nor the oppression they lay under, which was much greater than what they felt from the English army.

Reresby was equally displeased with the acts and professions of William:—

The prince declared that he had no design for the crown, and yet sought it all he could. He came to settle the Protestant religion, and yet brought over four thousand Papists in his army, which were near as many as the king had English of that religion in his. . . . The prince kept his Dutch forces in London, and sent the English army to remote quarters, declaring that he would keep his own men near, and send the English into Holland and Ireland.

In spite of loyal regrets, however, Reresby hastened to make peace with the ruling powers, and had no notion of being laid on the shelf. He offered himself to the Convention for the citizens of York, but received a polite rebuff from Danby; and, indeed, he was probably glad that he was not chosen, since "he foresaw several things would be done or attempted which were very dangerous." A sure instinct led him to find out Halifax; and his intimacy with that eminent man, now almost master of the situation, was renewed apparently on the old footing. During the critical period that had just passed away, Halifax had characteristically warned his friend not to put himself forward or aim high; but when the revolution had been accomplished, the great trimmer took real pains to secure Reresby's adherence to William, and even to back the claims to preferment urged sedulously by the late officer of King James. This is Reresby's account of their first interview, after the great change which had just taken place:—

My Lord Halifax spoke further that himself should be employed, and used some arguments to me to prove the legality of accepting to be so. One was, that the king having relinquished the government, it was not for that to be let fall, and it could not be supported if men did not act under those on whom it was conferred, and that as things stood now, *salus populi* was *suprema lex*. His lordship said further that there were so many declined to serve, and there were so few fit for it, that, if I would do it, there would no question be room for me.

The peculiar character of Halifax comes out distinctly in his subsequent relations with Sir John. A lady of the late

court having told Reresby some gossip about James, his objects, and Halifax himself, the all-powerful statesman, intellectually great but morally timorous in the extreme, insisted on seeing this unknown person, and expressed himself in this curious way:—

I said enough to him to let him understand that the chief motive the lady had to speak to him was to inform him of something that might be for his own as well as the public service. Upon this he began to be freer with me than usual upon this chapter; and when I told him, in general, that great designs were on foot, he said he believed it; and that though men were in the present interest, it was not discretion to venture too far; that if things were as I said, it was well to carry fair to them of that party, and to let some know that he spoke always very respectfully of King James, for it might come to blows. He should be glad to meet the lady at my house when she pleased.

The revelations of another court-dame are interesting, and circumstantial in some respects; but, as Macaulay has remarked, they are in part incorrect, and it is difficult to say what we can credit in them. Halifax could hardly have been in communication with James with a view to return to office, except on conditions of which no evidence has come down to us; and certainly the excuse offered for the flight of the king is untrue. The passage, however, ought to be cited:—

She told me that his lordship had treated with the king to come again into business some weeks before the certainty of the prince's invasion was known; that she was the very person sent by him to the king, that the king met him in her house, and that they agreed upon terms—nay, that his lordship treated with some priests concerning his return to court; that for this reason the king depended most on him, and named him one of the three lords to be sent to the Prince of Orange to treat for him; that the marquis sent the king a private letter, after he had spoken to the prince, threatening some evil design against his person, which was the true reason of his Majesty's flight, and of sending away the queen; and after the king was brought back, that my Lord Halifax was one of the lords that came and advertised him, on behalf of the prince, to go from Whitehall to Rochester or Ham in two hours; and that the reason his lordship gave for bringing so ungrateful a message was, that he was assured the prince's party had resolved in council to seize and imprison him. So that it was obvious to my lord's own knowledge that it was neither the king's inclination to fly either the first or the second time, but self-preservation. She told me further that the king was so fully possessed of his danger, and afflicted after the



Princess Anne went away, that it disordered his understanding the first time, but after he returned was very well restored. She said further that the second time he went away he so little designed it that he knew not where to go. Sometimes he resolved to go into the north to the Earl of Danby; once he thought to go to the Bishops of Canterbury or Winchester, and that she was sent by the king to them to know if they would receive and secure him, and that the two bishops neither accepted nor rejected the offer.

Sir John glances at the Convention's votes and debates, but there is nothing valuable in his account of them. The points of most interest in this part of the memoirs are the evidence they afford how very insecure the new settlement appeared even to the ablest men who had taken part in the Revolution of 1688. Danby freely expressed himself to Reresby thus:—

He said that being concerned with his all, he was sorry to see things managed no better, and with no more expedition. Ireland was in a manner become invincible, by neglect of not sending forces thither before now, which he had pressed the king to so much, as well as to other things which are slighted; that he was uncivil in pressing it; that he had told his present Majesty that he saw he did all things to encourage Presbytery and to dishearten the Church of England, and that he would absolutely prejudice himself and the government by it; but at present he (Danby) meddled very little in councils, neither his desires nor health disposing him to it.

Halifax, as might have been expected, was even more dubious:—

I heard my Lord Privy Seal say, that as the nation now stood, if the king (James) were a Protestant, he could not be kept out four months; but my Lord Danby went further, for he said that if he would give the satisfactions in point of religion, which he might, it would be hard to resist him as he was. . . . My Lord Privy Seal, amongst other things, said that the king (William) used no arts. I replied some arts were necessary in our English government. He said he was of the same opinion, and that we acted a little too plainly. I acquainted my lord with some grounds of discontent much murmured at in the town, and since in the country. My lord said, "Come, Sir John, we have wives and children, and we must consider them, and not venture too far."

The acute statesman was not slow in finding out how injurious to his cause were William's manners and bearing:—

His lordship told me further that the king's inaccessibleness and living so at Hampton Court altogether, and at so active a time, ruined all business. That he had desired him

to lie sometimes in town, and his answer was that it was not to be done except he desired to see him dead; "which," said my lord, "was a very short answer."

Reresby's health had been for years declining; and his memoirs were abruptly brought to a close by his sudden death in 1689. He had amassed a considerable fortune by thrift; but a worthless heir squandered the well-earned hoards, and Thrybergh soon passed to another line of masters. The character of the chronicler appears in his work, and our estimate of it is not doubtful. His career was subject to two influences—the associations that belonged to the Cavaliers, and that connected him with the later Stuarts; and we trace them in many passages of his life. Cautious, artful, and somewhat mean by nature, in his case the chivalry of the old country gentleman was effaced by the cunning of the follower of the court; and like many others of his order, perhaps, he became a timeserver and a shifty schemer in the corrupt age in which his lot was cast. For the rest, he possessed in an eminent degree the difficult merit of pleasing the great. He was in a certain sense not devoid of honour, and his accomplishments must have been not contemptible; and in justice to his memory we must recollect that he lived in an evil and revolutionary time. His memoirs, happily at last given to the public in a complete and genuine form, contain on the whole a very instructive account of events of the highest moment in history, and of the men and manners of a memorable era; they can hardly fail to amuse and inform the reader.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

### CHAPTER X.

MR. MILDMAY had a very pleasant walk. He went through Brentburn proper, which was a mile from the church on the rich woodland side of the parish, an ordinary little village, a mixture of old picturesque Berkshire cottages, with high sloping roofs and aged harmonious mossy brick walls, and very new square houses in the bilious brick of modern use—mean and clean and angular. The cottages, with their wild old gardens and mossed apple-trees delighted him; but the curate shook his head, "They will be the curse of your life," he said solemnly, at which the young Oxford man was disposed to laugh.



A few people were standing about their doors enjoying the cool evening, at whom the new rector looked with curiosity. They were very commonplace people, with the set hard faces so common among the rural poor, half caused by exposure to the open air, and half by the dull routine in which their life is spent. Mildmay looked at them wistfully. Were they the kind of people among whom he could find the life he sought? A few of the women were gossiping, the men stared blankly at him as he passed, saluting the curate gruffly; and evidently the wag among them made some rough joke, received with loud laughter, upon the two black-coats.

"Yes," said the curate mildly, "that fellow Joe Endley is one of the worst in the parish. It was at us, no doubt, they were laughing. Anything above their own level, except money, they don't understand; and they know I have no money. Good evening, Mr. Wilkins. What a sweet evening it is!"

"Good-evening, sir," said the grocer, coming with his apron round him from his shop-door. "I thought perhaps as you was comin' to me, sir, along o' the letter I sent you."

"I did not get any letter," said Mr. St. John, looking at the grocer in a helpless, pitiful way, which his companion remarked wonderingly. The curate seemed to shrink somehow: a painful look came upon his face.

"I sent up this afternoon with my cart," said Wilkins, "to say as, if it was quite convenient —"

"My daughter will see to it — my daughter will see to it," said the curate anxiously. "I am occupied at present, as you perceive, and in a hurry. She will see you, or I, to-morrow."

And he shuffled on through the dust of the highroad, quickening his pace. His step had been the long, firm, manly step of a man still young, till they met with this interruption. But poor Mr. St. John fell into a shuffle when he met the grocer. His cheek got a hectic flush; he shrank visibly; his knees and his elbows grew prominent. He did not speak again till they had got beyond the village. Then he drew breath, and his natural outline came slowly back. "You will find much hardness among the people," he said; "Heaven forbid that I should blame them, poor souls: they live hardly, and have hardness to bear from others; but when any question arises between them and one who has unfortunately the niceties — the feelings — that we are brought up

to" — the curate stopped; "and I never was used to it," he said, as if to himself, in a low voice.

What did it all mean? the new rector said to himself. I think it was easy enough to divine, for my part; but then the rector was young, and had always been well off, and it did not occur to him that a grocer, simply as grocer, could have any power over a clergyman; more and more he felt convinced that some drama, some domestic tragedy, must be connected with the St. Johns, and he felt more and more eager to find it out. They went to the station, and sent a boy to the rectory with Mildmay's portmanteau, and then they strayed home by the common, across which the setting sun threw its very last slanting arrow of gold.

"This is delightful!" said Mildmay. "What freedom! what breadth of atmosphere! One feels one's self on the moors, in the great, ample world, not shut in by walls and houses."

"No, there is little of these," said the curate; "and it is very healthy, I have always understood: the common is what my girls love. But I don't see them coming." He arched his hand over his eyes as a defence against the light, as he looked along the road for his daughters. Mr. St. John had quite recovered himself. I don't think that even the name of Wilkins would have discouraged him now. In the warm and balmy air he took off his hat, holding up his venerable bare head to the sky. It was a head which might have served for that of an old saint. His white hair was still thick and abundant, his eyes full of soft light, his expression tranquil as the evening. "I have come here in many troubles," he said, "and I have always been refreshed. I don't pretend to know much about art, Mr. Mildmay, but nature is always soothing. Greenness cools the eyes whether it is study or tears that have fevered them. But I wonder what has become of the girls."

Mildmay was charmed by the meditative turn his companion's remarks had taken, but the question about the girls embarrassed him.

"I am afraid," he said, "that my intrusion has perhaps given Miss St. John some trouble."

"No; there is the servant, you know, a very good sort of girl, and Cicely is like her dear mother — never taken by surprise. If you are here as long as I have been you will know how pleasant it is to see a new face. We country folks rust: we fall into a fixed routine. I myself, see,



was about to take this little byway unconsciously, a path I often take, forgetting there was any one with me ——”

The curate looked wistfully along the thread of path; it had been worn by his own feet, and he seldom concluded his evening walk otherwise. Mildmay followed the narrow line with his eyes.

“It leads to the churchyard,” he said. “I like a country churchyard. May we go there before we go in? What a pity the church is so new! and this part of Berkshire is rich in old churches, I understand?”

“It is in good repair, and much more wholesome than the old ones,” said Mr. St. John. “They may be more picturesque. Here you can see into the rectory garden, the ground slopes so much; the church is very much higher than the common. It used to be sweet to me, looking back at the lights in the girls’ rooms, when I stood — there they are on the lawn now, Mr. Mildmay. They have not gone out, after all.”

Mildmay, looking down from the churchyard path, felt that it was dishonourable to spy upon the two girls unaware of his scrutiny, whom he could just see within the wall of the rectory garden; but he could not help feeling that this was more and more like a drama which was being played before him. He followed Mr. St. John along the narrow path to the little white stile which admitted to the churchyard. The curate ceased his tranquil talk as they entered that enclosure. He turned mechanically, as it seemed, to the left hand, and went round to a white cross upon a grave turned towards the common. It was of common stone, grey with years. The curate took off his hat again, and stood by it quite simply and calmly.

“It used to be sweet to me, standing here, to see the lights in the girls’ rooms,” he said once more. The soft tranquillity of his tone suited the still twilight, the pensive silent plain. It was too still for sorrow, nor was there any touch of unhappiness in the gentle voice. Young Mildmay uncovered too, and stood wondering, reverent, with a swell of sympathy in his heart. Some men would have felt with anguish the unspeakable separation between the mother under the dew and the twinkle of the lights in her children’s windows; but Mr. St. John was not of that mind. Yet, somehow, to have this stranger here made his loss seem fresher to him. “Cicely is very like her mother,” he said, and touched the cross softly with

his hand as if caressing it, and turned away. Mr. Mildmay could see that there were two paths up the mound to the white gate, and the meaning of them struck him vividly — one was that by which they had just come from the common, the other led down straight to the rectory. His heart was more touched than I can say, by the gentle fidelity, consoled and calm, yet always tender, which had worn that double line through the grass.

Mr. St. John, however, made a hesitating pause at a corner before he took this second way home. “My other poor wife, poor Mrs. St. John, lies there; but that I can show you to-morrow,” he said, in his gentle unchanged voice, and quietly went on to the gate, leading the way. “Supper will be ready,” the curate continued, when they emerged again upon the turf. “We live a very simple primitive life here; our meals are not arranged quite as yours are, but it comes to the same thing. In short, whatever seeming differences there are, all ways of living come to much the same thing.”

Did they so? Mr. St. John’s meaning was of the simplest. He meant that whether you called your latest meal dinner or supper did not matter much; but his companion gave it a broader sense. With a jar of laughter in his mind that broke up the reverential respect of the previous moment, he followed his simple host into the house, which by-and-by was to be his own house. Poor Mrs. St. John, who was not the mother of the girls; whose grave could be shown to-morrow; for whose sake these paths had not been worn across the grass; the stranger gave her her little meed of human notice in that smothered laugh. Poor Miss Brown!

The supper was homely enough — cold meat and salad, and bread and cheese and jam — and would have been cheerful and pleasant, Mr. Mildmay thought, but for the absorbed looks of that elder daughter, who was still somewhat unfriendly to him. He went up-stairs to his room, where a large mahogany four-post bed, with heavy moreen hangings, awaited him, before the night was very far advanced. When he had been there for a short time, he saw that his door was not shut, and went to close it. As he did so, he caught a glimpse of Cicely going down-stairs. She had retired some time before he did, so that her reappearance struck him all the more; and she was quite unconscious that he saw her. She carried a candle in one hand, and a pile of tradesmen’s books in



the other. She was pale, her look fixed, her nostrils a little dilated, like some one going to a painful task, he thought. As she moved down the dark staircase, a speck of light, with her candle shining on the whiteness of her face and dress, the walls, by which she flitted, looked more and more like the scenery of a drama to the young man. If they only would have opened, as in the *real* theatre, and shown him where she was going, what she was about to do! But this was very mean curiosity on Mr. Mildmay's part. He shut his door humbly, that she might not be disturbed by the sound, and after a while went meekly to bed, trying to say to himself that he had no right to pry into the business of these good people, who had been so kind to him; though, indeed, she had not been kind to him, he reflected, by way of lessening his own sense of guilt. He heard subdued voices below for some time after, and wished more than ever that the scenery would open, and reveal this scene to him; but the substantial walls stood fast, and the moreen curtains hung grimly about him, shutting out everything. There was no compromise about the furniture at the rectory; the pillared bedposts stood square, and stern, and strong, till poor Mildmay, dozing within them in the warm August night, thought them Samson's pillars in the house of Dagon, or the pillars of the earth.

Cicely went down to her father very resolute with her books. She had intended to say very little to him, but he had exasperated her, and she felt that she could not let him off. But her courage sank a little when she got into the study, and saw his white head in the light of the solitary candle. There were two candles on the table, but faithful to an old frugal habit, Mr. St. John had put out one of them when his guest left him. The room was good-sized, and full of huge mahogany book-cases; and as the table was at one end of it, there is no telling how full of gloom it was. One of the windows was open, and a great solid piece of darkness seemed to have taken its place, and to be pouring in. Mr. St. John was looking over some old sermons, bending his head over the papers, with spectacles upon his nose, which he took off when Cicely came in. He did not usually sit up so long, and he was rather aggrieved at the late interview she had asked for. He did not like to be disturbed out of his usual way, and he felt that she was going to speak to him about Wilkins, the most painful subject which could be suggested. Cicely, too, when he

raised his head, and took off his spectacles, found the interview a great deal more difficult than in her excited feelings she had supposed.

"Well, my dear," he said gently; "you wanted to speak to me." He gave a little shiver when he saw the books in her hand.

"Yes, papa," she said, laying them down on the table; and then there was a pause. The soft night air came in, and crept wistfully about the room, moving the curtains. When it approaches midnight, even in August, there is always something chill and mournful in the night wind.

"I wanted to speak to you," said Cicely, catching her breath a little; "it was about the books. I don't know if you have looked at them lately. Oh, papa! do you know that we are — in debt? I don't know how to say it — a great deal in debt!"

"Not a great deal, my dear," he said faintly; "something, I know. Wilkins spoke to me to-day — almost before Mr. Mildmay."

"It is not Wilkins alone," said Cicely solemnly; "it is everybody. The butcher, too; and, oh! so many little people. How are they ever to be paid? When I looked over the books to-day, not knowing — oh! do you know how it has happened? Can they be cheating? It is my only hope."

"My dear," said the curate, faltering, "better that one should have done wrong than that a great many should have done wrong. Poor Mrs. St. John — nay, I should say both of us, Cicely; for I was also to blame. We were not like your mother, my dear; it all came natural to your mother; but she, or rather we —" Mr. St. John's voice sank into an indistinct confusion. He was too good to blame the poor woman who was dead, and he did not know how to meet the eyes thus shining upon him, youthful, inexorable, of Hester's child. But even Cicely was moved by her father's wistful looks, and the humility of his tone.

"If only one could see any way of paying them," she said; "if even we had been staying here! I had a plan, and we might have done it. And it brings it all so near, and makes it so certain, to see this man."

"My love," said the curate remonstrating, "we knew that some one must come. It is not his fault. Why should we be unkind to him?"

"Unkind! Oh papa!" cried Cicely in her exasperation, "what had we to do with him? It was not our business to



feast him and pet him. But that is nothing," she said, trembling with excitement; "I will not blame you, papa, for that or anything, if only you will say now what you are going to do, or where you think we can go, or what I must say to these poor people. We cannot stay here and starve, or till they put us in prison — only tell me what we must do."

"How can I tell you, Cicely," said the curate, "when I do not know myself? I must advertise or something," he said helplessly. "I am old, my dear. Few people want a curate of my age; I suppose it almost looks like a stigma on a man to be a curate at my age."

"Papa!" Cicely stopped short in what she was going to say, and looked at him with strained and anxious eyes. She had meant to assail him for still being a curate, but his self-condemnation closed the girl's lips, or rather roused her in defence.

"Yes," said Mr. St. John, "you may say I ought to have thought of that sooner; but when things go on for a long time one asks one's self why should not they go on forever? 'He said, There will be peace in my time.' That was selfish of Hezekiah, my dear, very selfish, when you come to think of it. But I dare say it never seemed so to him, and neither did it to me."

Cicely was utterly overpowered by this; her anger and impatience died out of her, and compunction and remorse rose in her heart. "That is not the right way to look at it," she said. "It is a shame that a man like you should only be a curate — oh, a shame to the Church and every one! Mr. Chester, who never was here, never did anything, what right had he to be the rector? — and this other person —" It was so necessary for poor Cicely in the disturbance of her mind to be angry with some one that naturally her wrath grew wild and bitter when she was free to pour it out upon strangers.

"Hush! hush! my dear," said the curate, with a half-smile at her vehemence; for indeed he was deeply relieved to have the tide of indignation turned away from himself.

"Why should I hush, papa? It is your own college, you say; but they never take the trouble to ask who is at Brentburn, who has been taking the duty, who has looked after the people when the rector has been so long away. When people have the patronage of a parish in their hands, ought they not to know about it? And how did they dare, how did they venture, to give it to anybody but you?"

"You don't understand," said Mr. St. John. "The livings are given to the fellows, Cicely, to people who have distinguished themselves. The dons have no right to alienate a living, as it were, to put it away from those who have a right to it, and give it to one like me."

"What have they distinguished themselves in, papa? In Latin and Greek — which will do a great deal in the parish, don't you think? whereas you have distinguished yourself in Brentburn —"

"I have not done very much, my dear," said the curate, shaking his head.

"You have done all that has been done, papa; what are those college people worth? This fine gentleman!" cried Cicely, with scorn. (I wonder poor Mildmay did not feel himself shrink even within his four pillars and moreen curtains.) "He knows about art if you please, and shudders at the sight of Mr. Chester's mahogany. Poor old things," the girl cried, turning round to look at the old bookcases with her eyes streaming, "I only know how fond I am of them now!"

I cannot tell how thankful her father was that the conversation had taken this turn. *He* too felt tenderly towards the old unlovely walls which had sheltered him so long, and in the circumstances he felt it no harm to speak a little more strongly than he felt. He looked round upon the ghostly room so dark in all its corners. "A great many things have happened to us here," he said; "this was the first room we sat in, your mother and I. What changes it has seen! I don't know how to make up my mind to leave it."

This brought back the girl to the original question. "But now," she said, drying her eyes, "there is no choice — we must leave it. I suppose that is what this Mr. Mildmay has really come about? He will give you some little time, I suppose. "But papa, papa!" said Cicely, with a stamp of her foot to emphasize her words, "don't you see you *must* decide something — make up your mind to something? Hoping on till the last day will do no good to any one. And to think we should be so deep in debt! Oh, papa, what are we to do?"

"My dear, do not be hard upon me," said poor Mr. St. John; "I acknowledge, indeed, that it was my fault."

"It was not your fault — but I don't blame anybody. There was illness and weakness, and some people can and some people can't," said Cicely, with that mercy and toleration which are always, I fear,



more or less, the offspring of contempt. "Let us not go back upon that—but, oh, tell me, what is to be done now?"

Mr. St. John shook his venerable head piteously. "What do you think, Cicely?" he said.

This was all she could get from him; and, oh, how glad he was when he was permitted to go to bed, and be done with it! He could not tell what to do—anything he had ever done had been done for him (if it is not a bull to say so), and he had no more idea what independent step to take in this emergency, than one of the little boys had, to whose room he paid a half-surreptitious visit on his way to his own. Poor little souls! They were surreptitious altogether; even their father felt they had no right to be there in his daughters' way. He went in, shading his candle with his hand, not to disturb the slumbers of Annie, the little nursemaid, and approached to the two little cots on tiptoe, and looked at the two little white faces on the pillows. "Poor little things," he said to himself. Miss Brown was well out of it; she had escaped all this trouble and could not be called to account, either for the babies or those debts, which thus rose up against her in judgment. A dim giddiness of despair had made Mr. St. John's head swim while his daughter was questioning him; but now that the pressure was removed he was relieved. He sighed softly as he left the subject altogether, and said his prayers, and slept soundly enough. Neither the debts nor the babies weighed upon him—at least "no more than reason;" he was quite able to sleep and to forget.

When Mr. Mildmay came down-stairs next morning, and looked in at the open door of the dining-room, he saw Cicely "laying the cloth" there, putting down the white cups and saucers, and preparing the breakfast-table with her own hands. He was so much surprised at this, that he withdrew hastily, before she perceived him, with an uneasy sense that she might not like to be caught in such an occupation, and went to the garden, where, however, he could still see her through the open windows. He was not used to anything of the kind, and it surprised him much. But when he got outside he began to reflect, why should she be ashamed of it? There was nothing in the action that was not graceful or seemly. He saw her moving about, arranging one thing after another, and the sight made somehow a revolution in his mind. He had been in

the habit of thinking it rather dreadful, that a man should expose his wife—a lady—to be debased into such ignoble offices, or that any gentlewoman should have such things to do. This was the first time he had ever seen domestic business of a homely-kind done by a lady, and my *dilettante* was utterly annoyed at himself, when he found that, instead of being hurt and wounded by the sight, he liked it! Terrible confession! He went up and down the garden walks, pretending to himself that he was enjoying the fresh air of the morning, but actually peeping, spying, at the windows, watching Miss St. John arrange the breakfast. She had not seen him, but, quite unconscious of observation, absorbed in her own thoughts, she went on with her occupation. There were more things to do than to put the table to rights, for Betsy's work was manifold, and did not admit of very careful housemaid work. Mr. Mildmay watched her for some time coming and going; and then he became aware of another little scene which was going on, still nearer to himself. Out from a side door came the two little boys, hand in hand, with their hats tied on, and overshadowing the little pallid faces like two mushrooms. They were followed out by their little nurse, who watched their decorous exit with approval. "Now take your walk, till I come and fetch you," said this small guardian; upon which the two little urchins, tottering but solemn, began a serious promenade, so far along the gravel-walk, so far back again, turning at each end, as on an imaginary quarter-deck. The little boys tottered now and then, but recovered themselves, and went on steadily up and down, backward and forward, without a break. Mildmay was fond of children (so long as they did not bore him), and he was more amused than he could say. He made a few steps across the lawn to meet them, and held out his hands. "Come along here," he said; "come on the grass." The solemn babies paused and looked at him, but were not to be beguiled from their stately promenade. Their portentous gravity amazed him—even the children were mysterious in this romantic rectory. He went up to meet them on their next turn.

"Come, little ones," he said, "let us be friends. What are your names?"

They stood and looked at him with their big blue eyes, holding fast by each other. They were unprepared for this emergency, as their father was unprepared for the bigger emergency in which he found himself. At last one small piping voice re-



sponded "Harry!" the other instinctively began to suck his thumb.

"Harry—and what else?—come, tell me," said the new rector; "you are not both Harry." He stood looking at them, and they stood and looked at him; and the two babies, three years old, understood as much about that quintessence of Oxford, and education and culture, as he did of them; they gazed at him with their four blue eyes exactly in a row. "Come, speak," he said, laughing; "you have lost your tongues." This reproach roused Charlie, who took his thumb out of his mouth and put his whole hand in, to search for the tongue which was not lost.

The sound of Mildmay's voice roused Cicely. She came to the window, and looking out saw him there, standing in front of the children. Many schemes had been throbbing in her head all night. She had not slept tranquilly, like her father. She had been pondering plans till her brain felt like a honeycomb, each cell holding some active notion. She paused a moment, all the pulses in her beginning to throb, and looked out upon the opportunity before her. Then, after a moment's hesitation, she put down the little brush she held in her hand, threw up the window a little higher and stepped out—to try one other throw, though the game seemed played out, with fortune and fate!

#### CHAPTER XI.

CICELY ST. JOHN was not in the least beautiful. The chief charm she had, except her youthful freshness, was the air of life, activity, and animation which breathed about her. Dulness, idleness, weariness, languor were almost impossible to the girl—impossible, at least, except for the moment. To be doing something was a necessity of her nature, and she did that something so heartily, that there was nothing irritating in her activity. Life (but for bills and debts, and the inaction of others) was a pleasure to her. Her perpetual motion was so easy and pleasant and harmonious, that it jarred upon nobody. When she came out, suddenly stepping from the dining-room window, all the sweetness of the morning seemed to concentrate in this one figure, so bright, so living, so full of simple power; and this, after the sombre agitation and distress in which she had been enveloped on the previous night, was the most extraordinary revelation to the stranger, who did not know Cicely. He could scarcely believe it was the same, any more than a man

could believe a sunshiny, brilliant summer morning to be the same as the pallid, rainy troubled dawn which preceded the sunrising. Cicely had been entirely cast down in the evening; every way of escape seemed to have closed upon her; she was in despair. But the night had brought counsel, as it so often does; and to-day she had risen full of plans and resolutions and hopes, and was herself again, as much as if there were no debts in her way, as if her father's position was as sure and stable as they had all foolishly thought it. The moment she came into this little group in the garden its character changed. Two poor little startled babies gazing at a man who understood nothing about them, and gazed back at them with a wonder as great as their own, without any possible point on which they could come into contact: this is what the curious encounter had been. Mildmay, as thinking himself much the most advanced being, smiled at the children, and experienced a certain amusement in their bewildered, helpless looks; yet he was not a bit wiser in knowledge of them, in power to help them, in understanding of their incomplete natures, than they were in respect to him. But when Cicely stepped out, the group grew human. Whatever was going to be done, whatever was necessary to be done, or said, she was the one capable of doing or saying. Her light, firm step rang on the gravel with a meaning in it; she comprehended both the previously helpless sides of the question, and made them into a whole. Her very appearance had brightness and relief in it. The children (as was natural and proper) were swathed in black woollen frocks, trimmed with crape, and looked under their black hats like two little black mushrooms, with their heads tilted back. Cicely, too, possessed decorous mourning for poor Mrs. St. John; but at home, in the morning, Mab and she considered it sufficient in the circumstances to wear black and white prints, in which white predominated, with black ribbons; so that her very appearance agreed with the sunshine. May would have suited her perhaps better than August, but still she was like the morning, ready for whatever day might bring. Mildmay saluted her with a curious sensation of surprise and pleasure; for this was the one, he perceived at once, who had looked at him with so much hostility—and the change in her was very agreeable. Even the children were moved a little. Charley's mouth widened over his thumb with a feeble smile, and Harry took his



gaze from Mildmay to fix it upon her, and murmured, "Zat's Cicely," getting over her name with a run, and feeling that he had achieved a triumph. Little Annie, the nursemaid, however, who was jealous of the sisters, appeared at this moment, and led her charges away.

"Funny little souls!" Mildmay said, looking after them; then fearing he might have offended his hostess, and run the risk of driving her back into her former hostility, he said something hastily about the garden, which, of course, was the safest thing to do.

"Yes, it is a nice garden," said Cicely; "at least you will be able to make it very nice. We have never taken enough trouble with it, or spent enough money upon it, which means the same thing. You are very fond of the country, Mr. Mildmay?"

"Am I?" he said. "I really did not know."

"Of country amusements, then — riding, and that sort of thing? We are quite near the race-ground, and this, I believe, is a very good hunting-country."

"But these are not clerical amusements, are they?" he said, laughing; "not the things one would choose a parish for?"

"No; certainly papa takes no interest in them: but then he is old; he does not care for amusement at all."

"And why should you think amusement is my great object? Do I look so utterly frivolous?" said Mildmay, piqued.

"Nay," said Cicely, "I don't know you well enough to tell how you look. I only thought perhaps you had some reason for choosing Brentburn out of all the world; perhaps love of the country, as I said; or love for — something. It could not be croquet — which is the chief thing in summer — for that you could have anywhere," she added, with a nervous little laugh.

"I hope, Miss St. John, there are other motives —"

"Oh, yes, many others. You might be going to be married, which people say is a very common reason; but indeed you must not think I am prying. It was only — curiosity. If you had not some object," said Cicely, looking at him with a wistful glance, "you would never leave Oxford, where there is society and books and everything any one can desire, to come here."

"You think that is everything any one could desire?" he said smiling, with a flattered sense of his superiority — having found all these desirable things too little

to content him — over this inexperienced creature. "But Miss St. John, you forget the only motive worth discussing. There is a great deal that is very pleasant in Oxford — society, as you say, and books, and art, and much besides; but I am of no use to any one there. All the other people are just as well educated, as well off, as good, or better than I am. I live only to enjoy myself. Now, one wants more than that. Work, something to exercise one's highest faculties. I want to do something for my fellow-creatures; to be of a little use. There must be much to do, much to improve, much to amend in a parish like this —"

A rapid flush of colour came to Cicely's face. "To improve and amend!" she said quickly. "Ah! you speak at your ease, Mr. Mildmay — in a parish where papa has been working for twenty years!"

Mildmay gave her a startled, wondering look. To be thus interrupted while you are riding, full tilt, your favourite hobby, is very confusing. He scarcely took in the meaning of the words "working for twenty years."

"Twenty years — all my lifetime and more; and you think you can mend it all at once like an old shoe!" cried Cicely, her cheeks flaming. Then she said, subduing herself, "I beg your pardon. What you say is quite right, I know."

But by this time her words began to take their proper meaning to his mind. "Has Mr. St. John been here so long?" he said. "I hope you don't think I undervalue his work. I am sure it must have been better than anything I with my inexperience can do; but yet —"

"Ah! you will learn; you are young; and we always think we can do better than the old people. I do myself often," said Cicely, under her breath.

"I did not mean anything so presumptuous," he said; "indeed, I did not know. I thought of myself, as one does so often without being aware — I hope you will not form a bad opinion of me, Miss St. John. I accepted the living for the sake of the work, not for any smaller motive. Books and society are not life. It seemed to me that to instruct one's fellow-creatures so far as one can, to help them as far as one can, to bring a higher ideal into their existence —"

Cicely was bewildered by this manner of speech. She did not quite understand it. No one had ever spoken to her of a high ideal; a great deal had been said to her one time and another about doing her duty, but nothing of this. She was daz-



zled, and yet half contemptuous, as ignorance so often is. "A high ideal for the poor folk in the village, and Wilkins the grocer, and old Mrs. Joel with her pigs?" she cried mocking; yet while she said it, she blushed for herself.

Mildmay blushed too. He was young enough to be very sensitive to ridicule, and to know that high ideals should not be rashly spoken of except to sympathetic souls. "Why not," he said, "for them as well as for others?" then stopped between disappointment and offence.

"Ah!" said Cicely, "you don't know the village people. If you spoke to them of high ideals, they would only open their mouths and stare. If it was something to make a little money by, poor souls! or to get new boots for their children, or even to fatten the pigs. Now you are disgusted, Mr. Mildmay; but you don't know how poor the people are, and how little time they have for anything but just what is indispensable for living." As she said this, Cicely's eyes grew wistful, and filled with moisture. The young man thought it was an angelical pity for the poverty and sufferings of others; but I fear the girl was at that moment thinking of what lay before herself.

"Miss St. John," he said, "when you feel for them so deeply, you must sympathize with me too. The harder life is, has it not the more need of some clear perception of all the higher meanings in it? If it is worth while to be a clergyman at all, this is the use, it seems to me, to which we should put ourselves; and for that reason —"

"You are coming to Brentburn!" cried Cicely. The tears disappeared from her eyes, dried by the flush of girlish impatience and indignation that followed. "As if they were all heathens; as if no one else had ever taught them — and spent his time and strength for them! Out of your Latin and Greek, and your philosophy, and your art, and all those fine things, you are coming to set a high ideal before poor Sally Gillows, whose husband beats her, and the Hodges, with their hundreds of children, and the hard farmers and the hard shopkeepers that grind the others to the ground. Well!" she said, coming rapidly down from this indignant height to a half-disdainful calm, "I hope you will find it answer, Mr. Mildmay. Perhaps it will do better than papa's system. He has only told them to try and do their best, poor souls! to put up with their troubles as well as they could, and to hope that some

time or other God would send them something better either in this world or another. I don't think papa's way has been very successful, after all," said Cicely, with a faint laugh; "perhaps yours may be the best."

"I think you do me injustice," said Mildmay, feeling the attack so unprovoked that he could afford to be magnanimous. "I have never thought of setting up my way in opposition to Mr. St. John's way. Pray do not think so. Indeed, I did not know, and could not think —"

"Of papa at all!" cried Cicely, interrupting him as usual. "Why should you? No, no, it was not you who ought to have thought of him. You never heard his name before, I suppose. No one could expect it of you."

"And if I have entered into this question," he continued, "it was to show you that I had not at least mere petty personal motives."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Mildmay. I had no right to inquire into your motives at all."

Mildmay was not vain; but he was a young man, and this was a young woman by his side, and it was she who had begun a conversation much too personal for so slight an acquaintance. When he thought of it, it was scarcely possible to avoid a touch of amiable complacency in the evident interest he had excited. "Nay," he said, with that smile of gratified vanity which is always irritating to a woman, "your interest in them can be nothing but flattering to me — though perhaps I may have a difficulty in understanding —"

"Why I am so much interested? Mr. Mildmay!" cried Cicely, with her eyes flashing, "don't you think if any one came to you to take your place, to turn you out of your home, to banish you from everything you have ever known or cared for, and send you desolate into the world — don't you think you would be interested too? Don't you think you would wonder over him, and try to find out what he meant, and why this thing was going to be done, and why — oh, what am I saying?" cried Cicely, stopping short suddenly, and casting a terrified look at him. "I must be going out of my senses. It is not that, it is not that I mean!"

Poor Mildmay looked at her aghast. The flash of her eyes, the energy of her words, the sudden change to paleness and horror when she saw how far she had gone, made every syllable she uttered so real, that to pass it over as a mere ebullition of girlish temper or feeling was im-



possible; and there was something in this sudden torrent of reproach — which, bitter as it was, implied nothing like personal, intentional wrong on his part — which softened as well as appalled him. The very denunciation was an appeal. He stood thunderstruck, looking at her, but not with any resentment in his eyes. "Miss St. John," he said, almost tremulously, "I don't understand. This is all strange — all new to me."

"Forget it," she said hastily. "Forgive me, Mr. Mildmay, when I ask your pardon! I did not think what I was saying. Oh, don't think of it any more!"

"There is nothing to forgive," he said; "but you will tell me more?" Indeed I am not angry — how could I be angry? — but most anxious to know."

"Cicely," said the curate's gentle voice from the window, "it is time for prayers, and we are all waiting for you. Come in, my dear." Mr. St. John stood looking out with a large prayer-book in his hand. His tall figure, with a slight wavering of constitutional feebleness and age in it, filled up one side of the window, and at his feet stood the two babies, side by side as usual, their hats taken off, and little white pinafores put on over their black frocks, looking out with round blue eyes. There was no agitation about that placid group. The little boys were almost too passive to wonder, and it had not occurred to Mr. St. John as possible that anything calculated to ruffle the countenance or the mind could have been talked of between his daughter and his guest. He went in when he had called them, and took his seat at his usual table. Betsy and Annie stood by the great sideboard waiting for the family devotions, which Betsy, at least, having much to do, was somewhat impatient of; and Mab was making the tea, in order that it might be "drawn" by the time that prayers were over. The aspect of everything was so absolutely peaceful, that when Mr. Mildmay stepped into the room he could not but look at Cicely with a question in his eyes. She, her face flushed and her mouth quivering, avoided his eye, and stole away to her place at the breakfast-table behind. Mildmay, I am afraid, got little benefit by Mr. St. John's prayer. He could not even hear it for thinking. Was this true? and if it was true, what must he do? A perfect tempest raged in the new rector's bosom, while the old curate read so calmly, unmoved by anything but the mild everyday devotion which was habitual to him. Secular things did not interfere with sacred

in the old man's gentle soul, though they might well have done so, Heaven knows, had human necessities anything to do with human character. And when they rose from their knees, and took their places round the breakfast-table, Mildmay's sensations became more uncomfortable still. The girl who had denounced him as about to drive her from her home, made tea for him, and asked him if he took cream and sugar. The old man whom he was about to supplant placed a chair for him, and bade him take his place with genial kindness. Mr. Mildmay had been in the habit for the greater part of his life of thinking rather well of himself; and it is inconceivable how unpleasant it is when a man accustomed to this view of the subject, feels himself suddenly as small and pitiful as he did now. Mr. St. John had some letters, which he read slowly as he ate his egg, and Mabel also had one, which occupied her. Only Cicely and the stranger, the two who were not at ease with each other, were free to talk, and I don't know what either of them could have found to say.

The curate looked up from his letter with a faint sigh, and pushed away the second egg which he had taken upon his plate unconsciously. "Cicely," he said, "this is a startling letter, though perhaps I might have been prepared for something of the kind. Mr. Chester's relations, my dear, write to say that they wish to sell off the furniture." Mr. St. John gave a glance round, and for a moment his heart failed him. "It is sudden; but it is best, I suppose, that we should be prepared."

"It was to be expected," said Cicely, with a little gasp. She grew paler, but exerted all her power to keep all signs of emotion out of her face.

"Sell the furniture?" said Mab, with a laugh. "Poor old things! But who will they find to buy them?" Mab did not think at all of the inevitable departure which must take place before Mr. Chester's mahogany could be carried away.

"You will think it very weak," said poor Mr. St. John, "but I have been here so long that even the dispersion of the furniture will be something in the shape of a trial. It has seen so much. Of course, such a grievance is merely sentimental — but it affects one more than many greater things."

"I did not know that you had been here so long," said Mildmay.

"A long time — twenty years. That is a great slice out of one's life," said Mr. St. John. (He here thought better of a too hasty determination, and took back his



egg.) "Almost all that has happened to me has happened here. Here I brought your mother home, my dears. Cicely is very like what her mother was; and here you were born, and here ——"

"Oh, papa, don't go on like that odious Jessica and her lover, 'On such a night!'" said Cicely, with a forced laugh.

"I did not mean to go on, my dear," said the curate, half aggrieved, half submissive; and he finished his egg with a sigh.

"But I wonder very much," said Mildmay, "if you will pardon me for saying so, why, when you have been here so long, you did not take some steps to secure the living. You must like the place, or you would not have stayed; and nobody would have been appointed over your head; it is impossible, if the circumstances had been known."

"My dear sir," said the curate, with his kind smile, "you don't think I mean to imply any grudge against you? That would shut my mouth effectually. No, there are a great many reasons why I could not do anything. First, I did not know till a few days ago that the rector was dead; he should have sent me word. Then I have grown out of acquaintance with all my friends. I have not budged out of Brentburn, except now and then to town for a day, these twenty years; and, besides all this," he said, raising his head with simple grandeur, "I have never asked anything from anybody, and I hope I shall end my life so. A beggar for place or living I could never be."

Cicely, with her eyes fixed upon him with the most curious mixture of pride, wonder, humiliation, satisfaction, and shame, raised her head too, sharing this little lyrical outburst of the humble old man's self-consequence.

But Mab burst lightly in from the midst of her letter. "Don't boast of that, papa, please," she said. "I wish you had asked something and got it. I am sure it would have been much better for Cicely and me."

"My dear!" said Mr. St. John, with a half-smile, shaking his head. It was all the reply he made to this light interruption. Then he resumed the former subject. "Take the letter, Cicely, and read it, and tell me what you think. It is grievous to think of a sale here, disturbing old associations. We must consult afterwards what is best to do."

"Papa," said Cicely, in a low voice full of agitation, "the best thing of all would be to settle now, while Mr. Mildmay is

here; to find out when he wishes to come; and then there need be no more to put up with than is absolutely necessary. It is better to know exactly when we must go."

The curate turned his mild eyes to the young man's face. There was a look of pain and reluctance in them, but of submission; and then he smiled to save the stranger's feelings. "It is hard upon Mr. Mildmay," he said, "to be asked this, as if we were putting a pistol to his head; but you will understand that we wish you every good, though we may be grieved to leave our old home."

Mildmay had been making a pretence at eating, feeling as if every morsel choked him. Now he looked up flushed and nervous. "I am afraid I have inadvertently said more than I meant," he said. "I don't think I have made up my mind beyond the possibility of change. It is not settled, as you think."

"Dear me," said Mr. St. John concerned, "I am very sorry; I hope it is not anything you have heard here that has turned you against Brentburn? It is not a model parish, but it is no worse than other places. Cicely has been telling you about my troubles with those cottages; but, indeed, there is no parish in England where you will not have troubles of some kind—unwholesome cottages or other things."

"I said nothing about the cottages," said Cicely, with downcast looks. "I hope Mr. Mildmay does not mind anything I said. I say many things without thinking. It is very foolish, but it would be more foolish to pay any attention. I am sure you have often said so, papa."

"I?" said the curate, looking at her disturbed countenance with some surprise. "No, I do not think you are one of the foolish talkers, my dear. It is a long story about these cottages; and, perhaps, I let myself be more worried than I ought. I will tell you all about it on the way to the Heath, for I think you ought to call on the Ascotts, if you will permit me to advise. They are the chief people about here. If you are ready, perhaps we should start soon; and you will come back and have some of our early dinner before you go?"

"I am ashamed to give so much trouble, to—receive so much kindness," said Mildmay, confused. He rose when Mr. St. John did, but he kept his eyes fixed upon Cicely, who kept her seat, and would not look at him. The curate had various things to do before he was ready to start. He had his scattered memoranda to col-



lect, and to get his note-book from his study, and yesterday's newspaper to carry to an old man in the village, and a book for a sick child, and I don't know how many trifles besides. "Papa's things are always all over the house," Mab cried, running from one room to another in search of them. Cicely generally knew exactly where to find all these properties which Mr. St. John searched for habitually with unfounded yet unalterable confidence in the large pockets of his long clerical coat. But Cicely still kept her seat, and left her duties to her sister, her mind being full of other things.

"What is the matter with Cicely?" said Mab, running back with her hands full. "I have found them, but I don't know which of your pockets they belong to. This is the one for the note-book, and this is the one for the newspaper; but what does Cicely mean, sitting there like a log, and leaving everything to me?"

"Miss St. John," said Mildmay, in this interval, "may I come back as your father says? May we finish the conversation we began this morning? or is the very sight of me disagreeable to you? There are so many things I want to know."

Cicely got up suddenly, half impatient, half sad. "We are always glad to see any one whom papa asks," she said; "you must call it luncheon, Mr. Mildmay, but to us it is dinner; that makes the difference between rector and curate," she added, with a laugh.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

A WANDERER'S LETTER.

To the Editor.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—My resolution to address you has been taken somewhat suddenly: I will tell you what brought it about. This morning I was engaged in the homely operation of shaving myself, under very unfavourable circumstances—circumstances, indeed, that would to many of our countrymen have been deemed to justify the expression of the savagest ideas. From my mild nature, they drew forth simply the sighing remark, "If ever I live to shave at a glass placed in front of a good light, it won't be easy to set me roaming again." Now, those who have suffered as I was then suffering, and as I suffer every day, will have no difficulty in divining what connection there is between roaming and a shaving-glass in front of your window. They know very well the

misery of standing among probably a profusion of mirrors all so ingeniously placed that not one will perform the office for which *we* suppose that mirrors were intended. It is very true that so much glass surface gives brilliancy to an apartment; but in your dressing-room you want utility in at least one looking-glass; for what does it profit a man if he have his whole four walls, and his ceiling too, covered with mirrors, if he cannot in any see to shave himself—"water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink"? Of course, I, raising this wail, am on the continent of Europe; and of course when I spoke of standing at a glass with its back to the light I meant by this periphrasis, if ever I got to England again, where they do arrange glasses in sensible positions. Mind I am only telling my thought; and if my thought came in this roundabout way, how could I help it? I knew what it meant, and so does every self-shaving man that ever went across the Channel. Besides, there is warrant for delivering one's self in this way. Does not Rosalind say, "Look you lisp and wear strange suits," and so on, "or I will scarce think *you have swam in a gondola*?" "That is," says the commentator, "been at Venice." But Rosalind does not think it necessary to explain, and when I think of her I feel that I am justified: the Channel *is* the boundary between mirrors that one can shave in and mirrors that one can't. At any rate, I made to myself the remark I have written down; and then by a natural sequence of ideas it occurred to me that whenever it should be my luck to get home again I might have much to say to you and to others concerning my wanderings; but then I don't at all know when my return may be, and so my gossip grows cold and is like to be very stale before I have an opportunity of imparting it *vivâ voce*. Immediately rose up the idea of pen and ink—weapons which, as you know, I have misused before to-day—and the temptation to further iniquity grew strong, irresistible. Hence this infiction.

It would, I suppose, be considered rather a fallacious thing to say that the French are a more reflecting people than the Germans; and yet it is, in one acceptance, a true saying; for, though mirrors prevail more or less in every part of the Continent that I have visited, they are less excessive as you advance eastward. Yet with all this provision of reflectors you have not frequent opportunities of beholding your natural face in a glass;



for besides the villainous misplacements in respect of light, there is commonly an intense distorting power which might lead to suicide, though not by the same temptation as that of Narcissus. "Hence, horrible shadow! unreal mockery, hence!" Truly the mirrors are a delusion; but there is another perverse thing that I have seen under the sun. Why is it that no piece of furniture can by possibility rest on the ground with all its feet, but every one must keep always one leg disengaged, so that whenever it is pressed on from above it is sure to shift its bearing, and happy are you if the ensuing spilling, dropping, and clattering be the whole of the evil, and you have not to pay for smashes? Rest a candle or (what is worse) a lamp on a small table, chest of drawers, cabinet, or *escritoire*, or put a jug of water on the same, and then take heed that you destroy not the existing balance; for should any weight incline toward the unsupported foot "but in the estimation of a hair," the overflow of grease, oil, water, and haply of fire, may be calamitous. I, at this moment of writing, rejoice in the use of a hanging-press, wherein, by certain ingenious contrivances not known, as I flatter myself, to the vulgar, I succeed in stowing certain articles of apparel. But had this affliction been continued in the state in which I received it, no garment could possibly have been suspended therein. It is fitted with innumerable pegs for hanging, but not one of them has the little button or *retroussement* necessary to the retention of the thing suspended; and this being the case, of course, to aggravate the grievance, the short legs are in front, so that while the base of the press touches the skirting, the top has a very distant acquaintance, a bowing acquaintance, I may say, with the wall. Thus everything may slide off as fast as it was hooked on. It is infinitely soothing to the feelings when you arrive late at night, and tired, to find yourself accommodated with a receptacle of this kind in which, while you are hanging No. 3, Nos. 1 and 2 slide off their pins, and when you replace 1 and 2 down goes 3. After a quarter of an hour of this exhilaration, I brought all my garments together on a chair within hand's reach, then steadied the convenient piece of furniture with one hand, while with the most delicate handling I got my clothing into the dependent state, which done, I closed and fastened the door upon it, having solved the problem for this time. In the morning I found but a miscellaneous heap in

the bottom of the press. There had been a disturbance of equilibrium in the night, a general slide, and now this chaotic commingling. Well, I was not absolutely obliged to use this press, because there is a tiny chest of drawers; but when I explain that not one of the drawers has, or ever had, a handle or knob, and that the sole means of extracting any one is the key common to all the locks—also, that it is absolutely impossible to make the two ends come out or go in evenly, but they jam (sometimes very fast) at every inch and a half or so of their career—you will understand that this alternative did not present a very obvious prospect of relief from difficulty. I have never heard a reason given for the intolerably bad joiner's work that one finds—I only know the fact. As regards Germany, I believe that large numbers of German joiners and cabinet-makers find constant employment in England; also, that many English workmen come to Germany. The inferior work produced in Germany would therefore appear to be rather the choice than the necessity of the people. Among the requisites which tourists are recommended to provide, I have never seen a little bag of wedges mentioned; but this would be a marvellous convenience. Armed with it one might, on taking possession of an apartment, at once commence tightening up, and so keep everything firm and steady during one's sojourn. It might be charitable, perhaps, to leave the wedges for the benefit of the incoming tenant; but they will certainly be wanted at the next halting-place, and moreover, one's successor, if a native, may probably, as has been hinted, prefer the lively rattle of unwedged household stuff. You know, when Peter Pindar's toper had helped himself to a fly in his ladle of punch, he carefully returned the insect to the bowl, saying in answer to some censor of the action.

Though I don't like to swallow flies,  
I didn't know but others might.

You are by no means obliged to credit your neighbour with your own cultivated tastes. No, take on the wedges by all means.

All this grumbling has found its way into ink without malice prepense, and indeed rather against my will. I felt bound at the beginning of the letter to state its *raison d'être*, and in so doing was taken at advantage by the besetting infirmity of our nation, which I had not the skill or the resolution at once to drive behind me.



But I will be done now with fault-finding for a while, and inform you that I am some way to the east of the Rhine, that I have not met a cockney for three months; that I have been living in one or two places where not three persons in the whole population can speak a word of English; and that the further I get from the beaten track, the better I like the country through which I travel. Just now I am revelling in the profusion of fruit, grapes, plums, melons, walnuts, procurable of most exquisite quality at very small price. Impossible that this abundance can be consumed in the autumn, and the *compôtes* of various kinds are used in such small quantities that they don't account for the surplus. Of preserves, jams, and marmalades, such as we delight in, this people seems to have no conception. Therefore, I say, what becomes of all the fruit?

Dear editor, I have been taken down a peg in my John-Bull-ism, and so would you if you were here, by the marvellous moderation of the national self-esteem. If we had whacked France as the Germans lately did — and we used once to do that kind of thing — no stranger would be able to visit any part of our islands without hearing of our exploits; some strangers might perhaps hear of them in a style which they might not consider pleasant or in good taste. But I must say I have never been offended by — indeed I have seldom seen a manifestation of — vaulting self-esteem among the Germans. I am aware that other travellers' experiences have been different in this respect, but I must speak of things as I have found them. The military of all ranks have seemed to me most mild and courteous in their demeanour, in the streets, in the coffee-houses, at shows, at entertainments. I do not remember a bit of swagger, hardly a *tall* word. And this, surely, is the proper way of bearing the burden of a great fame. As admiration is not challenged, no occasion is offered of disputing the title to it. Yet more admiration seems to be rendered than the most exacting could lay claim to; and not admiration only, but that ascription of marvellous qualities and powers by which ignorance and terror magnify what is naturally great into the supernatural. According to much writing and gossip current in England, there is not one of these unassuming German officers but can tell the number of cabbages in any Englishman's garden, not one but can find his way blindfold to London from any part of the coast, not one

but has his name written in the domesday-book which is to come into force after the next conquest.

I have nowhere remarked such an absence of self-assertion and silly pride as in the region where I now sojourn; and, strange to say, it is in the softer sex that these qualities are least to be seen. In the streets or on the roads may be remarked every day and all day young women, who, from their dress and general appearance, are above the labouring or serving class, trudging along with deep panniers strapped to their shoulders and hanging down their backs. They evidently do not think it any shame or any disgrace to transport in this fashion their own or their employers' wares. I must say that, as long as their burdens are in proportion to their strength, the sight rather gratifies than offends me, and appears to be in very healthy contrast with the servant-galism and young-person-ism with which I am more familiar. I should add that these girls do not suffer even in appearance from their occupations. They are fresh, neat, healthy, clean, with modestly-braided hair in quantity no greater than might grow on their own heads, and far more prepossessing than the would-be-dainty tawdry beings whom we see trailing their garments in the dirt at home, and aping the costume of people of fashion, and whose dignity would rise to bursting-point at the suggestion of their bearing a parcel in their august hands from street to street. But it is not these girls alone who condescend to do a little useful work. You must get very high indeed in the social scale before you come upon ladies who are simply born to consume the fruits of the earth. Most are said to be very notable in their kitchens and housekeepers' rooms, and any of them is ready to take her basket and go to market. My landlady is the mistress of a large house containing very many suites of apartments — quite on a par, I should say, with the very best of those who let out apartments in London. She is some way short of middle age, well made, and good-looking. Two days ago, I, being in the fruit-market admiring the glorious sight on a splendid autumn day, saw mine hostess making her way with a large basket full of provisions on her arm, and in the other hand a net full of carrots and onions. Of course she exhibited not the least consciousness that she was doing anything unbecoming, and when I pulled my hat off she gave me a bend as gracious and self-possessed as if she had been engaged



in the most delicate of what we delight to call truly feminine occupations. If it be objected that these household cares and services are a bar to cultivation, the objection will go for nothing with those who know anything of the facts. There is hardly one of these practisers of housewifery who does not pursue some useful art or elegant accomplishment — painting, music, languages, literature. No, it is certain that cultivation is not excluded; but waste of time is — sauntering, lounging, inordinate amusement, time-killing, — idling, in short: is this a loss?

Here there is a great desire to advance in anything intellectual; but music, I should be inclined to say, is the favourite study as well as the favourite recreation. It is very hard for one on a low level to criticise those on a higher: but I can't help making my observations, and, to my humble apprehension, the Germans have got to almost too high a level. Music with them is a thing rather to be criticised than enjoyed; indeed the enjoyment of it consists in criticising as much as in feeling it. I am reminded, when I hear them speak about it, of Sterne's observations, beginning with "And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?" the answer to which question is, "Oh, three minutes too long by a stop-watch," and so on. Of course they must feel and love music or they would not follow after it as they do; but feeling seems at last subordinated to judgment; they will not allow themselves to be affected until they are satisfied that the composition to which they listen will bear picking to pieces. Not very long since I conversed with a German of high musical reputation — a man fully entitled to speak with authority on the subject, my knowledge of it being that of the vagabond Englishman. He spoke so disparagingly of several operas which I had been accustomed to admire as masterpieces, that I at length asked him what he thought of Italian music generally.

"Oh, it is nothing."

"You don't see anything to admire in Bellini?"

"No, nothing; he is so feeble."

"Verdi? Donizetti?"

"There are some pretty things, — but oh, it is poor!"

"Well, what do you say to Rossini?"

"Some merit in '*Il Barbiere*,' — the rest nothing."

"Surely '*Semiramide*' is fine?"

"Oh, for a fair; but as music — no."

"Pray name some composers whom you think admirable."

"Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Glück, Mendelssohn."

I should think it anything but a gain to be educated up to this height: the science or refinement I should so obtain would never repay me for loss of the pleasure I now experience in hearing the music of "*Tancredi*," the "*Lucia*," the "*Trovatore*," and a score of other old delights. As I write this confession, comes across me Burke's supposition of a person thoroughly unacquainted with sculpture admiring a barber's block. But even if it be my ignorance which attaches me to my old friends, there is much bliss in the ignorance.

I was better satisfied with what the same gentleman said on another subject, modern opinion on which had often exercised me much. I asked if he had ever heard Paganini. He had not, but he knew all about him. "What," said I, "is the meaning of the depreciation with which Paganini is now so often mentioned? Everybody was enough astonished by him while he lived."

"Oh, he was a wonderful player, but in a peculiar line."

"Peculiar certainly. But what do people mean by contrasting his performances with what they are pleased to call *legitimate* playing? What is legitimate and what is illegitimate in playing the violin? If a man succeeds in producing the sweetest tones, and executing the most difficult passages, thereby giving a high degree of pleasure to his hearers, is his fame to be taken from him by the application of a meaningless adjective?"

"His fame isn't taken from him," was the answer. "What real fame he got, he keeps. But he played too much for the multitude; he was too fond of stage tricks. That performance on one string was simply to make people stare; music gained nothing by it. Then his harmonics, once thought so wonderful, were to some extent the result of material arrangement. To extract them he used strings so fine that an ordinary violinist would reject such as containing no tone. From the novelty of his style, he took greatly for a time; but no one ever thought it worth while to follow in his footsteps. He founded no school."

Hereupon I shut up, rather mortified at having to surrender my belief in Paganini, but only too well convinced that he is not so much misused as I had fancied.



I have heard divers opinions about their military bands, many maintaining that they are harsh, and their selections unmelodious. There is certainly rather an absence "of flutes and soft recorders;" but one is bound to think a little of the purpose of the band, as well as the effect it may have in a park on a summer's afternoon. English military bands are sometimes (and perhaps wisely) arranged as much for the gratification of the civil population as for martial purposes. But there is no need of that in Germany. The bands are strong in numbers and strong in the brass. The time to judge of them is when they are playing in front of their regiments, and there, in my opinion, their effect is fine. You don't want dulcet airs or moving harmonies when troops are on the march, but nervous, brisk, inspiring music, and that, I think, is to be heard here in perfection. It is no great pleasure to be awaked from a sound sleep, but I used to think it the least disagreeable of awakenings when, during the past summer, the roll of the drums and the clanging of the trumpets announced an early march of a regiment. To look out in the grey of the morning and see the men moving at their brisk quickstep to the sound of most animating music, through the otherwise deserted streets, was glorious: and what with summer manœuvres, changes of stations, etc., there was plenty of movement during summer. The smart quickstep which I have noted, although acceptable to the eye and ear, is, I should say, too rapid to be long maintained without unnecessary fatigue. The regiments on parade or on the march present certainly an appearance with which it would be difficult to find fault, even if one desired to do so; but on more tedious duties—on guard, for instance—there is certainly what we should call a want of smartness. A sentry slouches about in all imaginable positions, not in the least confining himself to a recognized military attitude, and I think I have seen him with a lighted pipe in his mouth. The guard itself is often a slovenly-looking body, and its "turns out" and its reliefs very loose performances. The men wear, in summer, trousers of what looks like sackcloth, of the colour of brown holland—most unsightly integuments; and I have seen sometimes men on fatigue as dirty fellows as one could possibly encounter. I used to fancy, and perhaps with reason, that all that the British army once suffered in the way of stiff stocks, collars six inches deep, tight sleeves, and unmerciful strapping,

was copied from the Prussians; but if that were so, the successors of the great Frederick's troops have now cast away rigidity and precision to an extent which I can hardly reconcile with good order.

Without in the least being insensible to the brilliancy of the achievements of the German troops in the late war—on the contrary, giving them all honour and credit—I take the liberty of thinking that if one could fairly fathom and ascertain the military point which England most admires in Prussia, it would be found to be her ability to raise men. She can bring them up in armies, in nations, in inexhaustible hordes, as the French were pleased to express it during the war. What she does so easily and effectually is just the pinching shoe to us. We too are anxious to get men at call, and we know that there are two ways of getting them; one is by compelling service as Germany does, the other is by offering sufficient attraction in the way of pay. We do neither the one thing nor the other, but we go on wishing for a copious flow of recruits, and admiring Prussia who does take effectual steps for getting what she wants. I am aware that there are sound military objections to paying soldiers highly, and if these be regarded, there would seem to be no course left except compulsion. But where is the statesman with courage or influence to give us what we so much desire by the only advisable means? I think I may pause (some time) for a reply; and I think we shall wait some time before our ranks are overcrowded. When England's danger shall be such that the multitude may apprehend it, then I doubt not she will, as she has before done, make any sacrifice to avert disaster. But it seems to be an accepted axiom now, that time will not be allowed after the danger is apparent for preparing to meet it. That must be done beforehand, and it is lamentable to think how little we have approached to the knowledge of how to be prepared. Not only are we unable in practice to indulge in the security of efficient defence; there is a strong party among us who on principle contend against our being possessed of the means of defence. "Not only," say they, "are a powerful army and navy very expensive, and therefore a constant canker in the country's resources; they furnish inducement to the very thing, war, which we wish to avoid. If you have no force you cannot fight, you must be courteous and conciliatory, and attain your ends by fair means, or postpone the grati-



fication of your desires for a season." It never seems to occur to those who argue thus that there are other nations who also have desires, of which desires many are not favourable to our comfort or independence; and that these nations would not scruple, if opportunity offered, to obtain their objects by force of arms. The Continent swarms with armed men. Germany has found out how to have at command an enormous efficient army at small cost; and other nations, after their own fashion, have magnified their armaments under the conviction that by showing force against force they adopt the only way of restraining aggressive projects in the nation which first strengthened itself. And here they are probably right. When any one State has a stronger armament than any of its neighbours, it may be strongly tempted to try its power on somebody; but when it knows that it can be met by a force equal to its own, it will probably pause before rushing into unnecessary war — though this rule is not always to be relied on, as we saw five years ago. It is worth while to look back to the older days of Prussia and to learn from past events how dangerous it is to allow any one power to be a triton among minnows. When the great Frederick came to his throne, he found that through his father's care he was possessed of incomparably the finest army in Europe. He burned to use it: there was none to say him nay; and so he entered on his first war, which led to all the rest. He fought for his rights, he said, and so his admirers and apologists say. Without desiring to controvert their argument, I answer that he would never have been distressed about his rights if he had not felt himself strong. It was not anxiety for his rights that caused him to have his army; it was his army which made him curious as to his rights. If other nations had been as well prepared as he was, his rights might possibly have slumbered forever. The temptation was not in simple force, but in *superiority* of force.

You will guess how the great Frederick occurred to me. Of course, in traversing these regions I have been burnishing up what little I have ever known of their history. I have been turning over Mr. Carlyle's pages, *not* with the pleasure which I should have liked to feel in a re-perusal. Do you know, I think the remarks which my German acquaintance made regarding Paganini might apply with very little alteration to Mr. Carlyle. By the peculiarity of his style he astonished readers for a time, but his style is

such as none would care to imitate, and such as never would become a model for a school of disciples. In this last glance back at Frederick I have been infinitely annoyed by the quaintness of the writing, which has lost its novelty and stands in the way of the meaning. A little while ago I read in some newspaper or periodical a writer's attempt to propound in plain English Mr. Carlyle's moral system, and was unsatisfied with the attempt. Since then I have tried for myself to learn my duty as a man according to Mr. Carlyle's code; but I have got no light at all. I know that I must not be a Windbag, nor tolerate Wiggery, nor dwell among the Unveracities in this universe; but how to apply these precepts I cannot tell, and the further I read the more confused I grow. I read, too, at least once in each chapter, that this is God's world and not the Devil's; but methinks I heard this long ago, and had got the lesson by heart before I ever had the benefit of Mr. Carlyle's instructions. As far as I can at present judge, Mr. Carlyle quite arbitrarily singles out his man whom he designs for a great exemplar and sets his mark upon him. After that, the man, do what he may, cannot do wrong: he has got Mr. Carlyle's seal on his forehead, and who shall dare to lay anything to his charge? The great Frederick, it seems to me, was, saving your editorial presence, as great a rascal as any of "the Great," which is saying a good deal. But then he is one of Mr. Carlyle's elect. I tried to find out some well-known character with whom Mr. Carlyle has not dealt, but who was possessed of as many as possible of the qualities which Mr. Carlyle admires, and thought I would see how such a character would stand criticism. Now of all that I am acquainted with I do not perceive any who seems so entirely to Mr. Carlyle's mind as Joab the son of Zeruiah, David's captain of the host. Observe how he sets about his work. "And Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health, my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him. But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand: so he smote him forthwith in the fifth rib, . . . and struck him not again." This, by the way, was not the first "great fact" that Joab had executed in similar style. But look at the grandeur of the whole thing. Joab knew exactly what he wanted and resolved to have it. He did not allow the shot-rubbish of any Dryasdust to stand between him and his great purpose. Dog of an Amasa, no.



Thy life might have been spared (unveracious, worthless life) if thou hadst known and respected the immutable laws; but in thy stupid unwisdom thou invitest the shedding of thy bowels, perverse clod! There was no Palaver, no Unreality, no Flunkeyism, no having the honour to be, none of these Phantasms, but only that quiet grasp of the beard and the cold steel under the fifth rib. After that the eternal Silences, oh, my friends!

Well, I don't, upon reflection, quite believe that Mr. Carlyle *would* altogether admire Joab; but then how comes it he admires people who, in many points, so much resemble this son of Zeruiah? I should like, too, to know why it is that Mr. Carlyle speaks respectfully and gravely of only the two or three persons in an epic of whom he is pleased to approve. All the rest have nicknames, or names of contempt, by which they are invariably called: their acts are mentioned with the bitterest scorn: their designs are touched upon with the same feeling with which one would touch a toad or a leprous garment. And I really cannot see why. I observe that, in the life of Frederick, George II. of England is always mentioned as "Little George," with one foot advanced, and prominent eyes; that the Duke of Cumberland is "the Martial Boy," the queen of Spain "the Termagant of Spain," — and so on; also, that the English people, though credited with good intentions, and some sound sense when it can be reached, is regarded only as a lumpish, goadable animal, more likely to commit folly than to stumble on the eternal veracities. On the other hand, no language is too fine for glorifying Frederick: all that he does (and he does some rather queer things) is heroic and grand; and as for *his* people — well, I don't think Mr. Carlyle, from beginning to end, ever remembers that there was a Prussian people. "*L'état c'est moi*" certainly expresses the idea of his Frederick, although, I am afraid, there was a people who had to pay, and to smart, for Frederick's amusements. Now surely this is hardly fair, impartial writing. Why should not the reader have some chance of discovering for himself who is contemptible and who is admirable? I think it likely that, if the sneers and the eulogies could be made to change places, it would be quite easy to show the hero as ridiculous, and some of the scorned as heroes. For the interrogatories, broken sentences, and exclamations, really narrate nothing in a proper sense. They are

simply devices for forcing the readers's mind into the groove which the author has made for it.

To come back to things military, which, I take it, are more or less occupying the minds of Europe at present, you and I, dear editor, were never victims of Cobden delusions; we have not, therefore, much to unlearn when we find that free-trade does not cause wars to cease in all the world. But what free-trade could not do, I hope that another cause is tending to effect. The enormous cost is too much for any country to encounter for a trifling object; and the *quasi* equality of armaments, which must make the event appear doubtful, is a farther inducement to caution, as I have already said. The conquerors here — the recipients of that enormous indemnity — are not material gainers — far from it; and that they do not scruple to tell you. Prices have risen enormously throughout Germany in the last five years, and the war is unhesitatingly set down as the cause of the rise. I feel certain that the nation, elated as it probably feels, is in no hurry to engage in another conflict like the last; and I think that the bill has been taken into the serious consideration of all nations who are in the habit of paying their debts. It may answer for the banditti in the Turkish provinces, who have nothing to lose and only a helpless government to encounter, to make disturbances; but a nation that has realized wealth must think twice and thrice, like the ex-premier, before they stake it upon the cast of war. By the way, is it not marvellous to find Englishmen willing to abet the doings of these insurgents? One ought not to be astonished at any rash act of Earl Russell; but how reasonable people can be found willing to foment this most barbarous of wars is hard to understand. They don't like Mohammedanism: neither do I; neither, I am sure, do you. Possibly Europe might be all the better if the Turks were out of it. But they are not out. There they are occupying a large territory — a patent fact; and are we, because we don't approve their religion, justified in fanning the flame of civil war in their territories? What should we think of a nation who might do so to us? I know but little of the grounds of the quarrel; but what I have heard of the war assures me that neither side deserves the sympathy of sober, God-fearing men. The so-called Christians, if there be any difference between the parties, are more savage and horribly cruel than the Turks. But they are struggling against



oppression, they would have us believe. Surely we, of all peoples, ought to know the value of a howl about oppression, unsupported by any proof. We ought to know that a naturally turbulent race will never want pretence of being oppressed to excuse their turbulence — that no concession, no benefit, will make them desist from rebellion. The sympathizers who have gone to help the insurgents as volunteers have, I read, been robbed and maltreated by the patriots. On the same sheet, again, I read that a band of Irish sympathizers is going out to help the rising, and I am curious to hear what booty the insurgents will extract from Paddy. I also think there may be some difficulty in cutting off his nose. It would not be a bad thing if the Irish contingent were to imitate their Slave friends by taking a few priests with them. Some of those reverend persons who figured in the Galway election of 1871 are so admirably adapted for guerilla warfare, that I could reconcile myself to their absence for a season in consideration of their devoting themselves to congenial and useful employment.

The Turks as a power are destined, as we must all see, to disappear from Europe; and one almost ventures to hope that they may melt quietly away. The attempt of a great power to seize any portion of their territory would, in all probability, be the signal for a great war; and where all are armed and prepared, none will be over-active about annexation. The European principalities and provinces of the Sultan will perhaps by degrees approach more and more nearly to independence; and it is possible that at last the seat of government may be transferred to Asia. Who then will have the command of the Hellespont and Bosphorus? who will sit in the seat of "the sick man"? Constantinople ought, then, to be made the capital of a kingdom Christian and strong — of a new kingdom. This will be better for all concerned than a partition — don't you think so? Very well, then; let Maga decree that so it is to be.

Whoever may try to play any selfish game in the Black Sea will, I trust, make acquaintance with that eighty-one-ton gun which we are now certain to perfect and to make a caution to sinners. We have surely been wise in designing this tremendous instrument; the race between the attack and the defence was inevitable; we could not keep out of the competition; and the end of it is that we are strongest in both. The ram, too, seems to be a most formidable power (I wish we could keep it

out of our own ironsides); and I fancy that we are quietly but steadily instituting a system of torpedo-warfare which will be heard of whenever we again may have to burn powder. I only wish we could improve our military arm as we do our naval one. But when I turn to that side, all is gloomy and discouraging. Viscount Cardwell's follies, which Maga indefatigably exposed and denounced while they were being committed, are now generally recognized as follies — very mischievous and expensive follies! Prominent among them are the enormous blunders — the abolition of purchase and the depot-centres: we shall mourn yet sincerely over both.

You would scarcely have thought, had you been in Weimar the last week of August, that the greatest prince in Christendom would be there in a few days to pay a short visit. There was very little to be seen, till the very last, in the way of preparation, and I never heard of a dozen beds being engaged. Yet it was undoubtedly true that the emperor of Germany was expected, and equally true that Weimar, after its fashion, was about to break out into glorification. The object of the visit was, as the newspapers informed you some weeks since, to unveil the statue of Charles Augustus, the grand-duke who was Goethe's contemporary and friend; which statue was, a day or two before its epiphany, drawn through the town *incognito*, and, by an application of the mechanical powers not quite so smart as we should have made in England, dismounted from its truck and housed in the wooden edifice which had been erected over the pedestal. There it was rapidly got into position by a process which anybody might see who chose to look through the chinks in the boards. If you went to see how the statue got on, you were sure to see something else — namely, that the Furstin Platz, the square where it now stands, was being decorated for the occasion. The decoration was done with banners, trees, and flowers; banners to stream in all directions at the show, trees to mask dead walls or unsightly buildings, flowers to beautify every space where they could conveniently be displayed. A pavilion, which gradually grew to be very gay, was put up for the imperial party facing the veiled statue. And round three sides of the square were erected galleries or tribunes for spectators, tastily covered and ornamented. The square may be capable of holding three thousand people packed very close — hardly more; so you see no



very great crowd was expected to be treading on the kibes of royalty. If an imperial or a royal visitor were expected to appear in any small English town, who can tell what number of spectators would have to be provided for? who could take the measure of the scrambling for rooms, for windows, for standing-ground, or the prices that would be paid? At Weimar one might be accommodated in a window or on the tribune for one thaler, that is, three shillings. A little before the *fête*-day all the inhabitants began to ornament their houses, and the decoration consisted for the most part of wreaths and festoons formed of the small branches of the fir-tree. These were fastened about, along string-courses, cornices, and plinths, over and around windows and doors, up and down spouts and coigns. At the very last came some flowers to relieve the very sombre continuity of green. And nearly every house displayed banners from the attic windows. In one street they took up the pavement, and planted young firs — decidedly the favourite embellishment — on both sides. On the day of the emperor's arrival, busts of him and of the grand-duke, flanked by those of the irrepressible Goethe and Schiller, began to be visible in some of the windows, with jets of gas near them. At the palace a few simple designs for gas-illumination were got ready, and thus the preparations were, I think, complete. They seem trifling when detailed on paper, but I assure you the effects were remarkably good. Everybody did his little towards giving honour to the Kaiser, and the whole was in better taste, and far more to the credit of the little place, than if it had launched into great expense, which would probably have been a failure after all. I was there a little too soon, you know, and saw the preparations going on; if I had arrived on the day of the show and judged by the effect alone, I should have thought it a magnificent affair. The old hero was to arrive at ten o'clock at night or thereabout, and everybody along his route determined to illuminate his house, flat, wing, or solitary window. This was done in the simplest manner possible — one row of candles in each window; but the long lines of light looked remarkably well. All was prepared in unexceptionable weather, and we looked forward to a continued sunshine; but just on the morning before the arrival the sky was suddenly overcast, and burst in rain and wind — a deplorable day, the bitter spite of the elements. But this was only Weimar weather, the emperor brought his

own fair sky with him; the clouds cleared away towards evening, giving good promise for to-morrow, the only trouble being concerning the decorations, which the storm would have seriously damaged in all probability. A torchlight procession of students and trades' fraternities, very strong in bands of music, and embellished with many fancy dresses and banners, walked to the railway station about a mile from the town, and from thence lined and lighted the way down. Amid the most brilliant sparklings of light, amid waving and cheerings, the state carriages rolled along the streets, the inmates profuse of bows and fluttering handkerchiefs; but it was too dark to distinguish personages in the close carriages. When the great people were safe in the Schloss, and I hope enjoying refreshment — for the Kaiser had had a hard day of it, Sedan festivities at Berlin in the morning and then the journey and entry, it would have tried a young man — the torches all streamed back again in procession, and the long line of lights, after traversing the principal streets, wound itself with many wheels and countermarchings into a dense mass in front of the Stadthaus. I never saw so many torches burning together, and was greatly impressed by the effect: those brawny candlesticks mentioned in "The Legend of Montrose" rose up in memory. Presently the music of many bands ceased, and the voices of the multitude of torch-bearers went up in patriotic hymns. These were hearty and vigorous, if not in the highest style of art. One of them magnified *Deutschland ober alles*. Do you remember, dear editor, when we used to hear something similar about a *patria* (rather a *faineante* party now) who was chartered to rule the waves? We know what that has come to; so I could not feel quite certain that the songs of the fatherland would continue always to be pitched in the same key. But I hope the singers believed in the continued glory and magnanimity of their country as religiously as I once did in the eternal supremacy of — of — another place, as they say in Parliament. What a plague it is to grow old and unbelieving!

By half past ten or a little later the excitement was all over, and Weimar was settling to its first sleep. They prefer to utilize the daylight here, and seldom hear the chimes at midnight, because they are up with the lark, though not up *to* a lark, as was remarked to me by a person whose acquaintance I do not continue. Before I got to sleep I thankfully remembered



that I had narrowly escaped adding an unintentional brilliancy to the illumination. It happened that I possessed — I possessed, I say, nine or ten windows looking to the street, and for each of these windows I had procured the requisite row of candles to do honour to the Kaiser. The windows belonged to different rooms, and neither I nor my belongings thought it necessary to have a watch in every room, because the candles, once lighted, seemed likely to burn out peaceably enough; but again this confounded foreign joiner's work! A blind, coiled out of sight on its roller, and thought to be as fixed as fate, descended of its own accord in an empty room right upon the lights, and ignited instantly. Close behind it were inflammable curtains; touching the curtains was further drapery. No chamber ever stood a better chance of blazing away. But at this moment one of my household, who had gone out on some errand and had already proceeded some yards from the house, thought of just stepping back to see how our display looked, saw the sheet of flame, and in a twinkling alarmed us who stood at another window. In another twinkling the blind was down and wrapped in an unfortunate person's coat, some fingers were badly burned, a lady's dress spoiled, and all of us inexpressibly relieved. God be thanked: it might have been a worse business!

A glorious day for the *fête*. Off I set, unable to shake off my English ideas about a crush, an hour and a half before the time appointed for the ceremony. I need have felt no misgiving about my place, but I was glad to be early on the ground, for the arrivals of those who were to witness or take part in the pageant were worth observing. Before noticing arrivals, however, I gazed about to see how far the storm of yesterday had interfered with the decorations. A few staves a little out of the perpendicular, and a few striped banners with the hues rather washed into one another — that was the worst of it. Generally all was as fresh as on the day of erection, and everything promised liberally for the success of the pageant — fine weather, gay scenery, good humour, good order, and the imperial presence. When I took my stand there was not a large gathering in the square. The tribunes were sprinkled with parties of ladies, and there were a few people promiscuously assembled on the pavement, but these were kept well back towards the tribunes on two sides, and

not permitted to collect on the third side at all, the reasons for which restrictions were soon apparent. Clubs or guilds began to arrive in procession, each headed by a band, and to form in very close order on one side. There was nothing very remarkable about these, and one began to grow weary of the untutored musicians, when strains of a very different order were heard from another direction, and it was clear that troops were on the march. The *crescendo* of the band ended in due course with the appearance of the guard of honour, which formed up close in front of the tribune where I was stationed. Their arms and helmets glanced brightly in the sun, and their plumes and standards added to the lustre of the sight. Officers of rank began to congregate in the centre. All this time the tribunes were rapidly filling, gentlemen with stars, collars, and ribbons abounding as I never before saw such decorations abound. Certainly on that day they were not distinctions. Now, methinks, that the military have come up, the commencement of the ceremony is not far off. Wrong; the soldiers ordered arms and stood at ease for some time while things appeared to stand still. By-and-by came in a strong representation of the University of Jena, a seat of learning to which Charles Augustus had been a great benefactor; students in bonnets and feathers, very mediæval, and the officers of the university, the doctors, and professors in their robes. These, I think, completed the expectant assembly; and when I had done looking at the academical costumes, and could turn again to the pavilion, I perceived that the back part of it was already occupied by gentlemen and ladies of the court, and more courtiers were then arriving, the way from the palace to the pavilion being now thronged with people and carriages making their way up in close procession. As these discharged their burdens, uniforms of many different nations began to mingle with the German uniforms in the square, — these belonged, some to military, some to diplomatic functionaries, and formed wonderful examples of the art of bedizening broadcloth with embroidery and buttons. Still the string of carriages advanced; the back part of the pavilion grew fuller and fuller; and now there are shouts. The troops are called to attention; the company in the pavilion arrange themselves round the walls and leave the centre line clear from rear to front. A state carriage rolls up and discharges, not the emperor, but the grand-



duke of Saxe-Weimar, his grand-duchess, and the hereditary prince their eldest son, who advance toward the front but keep to the sides. The imperial party is, however, not far off, for the shouting is redoubled, and all the way down towards the palace we can see hats waving. Here they are at last. The carriage discharges its load, and we see the empress, with the Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia. But where is the Kaiser? I don't see him. I am looking for the Kaiser. He is not there, I am sure, for I should know him in a moment. Is the carriage gone back to bring him up alone in solemn state, or is —? "Why, look, there he is," said some charitable person, interrupting my twaddle. Not ten yards from me stood the old Kaiser and soldier. He had walked up the square to look at the troops before he entered the pavilion, and was now standing opposite me, making some remarks to one of his generals. A veritable emperor there he was, looking healthy and happy, and carrying his seventy-eight years marvellously well. You don't see such a man many times in your life — one whose place in history is already secured, and whose glory is not sullied by discreditable or doubtful conduct. Gallant old man! nobody can grudge him a tittle of the honour so lavishly given. He earned and deserves it all. Presently he is back in the pavilion and takes his seat in the centre of the front row, along which may be seen to right and left the grand-ducal pair and the royal guests, while immediately behind sit the hereditary prince, his wife and sisters — and the proceedings begin in earnest. A long prayer by an ecclesiastic was followed by two long speeches from learned university lights. The clergyman and orators took post in a rostrum formed of boughs and leaves which stood a little to the right (looking from the pavilion) of a line joining the Kaiser's place to the centre of the statue. I could not understand what they said, but I admired especially the power of their lungs and throats. At last the speaking was over and the unveiling took place amid vociferous applause. Then the emperor and all the guests were taken by the grand-duke round the statue to inspect it, and after that a few presentations were made. All the presentees were very heartily received, especially the sculptor, whose hand I thought his Imperial Majesty would have shaken off. And that, I think, ended the rite, for it was getting near one o'clock, at which hour Germans expect to get their

dinners. So the company great and small moved off and dispersed, and the new statue in its glory was left almost alone in the midst of the square. It may be a faithful likeness, and perhaps meritorious as a work of art; but a pleasing image it is not. A short stout man, much draped, and mounted upon a tremendous horse, makes one think of Richard Crookback on white Surrey. The aspect of the figure is towards the palace, park, and river: the site could hardly have been better chosen.

That afternoon Goethe's town-house, or rather his private apartments in the town-house, and his garden-house, were open to the inspection of all who had taken the trouble to procure tickets of admission. One could only be surprised at the misery and meanness in which he *chose* to live. In a spacious house, with chambers looking several ways, his study was miserably dark and gloomy, facing the north; his bedroom, kept still as nearly as possible in the same condition as at his death, was a mere closet without a fireplace; the arm-chair in which he died stands still by the bedside, a wretched piece of furniture. I, like most of your readers as I suppose, had formed an idea of the "last scene of all," from Mr. Lewes's description; but I had not got it right, and was sorry to correct my fancy by actual observation. Is it not strange that such a man should select for his study an apartment wherein, on a fine summer afternoon, it was almost impossible to read or write except close to the window? As for the garden-house, which is a mean, ugly two-storeyed cottage with two or three most scantily furnished closets in it, built on the edge of the park, one wonders what its attractions were. Mr. Lewes, I think, says that it is a place where a half-pay officer would hardly think himself properly domiciled. I should be inclined to cap this with the remark that I think a staff-sergeant would in these days kick very hard against having such quarters allotted to him; and that even if he were to go quietly in, the doctor and sanitary inspector would be apt to have him out again in quick time. Schiller's apartments are always to be viewed for a very trifling "consideration." They are more comfortable than Goethe's, though in an attic story, and though Schiller was the poorer man. The worship which these two geniuses and Wieland receive in Wiemar, would hardly be credited by any who have not witnessed it. It would be invidious to say that it is excessive; and yet, in a place which has so



little variety of "lions," one gets tired, like that discriminating Athenian, of hearing them perpetually called "the divine," and of meeting their busts at every turn. It must be admitted that the Germans are forward enough to do honour to intellect. The Weimar living celebrity at present is Liszt, the musical composer, who gets quite as much worship as the grand-duke. One day in Leipzig I saw a crowd such as in England one would have seen only at the heels of the Tipton Slasher or the Dorking Pet, and on investigating the cause, found that Liszt had come over for a few hours, and was being what Mr. Weller called "twigged" by the admiring crowd.

At night the Kaiser went in state to the opera, where a piece composed for the occasion, and in adoration of Weimar's two divinities, was produced. There was a very pretty dream in it, displaying, in tableaux, the creations of the two great geniuses, the scene being laid in the grounds at Tiefurt, where Schiller used to recite his plays, and also to see them acted in the open air, this being one of the rural enjoyments of Charles Augustus and his grand-duchess. It was of course a most brilliant *soirée*: everything went off well, and the reception of the emperor was as enthusiastic as could be. I observed that when he first appeared, and had had some seconds of acclaim and deafening plaudits, he seemed to think the lion might have too great a share, and turning fairly round took hold of the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar and almost pushed him to the front, when he also got a strong offering of that incense of which Mr. Lowe thought that he and his middle-aged friends were so cruelly defrauded in the autumn of 1873. The Kaiser seemed a little tired, and no wonder; but the theatre there does not encroach upon one's night-rest. It was all over soon after nine; and the great people took their way to the palace through crowds of people, and again along illuminated streets.

Twice again I saw the highly popular emperor,—once while he was on his way for a country drive in a hackney carriage, with a forage-cap on his head this time instead of his helmet,—and once while he was on his way to the railway in state. I suppose Weimar never before had so grand a gala. The visit seemed to make everybody happy; and probably the empress, who is a Weimar princess, had her full share of the pleasure. One is never quite contented. I should have been glad if Bismark and Von Moltke had

been of the party, and I could have borne another sight of the crown-prince. When I last saw him he had the empress Eugénie on his arm, as you know.

The day after the emperor's departure I left Weimar, of which little place I desire to speak in the kindest terms. Its park is charming, and its environs delightful for summer visitors. I do hope, however, that before I pay it another visit, German science may have found out the method and the expediency of trapping drains; for villainous smells, entirely preventible, do abound in that celebrated little town to a degree which you would think no civilized people could tolerate.

These presents are to be despatched to you from Leipzig, a city whose first appearance has impressed me very pleasantly, but of which I as yet know very little. The great battle-field close to the city I have made out, and the awful bridge over the Elster. These regions, where the great Napoleon reached the beginning of his end, are, of course, full of interest, and will be worth examination. I think, too, I may spend a few sunshiny hours on the charming boulevards — fortifications no longer — of this very prepossessing city. How can I do justice — but justice suggests mercy, and I will have done. Another time, perhaps, you may know what it is that I cannot do justice to. Meanwhile, dear editor, rest assured of the distinguished consideration and hearty good wishes of

A WANDERING ENGLISHMAN.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE DILEMMA.

CHAPTER XXXV.

(continued.)

FOR a few minutes the regiment remained unmolested, drawn up on the bare plain; but presently fire was opened on it from a couple of heavy guns posted behind a gap in the town-wall. After a round or two the enemy got the range, and a shot crashing through the line killed a couple of men and horses, front and rear rank. Kirke thereon sent Yorke to the brigadier to propose that he should retire into the cover of the grove; but a message came back that it was the general's order to hold the ground in advance of the grove, and keep the enemy from making a counter-attack across the front of the line.



"Counter-attack!" said Kirke bitterly, as he received the message; "much they look like attacking anybody, don't they? However, orders must be obeyed. Thank God, here come some guns to help us;" and as he spoke half a troop of horse-artillery came galloping up round the edge of the grove; and, taking up a position on the right of Kirke's men, unlimbered and opened fire on the walls with shell and shrapnel. This diverted the attention of the enemy, who turned one gun on their assailants, but kept one still going on the cavalry, now serving it with grape. The distance was about eight hundred yards, and the gun badly served; but the ground was perfectly smooth and level; eighteen-pounder grape under such conditions was a formidable thing to face; and it was difficult to avoid wincing as the shot came crashing along with the angry growl peculiar to the missile, tearing up the ground, and making a little cloud of dust. Kirke kept the regiment drawn up in line, to render the mark as thin as possible, but almost every discharge took effect, and the pause between each was spent in moving the disabled men into doolees and sending them to the rear, or in disengaging riders from their dead horses.

Presently the brigadier rode up. Twenty-three men killed and wounded, reported Kirke, and thirty-five horses, in these few minutes, and there would be plenty more if they stopped in that place. "I don't like to lose my fellows in this way to no purpose."

It could not be helped, Tartar said; the orders were positive to hold the ground and keep the flank secure.

"I think I could make the flank pretty secure, sir, if you would let me advance and threaten *their* flank. Those fellows yonder only want a little encouragement to skedaddle, but this long bowls is just the game they like." But Tartar said the general would not allow any forward movement of the cavalry to be made without his orders.

"I wish the general would come here and see things for himself," replied Kirke; "we should be just as useful under cover behind the trees, instead of in front of them."

"It won't last long," said the other; "the town will be carried presently." Then the brigadier with his brigade-major joined Kirke in riding slowly up and down before the line, their orderlies behind them. They tried to talk unconcernedly, but it was not easy to keep up the conver-

sation when the puff of white smoke arose behind the wall, to be followed immediately by the angry growl of the grape as it rushed towards them along the level ground.

Suddenly the brigadier and his horse rolled over. Kirke and the brigade-major jumped down to his assistance, but he soon got up unhurt; his horse, however, had been killed.

"A bad look-out," said Tartar, looking at the poor beast which lay in its last convulsions; "what shall I do for a mount?"

"No difficulty about that, sir," said Kirke, pointing to his orderly's horse, which stood riderless behind them, the man having fallen dead by a grapeshot from the same discharge; and, indeed, the brigadier was fain to disengage his saddle from his own charger, and put it on the native orderly's trooper.

Thus passed the minutes which seemed like hours; the gunners were busy in replying to the enemy's fire, but the cavalry had no occupation, and plenty of time for reflection. At last there was a sudden cessation of the deadly game, explained almost immediately by the appearance of some European soldiers on the house-tops, firing with musketry on the group of men serving the two guns. The town had been carried; and the occupants of the part of it opposite Kirke's regiment, being thus taken in flank, soon disappeared in flight to the rear. Now would have been the time for the cavalry to make a circuit of the walls and cut in upon the fugitives; but no orders came to move, and there only remained the melancholy occupation of counting up the casualties, and fitting spare men to spare horses. Seventy-six men, or nearly one-sixth of the strength of the regiment present on the field, had been killed and wounded, the latter for the most part badly, and eighty-seven horses were disabled; so that Kirke's Horse figured handsomely in the account of the battle, and readers of the *Gazette* might have supposed, from the general's reference to its distinguished conduct and severe loss, that the regiment had spent the day in desperate hand-to-hand fighting, instead of having been uselessly sacrificed for a stupid precaution. The officers of the regiment, on comparing notes afterwards, were agreed that it had been the most serious duty any of them had gone through, active fighting under excitement being far less trying than standing up in cold blood to be fired at without power of retaliation. But their usual good luck had attended



them. Braddon's big Australian horse had gone down; while Egan had had a grapeshot through his holster, and Yorke another through his turban; but otherwise they had come off unscathed; and they began jokingly to style themselves the invulnerables, half believing that they really were.

But not for long after this affair did the title continue to be appropriate. The main army was now posted for a time in a stationary encampment, while columns detached from it scoured the surrounding country, beating up fugitives; and Kirke's Horse, while thus employed, came up suddenly one early morning with a body of the enemy's cavalry and the remains of a battery of field-artillery. Here was an opportunity long sought for; Kirke's Horse had done almost everything possible in the way of fighting but capture guns; so while these, surprised in the dusky dawn, opened an uncertain fire, Kirke, bringing his regiment round at a gallop, gained their flank, and charging down before they could limber up, cut down the gunners, and captured the four guns, the cavalry making off without awaiting the onset. Just as the advance was made, Braddon (who led the rear squadron) with his horse was seen to fall, but there was no time to stop and inquire what had happened. It was half an hour or more before the regiment returned to its old ground, and there the officers found their comrade lying under a tree. Maxwell had just amputated both legs, shattered by a round-shot which had passed through his horse.

He had hardly recovered from the effect of the chloroform which Maxwell had administered, and at first did not remember what had happened, or where he was. "Ah! now I understand," he said at last, as he saw the commandant and Yorke stooping over him, while Maxwell on his knees was still busied with his work, — "I am minus a couple of legs. Very odd, too, I don't feel anything. That's a comfort, is it not? It helps one to bear the loss with proper resignation. How long am I good for, doctor, do you think?"

"My dear fellow," replied Maxwell, "you have borne the operation splendidly, and a constitution like yours will carry a man through anything. The pulse is strong, and everything going on well."

"All the resources of the highest medical skill were brought to bear on the case, but alas! proved unavailing," interrupted the wounded man — "that will be my epitaph, I take it; it wasn't the doctor's fault, but the man's. Excuse my chaff, doctor,"

he continued, "I don't want to hurt your feelings; if ever there was a surgeon who could pull a fellow through it would be you, I know that; but tell me, doctor, did you ever know a case of a man pulling through who had both his legs taken off by a round-shot? Shock to the system, isn't it, that you call it? And yet I feel quite right up here," said the wounded man, withdrawing one of the hands that made a pillow for his head, and tapping his chest. "Nevertheless, Yorke, my boy, you will be second in command before many hours are over. But how about the guns? you took them, I hope, major?"

"Oh yes," replied Kirke, "we made a capital job of it; took the whole four, and accounted for a lot of the gunners as well."

"Well done!" cried Braddon, cheerily; "there's the C.B. for you, major, certain, and a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy at the least, even if you were not sure of it before."

"And for you, too, I hope," said Kirke, his usual hard tone softened as he looked down distressed at his mangled comrade.

"Very kind of you to say so, major; but there is only one more step for me to make, and not having any legs to make it with, it ought to be a short one. The present company see the joke, I hope," he added, looking up at the anxious faces above him as he lay with his head resting under his hands. "But I am keeping you here too long; the wounded ought to be sent to the rear, you know. Cavalry should have no incumbrances."

In truth it was time to be moving on, for the regiment had a long march to make before its return to camp; and the wounded man (the only one in the whole regiment wounded in this skirmish) was placed in a doolee and sent off under the escort of a native officer and detachment, while the rest of the party with the captured guns proceeded on their way, Maxwell accompanying them, for a native regiment has only one surgeon attached to it, and more casualties might occur before the expedition was ended.

Kirke's Horse returned to headquarters on the evening of the following day; and while the commanding officer went to the general's tent to report proceedings, Yorke hastened as soon as he could get away to the main camp-hospital, whither his wounded comrade had been conveyed. The hospital was formed of a little street of tents, orderly and quiet, the only moving objects being here and there a camp-follower or two, as they sat squatting outside the tents, smoking their hookahs or cooking



their frugal meal. Towards the end of the street some larger tents betokened the quarters of the wounded officers, while it was closed at the end by those of the medical officers in charge, in front of which sat two surgeons smoking their cheroots after the labours of the day. One of these rose at once as Yorke rode up, and conducted him to the tent where Braddon lay. He was doing wonderfully well, said the surgeon before they went in, notwithstanding the shock and the journey; pulse still firm; he must have a wonderful constitution.

Braddon occupied an airy tent with two beds (the second being vacant), the only other person in it being his bearer, sitting patient in a corner to execute his master's behests. The wounded man received his friend with a cheery voice.

"Here I am, you see, wonderfully jolly, all right in this quarter still"—tapping his chest—"and ready for my dinner; but how long is this to last? I am looking out for the coming change, but it doesn't come. Except that I am a little tired of lying on my back already, I never felt better in my life. Curious, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the surgeon, cheerily; "you are doing famously; Maxwell will be quite proud of your case."

"Famously, indeed. Come, doctor, did you ever know a case of a man losing both his legs in this way and pulling through?"

"Know a case? I should think so. Why, there is a sergeant of a foot-regiment in this very camp who has lost both his legs, and is almost well now."

"Ah, but he didn't lose them by a round-shot, I'll be bound. No, Maxwell," he continued, addressing that officer, who had just entered the tent, "you may explain to our good friend here that it is no good trying to bamboozle me, and, what is more, that I don't want to be deceived. I know what is in store for me, as well as either of you do; but it is very odd that I should feel so well."

The next day, when Yorke paid his friend a visit, he found him still well and hearty, although less excited in manner. "Not much change, you see," he said, smiling. "No; no pain whatever, except that there is a big knot in the cordage of this bed which touches me up in the back a little. But it isn't worth while bothering about it just for a day or two. No; there is no pain in the stumps, and no feeling either; that is the bad sign, is it not? You can't have a rally where there is no nervous power, you know. The only wonder is the numbness does not begin creep-

ing up the body, as with Socrates after drinking the hemlock. I feel quite right here still," tapping his chest. "There's no need to pull such a long face, my dear fellow," he continued. "What does it matter one man more or less being knocked over? We have won the day, and put the mutiny down; and the thing has been done cheap at the price.' And what is more, I don't care a bit about it myself. That seems odd to you, doesn't it? Only two days ago I was thinking about brevets, and promotions, and a career, and all the rest of it, just as keenly as any man; and now I lie here, waiting for the end, and if you'll believe me, I don't feel as if I would give a button to have my legs back again. I should have grudged to have been knocked over and useless when in the residency, I confess, before I had had a rap at the rascals; but now there are plenty more where I came from. Why, now I think of it, you are senior lieutenant in the 76th, and will get the step in the regiment, besides being made second in command of the Horse. I beg your pardon," continued the sick man, seeing that his friend looked pained; "but you know it's my way; I can't help a little chaff. I know you are sorry for me, and all that; but still business is business, and there would be no promotion if there were no casualties. No, my dear fellow, I should have been afraid to sneak out of the world at the time when I was under a cloud; but now that I am set right again with the public it is different. And is there a man in India who could be better spared? I haven't got a relation in the world who cares twopence about me. My sister and I used to be pretty fond of each other when we were children; but she has been married these ten years to a rich man whom I have never seen, and somehow the letter-writing dropped after a time."

Yorke asked whether he would not wish to see the camp-chaplain, but Braddon declined the proposal. "I don't suppose I have been inside a church for a dozen years," he said, "and what merit would I get from going through the service now, under a fright? If I had bled to death out there on the field when I was hit, Wharton would not have had a chance of using his formulas: I can't suppose God Almighty would allow it to make any difference to a man, whether he dies a few hours sooner or later. I daresay you think I am a regular heathen," he continued, seeing that Yorke looked distressed, "but I am not a bit; I can't call to mind that I ever did anybody any harm, except



in the way of business as a soldier, or anything that a man need be ashamed of, barring that brandy-bottle bout which injured nobody but myself. Is faith really to be everything, and works nothing, as our worthy friend is always preaching? I know I am a miserable sinner and all that, but surely it is taking a low view of God to suppose that he finds any satisfaction in hearing His praises sung. A crude sort of theology, ain't it? but it's too late to cast about for new principles now."

"No, my dear boy," he continued, as Yorke after a time rose to go, "I don't want anything, thank you; I don't feel as if I could read; but somehow the time doesn't hang heavy, and old Sudhán there is very attentive; he seems never to go to his dinner, nor to go to sleep, nor to do anything, I believe, but sit there ready to wait on me. Good-bye, old fellow, remember me to the rest of them, and say how glad I was to hear about the guns being all taken, and so cheaply too. And, Yorke, I say," he added, holding the other's hand, "just give me a kiss before you go."

The warmest friendship and the best intentions can go but little way towards tending the sick on active service. With those on duty, fatigue and the craving for sleep will overcome the strongest sympathies or unselfishness. The officers of Kirke's regiment, too, were for the most of their time on outpost duty, and their wounded comrade was perforce left to his thoughts and the ministrations of his faithful bearer, and the occasional visits of the kindly but overworked camp-doctor. When next Yorke rode down to the hospital, the change which the patient had been looking for had arrived. "He is sinking rapidly, and won't recognize you," said the surgeon coming out of the tent as Yorke approached it. That evening the gallant soldier died; he was buried at day-break, Yorke being the only mourner, for the other officers of the regiment were all at outposts; and at evening his property was sold by auction and dispersed among a variety of owners, for the army was to march next day. Braddon had made a will, drawn by the camp-surgeon, leaving his remaining charger to Kirke, his sword to his sister, a hundred rupees to his faithful bearer, and the rest of his property — which consisted mainly of arrears of pay — to Yorke, who was appointed executor. The latter was gazetted in due course to be captain in the late 76th Native Infantry, *vice* Braddon, died of wounds; and succeeded also, as the latter had predicted,

to his vacant post of second in command of Kirke's Horse.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

ONE more incident in the campaign must find a place in our story. The force of the rebellion was now got under; Lucknow had been finally captured, and there was no longer any regular army in the field to oppose the British troops; but various fugitive bands still remained to be put down, and detached columns were moving in pursuit of these all over the country. Kirke's Horse was attached to one of these columns, and a squadron under Yorke's command was halted one hot day in May in support of a couple of horse-artillery guns during the attack on a strong village held in force by the enemy. Yorke and the guns had been detached to the right of the line, where they found themselves in front of a small enclosure surrounded by a low mud wall, and the artillery officer had begun to fire on the place, which appeared to be full of men, by way of having something to do — for the position was not of importance, as it must be abandoned if the main village were taken — when a half-company of European infantry came up, which also had been detached to the right. "I am to skirmish in front of that tidy little fort," said the officer in command of the detachment to Yorke, as he passed by the spot where the squadron was halted; "but as soon as they begin business over there" — pointing to the main column — "I mean to go in and have a try at the place — a grand assault all to myself;" and Yorke was struck by the cheery appearance of the young fellow, who had the bright cheeks of a man fresh from England. This half-company was now skirmishing in open order before the little enclosure, freely replied to by its occupants, and had got so close to it that the guns were obliged to stop firing, when Yorke saw the officer wave his sword and make a rush forward, while all his men jumped up and followed him. The wall was broken in parts, and the officer vaulted over a gap and disappeared inside followed by about half his party, while the rest came crowding up to the spot. "Well done!" cried Yorke, "he has carried the place," — and pushed forward with his squadron over the plain up to it. It took less than a minute to cover the ground, but by the time he got to the enclosure the assailants were in trouble; the advance was stopped, the men were huddled up together under shelter of the wall, and fir-



ing over the gaps in it, while several of those who had got in were scrambling back again.

"What is the matter?" said Yorke, riding up to them; "and where's your officer?"

"He's too badly hit to bring off," said one of the fugitives, loading his rifle mechanically as he spoke; "it's as much as I could do to get away myself," and indeed the man was bleeding profusely from a wound in the shoulder.

The enemy were now swarming back to defend their post, and keeping up a warm fire from the roof of the houses within it and from every opening, to which the soldiers replied from outside the wall. There was a narrow lane running from front to back of the enclosure, and Yorke looking along this over the gap in the wall which faced the end of it, could see the bodies of some half-dozen Europeans lying in the roadway, and one, the officer, half-sitting, half-lying against the side wall. At the end of the lane was a little crowd of the enemy, some standing boldly out, others partly under cover, all firing down along it towards the gap, while the British soldiers at the other end replied from outside.

The soldiers in the lane seemed all dead, but Yorke could see the officer moving; and without stopping to think, he rode his horse a few paces back, and then putting him at the gap, cleared it at a bound into the lane.

The enemy on seeing him jump over showed in still greater numbers, and from all sides the fire seemed converging on him, while he was now in the way of his own people, nearly filling up with his horse the whole of the narrow road. And it seemed as if he must certainly be hit. But all round the enclosure immediately inside the wall was a narrow passage, and he turned aside into this as by instinct, finding for the moment comparative shelter, and then dismounting and leaving his horse there, ran up the lane to the wounded officer, and lifting him up tried to carry him back. But the burden was a heavy one, and he would have failed of his purpose but that two of the soldiers, following his example, had also come over the wall to help him. Working together they made good progress, but it seemed as if the end of the lane would never be reached, although the distance to be traversed was only a few yards. Close and many whizzed the bullets, and, almost filling up the lane as did the little party, it seemed as if they could not escape. At last one of the two soldiers fell on his face, and Yorke and the

other stumbled and nearly let drop their burden. "He's killed, sir," said the survivor, after looking for a moment at his comrade — "it's no good waiting for him;" and they pushed on and at last reached the wall, and, handing their burden over, followed themselves, Yorke's horse — not Selim, but his second charger — having been shot in his absence, and took shelter behind. The surviving soldier, however, had been shot through the thigh, but Yorke with his usual good fortune got off with a bullet through the skirt of his coat.

Outside the place were now drawn up the whole of Kirke's Horse, the commandant himself having ridden up to the gap to see if he could help his comrade; five minutes afterwards the enclosure was abandoned by its occupants, the main village having just been carried, and Yorke mounted on a trooper was soon in pursuit with his regiment, and busy cutting up the fugitives trying to escape across the open plain. He never saw the young officer again, who, he afterwards learnt, died the same evening of his wounds; but he lived long enough to tell the story of his deliverance; and Kirke, who had witnessed the conduct of his second in command, reported it in such terms that Yorke was at once awarded the Victoria Cross. And not long afterwards, the fact of his promotion to regimental captain having been recorded at the Horse Guards, the promotion of Captain Arthur Yorke, V.C., Bengal Native Infantry, to be major in the army, appeared in the *London Gazette*. This was indeed promotion, from lieutenant to field-officer all in one day. And he had the *Gazette* all to himself too, for the last instalment of brevets for the campaign had already appeared, including Kirke's promotion to lieutenant-colonel, and appointment to C.B. True, the Crimea had made field rank somewhat cheap; still the rise was a great one, from subaltern in a condemned service to major in a distinguished regiment, and few men even in these days had gained the rank in less than eight years' total service. Surely there must be a career before him, if he pulled through the war without getting knocked on the head; Falkland had been twenty years in the army before he got his first brevet. Ah! poor Falkland! Already his career and his fate were almost forgotten, covered by the pall of brave men who had fallen during the war; and the days of the residency defence seemed to have faded away into the shadowy past, so much had happened since.

And yet in one respect those memories



were fresh enough. The young man's passion was as strong as ever, and his success was valued mostly because it seemed to give him reason for his hopes. He had been in correspondence with Olivia ever since they parted, although from exigencies of duty and interruptions to posts the letters which passed had not been numerous; but Yorke thought he could trace in hers, as he read them again and again, the course of change from despair to resignation, and then to a revival of interest in life and the future, while through them ran a vein of sympathy and tenderness which the young man recognized with ecstasy, as indicating some approach towards his own state of feeling. And yet, he could see that any reciprocation of his passion was as yet altogether foreign to her thoughts; and although he felt a constant impulse to declare his devotion, an instinctive feeling that she was not yet prepared for such a declaration restrained him from committing himself. It would sound cold on paper, too, he thought, and I should not be there to reply to the objections she might plead of disloyalty to her first husband, and to press all that could be urged in reply of our exceptional circumstances. No: I will wait till I can reveal my love in person, and have her sweet face before me to inspire me with fitting words.

And now the time seemed coming, for the hot season was nearly over, and the rains were at hand in which marching would be hardly practicable, and the enemy being almost everywhere put down, the army was now to be distributed in cantonments. And Kirke's Horse, after a twelvemonth spent under canvas, which had converted the raw levy into seasoned veterans, was established at an out-station, in a district which had lately been recovered from the rebels, where the officers set about repairing the roofless bungalows of the former occupants, while the old sepoy's lines were restored for the men. It was just on arriving at this place that Yorke got the news of his promotion. The army would be in quarters for three months before taking the field again, and Yorke thought his chances good of getting leave for a part of this time. And a few weeks in a hill-station, with the opportunity of seeing Olivia daily, almost hourly, as her trusted friend, would be worth years of ordinary cantonment life. For Olivia was still in the hills. Her intention had been to return to Europe and join her father; but the road had not been safe for travellers, and now

her journey was deferred till the next cold season—a journey I hope she will never make, thought the young man with bounding heart.

But a disappointment awaited him. The regiment had hardly encamped in their cantonments when Kirke was attacked with fever, and Maxwell ordered him off to the hills. The commandant and second in command could not both be absent at one time, and Yorke was fain to stay behind in charge of the regiment. And whether it was that in writing to Olivia he expressed his disappointment somewhat too pointedly, but in her reply there seemed to be an unusual reserve, and a pang of fear came over him lest he should have built too solid hopes on the anxious wishes for his safety, the almost affectionate solicitude for his welfare, which her letters had expressed while the campaign lasted. Ah! thought he, will the day ever come when I shall be able to pour out my passionate love without fear of repulse, and she in return may declare her desire for my presence without shame, and, putting aside the short episode of her first marriage, be ready to centre her hopes and affections on me?

Spragge, who had been serving during the latter part of the campaign with the Mustaphabad Levy, after recovering from his wound, had now got his leave; and the happy fellow wrote from the hills that he was to be married immediately, and then to leave his bride after a two months' honeymoon, while he returned in the cold season for the next campaign. "It will be terrible work parting from the dear girl," he wrote to his friend; "but what is to be done? I object on principle to long engagements, and it would not do to bring her down to the plains until Pandey is completely disposed of. By the way, the charming widow is looking as beautiful as ever, and her mourning becomes her exceedingly"—does she wear regular weeds I wonder? thought Yorke as he read this—"but how she manages to live with old mother Polwheedle is a wonder. You must look out for your chances, my boy, for her son is up here, and staying in the house—her son by the late Captain Jones, you know—and the old lady is making tremendous play on behalf of young hopeful, who is a rum-looking fish. By the way, I haven't congratulated you yet on your brevet majority and V.C., which I do now heartily, my dear fellow. What luck you have had, to be sure! Here am I, only three months your junior, and not even a captain yet,



and no chance of a brevet as far as I can see."

This reference to Mrs. Polwheedle's son by the late Captain Jones did not cause Yorke any misgivings, for he had already heard of his visit to the hills from Olivia herself; but the concluding part of the letter left an unpleasant impression behind it. What jealousy there must be in human nature, he thought, when even a good fellow like Spragge puts down my honours to luck! I don't think I should have grudged him his brevet promotion, or called him a lucky fellow, if it had been he who had earned it.

"Mrs. Polwheedle's son, Mr. Jones, of the late Banglepoor Rangers, has come up on six weeks' leave," Olivia had told Yorke in one of her letters. "I am afraid that if I were to derive my notions of the army from him, I should hardly 'worship the military profession,' as you once accused me of doing. However, it is very pleasing to witness the mother's pride and undoubting belief in her son. You have sent me another implied scolding for continuing to share a house with her, but she is greatly changed and very kind, besides, I could not set up housekeeping for myself in a place like this"—surely I may take this as encouragement? thought the reader of the letter with a thrill of ecstasy—"even if it were worth while doing so for the short time I have to remain in India." Here the reader was cast down again: did this mean that she saw through his intentions and did not wish to give him hope? "My cousin Rupert Kirke," the letter continued, "has also come up here, as of course you know, and it was such a happiness to hear from him so good an account of you, after all your hardships and hairbreadth escapes. He tells me that you have undergone the fatigue and heat even better than himself; and he has also told me, what I never could persuade you to tell me yourself, how you earned your Victoria Cross. People say that it is easy to get accustomed to danger in time. I never could. Even in the dreadful times of the residency, when all the others seemed to become indifferent, I used to tremble at every shot, feeling as if it must take some valued life; and all through this dreadful war I never take up the newspaper without a shudder, although one is bound to put on a calm face." Yes, indeed, thought Yorke, as he put the letter to his lips before folding it up, no one carried a braver presence than this noble woman!

In another letter Mrs. Falkland de-

scribed Spragge's wedding, on which occasion she had helped to attire the bride; and, in expressing the general regret that Yorke could not be present to act as his friend's best man, added that her cousin had been very useful in arranging money matters for her, as she was quite ignorant of business. "Through his kind offices I have been able to receive the pension which I only lately learned that I was entitled to; and I have not scrupled, as he is so near a relative, to make use of the money he has kindly placed at my disposal until I can hear from my father, and so repay Mrs. Polwheedle what I am indebted to her." Idiot that I am, cried Yorke, on reading this, never to have thought of placing my purse at her disposal! A pretty friend I am, truly! No wonder she should find her cousin useful, when the obvious fact never presented itself to me, in my stupidity, that she must have been in want of money for present needs. Olivia in want of money, while he had ever so many months' pay lying undrawn at his credit! And for the moment Yorke felt quite jealous of his commanding officer for having shown this kindness to his cousin.

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#### VIRGIL AND TENNYSON.

VIRGIL and Tennyson! the one born B.C. 70, the other A.D. 1810—what can they have in common who are separated by such an interval of years, and whose surroundings are so entirely different? The one, the poet of the heathen autocrat Augustus, born in an age when "the world by wisdom knew not God," when if there was any real belief at all in men's hearts it was divided between "lords many and gods many"—the other, the laureate of Queen Victoria, a worshipper of the one true God, a Christian, and an upholder of Christian verities—how can a parallel be drawn between the two? Certainly the accidents of their age, religion, polity, and outward manners seem to set them very wide apart. But these are but accidents. There remains, after due weight is given to these dividing influences, much in the two men themselves that admits of comparison—much in the works with which they have severally enriched the world.

It will be the purport of this paper to draw out this comparison: to bring together and set before our readers passages



from Virgil and Mr. Tennyson which show them to be of a kindred spirit — alike in natural gifts and in the careful cultivation of those gifts: men cast much in the same mould, who have the same tastes and the same studies, who on many points think alike, and feel alike, and write alike: true brother poets, linked together by many a subtle link that is discoverable by students of their poems. And first, the two poets have this in common, that they are close and diligent observers of physical phenomena, investigators of nature's laws, watchers of the skies and of the sea, and of all that grows or moves upon the earth. Especially are they remarkable for their love of astronomy. Take, for example, these splendid lines from the *Georgics*, ii. 475, in evidence of Virgil's thirst after the great science. "*Me vero primum,*" etc., thus rendered by Dryden: —

Ye sacred Muses! with whose beauty fired  
My soul is ravished and my brain inspired,  
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear,  
Would you your poet's first petition hear,  
Give me the ways of wandering stars to know,  
The depth of heaven above and earth below.  
Teach me the various labours of the moon,  
And whence proceed the eclipses of the sun;  
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,  
And in what dark recess they shrink again;  
What shakes the solid earth; what cause de-  
lays

The summer nights, and shortens winter days.

In keeping with these lines — as though the poet's prayer had been granted him — are the numerous allusions to the rise and setting of the signs, and to their place in the heavens which we meet with in Virgil. The most noticeable of these are in the *Georgics*, especially the invocation to Cæsar in *Georgic* i., where the poet in a strain of exaggerated flattery discusses the future apotheosis of his patron, and invites him to add a new constellation to the zodiac —

Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays,  
And seated near the Balance poise the days;  
Where in the void of heaven a space is free,  
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee?  
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,  
Yields half his region and contracts his claws.

Further on, in the same *Georgic*, the husbandman is exhorted to watch no less carefully than the sailor the stars in their courses, and to regulate his sowing according as this or that is in the ascendant. Barley he is to cast in when the sun is in the Balance, flax and poppies as well: millet, beans, and lucern "in spring-time,

when the sun with Taurus rides" — thus poetically represented, —

When, with his golden horns in full career,  
The Bull beats down the barriers of the year,  
And Argo and the Dog forsake the northern  
sphere.

Wheat must not be sown till the Pleiades and the Crown are set; vetches and lentils may be planted from the setting of Arcturus till midwinter. Turning to *Georgic* iii. we have the Scythians described as a race of savages who live under Charles's Wain (*Georgics*, iii. 382), and the shepherd is to shelter his sheep in south-looking places against the season of winter, "when chill Aquarius sprinkles with showers the closing year" (*Georgics*, iii. 304), while in *Georgic* iv. 231, we have this truly poetical picture of the two seasons for gathering the store of honey: the one in May, the other in the end of October, corresponding with the rising and the setting of the Pleiades: —

Two honey harvests fall in every year:  
First, when the pleasing Pleiades appear,  
And springing upwards spurn the briny seas.  
Again, when their affrighted choir surveys  
The wat'ry Scorpion mend his pace behind  
With a black train of storms and winter wind,  
They plunge into the deep and safe protection  
find.

Compare with these the following verses descriptive of celestial phenomena out of Mr. Tennyson's works. The first three extracts are from "The Princess": —

The world was once a fluid haze of light,  
Till toward the centre set the starry tides,  
And eddied into suns, that, wheeling, cast  
The planets.

Like those three stars of the airy Giant's zone  
That glitter, burnished by the frosty dark;  
And as the fiery Sirius alters hue  
And bickers into red and emerald, shone  
Their morions wash'd with morning as they  
came.

Then ere the silver sickle of that month  
Became her golden shield —

Two other aspects of our satellite are given in these graceful lines from "The Voyage": —

Far ran the naked moon across  
The houseless ocean's heaving field;  
Or flying shone the silver boss  
Of her own halo's dusky shield.

What follows is from "The Last Tournament," descriptive of the Aurora Borealis: —



They fired the tower,  
Which half that autumn night like the live  
north  
Red-pulsing up through Alioth and Alior  
Made all above it as the waters Moab saw  
Come round by the east. And out beyond  
them flushed  
The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea.

Our next extract shall be from "Maud," where the season is indicated by the position of the signs as seen on a clear night above the downs:—

For it fell on a time of year  
When the face of night is fair on the dewy  
downs,  
And the shining daffodil dies, and the Char-  
ioteer  
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns  
Over Orion's grave low down in the west.

This figure of the grave is reproduced in "In Memoriam," No. lxxxvii, where Venus is pictured as about to follow in the wake of Jupiter:—

And last, returning from afar,  
Before the crimson-circled star  
Had fallen into her father's grave.

In the same group of poems, and evidently composed very late in the collection, the poet finds in the changed name and changed position of one and the self-same star an analogy to his own condition:—

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name  
For what is one, the first, the last,  
Thou, like my present and my past,  
Thy place is changed: thou art the same.

These quotations are evidences of Mr. Tennyson's love of astronomy. They show him to be, as Virgil was, a student of the stars; and that like Virgil he can clothe with a vesture of true poetry what he has seen and noticed of their motions and changes in the heavens.

Another point of resemblance between the two poets will be found in their constant reference to and description of the sea. Both must have had good opportunities for watching it in all its moods. Both must have lived, we think, much of their life within hearing of its waves; and both—*pace* a late writer in the *Cornhill*—have excelled in delineation of it. Here is a passage from *Georgic* iii. 237, brought in as a simile to illustrate the rush and roar of a bull prepared for fight with his rival. "*Fluctus uti*," etc. The rendering of it by Dryden is very insufficient, and we prefer to give the accurate prose translation of Conington:—"Like a billow which begins to whiten, far away

in the mid-sea, and draws up from the main its bellying curve; like it too when, rolling to the shore, it roars terrific among the rocks and bursts, in bulk as huge as their parent cliff, while the water below boils up in foaming eddies, and discharges from its depths the murky sand."

Again, the rising of the sea under the winds which Æolus has let loose is finely described in *Æneid* i. 83:—

The winds rush forth,  
Then settling on the sea the surges sweep,  
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep;  
South, east, and west, with mixed confusion  
roar,  
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.

In contrast with this, we have in the same book the well-known description of a land-locked bay. "*Est in secessu*," etc.:—

Within a long recess there lies a bay,  
An island shades it from the rolling sea,  
And forms a port secure for ships to ride:

No halsers need to bind the vessels here  
Nor bearded anchors: for no storms they fear.

As one further example of Virgil's sea-descriptions let us take a passage from *Æneid* xi. 623, where the cavalry engagement between the Trojans and the Etruscans, first the one and then the other being the pursuers, is likened to the alternate advance and retreat of the waves. "*Qualis ubi alterno*," etc. Dryden takes eight lines to Virgil's five in his translation of it:—

So swelling surges with a thundering roar,  
Driven on each other's back insult the shore,  
Bound on the rocks, encroach upon the land,  
And far upon the beach eject the sand.  
Then backward with a swing they take their  
way,  
Repulsed from upper ground, and seek their  
mother sea.  
With equal hurry quit the invaded shore,  
And swallow back the sand and stones they  
spew'd before.

This by no means exhausts the references in Virgil to the sea. Many more passages will occur to the reader which show that he had watched it, and could describe it well, in storm and calm alike. But let us turn to Mr. Tennyson, and see if he has not equalled, or even surpassed, the Roman poet, in the truth and beauty of his delineation of this element.

Here is the sea as Mr. Tennyson saw it when a boy on the flat, stormy coast of Lincolnshire:—



Locksley Hall that in the distance overlooks  
the sandy flats,  
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cat-  
aracts.

Here again is the same sea, introduced  
by way of simile in "The Last Tourna-  
ment:" —

As the crest of some slow-arching wave,  
Heard in dead night along that table-shore  
Drops flat; and after the great waters break  
Whitening for half a league, and thin them-  
selves,  
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,  
From less and less to nothing.

In "Maud" we find quite another beach  
and sea, —

The silent sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of  
the land.

And —

Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung  
shipwrecking roar,  
Now to the scream of a maddened beach  
dragged down by the waves.

Visitors at Freshwater and the Needles  
will verify the truth of this, as also of what  
follows from "Sea Dreams," the scene of  
which is laid by the author upon a coast  
all sand and cliff and deep in-running  
cave: —

But while the two were sleeping a full tide  
Rose with groundswell, which on the fore-  
most rocks  
Touching, upjetted in spirts of wild sea-smoke,  
And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell  
In vast sea-cataracts.

Surely as a sea-picture this is perfect,  
and must be the envy of workers in the  
sister art. Here are two other vigorous  
lines, and the last that we shall quote on  
this head. This from "Boadicæa," where  
the gathered Britons round their queen —

Roared, as when the rolling breakers boom  
and blanch on the precipices.

And this from "Enoch Arden:" —

The league-long roller thundering on the reef.

The above examples, we submit, show a  
similarity between Virgil and Tennyson in  
their treatment of the sea, in their careful  
drawing of its waves, and nice and true  
observation of its various moods.

Another point of resemblance we find in  
the battle-pieces of the two poets, and in  
the love they both have of the pomp and  
circumstance of war. That Virgil has  
imitated Homer in this, and that Mr. Ten-  
nyson has profited by his imitation may be  
admitted. But there is something more  
than only imitation in their manner of deal-

ing with martial subjects. They write of  
them *con amore*, as men who had "drunk  
delight of battle," for whom war had a  
fascination, who by the force of poetic  
genius realize to themselves and convey  
to their readers all the incidents of a com-  
bat, the blare of bugle, the flash of armour,  
"the thunder of the captains and the  
shouting."

Out of a superabundance of instances  
let us take but the two following from  
Virgil. The first, the vigorous description  
of the encounter between Mezentius and  
Æneas, with which the Æneid x. con-  
cludes. Dryden is here very diffuse, and  
we prefer the rendering of Mr. Coning-  
ton: —

He ceased, and at the word he wings

A javelin at the foe;

Then circling round in rapid rings

Another and another flings.

The good shield bides each blow.

Thrice, fiercely hurling spears on spears

From right to left he wheeled;

Thrice, facing round as he careers,

The steely grove the Trojan bears

Thick planted in his shield.

At length impatient of delay,

Wearied with plucking spears away,

Indignant at the unequal fray

His wary fence he leaves,

And issuing with resistless force,

The temples of the gallant horse

With darted javelin cleaves.

The good steed rears, and widely sprawls,

Distracted with the wound;

Then heavily on the rider falls,

And pins him to the ground.

And this from Æneid ix. 748, where Pan-  
darus is slain by Turnus. The version is  
Dryden's: —

Then rising on his utmost stretch he stood  
And aim'd from high: the full descending blow  
Cleaves the broad front and beardless cheeks  
in two.

Down sinks the giant with a thund'ring sound,  
His ponderous limbs oppress the trembling  
ground,

Scalp, face, and shoulders the keen steel  
divides,

And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.

Now compare with these the following  
passages from Mr. Tennyson, which show  
him, we think, worthy to be classed with  
Virgil as a describer of feats of arms. We  
quote from "The Princess:" —

The lists were ready — empanoplied and  
plumed,

We entered in, and waited; fifty there

To fifty, till the terrible trumpet blared

At the barrier — yet a moment, and once more

The trumpet — and again — at which the storm



Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears,  
And riders front to front, until they closed  
In the middle, with the crash of shivering  
points

And thunder. On his haunches rose the steed,  
And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,  
And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.

Part sat like rocks: part reeled but kept their  
seats:

Part roll'd on the earth, and rose again and  
drew:

Part stumbled mixt with floundering horses.

Down

From Arac's arm as from a giant's flail

The large blows rained.

And Cyril seeing it, push'd against the Prince,  
With Psyche's colours round his helmet,  
tough,

Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt at arms;

But tougher, suppler, stronger he that smote

And threw him: last I spurred: I felt my  
veins

Stretch with fierce heat: a moment hand to  
hand,

And sword to sword, and horse to horse we  
hung,

Till I struck out and shouted; the blade  
glanced;

I did but shear a feather, and life and love

Flow'd from me: darkness closed me, and I  
fell.

Many passages equally vigorous, descriptive of combat, might be found in "The Idylls of the King." We shall be content to adduce but two—this from "Elaine"—which will serve also to exhibit Mr. Tennyson's marvellous power as a sea-painter:—

They couch'd their spears and prick'd their  
steeds and thus,

Their plumes driven backward by the wind  
they made

In moving, all together down upon him

Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North Sea,  
Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears,  
with all

Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,  
Down on a bark, and overbears the bark  
And him that helms it, so they overbore  
Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear  
Prick'd sharply his own cuirass, and the head  
Pierced thro' his side, and there snapt, and  
remained.

And but these two lines from "Gareth and Lynette," in which Mr. Tennyson has exactly reproduced, perhaps unconsciously, the fate of Pandarus:—

And with one stroke Sir Gareth split the  
skull,  
Half fell to right, and half to left, and lay.

Turning from "wars and fightings," sal-  
lies and retires, and all the dire incidents of  
battle, in the description of which both

poets have excelled, and looking to quite an opposite quarter for a further point of comparison and resemblance, we find in it the tenderness which marks alike the works of Virgil and Mr. Tennyson. The episode of Orpheus and Eurydice (*Georgic* iv. 453); the fate of Priam (*Æneid* ii. 506); the description of Dido love-wounded (*Æneid* iv. 69); the lament for young Marcellus (*Æneid* vi. 860); the story of Nisus and Euryalus, with that most touching outburst of the mother's anguish when she hears the untimely end of her son (*Æneid* ix. 481):—

Hunc ego te, Euryale, aspicio? tune illa  
senectæ

Sera mea requies potuisti linquere solam,  
Crudelis? \*

The death of Pallas; Silvia's wounded stag seeking refuge in its stall, and like one that begs for pity, filling the house with its cries (*Æneid* vii. 502), these are passages which at once occur to exemplify this feeling in Virgil. The tenderness of Mr. Tennyson is conspicuous in all parts of his poems, and it will be enough to mention "The May Queen," "The Lord of Burleigh," "The Grandmother," "Elaine," and "Guinevere," the dedicatory verses prefixed to "The Idylls," "These to His Memory," and "In Memoriam," throughout, as eminently illustrative of this quality.

And as in tenderness, so are these poets alike, and may be compared for a certain melancholy, leading them to take a depressing view of human life, of its shortness and its vanity, and all the ills to which flesh is heir. Thus Virgil in *Georgic* iii. 66:—

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi  
Prima fugit, subeunt morbi tristisque senec-  
tus,

Et labor et duræ rapit inclementia mortis.

In youth alone unhappy mortals live.

But oh! the mighty bliss is fugitive.

Discoloured sickness, anxious labours come,  
And age, and death's inexorable doom.

And again, in the apostrophe of Mezentius to his war-horse (*Æneid* x. 861):—

Rhæbe diu, res si qua diu mortalibus ulla est,  
Viximus.

O Rhæbus! we have lived too long for me,  
If life and long were terms that could agree.

Compare with these sentiments the follow-  
ing from Mr. Tennyson's "Maud":—

\* Is it thus I behold you, my Euryalus! could you,  
the last solace of my old age, could you leave me thus  
desolate, O cruel one!



We are puppets—man in his pride, and  
beauty fair in her flower.  
However we brave it out we men are a little  
breed.

And this from his "Lucretius:"—

Tired of so much within our little life,  
Or of so little in our little life.  
Poor little life! that toddles half an hour,  
Crowned with a flower or two—and there an  
end.

And again from the same poem:—

Rather plunge at once,  
Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink  
Past earthquake—ay, and gout, and stone,  
that break

Body toward death, and palsy, death-in-life.

The resemblance here is more than accidental; it arises from essential congruity of sentiment in the two minds.

There is yet one other point of comparison we would draw, and that is between the philosophy of these two poets. Allowing for the difference which the age, education, and outward surroundings must be supposed to make in the matter, both Virgil and Mr. Tennyson have very similar sentiments about the *summum bonum* of their kind. They both are quietists—wooners of the passionless bride, divine tranquillity: placing happiness in a rural life, undisturbed by ambition, unfretted by care of human praise or human blame; masters of themselves, and not sworn to the words of any particular teacher. Here is Virgil's ideal from the *Georgics*, ii. 490:—

Happy the man who studying nature's laws,  
Through known effects can trace the secret  
cause.

His mind possessing in a quiet state,  
Fearless of fortune, and resigned to fate.  
And happy too is he who decks the bowers  
Of Silvans, and adores the rural powers;  
Whose mind unmoved the bribes of courts  
can see,

Their glittering baits, and purple slavery,  
Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their  
frown.

And here is the counterpart from Mr. Tennyson in "Maud:"—

For not to desire or admire, if a man could  
learn it, were more  
Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in  
a garden of spice.

And from the same poem:—

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet wood-  
land ways,  
Where if I cannot be gay, let a passionless  
peace be my lot.

... like a Stoic, or like  
A wiser Epicurean.

And in "A Dedication," in very solemn tones he begs the "dear, near" object of the poem—

Pray that he  
May trust himself; and spite of praise or  
scorn,  
As one who feels the immeasurable world,  
Attain the wise indifference of the wise.

But it is time to gather up our threads and draw to an end. We have sought to show that Virgil and Mr. Tennyson have much in common; that they are alike in their study of physical phenomena; in their love of astronomy; in their painting of the sea; in their description of combats; in their love of martial spectacles; in their tenderness and melancholy; in the view they take of human life; in their philosophy; in placing man's best happiness in tranquillity.

The comparison might be pushed much further; and in more competent hands made more complete. Nothing has here been said of skill in composition; of artistic beauty of phrase; of finished excellence of workmanship; of refinement of polish; nothing of marvellous melody of rhythm; of the use of onomatopœa; of the supreme fitness of epithets; of the splendour of words and elevation of style; nothing of the numerous *feliciter dicta* and dramatic touches—points in which each of these great poets has shown himself a master: each has been without a rival in his own generation. But apart from these inviting topics of comparison, enough, we think, has been adduced to prove the thesis with which we started—to carry us out in maintaining that there is a resemblance, and that neither slight nor superficial, between the two; a resemblance closer than that between Macedon and Monmouth, founded on common points of disposition and genius, and traceable all throughout their several writings.

Both, we may add, are learned poets, on a level with the knowledge of their time; and yet both are out-door poets, fond of gardens and of flowers, with a keen eye for all that walks, or creeps, or perches, or flies. Both are kind to the dumb creation, and careful watchers of their habits. Both are alike in temperament, shy and reserved, shunning crowds and popular notice. Both have caught the ear of kings, and earned their lasting gratitude and favour. Even in outward appearance, if we may trust tradition, the two are alike: tall, dark-complexioned, wide-shouldered, bearing in their very form the mark of strong men. Both would seem to have



enjoyed easy circumstances, and to have been kept from those petty cares which drive away the Muse —

Nam si Virgilio puer et tolerabile deesset  
Hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus hydri :  
Surda nihil gemeret grave buccina.\*

Juvenal, vii. 69.

And though while Mr. Tennyson is still happily with us it would be impertinent to press too close the comparison as to manners, fortune, reputation, and the like, future commentators may perhaps think that they see in the following lines from Mr. Conington's "Life of Virgil" a description applicable *mutatis nominibus* to either poet:—"In his fortunes and his friends Virgil was a happy man. Magnificent patronage gave him ample means of enjoyment and leisure; and he had the friendship of all the most accomplished men of the day. He was an amiable, good-tempered man, free from the mean passions of envy and jealousy. His fame was established in his lifetime, and cherished after his death, as an inheritance in which every Roman had a share. And his works became schoolbooks even before the death of Augustus, and continued such for centuries after. The learned poems of Virgil soon gave employment to commentators and critics. Aulus Gellius has numerous remarks on Virgil; and Macrobius has filled four books with his critical remarks on Virgil's poems."

How much of this is already true of our own poet! and how prophetic is the rest of what awaits him in years to come! There is little doubt but that Mr. Tennyson's works will hold a conspicuous place in classical education hereafter, and will be seen, like the Virgil of our youth, in schoolboy hands, well-thumbed and roughly bound, as is the fate of such literature. Already have his chief poems exercised the skill of our best Greek and Latin translators; already are there growing up, or looming close at hand, volumes of notes to add to the difficulty of the context; and the mind shudders at the strokes which the Orbilius of the future will inflict on the pupil who shall come up without having learned his lines of Tennyson, or who shall be unable, when put on, to construe cantos xlv. or cx. (1st ed.) of "In Memoriam."

A LINCOLNSHIRE RECTOR.

\* For if Virgil had to go without a servant and a decent lodging, all the snakes would fall from his hair, and the dulled trumpet would lose its martial ring.

From The Academy.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANNE LADY HALKETT.\*

THE lady whose own account of her life, or rather of the early years of it, is now for the first time made known to us held a deservedly high reputation in her day, and has not yet been lost sight of by the compilers of biographical dictionaries. A volume of her "Meditations" was printed at Edinburgh two years after her death in 1699, prefaced with a short memoir, republished some fifty years later by George Ballard in his "Memoirs of Learned Ladies." We learn from it that she received a liberal education, and that her favourite studies were theology and physic; and such was her skill in surgery, so many cures had she been said to effect, that people came even from Holland to seek her advice. Of the professional skill with which Lady Halkett is credited we find some trace in the description given, in the volume before us, of some soldiers wounded at Dunbar. The story, however, breaks off abruptly shortly after the writer's marriage, at the age of thirty-four, with Sir James Halkett; and is, in fact, no autobiography of Lady Halkett at all, but of the maiden, Anne Murray. Thomas Murray, her father, was tutor and secretary of Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I.); he suffered temporary disgrace, and a short imprisonment in the Tower, for allowing his royal pupil to peruse Dr. Hakewill's treatise opposing the suggested Spanish marriage. On his restoration to favour, he was appointed to succeed a much more eminent man, Sir Henry Savile, as provost of Eton. His tenure of this office was a brief one, for he died within fourteen months of his election; but the place was continued to his wife for a year—a privilege, it does not surprise us to be told, "never before granted to any woman." This lady, one of the Drummond family,

spared no expense in educating all her children in the most suitable way to improve them, and if I made not the advantage I might have done it was my own fault, and not my mother's, who paid masters for teaching my sister and mee to write, speake French, play on the lute and virginalls, and dance, and kept a gentlewoman to teach us all kinds of needleworke, which shows I was not brought up in an idle life.

Though she loved well to see plays and

\* *The Autobiography of Anne Lady Halkett.* Edited by John Gough Nichols, F.S.A. (Printed for the Camden Society, 1875.)



to walk in "the Spring Garden" sometimes, Anne's life up to the age of twenty was a most restricted one. Thanks to "the example of a good mother, who kept constantt to her owne parish church, and had allways a great respect for the ministers under whose charge shee was," she was seldom or never absent from divine service, at five o'clock in the morning in summer, at six o'clock in the winter, till the "usurped power putt a restraint to that publicke worship so long owned and continued in the Church of England."

Long and somewhat tedious details of Anne's first romantic attachment, which was strongly opposed by her mother, follow the account of her education. The hero of the story was the eldest son of Lord Howard of Escrick, and the course of his love ran by no means smooth. On one occasion, when lurking about Charlton eager to catch a glimpse of his lady, "there came a fellow with a great club behind him and strucke him downe dead;" the fellow being "a very great rouge" and Roundhead, on the look-out for Cavaliers who might have a fancy to pay furtive visits to their homes and families. Neither family approving of the match it was arranged that Mr. Howard should be sent abroad, but the love-sick youth refused to go unless a parting interview were granted him.

The dilemma in which Anne Murray was placed by such a resolution, and her ingenious way of getting out of it are best told by herself:—

I laid my hand upon my eyes, and with a sad sigh said, Was ever creature so unfortunate and putt to such a sad difficulty, either to make Mr. H. forsworne if he see mee nott, or if I doe see him my mother will be forsworne if shee doth nott expose mee to the utmost rigour her anger can inventt! In the midst of this dispute with mysele what I should doe, my hand beeing still upon my eyes, itt presently came in my mind that if I blindfolded my eyes that would secure mee from seeing him, and so I did not transgrese against my mother, and hee might that way satisfy himselfe by speaking with mee. I had as much joy in finding outt this meanes to yeeld to him withoutt disquiett to my selfe as if itt had beene of more considerable consequence.

The writer played a principal part in one scene which was, perhaps, indifferently regarded at the time, but was not without its effect ultimately on the destinies of the nation. In the early part of the year 1648, the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) was confined in St. James's Palace under the care of the Earl

of Northumberland; and at the instigation of one Colonel Bamfield, a busy royalist, Anne Murray joined in a little plot to aid his escape. This episode in the life of one of our kings, little noticed by historians, is told in these pages with quaint circumstance. To the female conspirator was entrusted the making of the duke's clothes, and the dressing of him in his disguise. She got a ribbon from the colonel on which was marked "the bignesse of the duke's wast and his lengh," and —

When I gave the measure to my tailor to inquire how much mohaire would serve to make a petticoate and wastcoate to a young gentlewoman of that bignesse and stature, hee considered itt a long time, and said hee had made many gownes and suites, butt hee had never made any to such a person in his life. I thought hee was in the right; but his meaning was, hee had never seene any woman of so low a stature have so big a wast; however hee made itt as exactly fitt as if hee had taken the measure himselfe. Itt was a mixed mohaire of a light hair couler and blacke, and ye under petticoate was scarlett.

To aid the design, the game of hide-and-seek was introduced into the princely household, and it was made usual every night after supper for the duke to join in the sport, "and sometimes hee would hide himselfe so well that in halfe an howers time they could not find him." This practice made it the less likely that his escape would be at once discovered, and on an appointed night in April, 1648, the royal captive was smuggled safely out through a garden gate. Anne Murray and her maid were waiting in a private house to receive him. They quickly dressed him in the women's clothes, "wch fitted his Highnesse very well, and [he] was very pretty in itt." Having fortified him against hunger with a "Woodstreet cake (wch I knew he loved)," they helped him to a barge; from thence he gained a ship at Gravesend, and after few further troubles his escape to the Continent was secured.

There is not much of political interest revealed in this volume, but there is a good deal of matter illustrative of social life, which is far more attractive to some readers—such as the account given of the well-governed household of Sir Charles Howard, of Naworth Castle, in Cumberland, afterwards the first Earl of Carlisle, "one of the finest gentlemen." A sight which much surprised her when visiting the Earl of Argyle in Edinburgh was that Lady Anne Campbell, the daughter of the



house, should be very handsome, extremely obliging, and with behaviour and dress equal to any she had seen in the English court; this gave her such good impressions of Scotland generally, that she began to see how injured the country had been by misrepresentation. The writer passed into Scotland just before the landing of the "King" (Charles II. that was to be) there, and was in daily attendance upon Lady Dunfermline and her niece during the royal visit to that family. At times, we read, Charles was pleased to look favourably upon Anne Murray, "Yett it was noe more then what hee did to strangers." He made ample amends, however, for this neglect when taking leave by this little speech:—

Mrs. Murray, I am ashamed I have been so long a' speaking to you, butt itt was because I could nott say enough to you for the service you did my brother; butt if ever I can command what I have right to as my owne, there shall bee nothing in my power I will nott doe for you.

With that the "King" laid his hand upon both hers as they lay upon her breast, and she humbly bowed down and kissed the hand, making a pretty little reply as she did so. Much shrewd insight into character is displayed in the course of this autobiography, and we can give no better instance of it than by quoting the account of what follows upon this gracious interview:—

As soone as the king parted from mee, there came two gentlemen to mee; one tooke mee by one hand, the other by the other, to lead mee outt to the Court (where all the ladys wentt to see the King take horse,) with so many flattering expressions that I could nott butt with a little disdaine tell them I thought they acted that part very well in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, where a stranger coming to see a solemnity was hardly admitted to looke on by those who afterwards troubled her with there civility when they saw the King take notice of her. This answeare putt them both a litle outt, and made them know I understood their humour.

The reader will close this book with a regret that the concluding portion of the manuscript from which it is printed should be missing. But, fragmentary as it is, "The Autobiography of Anne Lady Halkelt" will rank high among the many excellent works of that class which the seventeenth century has bequeathed us.

J. J. CARTWRIGHT.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### RECENT HISTORY OF THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

A BRIEF notice of the Pitcairn Islanders in Dilke's "Greater Britain" reminds us that there are still in existence two remnants of the once famous mutineers of the "Bounty"—one in Pitcairn Island, in the vast South Seas; the other in Norfolk Island, in the Australian Seas. The readers of this journal may perhaps remember the main incidents of this singularly interesting history, down to about the year 1850. We then recounted how Captain Bligh, in H.M.S. "Bounty," set out on a voyage of discovery to the South Seas in 1787; that in 1789 many of his crew, headed by Lieutenant Christian, mutinied, forced him and eighteen of the crew into an open boat, and cast them adrift; that after much suffering he and some of his companions reached England in 1790; and that in 1791 the government sent off Captain Edwards in the "Pandora," to seek out the mutineers and bring them home for trial. There came to light facts, one by one, showing how Lieutenant Christian and his companions, after much quarrelling and fighting, settled down, some at Otaheite (Tahiti), and some at Toobonai, with Otaheitan women as wives. Captain Edwards captured the party at Otaheite, but did not know that the others were at Toobonai. Christian navigated the "Bounty" to Pitcairn Island, burnt the ship, and settled down finally at that island. Happily, there was a steady religious man, John Adams, among them, and he, after Christian's death, trained up a rising generation of mixed breeds, in habits of peaceful industry. How these Pitcairners increased and multiplied to a community of a hundred and fifty souls—simple, well-principled, and loyal to the English sovereign—and how they came to have interviews occasionally with visitors from the outer world, our two former articles shewed. Let us now briefly touch on the incidents of the last quarter of a century.

The year 1851 marked the beginning of a series of proceedings destined to make an important change in the condition of the islanders—more than sixty years after the mutiny. A plan was formed to remove them to another spot, under the dignified title of a colony, although small in dimensions. The colonial secretary in England, Sir John Pakington, wrote despatches on the subject; and so did his successor; but these ministers differed one from another concerning what it was



best to do. Norfolk Island, near Australia, had for some time been used as a sort of prison or penal settlement for the more desperate among the convicts; it had not turned out satisfactorily; and the government conceived the idea of transferring the Pitcairners to that place as their further home. Accordingly, Sir William Denison, governor of New South Wales, took the subject into consideration, and decided that the removal might possibly be effected in 1854. The Pitcairners, now increased by the addition of grandchildren and great-grandchildren to a total of a hundred and seventy persons, expressed pleasure and thankfulness when they heard of the plan. The end was not yet, however; governments moved more slowly than the simple Pitcairners expected.

A pleasant picture of this deeply interesting people was presented in 1855, when Captain Fremantle, in H.M.S. "Juno," touched at the island, to ascertain how far unity of opinion and wish prevailed among the islanders. The Rev. Mr. Nobbs, their pastor and schoolmaster (a few "outsiders" had reached them by this time), assembled them together, and read to them a description of Norfolk Island, and the terms of the queen's offer. A large majority at once assented to the proposal; but some could not find heart to quit the only home they had ever known, albeit barely a mile in length. George Adams, a son of John Adams the mutineer, was among these. They were sensible of the queen's kindness; they well knew that any further subdivision of the land of their tiny island would reduce the portion for each household or family to a mere patch scarcely worth cultivating; but still they were loath to leave "home," and make a perilous voyage over thousands of miles of ocean. At length, one hundred and fifty-three, out of a total of a hundred and eighty-seven souls, decided on Norfolk Island. Captain Fremantle found them to be so affectionately attached one to another, that he believed they would all join when the time of departure arrived. He described them as a pious, unsophisticated, single-minded, cheerful, docile people; his crew were never tired of rendering them little kindnesses, which the islanders returned in their own artless way. Whether at Pitcairn Island or Norfolk Island, they were delighted at the idea of being recognized subjects of Queen Victoria.

In 1856 Sir William Denison chartered the ship "Morayshire," to convey the descendants of the mutineers to Norfolk

Island. Lieutenant Gregorie, R.N., managed the enterprise. He arrived at Pitcairn on 22d April, and found that the islanders had provided themselves with good store of sheets and packing-cases, in readiness for the grand flitting. All, though some of them unwillingly, had decided to go. They packed up everything likely to be useful, with a stock of swine, fowls, and fresh vegetables; leaving a few head of live-stock to multiply as they might.

It was a scene without parallel when, on 3d May, the islanders departed from Pitcairn; without parallel, for though the number was small, no community had ever before been reared under such remarkable circumstances. Sixty-six years after the mutineers of the "Bounty" first landed on the island, their descendants quitted it. The simple-hearted people were troubled with some of the miseries of a long ocean-voyage; but they kept up cheerfully, the men and boys helping the sailors in any way that might be useful, the women and girls engaging in needlework and domestic duties. An infant was born during this remarkable voyage; and the little stranger received the names of Reuben Denison Christian. (The little community had only a dim knowledge of the fact, that Lieutenant Christian, grandfather or great-grandfather of this child, had been a lawless mutineer.) They only sighted one island during the voyage; it caused great excitement among the Pitcairners, being the first strange land the greater part of them had ever beheld. With the crew they were on excellent terms throughout, and harmony was never once disturbed.

After a voyage extending over sixty-three degrees of longitude, the "Morayshire" arrived at its place of destination. What the Pitcairners felt at such an exciting time, we can hardly conceive in our present English mode of life: hopes, fears, wonderment, regrets followed in rapid succession, as the shores of Norfolk Island came into view; and the people speculated whether Queen Victoria thought of them as anxiously as they thought of her. One hundred and ninety-four. (including the "little stranger") landed on the 8th of June. The government had set aside such buildings and store-sheds as might be immediately needed, leaving the people to provide better at leisure. Dr. Selwyn, bishop of New Zealand, paid them three or four friendly visits, taking such seeds and plants as might be useful to them; and Mrs. Selwyn stopped with them many



weeks, ingratiating herself with them by kindnesses which easily won their hearts. Norfolk Island, small as it is, was raised to the dignity of a distinct colony, but under the charge of the governor-general of New South Wales. In October of the same year, Captain Fremantle paid them a visit in the "Juno," and was pleased to find them progressing favourably. There were, however, many perplexities in the thoughts of the islanders. The long voyage and the change of scene had somewhat unsettled their habits. They marvelled at the contrast between the past and the present; at the vast size, as they deemed it, of the really small Norfolk Island; at the largeness of the buildings; and at the amount of property made over to them. They were like children, almost bewildered with a sense of magnitude in all around them; and displayed a kind of timid distrust of their own powers of appreciating what they saw.

In the following year, Sir William Denison went over to see how the little colony prospered. He found their simple code of laws inapplicable to their present position, and substituted a new code—a constitution, in fact. It almost excites a smile to hear of so formal an instrument as a constitution for a colony of only two hundred persons, with provisions relating to magistrates, councillors, doctors, chaplain, commissioners, a great seal, oaths of allegiance, public meetings, public works, public receipt and expenditure, judges, juries, legislation, punishments, fines, schools, and schoolmasters. There was a little dark spot, however; the people had become somewhat indolent and improvident. The government had provided them amply with live-stock, seeds, plants, tools, agricultural implements, boats, and fishing-apparatus; and as their wants were simple and easily satisfied, the islanders felt no need for doing much work, nor "saving for a rainy day." He saw evidence that they would be benefited by the instructions of a millwright and smith, a shoemaker, a mason and plasterer, and a gardener or farmer; and he planned the means for supplying these aids after a time. One great advantage was, that the moral conduct of the people remained as exemplary as ever; the lessons taught by old John Adams had sunk deep and taken firm root. The whole adult population assembled to meet Sir William; and he was struck with their general good looks. "There were none who could be called strikingly handsome, but all had good features, well-developed foreheads, and an

intelligent expression of countenance." Mr. Lower could have added a new chapter to his "History of Surnames," by a study of those which prevailed among the islanders. A census of the population revealed the names of the original mutineers of the "Bounty" over and over again: Christian, Adams, Young, Quintal, and M'Coy, were one or other of them in almost every house. There were two hundred and twelve souls altogether, forming thirty-four families. Only one bachelor, Samuel M'Coy, lived by himself; and there was an old spinster of sixty-four, Mary Christian. One family comprised Charles and Charlotte Christian and eleven sons and daughters. Matrimony was evidently in high favour, for there were only seven spinsters of marriageable age.

By the year 1859, some of the older people began to have a yearning to return to their first home, Pitcairn Island; and two families, numbering seventeen persons, made the voyage in that year. The women generally showed more of the qualities of their original Otaheitan mothers than of their English fathers, especially a passionate fondness for music and dancing; and were with some difficulty imbued with English notions of thrift, application, and mental exercise.

Another official visit, in 1862, led to the following report: "On the whole, I am clearly of opinion that as large a measure of success has attended the removal of the Pitcairn Islanders to Norfolk Island as could well have been expected. The people are not much given to steady and continuous labour; but, on the other hand, it must be recollected that the climate indisposes to exertion, and they have not the stimulus of want to prompt them to toil. The people live in security and abundance, attend divine worship regularly, and are free from all those foul practices and baneful superstitions which render the occupants of too many of the lovely islands of the Pacific licentious."

Occasional notices in later years show that there is a little interfusion of new blood among them, by marriage with English persons from Australia and New Zealand. Some, moreover, have gone back to their own tiny island. When Sir C. W. Dilke was collecting materials for his "Greater Britain," he made a brief stay at Pitcairn Island. The union-jack was espied on shore; canoes pulled off to the ship, laden with oranges and bananas; three men nimbly came on board; and one of them, without any embarrassment in



manner or speech, grasped the captain's hand, and said: "How do you do, captain?—How's Victoria?" The queen of the British Empire lived in their hearts, although they had never seen her. It appeared that fifty-two of the Pitcairners had found their way back from Norfolk Island, but that some difficulty had arisen about ownership of bits of land, the late comers interfering somewhat with the early comers. The handful of people traded occasionally with passing ships, exchanging fruit and poultry for cloth and tobacco. Wine and spirits they knew nothing about. The old familiar names of Adams and Young were prevalent. Some lady-passengers in the ship sent a blue silk dress to a Mrs. Adams, and a red-and-brown tartan to a Mrs. Young. Young was also the name of the magistrate, a sort of small viceroy to represent the queen. One of the most interesting points connected with the brief interview (none of the crew or passengers appear to have landed on the island) was, that the three islanders inquired earnestly for any recent English periodicals! Here was the old Saxon voice speaking out again, on a speck of land amid the vast ocean.

Thus it is, then. The mutineers of the "Bounty," or such of them as escaped violent deaths, intermarried with Otaheitan women; and their descendants, morally pure to a most unusual extent, now inhabit two widely distant bits of land—Norfolk Island in the Australian Seas, and Pitcairn Island in the South Seas—both alike rejoicing to call themselves subjects of Queen Victoria.

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From Peace Society's Papers.

MR. RUSKIN ON WOMEN AND WAR.

MR. RUSKIN, in his "Crown of Wild Olive," says that women, if they wished, could easily put a stop to war—that all war is waged for their sakes, and because they desire it. Although this view may exaggerate their power, it is certain that they could do much to prevent war if they would only be in earnest about it. Most women profess to dislike war; but when a conflict is imminent, they will not move a finger to prevent it. Is it not true, as Mr. Ruskin adds, that they "draw the curtains of their boxes and muffle the openings, so that from the pit of the circus of slaughter there may reach them only at intervals the half-heard cry and a murmur as of the wind's sighing when

myriads of souls expire. They shut out the death-cries, and are happy, and talk wittily among themselves." A lay writer, in quoting the above, remarks, "Or if their hearts are moved with pity, and they meet together to prepare lint and clothing for the sufferers, it is a nice occupation, and they are rather sorry when it is over. They rarely take the trouble to inquire into the effects of war upon their fellow-countrywomen and the women of other lands. As to the military system, with all its surroundings, they have a positive admiration for it. Every officer is to them a hero, and a prospective Leonidas; every soldier is a devoted patriot. They will go out of their road any day to see a regiment, or to hear a military band; not simply for the sake of the bright colours and tuneful strains, but for the warlike element in the show. As long as women's practice differs so widely from their professions, it will be in vain to expect any good results from their influence upon society. Again, women must use their practical influence at home in the cause of peace. An irritable, unjust mother will probably make an irritable, unjust son, who will grow up into a narrow-minded man, incapable of comprehending the laws of right and justice. Public opinion in each country must greatly depend upon the conduct of the mothers of the nation. And further, let all women who have time to spare, devote a portion of their leisure hours to earnest work for the cause of peace in union with the men and women who are already labouring for this end. For it is no destructive and revolutionary work which the Peace Society advocates. It is the gradual reduction of the armaments which are filling the world with dismay; the establishment of law in the place of anarchy; the avoidance of quarrels whenever possible, and the peaceful settlement of such disputes as must arise. It is no unfeminine and degrading work, unfit to be touched by a woman's hand; neither is it effeminate and undignified, beneath the efforts of a brave man. It is the work of ennobling the human race, and spreading order, peace, and love throughout the earth."

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From Russell's Library Notes.

THE MOCK PEARLS OF HISTORY.

HAYWARD (translator of "Faust"), in his article on "Pearls and Mock Pearls of History," says:—We are gravely told,



on historical authority, by Moore, in a note to one of his Irish melodies, that during the reign of Bryan, king of Munster, a young lady of great beauty, richly dressed, and adorned with jewels, undertook a journey from one end of the kingdom to another, with a wand in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such was the perfection of the laws and the government that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes and jewels. Precisely the same story is told of Alfred of Frothi, king of Denmark, and of Rollo, duke of Normandy. Another romantic anecdote, fluctuating between two or more sets of actors, is an episode in the amours of Emma, the alleged daughter of Charlemagne, who, finding that the snow had fallen rather thickly during a nightly interview with her lover, Eginhard, took him upon her shoulders, and carried him some distance from her bower, to prevent his footsteps from being traced. Unluckily, Charlemagne had no daughter named Emma or Imma, and a hundred years before the appearance of the chronicle which records the adventure it had been related in print of a German emperor and a damsel unknown. The story of Canute commanding the waves to roll back rests on the authority of Henry of Huntingdon, who wrote about a hundred years after the Danish monarch. "As for the great number of the stories with which the *ana* are stuffed," says Voltaire, "including all those humorous replies attributed to Charles the Fifth and Henry the Fourth, to a hundred modern princes, you find them in Athenæus and in our old authors." Dionysius the Tyrant, we are told by Diogenes of Laërte,

treated his friends like vases full of good liquors, which he broke when he had emptied them. This is precisely what Cardinal Retz says of Madame de Chevreuse's treatment of her lovers. There is a story of Sully's meeting a young lady, veiled, and dressed in green, on the back stairs leading to Henry's apartment, and being asked by the king whether he had not been told that his Majesty had a fever and could not receive that morning, "Yes, sire, but the fever is gone; I have just met it on the staircase, dressed in green." This story is told of Demetrius and his father. The lesson of perseverance in adversity taught by the spider to Robert Bruce is said to have been taught by the same insect to Tamerlane. "When Columbus," says Voltaire, "promised a new hemisphere, people maintained that it did not exist; and when he had discovered it, that it had been known a long time." It was to confute such detractors that he resorted to the illustration of the egg, already employed by Brunelleschi when his merit in raising the cupola of the cathedral of Florence was contested. The anecdote of Southampton reading "The Faery Queen," while Spenser was waiting in the antechamber, may pair off with one of Louis XIV. As this munificent monarch was going over the improvements of Versailles with Le Notre, the sight of each fresh beauty or capability tempts him to some fresh extravagance, till the architect cries out that if their promenade is continued in this fashion it will end in the bankruptcy of the state. Southampton, after sending first twenty and then fifty guineas, on coming to one fine passage after another exclaims, "Turn the fellow out of the house, or I shall be ruined."

A CURIOUS museum has been opened at the Hôtel des Postes, at Berlin, containing models of the finest post-houses in Germany. Wax figures of the size of nature represent postilions in their dress and undress uniform; thirty models of carriages, two of post-wagons with their internal arrangements; maps, and geographical drawings, and a collection of 2,500 postage-stamps of all the countries in the world.

are chiefly Würtembergers, have made several important additions to their settlements near the Temple, and among other buildings they have erected a hospital for lepers, which has been named the "Jesus Asylum." They have also exerted themselves to render access to Jerusalem easier and less exposed to danger and uncertainty by forming, in concert with several Russian settlers, an association for supplying means of transport and conveyance between Jaffa and Jerusalem, and they have already put twenty-five carriages and fifty horses on the road, which is thus rendered perfectly safe for travellers.

THE German colonists at Jerusalem, who

Academy.



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

He sleeps within a nameless grave,  
Where spring's luxuriant blossoms wave,  
For summer's reign is nigh.  
The solitude around his tomb  
Is beautiful as Eden's bloom  
Ere beauty learned to die.

Her fairest and most fragrant flowers  
Kind May in bright profusion showers  
Upon that lovely spot ;  
Where the sick heart and weary head  
Rest in their last dark, narrow bed,  
Forgetting and forgot.

No drooping mourners kneel beside  
That lonely grave at eventide,  
And bathe them with their tears :  
But oft the balmy dews of night  
Lave it in pity, when the light  
Of kindling stars appears.

No loved ones breathe the holy prayer,  
But nature's incense fills the air,  
And seeks the distant sky.  
Her artless hymn the song-bird sings,  
The dreamy hum of insect wings,  
Are prayers that never die.  
Chambers' Journal.

THE ANSWER OF Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS  
TO A ROMAN "ROUND-ROBIN."

GOOD friends, you urge my odes grow trite,  
And that of worthless station,  
Of fleeting youth and joy, I write  
With endless iteration.

But say, in mortals, base or great,  
Have you a change detected ?  
Are they, when victors, less elate,  
When vanquished, less dejected ?

Do they no more in mundane mire  
For golden garbage scramble ?  
Or, but companioned with the lyre,  
Up twisting Anio ramble ?

Hath Fortune ceased to prove a jade ?  
Hath favour waxed less fickle ?  
Hath shamed Bellona dropped her blade,  
Or Death put up his sickle ?

Doth age no longer rime the hair ?  
Finds Virtue always supper ?  
Or, when cit. rides, a knight, doth Care  
No more bestride the crupper ?

Do not the rosy hours wax pale,  
New loves old loves disherit ;  
And sleight of golden showers prevail  
'Gainst Danae's brazen turret ?

Sooth, *verbum sap.* But then, Jove knows !  
Men are not wise, but foolish ;  
Whether they scan Soracte's snows,  
Or those near Ballachulish.

Still, still they hug the bestial sty,  
And have not changed one wee bit ;  
Unpleasing truth, which "*Repeti-  
Ta decies (non) placebit.*"

Ask such to share my Sabine meal !  
And twine the parsley classic !  
For such to break the Manlian seal,  
And liberate my Massic !

A pretty tale ! Why, ken you not,  
Good friends, as lately showed I,  
In verse already you've forgot, —  
*Profanum vulgus odi ?*

Fair maid, or minister, I dine,  
Toast Rome or *Alma Venus* :  
When Lydia will not kiss my wine,  
Why, then, I ask Mæcenas.

For such and self the chords I strike  
Of wisdom, love, and scorning ;  
And if the world my themes mislike,  
Well, — gentlemen, good-morning !  
Spectator. ALFRED AUSTIN.

## SIMILITUDES.

SUBLIMELY calm — her only wish to *know* —  
In her unswerving glance nor fear nor ruth,  
Reckless how sun may shine, or storms may  
blow,  
Stands, like an adamantine statue, Truth.

See, in the kindling east that cloudlet grey,  
Touched by the dawn, a heavenly gem ap-  
pears ;  
Thus Hope floats lucent in life's early ray,  
Thus, too, or yet 'tis noon, oft falls in tears.

Full many a mimic part doth Love sustain  
And aptly act in aspect, mien, and breath ;  
But his chief characters are Grief and Pain,  
And often, too, he shows himself as Death.

O'er rugged roads doth Reason slow advance,  
Pondering each step with face to earth in-  
clined,  
Yet sometimes will he raise a longing glance,  
And list Faith's wordless promise on the  
wind.  
Spectator. J. S. D.



From Blackwood's Magazine.  
WEATHER.

As it is just possible that the word weather may not convey to everybody the same idea, and that different persons may attach somewhat different meanings to it, it will perhaps be useful to begin by indicating the sense in which we are going to use it here. That sense, however, can scarcely be determined by direct definition, for, if Webster is correct in saying that a definition is "a description of a thing by its properties," it follows that it can only be applied to things which possess properties. Weather therefore can never become the subject of a definition, for its essential character is to be always changing, and, consequently, to have no fixed properties at all. When, then, we learn from another grave authority, that weather is "the state or condition of the atmosphere with respect to heat, cold, dryness, moisture, wind, rain, snow, and fogs," we may, if we are satisfied with the phrase, admit it as a general and approximate statement on the subject, but we cannot, certainly, accept it as possessing the qualities of a definition. And even as a mere statement it is incomplete, for it makes no mention of shade, sunlight, hail, dew, and rainbows, all of which are incontestably elements of weather.

But if we cannot establish a definition, we can arrive at the same end by following out a distinction. By determining the differences between weather and climate, by sorting out to each of them its own share of their seemingly somewhat intermingled rights, we shall finally attain a complete view of weather by itself.

Climate is, in the general acceptation of the word, a settled condition; while weather is the most uncertain, the most fluctuating of our surroundings. Climate rests on certain recognized bases; weather shifts about with accidents. Climate depends on distance from the equator, on height, on the formation and exposition of the soil, on the degree of purity of the atmosphere, on proximity to or distance from the sea, on the action of man through cultivation; but weather is, to a great extent at least, independent of all these influences. Weather is, essentially, the disturber of

climate; it improves it or it spoils it, from day to day; it is consequently a part of it, but a part of it as health and disease are parts of our bodies. Climate is geographically fixed, while weather is atmospherically variable; climate is a calculated quantity, while weather is an unknown one. All sorts of rules are applicable to climate, but none are applicable to weather. Climate is monarchy, weather is anarchy. Climate is a constitutional government, whose organization we see and understand; latitude and altitude are its king and queen; dryness and dampness are its two houses of parliament; animal and vegetable products are its subjects; and the isothermal lines are its newspapers; but weather is a red-hot radical republic, all excitements and uncertainties, a despiser of old rules, a hater of proprieties and order. Climate is a great stately sovereign, whose will determines the whole character of the lives and habits of his retainers, but whose rule is regular, and is therefore so little felt that it seems like liberty; but weather is a capricious, cruel tyrant, who changes his decrees each day, and who forces us, by his ever-varying whims, to remember that we are slaves. Climate is local; weather is universal. We are indifferent to climate because we are accustomed to it, but we are dependent on weather because we never know what form it will take to-morrow. Climate is the rule; weather is the exception. Climate is dignity; weather is impudence.

If these comparisons are admitted as exact, it ceases to be impossible to bestow a name on weather; there is a certain modern locution which seems to have been made expressly to designate it; weather is "a girl of the period." Like that conventional young person, it is impertinent, imperious, and unguidable; like her it is often brilliant, but easily bad-tempered; like her it is sulky and gay by turns, with no avowable reason for being either; like her it dresses noisily; like her it holds its tongue lazily, or talks loud impetuously; like her it is, on the whole, a mistake. Whichever way we look at it, we find it open to objections. Socially, it is what the novels of the last generation used to call "a heartless coquette," who tempts,



stimulates, and lures, and who sets the worst possible example to her neighbours. Morally, it is both a deceiver and a spend-thrift, whose conduct would humiliate and pain its ancestors, if it had any. Intellectually, it may be described as an idiot, for its actions are the consequence of no recognizable motives whatever. And yet, with all these unmistakable defects, it exercises an all-pervading power over every fruit of nature, from man to mushrooms. Indeed, poor nature (which, by the way, as Voltaire observed, is most wrongly named, for she is in reality all art, and not nature at all)—poor nature must sometimes feel that, in creating weather, she has afflicted herself with an intolerable master, who wilfully ill-treats both her and her offspring, and spoils irascibly a good deal of her prettiest and brightest handiwork. It would, however, be altogether useless to ask her why she has been so singularly foolish as to permit weather to exist at all, for she never answers inquisitive questions of that kind; and perhaps, even, does not know what the answers are. Her ignorance, indeed, is possibly as great as that of weather itself; and, in fact, she proclaimed that it really is, so when she made that remarkable confession to the curious philosopher, saying to him, "I am water, earth, fire, air, metal, mineral, stone, vegetable, animal. I feel that I have an intelligence within me; you have one too, but you cannot see it. I cannot see mine either; I feel it, but I cannot measure it. Why then do you, who are but a small part of myself, desire to know what I do not know?" Weather is in the same situation.

And now, as we have, in this way, obtained a general idea of what we mean by weather, and as we are not likely to learn much more about the hidden reason of things by pausing for a reply, we may as well go on to the technicalities of the question.

Weather includes every modification of the atmosphere by which our organs are sensibly affected. Each one of its agents is a power by itself, exerting a special action of its own upon us, but resembling all its fellows in their common characteristic of capriciousness and instability. Its in-

fluence, in some shape or other, is unceasing, for it works upon us through the air, which of all the details of creation is the one with which we are in the most intimate relation. And yet, though almost every other form of matter has become, in some manner or degree, subjected to our will, and can be directed, modified, or used by us, more or less, as we like, how we like, and when we like, the air remains mercilessly our master; it imposes itself on us, according to its own fancies only, everywhere and always, sleeping or waking. We cannot do without it, but we can in no way control it; life, heat, and sound come to us through it alone; without it we could neither hear, nor be warm, nor breathe; without it we could neither smell the flowers nor listen to the birds. Our food depends upon it, for abundance or starvation are its children. And, finally, we ourselves are materially composed of it, for we, and all the animals and vegetables around us, are in reality, as Thales wisely said, made up of condensed woven air. But yet, notwithstanding all these relationships, the atmosphere keeps us off at arm's-length and will not permit us to use it in any ways but its own. This is vexing, but nothing whatever is to be gained by losing our temper about it; it would be altogether futile to imitate Voltaire, and to scornfully call the air "a blue-and-white heap of exhalations;" that would in no way help us. It is just as well to be polite, in spite of the annoyance we may feel at the attitude of contemptuous mastery which the atmosphere assumes towards us.

It was observed just now that weather has no visible motives for its actions, and that it therefore merits to be called an idiot. But, though it has no motives, it has causes; like a bucket which goes up and down in a well, it has no will of its own, but it obeys impulses which it cannot resist. The causes are somewhat various, and are even, occasionally, conflicting; but yet they all have one common origin, they all result mainly from the fact that the atmosphere rests on a mixed floor. If all the air reposed exclusively on water or on earth alone, there would be no weather; of course there would be climates, but they



probably would be very nearly free from accidents or changes, for the reason that no sufficient agent would be at work to upset their regularity as weather does. It is the division of the earth into sea and land, it is the joint though separate action on the atmosphere of those two bases, which create weather; it is the counter working of those two pavements on the air above them which provokes its good or bad behaviour; it is the contrast and the clashing between evaporation and precipitation, between the uplifting and the down-pouring of the waters, according to the variety of topographic influences, which bring about the wild uncertainties of weather and destroy the peaceful unities of climate. It is, however, not solely because the surface of the earth is a mixture of wet and dry that these incongruities arise; the varied nature and the diversified disposition of the materials of which the land part of that surface is composed, must also be taken into account; for as through their agency the distribution of heat on land is rendered most uneven, the atmosphere in contact with that land is irregularly heated also, its faculty of absorbing vapour increases or diminishes with its temperature, and, in this way, a second motive cause of weather is produced. It is, however, altogether insufficient and discourteous to make our first allusion to vapour in this casual, incidental sort of way. Vapour is the primitive form of all the visible elements of weather; it is the fountain which supplies all downfalls on to earth, whatever be the shape they take; without it there would be no clouds, no rain, no snow, no dew, no moisture of any kind at all. It is the common mother of all the race of wet, it is the embryo of all the forms which liquid can assume. It is everywhere around us; all life depends upon it; without it neither birth nor growth are possible; without it all England would be ruined to-night, for there would be no more steam. After this special homage to its merits and its value, we can now proceed with the consciousness of duty discharged.

The next thing to be observed is, that as the evaporation which supplies vapour is a process brought about by the action of the sun, which action is exercised in a

very tangled and untidy fashion, we find in its uncertainties the third great spring of weather. The power and vigour of that action depend, firstly, on the proportion of the substances of which the atmosphere is composed, — for, though the composition of air, properly so called, never varies at all, the quantity of water-vapour which may, from time to time, mix up with it in order to form the atmosphere, does vary very largely. Secondly, the nature of the action of the sun keeps on changing in each place all day long; as the earth turns round the different parts of the atmosphere receive different quantities of heat at constantly shifting angles. So that, with a perpetually varying mass of vapour to act upon, and with a perpetually varying power of action upon it, it is not strange that the working of the sun upon the atmosphere should present an amount of confusion and of family disputation, for which even the Chamber at Versailles cannot offer a parallel.

So far we can comprehend, in part at least; but we get next to a question which really is a puzzler. We have been talking about evaporation, and about vapour, and about the sun, and, taking them separately, they have not offered us much difficulty; but now we must go a step further, — we must put them all three together, and we must add to them a fourth idea, called condensation. The effect of this addition, which looks so simple in words, is to complicate the position gravely, and to lead us to a riddle which the cunningest of scientific people have hitherto been unable to solve. Under the influence of condensation the sun-made vapour which, so far, was invisible, becomes converted into a visible object called a cloud: that is to say, according to the dictionary, "into a visible mass of particles of water suspended in the atmosphere;" this object, which is cold-made, constitutes the first external manifestation of weather — it is the first obvious sign we see of it; it is the first product of that struggle between heat and cold which is the ancestor of everything else that we shall discover in weather. So far no objection can be made, for if weather is to exist at all, it is essential that it should have causes. But now comes in



the insoluble enigma. Clouds, as has just been said, are made of water, and water is eight hundred and sixteen times heavier than air; how then do clouds manage to get lifted up into the air, and to stop there comfortably, apparently without an effort, and to travel thousands of miles there, at all sorts of paces, just as if it were quite natural and proper that they should be there? Nobody can tell us. Now really it is humiliating that at the very outset of our attempt to make the acquaintance of weather, we should encounter an obstacle of this sort, which bars the door to all possibility of real intimacy. Of course wise people have tried to scramble over it; of course there have been plenty of suggestions of the peculiar reasons which enable clouds to defy what are supposed to be the laws of nature, to despise attraction, and to mock at gravitation: but not one of the explanations which have been invented is considered to be sufficient; the clouds go on swimming incomprehensibly above us, in utter disdain of a number of excellent reasons why they should do nothing of the kind. If they behaved like everything else in nature, they would never go up at all; but then, in that case, they would not be clouds. Some learned gentlemen have asserted that clouds are supported by rising currents of hot air, which push them up from below, apparently just as children blow up soap-bubbles and keep them floating as long as their breath lasts; others have considered that electricity, in some unknown fashion, contrives to hold them in their places; others, again, have urged that the water-globules of which they are formed contain "obscure internal heat," which by expansion makes them lighter than the surrounding air, converts each of them in that way into a Montgolfier balloon, and so enables them to remain suspended. We ignorant people are of course quite ready to believe any one of these interpretations, or any other, provided only the sages will tell us which one to adopt; but so long as they hold silence on the point, all we can do is to stare inquisitively at the clouds, and say within ourselves, "How on earth, now, do you manage it?"

The duties of a cloud are to supply us with water in all its summer and winter forms—that is to say, with rain, sleet, snow, hail, and fog; and to preserve us from excesses of both heat and cold by shielding us from the sun's rays when the air is too hot, or by preventing the radiation of terrestrial heat when it is too chilly. Children would, no doubt, insist on add-

ing that an additional duty of clouds is to show us which way the wind blows. In order to accomplish these different functions, clouds adopt a variety of densities and shapes, and place themselves at a variety of heights; but whatever be the altitude at which they range, or the specific gravity or the form which they may momentarily assume, they are always at work at their vocation, and, as long as they are required, are unceasingly engaged in making weather. But all of them do not disappear in "the caverns of rain;" some of them fulfil other objects than shower-making, and do not vanish in drizzle; what becomes of these others when they are done with? What is the fate, for instance, of those fleecy, dreamy, high-bred looking clouds which come and go in the still hotness of July, which softly appear and as softly disappear in the silent summer sunlight? To this, at all events, we can give an answer; those graceful "nurslings of the sky" are dissolved back again into vapour by heat: they remain water, but they once more become water invisible. Like everything else around them, it is not in their power to cease to be; invisibility is not mortality. Their story of unending life is told in Shelley's "Song of the Cloud;" their law is, "I change, but I cannot die."

Of these imperishable clouds rain is the first-born child; it may be added that it is, too, the favourite grandson of vapour. But notwithstanding its eminent position in the family, it cannot be said to be altogether a credit to its relations. Rain is incontestably possessed of some most remarkable capacities; its talents are brilliant; its influence is enormous; but the value and the merit of its qualities are lamentably diminished by the capriciousness, the wilfulness, and the disorder with which it employs them. Of course it has the excuse of having been abominably brought up, like all its kindred, and of never having had the advantage of good examples at home, for neither weather, nor vapour, nor clouds, set their younger relatives a pattern of steadiness, of dignity, or of regularity of conduct. But whoever may be to blame, the fact persists that the merits and defects of rain are so intermingled, that it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish them from each other. Open-handed generosity and niggardly avarice; the gentlest and tenderest caresses and the fiercest blasts of temper; the most dashing and impetuous public speaking and the driest and most painful silence, are all mixed up together in this



richly endowed but wildly wayward nature.

And yet, with all its faults, rain does render us more service than the clouds it comes from, although its benefits often lose half their value by coming at the wrong time. Its distribution is as unequal as that of wealth; like money it bestows itself in excess in one direction, and does not give itself at all in another. It never rains one drop on the coast of Peru, in northern Mexico, in the African Sahara, in central Arabia, or in the Desert of Gobi; but in Patagonia it scarcely ever leaves off raining. And in quantity it is as irregular as in locality: one inch a day is a heavy fall in England; but in the Highlands of Scotland three inches are not unfrequent; and at Gibraltar thirty-three inches have fallen in twenty-six hours. If rain-gauges could be established out at sea, in the region of the equatorial Atlantic calms, it is probable that the heaviest fall would be proved to occur there; but as pluviometry is, thus far, a process which is only applicable on land, we are temporarily obliged to accept the Khasia Hills, opposite the head of the Gulf of Bengal, as the seat of the most abundant downpour that we know of, for there the rain of each twelve months attains the prodigious depth of forty-four feet. The enormity of this dampness may be appreciated by the fact that even in the west of Ireland, where the whole swing of Atlantic wet comes down eagerly on the first land it reaches, the yearly fall, in the very moistest periods, never exceeds ten feet, while in France the average is thirty inches, and in Russia only fourteen.

As rain means vegetation, and no rain means deserts, the results of these diversities glare out conspicuously; the existence of plants, and consequently of animals, depends as much on water as on temperature, so that the absence of rain necessarily entails the absence of life. And here we leap, incidentally, into the very midst of an enormous question — the relationship between history and weather. Power, commerce, wealth grew up, some thousand years ago, in certain places, and not in others, as natural results of atmospheric influences. If the shores of the eastern Mediterranean were the first seat of the world's progress, it was not because they furnished easy water-carriage, but because they were illumined by a sunny sky. The glories of Egypt, Greece, and Rome were, in reality, an affair of weather; they would have been utterly impossible in Lapland. Karnak, the Acropolis, the

Coliseum could never have been built amidst snow and ice. The disposition to work out progress beneath rough skies is essentially a modern tendency; until a few centuries ago civilization was exclusively a child of warmth.

Of course it may be said that all this is a matter of climate rather than of weather, and there is some truth in the objection; but, all the same, weather alone, weather irrespective of climate, has had a good deal to do with history. It was, most certainly, weather which produced the deluge; it was a storm which drove inhabitants to America, and another one which protected England from the Armada; it was snow which overwhelmed Napoleon in 1812; it was fog which helped Mary Stuart to escape the cruisers of Elizabeth, and to cross from France to Scotland; it was fog which enabled the Russians to get unseen up the hillside at Inkerman. All this was weather. It is weather, not governments, which keeps the world as it is; the atmosphere is infinitely more essential to us than constitutions; if weather changed its actual forms of action, we should all of us have to change too. If rain happened to disappear in Europe, Europeans would disappear with it; the green fields of England, like the vineyards of France and the great corn-grounds of the lower Danube, would dry up into shrivelled wastes; while, perhaps, the dreary plateaux of Thibet would grow into the garden of the earth. What would become of the western march of civilization in such a case as that? It really is humiliating to see that politics and power are, after all, matters of mere mud.

The behaviour of rain is a question of almost as much interest to us as its distribution. To be of real use it must come down in a certain way, neither too fast nor too slow; its drops must be neither too large nor too little; it must fit its shape to the period of the year and the needs of the soil; the driving mists of autumn, the short but heavy downfalls of July, "the sweet, fleet, silvery, April showers," — as Lord Lytton the younger so deliciously calls them in that loveliest of poetic fables, the "Thistle," — must all arrive in their time and place. Luckily for us, the personal manners of the rain are not, like its general conduct, exclusively a product of its own capricious temper; they are influenced, to our great advantage, by something else than winds and sunbeams. The air itself guides and graduates the falling drops; it diminishes their eager speed by its resistance; it forbids them to attain



accumulated rapidity; it shelters us by its universal buckler against a ferocity of pelting which, if left unchecked and uncontrolled, would flatten us at each shower. Even the size of the drops is not quite left to hazard; amidst so much waywardness and disorder it follows, exceptionally, a sort of rule; it depends a good deal, it is true, on the quantity of water in the cloud from which the drops emerge; but still, the rain which filters from the edges of a cloud is almost always fine and small; that which tumbles from the middle of it is usually big, because its globules have an opportunity of mixing up with those below them; while, as the dripping finishes, the drops grow smaller, because, as there are fewer of them, they find no others to incorporate with as they descend.

The services which rain renders are not limited to the earth and its products; its action is not solely exercised on plants. Part of its good work is done up above us, before it gets down to leaves and roots. It largely influences the air through which it falls; it cools and purifies it; and it seems even to be admitted as quite probable that, in certain cases, it washes away the germs of endemic and sporadic diseases. If ever we could manage to find out means for directing the weather, it is not impossible that one of the results of the invention would be to enable us to suppress atmospherically-propagated infections, and that, by a skilful use of the pail and mop on the air we breathe, we could wipe out of it the taint of a good many sorts of plague and pestilence. That pretty dream does not seem likely to be realized in our time; but it is not, perhaps, so fantastic as it appears at first sight, for, as we have found out how to master lightning, and how to lead it where we please,—how, in fact, to “inoculate thunder,”—it is not altogether ridiculous to hope that, some day, we may do the same for rain.

Fog is the second of the children of clouds; so, at least, we may fairly suppose; for, though the successive dates of birth of the offspring of the skies have not been regularly inscribed in the family Bible of nature, it really does look extremely probable that fog came upon the earth immediately after rain. Indeed there are wise men who calculate that it even preceded rain, and that it is, consequently, entitled to the position and privileges of the first-born. But, whether that be true or not, it is natural to us people of the nineteenth century to place fog second; for, whatever may have been its ex-

act rank formerly, it is certainly, in our time, a vastly less important personage than rain. The aspects of the two brothers are so different that the hypothesis of their possibly being twins is altogether inadmissible; scarcely any family likeness can be discerned between them: rain is a cloud dissolved into falling water; fog is the cloud itself come down upon the ground; it is, like rain, composed of water-globules, but those globules have not burst. And the characters of the two kinsmen are as unlike as their external appearance. Rain is a spendthrift who casts about his substance in every direction; fog is a miser who holds together all he has. Rain is invariably in motion; fog is always indolent and lazy. Rain is active, violent, and noisy; fog is stagnant, sulky, and silent. Fog is manifestly jealous of his brother—gets into his way as much as possible, and seems to try fallaciously to prove that, as their common mother, cloud, can descend to earth entire in the shape of her second son, it is altogether needless for her to tumble down there in pieces under the name of the elder one. Unfortunately, however, for the pretensions of fog, it is of no kind of use to us, while its liquid relative is indispensable. It seems, indeed, to know this, for it likes particularly to stop in inaccessible places, on mountain-tops or out at sea, where scarcely any one can look at it, as if it were ashamed of its condition. It is true that it does visit us occasionally on dry land, but in a nasty hesitating sort of way, and it rarely presumes to show itself amongst us in broad daylight. Most of the other members of the family of weather—with all their faults—have some redeeming qualities: but fog is hopelessly objectionable; it is ugly, useless, stupid, and dirty.

The third child is a daughter. She floats in the winter air in the white frock that was given to her at her birth, and though she is now as old as the north wind, she has never changed her robe. Cold, still, spotless, and majestic, she seems altogether out of place amidst her coarse relations: they are a disorderly populace; she is a stately queen. Silent, frigid, and so white that her very name means purity, she stands alone—the Pallas Athene of weather. Her movements are soundless; she hushes all around her; she effaces everything she touches; all signs of life are hidden beneath the noiseless veil she spreads. Immaculate, irresistible, and eternal, she possesses an awfulness and a grandeur which are special



to herself; nature has produced no counterpart of her; and it is perhaps as well that she has no sister, for if the clouds had two unmarried daughters of her type, mankind would have hard work to get through the winters. The immensity of her power can, however, be judged only in her own chosen homes, and it is indeed well worth our while to visit them, for of all material royalties, there is not one like hers.

And yet this splendid vestal is not invariably the mighty, ruthless, immutable sovereign that we behold on the mountains and at the poles. Like all other rulers, she has her weak moments. It is saddening to have to own that so superb a princess can ever change her glorious form, but the truth is evident—she thaws! Her attributes of whiteness and eternity are, after all, mere questions of thermometer and position; they dazzle our bewildered eyes as we humbly gaze upon them on the summits of the Alps; they turn into dirty water in Pall Mall. We easily forget, when snow is sitting nobly on her throne, that the plebeian blood of rain and fog is running in her veins; but she herself, despite her majesty, is forced to own the lamentable fact as soon as she gets warm. How she must hate heat! To be glorious, brilliant, stainless snow, all grand and undefiled and beautiful, and then, because the sun shines out a little, to be obliged to vanish into puddle! What mockery of the greatnesses of this earth!

But, after all, it serves no purpose to be sentimental. If negroes have black skins, if cows have horns, while sheep have not, if tigers prefer flesh to oats, it is because those peculiarities are special to their race, and are inherited by each member of it. For the self-same reason snow is condemned to thaw; water she is, to water she returns; only it really is a pity it is not always clean.

As for the uses of snow, it would be absurd to talk about them. She is too beautiful and too loyal to be used. Let us leave her where we found her, in the air and on the crests, up there amongst the eagles; let us forget that she can melt, and that she has functions to discharge.

But what can possibly be the functions of her next brother—hail? Cutting crops to pieces and breaking panes of glass cannot seriously be called a function, and yet, what else does hail do? Indeed the presence of this creature amongst the connections of weather is decidedly an enigma. It is a child of the clouds; that

is certain; but it is a child whose birth is shrouded in mystery, for nobody has found out exactly how hail is made; and as we are equally ignorant of its uses when it is made, it really may be urged that, perhaps, it would be just as well if it were never made at all. It is manifestly the bully of the family; it never rendered a service to anybody; on the contrary, it is always doing damage in the wilfullest and most senseless fashion. And, furthermore, it is an undutiful and disrespectful son, for, as it comes down frozen into ice, it reveals to us, with the most shocking indiscretion, that it must sometimes be most horribly cold in its mother's lap, which is a distressing fact that no really affectionate, deferential son would ever consent to divulge. It has been observed twice already, that the clouds have brought up their progeniture abominably, but this one is really worse than all the rest.

There ends the list of the offspring of cloud. Dew is her little brother, not her child; for, like her, he issues direct from their common mother—the invisible vapour suspended in the atmosphere. He is, consequently, small as he is, the uncle of rain, fog, snow, and hail. He has the merit of being the one single member of the entire family whose manners are always perfect: he is a charming, laughing, bright-eyed little fellow—a blithe and sparkling morning visitor, who opens the day for us with smiles. He, like his superb niece, snow, has a name which we have adopted as an emblem: as she is purity, so he is freshness; and well indeed does he symbolize that word—for what else is fresh like dew? This baby boy of vapour is the great jeweller of nature; it is he who sprinkles her with flashing gems; it is his bright handiwork which makes the leaves and grassblades glisten in the early sun: his workmanship is indeed so brilliant that we almost doubt his origin, and have some difficulty in believing that he is really of the same rough race as weather and its brood. But the proof thereof is close at hand: he can freeze, he can become hoarfrost; and then, alas! when his drops have turned into crystals, he thaws, and disappears in dirty water, as is the habit of his lineage. Poor, little, charming dew! he does deserve a better genealogy.

Shadow and shade, too, are not the children of cloud: they are simply her pupils; she does not create them of her substance—she only forms them by her teaching and example—she passes by, and says to them, "Follow me;" and they do it.



But still they are important elements of weather; for it is they who take the place of sunbeams when the sky is grey; it is they who soften down the noontide glare—who mark the days of rain, of dulness, and of winter. It is they, again, who flicker fitfully on the hillsides and the plains—who pass in spots of undulating darkness across “the whisperous wheat” (Lord Lytton again)—who overcast the sparkling waves with deep-blue moving patches—who add to nature’s sweet variety, by playing with the light amidst her work. They constitute the one real charm of weather: it is they who give to it its colour, its wandering diversity of tone, its ever-shifting glow. The sombre, slaty gloominess of the storm-time—the whity-grey of the morning mist—the sharp, clear, marching images which mark the passage over us of the hurrying autumn clouds—the distant dimness of the coming rain—the July contrasts between hot lustre and cool calm,—all these are the doings of shadow and shade. Without them weather would be all darkness or all brilliancy, according to its passing humour: with them it becomes as variable in aspect as it is in temper, and nature gains a beauty the more.

Thunder and lightning form a strange couple by themselves; they are neither relatives nor friends of the family of cloud; they seem indeed to be barely on visiting terms with its members; for they come to see them very rarely—sometimes even not for months together: they live apart, and show themselves only on great occasions. Their precise situation in the set is rather difficult to define; but it may be said, with approximate exactness, that they are to weather what swearing is to language, what cholera is to disease, what a lion is to beasts. It is possible that they may have a use; but if so, it has not been yet discovered; for as their tremendous grandeur is out of all proportion with their ordinary effect of turning milk sour, it really cannot be reasonably supposed that they were created solely for that minutely destructive purpose. Neither can it be seriously pretended that their object is to furnish proof that mankind can easily be terrified by sudden flame and sound. So far as we can thus far perceive, they appear to be a pure expletive, superb and violent, but, like many others of the manifestations of weather, totally incomprehensible.

And now we can begin to approach the self-constituted guardian of the entire group—the domineering master who

drives its members all about before him with a temper even more capricious than their own, but whose guidance is so absolutely indispensable to them all, that without his aid neither clouds, nor rain, nor snow, nor shadow could move one inch. What would they all do without wind? In order to completely govern them, wind assumes as many forms as colour does; and even in these days of observatories and weather-charts it is scarcely possible to establish a complete catalogue of them all. There are hot winds and cold winds, wet winds and dry winds, sea winds and land winds, permanent winds like the trades, periodical winds like the monsoons, and variable winds like those we have around us here; there are mountain winds, valley winds, and plain winds; “brave west winds,” hard north-easters and “fainting air;” and there are all the varieties of local winds special to particular districts, like the sirocco in Italy, the simoom in Arabia, the kamsin in Egypt, the harmattan in Guinea, the mistral in France, the “hot winds” in Australia, the föhn in Switzerland, the nortes in the Gulf of Mexico. But all these diversities are, in reality, alike in their origin and nature; from the lazy breath which does not lift a leaf to the hurricane which voyages twice as fast as the quickest railway-train, they are all substantially identical, for all are currents in the atmosphere.

If there were no wind, weather would be immovable; it would rise up and disappear on the same spot, according to local causes; there would be no sort of relationship or sympathy between the weathers of different districts. If there were no wind the modern science of meteorology would have no existence; for if nothing carried storms and rain in a recognized direction, and with a recognized speed, we could not be told by telegraph what will probably be the nature of the weather round our coasts to-morrow. Steam has rendered us tolerably independent of wind for navigation, but thus far the other uses of wind have not been replaced by machinery; it alone continues, amongst other of its occupations, to be the sole known means of transporting clouds about the sky.

And, in addition to its general duty as a carrier, wind has a special function to discharge in the composition of weather, for it is it, and it alone, which makes storms; it is it alone which puts weather into a real rage. Without it weather would often be sulky, gloomy, disagreeable, but it would never be ferocious. Hurricanes,



cyclones, tornadoes, and typhoons are virtually mere wind, and yet they incontestably present the most outrageous forms which weather can assume. Without wind all the other elements of weather would be passive; in themselves alone they constitute mere local agencies; it is only when their inherent power is multiplied by the speed which wind bestows upon them that they acquire destructive force. It is the wind which enables the snow to drift and deepen, the rain to travel over whole countries and to inundate them all, the hail to beat down the crops of entire districts, the fog to march along from sea to land; if "life is movement," it is evidently wind which bestows life on weather.

Wind, however, in the midst of its inconsistent caprices, is controlled, like all the other elements of weather, by the degree of heat. As heat makes vapour, so also does heat make wind, and we have proof thereof in the fact that the average number of storms each year rises gradually from two in Siberia to nine in London, fourteen in Paris, forty-three in Rome, and sixty in Calcutta. Wherever a tempest occurs we may be absolutely certain that temperature is at the bottom of it, for wind of all speeds, from one to one hundred miles an hour, is a mere rushing of air to take somewhere else the place of other air which has been carried off by hot ascending currents. But, in tearing about in what seems to be so fantastic a fashion, wind is unceasingly rendering us a vast service; it is conveying vapour from damp places to dry ones. If ever it were to leave off doing so, evaporation in the dry places would become greater than precipitation, the level of the inland waters would fall, vegetation would disappear, there would be no more food, and the population would be driven away. And all this because the wind would have stopped blowing in the direction where it is wanted! There is no doubt at all that such would really be the case, for it has happened already round the Caspian and the Sea of Aral.

The relationship of wind towards weather is somewhat like that of a painter's brush towards his colours; without the brush the colours would remain daubed upon the palette, but with its help they form a picture. It is true that in the case of weather the picture is inharmonious, irregularly drawn and indiscriminately shaded; but still it presents a vigour and a life which indicate that it is the work of no common hand. We gaze each day, and each hour of each day, at the great

fresco which is painted for us by the winds, and yet, habituated to it as we are, it never tires us: it perpetually strikes us by its grandeur, its vitality, its ever-varying lines. It may indeed be said that the view of it constitutes one of the few permanent pleasures that we possess, and it has the advantage over most other pleasures of being obtainable without an effort. And yet though we have this strong reason, and many others too, for feeling gratitude towards wind, though it serves us as a water-carrier, as a seed and pollen spreader, as a scavenger, as a drying-machine, and as a grand artist, it is probable that the greater part of us never entertain towards it any lively sentiment of thankfulness, and that we habitually limit our acknowledgments of obligation to it to the direct and personal benefits which it occasionally renders us, as when, on the evening of a sultry day, a breeze springs up and brings us coolness, or when it at last conveys our ship into port after a weary voyage. For the daily, constant work of wind we have no gratitude: if, indeed, we think of it at all, it is rather to cry out against its violences than to thank it for its services; they pass unperceived before our negligent eyes. Here, however, we are forced to recognize and proclaim them, for without wind, all the other elements of weather that we have been talking about would be as motionless and as torpid as a mushroom in a hollow tree.

There is one more constituent of weather—temperature; it is usually and most rightly classed with climate rather than with weather, but yet its relationship to the latter is real enough to oblige us to include it in our list. It is dependent mainly on latitude and altitude, so much so, indeed, that it may be said—as a rough formula which is subject to many exceptions—that heat diminishes at the rate of about  $1^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit for each degree of distance from the equator, and for each hundred yards of height above the sea; but still it is a little influenced by mere weather too, only in the latter case we have no sort of law to guide our calculations of probable results. We all know that, as rules of climate, there are no very violent oscillations of temperature in the neighbourhood of the sea, and that heat diminishes as we advance into the interior of continents, and leave the sea behind us. For instance, Amsterdam and Warsaw, and Copenhagen and Kasan, are, respectively, on about the same parallels of latitude, and yet their mean annual tempera-



tures are  $53^{\circ}$  and  $46^{\circ}$  in the first case, and  $45^{\circ}$  and  $37^{\circ}$  in the second. This we can understand, because it is climate — that is to say, a fixed condition. But we altogether fail to comprehend why July in England should have been a hot and dry month in 1874, and a wet and cold one in 1875. That striking contrast was distinctly and undeniably brought about by weather, and nothing else; and it is, for that very reason, altogether unintelligible to ordinary people like us. Of course it is easy enough to explain it scientifically, but what good does that do to us? Of course it can be announced that what happened this year was a necessary result of excessive condensation of vapour over the British Isles, provoked by the arrival of unusual frigid currents in the atmosphere, which currents were sent our way by perturbation in the movements of the strata of the air somewhere else, above Japan, for instance, or towards Cape Horn. But that learned interpretation, supposing it to be infallibly exact, affords very small satisfaction to us, for, even if we comprehend it theoretically, we fail altogether to realize it as a fact. Notions of atmospheric equilibrium, of compensations, of its being accidentally cold in London because it is accidentally warm in the Gallapagos, are outside the grasp of the mass of us; our conceptions of the causes of sudden changes of temperature are, habitually, more simple. If it becomes very hot, we expect to be informed that a new comet is in sight; if it turns very cold, we cannot help suspecting that some icebergs must have floated down to the latitude of Aberdeen. As for referring a broiling afternoon at Brighton to a storm at Calcutta, or a chilly week in August to a magnetic disturbance round New Zealand, not one of us is capable of it. And yet those versions would be the true ones, while the icebergs and the comets would be all nonsense. We do not adopt them, however, because, as popular ignorance fits in handily with our prejudices, while scientific reasonings appeal only to our understanding, we find, in this case as in so many others, that it is vastly easier to let ourselves be guided by imagination than by knowledge.

And yet, indifferent as we may be about explanations, we are invariably ready to blame weather for all excesses that occur in temperature; our very language proves it; we say "hot weather" and "cold weather," as if heat and cold were properties of weather. Nothing can be more unfair than this; temperature is often

somewhat exaggerated either way, by weather; that is quite true; but the fundamental fact that it is cold in winter and hot in summer has nothing on earth to do with weather. Weather is an extraneous influence which temporarily increases or diminishes the action of certain permanent natural laws, but it no more makes those laws than tailors weave the cloth out of which they cut our coats. The presence or the absence of clouds, of rain, of snow, of wind, does manifestly affect temperature; but it affects it only because it existed already. Weather is nothing but a tool in the matter; it shapes and fashions temperature some little, but we could no more produce temperature by the help of weather alone than we could manufacture a piece of calico with a pair of scissors and a thimble.

But though weather exercises only a very restricted action over temperature, its authority is extensive over everything else that it touches. Allusion has been already made to several of its material functions, and all that need be added on that chapter of the question is the general observation that, as regards the culture of the ground, weather is even more important than the nature of the soil itself. The French express this truth by a proverb which is in all their peasants' mouths — "*Mieux vaut un bon temps qu'un bon champ.*" Crops are almost entirely dependent upon weather. The supply of corn, wine, and oil, and of all the other necessities which we have successively learnt to cultivate, is mainly a question of more or less heat and cold, of more or less wet and dry. All that is evident, and needs no telling. But the ways in which weather dominates over the persons of men and women are perhaps less generally noticed, and may therefore be worth a passing allusion.

Our virtues and our vices, our temperaments and our passions, are all so bound up with our physical organization that they cannot help varying with the outside influences to which the latter is exposed. We see proofs enough of this in the radical differences of national character between the inhabitants of countries whose climates are unlike; and though the variations of temper and disposition which are provoked amongst dwellers in the same country by changes of weather alone, are insignificant when compared to the far greater consequences produced by climate, yet they are distinct enough to supply evidence of the reality of the cause which begets them. That heat engenders indo-



lence and irritation, and develops the nervous system; that cold engenders activity and energy, and develops the muscular system,—are facts with which every one is acquainted, for they are general rules in constant application before our eyes. But these rules and their effects are modified each day by the action of weather, and there it is that we detect the special consequences of that action. And it is particularly easy to do so in a climate like our own, where the usual absence of extremes of temperature permits equilibrium between the muscular and the nervous system, and renders both of them, for that very reason, more accessible to atmospheric variations than is the case amongst inhabitants of excessive climates.

That is, no doubt, the reason why thunder-storms give some of us bad headaches, why long rains augment our national solemnity, why persistent fogginess and chill depress us, why brighter skies than those we habitually see excite in us a momentary gaiety and elasticity, which, in our astonishment and want of practice, we rarely know how to utilize. And, in differing degrees and shapes, these same conditions apply in other countries than our own; a large part of Europe takes the exact shade of its character for each day from the weather which it finds when it opens its eyes in the morning. It is true that, in the majority of cases, we are almost unconscious of the subtle influence which is thus at work upon us, not only because its effects are usually too minute to attract our attention, but also because we are so accustomed to them that, unless they happen to be exceptionally marked, it does not occur to us to investigate their cause. This indifference applies, however, to a good many other things besides weather, and the fact of its existence no more indicates that the action of weather on us is not real, than our forgetfulness that we are always breathing implies that we could do without air.

And, furthermore, this indifference is limited to the present; it does not extend to the future; it in no way prevents us from trying to discover means for prognosticating coming weather; in that direction, at all events, our minds have always been inquiring and our attention has always been active. The curiosity that the whole world feels upon this question is legitimate and natural; for though no amount of previous information would render weather less capricious, yet its capriciousness would be less damaging and annoying if we knew well beforehand

what changes to prepare for. It is therefore disagreeable to be obliged to recognize that there is no present probability whatever that we shall ever attain any distinct knowledge on the subject. It is true that we have invented the barometer, and that in these latter days we have had recourse to scientific observation on the largest international scale; but still, with all this help, we do not manage to see beyond to-morrow. And even that small glimpse into futurity would be impossible if we did not know by telegraph what was happening elsewhere yesterday. Failure, however, does not discourage us; we go on calculating and seeking; we are pushed on in our researches by a universal curiosity—by a curiosity which seems to have always existed, and which has grown particularly strong during the last two hundred years. To satisfy it the world has had recourse to prophets, who have really discharged their functions with such a remarkably correct appreciation of what was wanted from them, that the work of Maury and Fitzroy becomes lamentably mean and little compared with that of Zadkiel and Moore, of Mathieu Laensberg and Mathieu de la Drôme. Those soothsayers were not restrained by the miserable considerations which influence the learned gentlemen who are trying to replace them; in their hands prediction was comprehensive, unhesitating, and ferocious; it scorned the absurd bonds of time and truth; it satisfied all wonderings; it contented all sorts of fancies, for, not restricting itself to the mere prophesying of weather twelve months beforehand, it threw in revolutions, wars, and plagues as well. Much time will probably be required, and much spread of education too, before weather-charts will be accepted by the masses as a satisfactory substitute for thrilling penny almanacs. Dry facts can scarcely be expected to easily replace superstition, and as the superstition is, in this case, the common property of all Europe, its eradication will be proportionably more difficult.

If ever the happy time arrives when official weather-books will be published annually at Greenwich; when rainy days will be calculated prospectively with as much certainty as eclipses; when the date, nature, and duration of every storm will be rigorously determined two years in advance,—then, evidently, the astrologers will have to abandon their profession. Meanwhile, however, they will probably continue to exercise it without much hindrance: the only serious com-



petitor they have as yet is, not meteorology, but nature herself, for she is generous enough to place at our disposal a variety of little signals, which render us some service as it is, and would render us much more if only we knew how to read them aright. In her hands coming events do really cast their shadows a few yards before; and, if we were clever at discovering the meanings of the shadows, they would perhaps tell us more about the movements of weather than we have hitherto been able to learn from the united observatories of the world. We know, for instance, in a general way, that we may reckon on a duration of fine weather if the sun sets in crimson clouds and rises brilliant, or if the stars are numerous and bright; that dews and white morning fogs are symptoms of clear days; that if the sun is dark and vapoury, or if the moon is sickly, with blunt horns, and a circle round her, or if the stars are pallid, big, and do not scintillate, we may look for rain; that if the sun comes up pale and then turns red, or if the moon is large and ruddy, with sharp, black horns, we may count on wind. We have noticed, also, that certain plants have ways of warning us of coming wet; that several of them shut up their flowers when rain is approaching; the chickweed, indeed, has this habit to such an extent that it is called in France "the poor man's barometer." And there are enthusiasts who pretend that even animals are good enough to speak out, after their fashion, on the same occasion; they assert that, when rain is in the air, horses hinny, oxen low, sheep bleat, asses bray, and crows, frogs, and ducks become particularly noisy.

But the birds are the best judges of all, for they live in the air and feel its pulses and its throbbings; they are specially organized for the purpose. Toussenel, indeed, goes so far as to say that every bird possesses within itself the various properties of the thermometer, barometer, hygroscope, and electroscope. The cranes were perfectly aware what sort of a winter was approaching in 1812; they proved their knowledge of its nature by migrating weeks sooner than their usual date in order to get out of its way. Unluckily for Napoleon he did not recognize the facts as the cranes did. Neither do we of this generation pay much attention to the instructive auguries which are offered to us by the swallows when they fly low, or by the sea-birds when they hover close to shore instead of travelling out over the

waves, as is their habit when the weather is going to be fine. It is perhaps not altogether absurd to suggest that a system of predictions might yet be organized by careful observations of the proceedings of the birds; but as such a device would not be scientific, there is no actual prospect of its adoption.

The notion that the moon exerts an influence on weather is so deeply rooted that, notwithstanding all the attacks which have been made against it since meteorology has been seriously studied, it continues to retain its hold upon us. And yet there never was a popular superstition more utterly without a basis than this one. If the moon did really possess any power over the weather, that power could only be exercised in one of three ways — by reflection of the sun's rays, by attraction, or by emanation. No other form of action is conceivable. Now, as the brightest light of a full moon is never equal in intensity or quantity to that which is reflected towards us by a white cloud on a summer day, it can scarcely be pretended that weather is affected by such a cause. That the moon does exert attraction on us is manifest — we see its working in the tides; but though it can move water, it is most unlikely that it can do the same to air, for the specific gravity of the atmosphere is so small that there is nothing to be attracted. Laplace calculated, indeed, that the joint attraction of the sun and moon together could not stir the atmosphere at a quicker rate than five miles a day. As for lunar emanations, not a sign of them has ever been discovered. The idea of an influence produced by the phases of the moon is therefore based on no recognizable cause whatever. Furthermore, it is now distinctly shown that no variations at all really occur in weather at the moment of the changes of quarter, any more than at other ordinary times. Since the establishment of meteorological stations all over the earth, it has been proved by millions of observations that there is no simultaneousness whatever between the supposed cause and the supposed effect. The whole story is a fancy and a superstition, which has been handed down to us uncontrolled, and which we have accepted as true because our forefathers believed it. The moon exercises no more influence on weather than herrings do on the government of Switzerland.

Regarded as a whole, the question of weather has the double merit of being both important and interesting; it has, from all times, dragged towards itself the



attention of the ignorant and the wise alike; philosophers and peasants have studied it with equal attention, but with equal non-success. It has always persistently hidden its secrets from us, or at best, has opened them to us in the most limited degree. Our attempts to fathom them have only led us into superstitions; and of all the branches of knowledge which men have pursued it may be said, with truth, that there is not one in which they have made so little progress as in weatherlore. Maury's discovery of the law of storms is the one single contribution that has yet been made to the creation of a weather-science; and even that law has extremely limited applications, and is open to innumerable exceptions. In no other direction whatever have we been able to detect any appearance of a rule; we have traced out causes, but not codes; we have got on a little with the former, but the latter remain as invisible to us as they were to Aristotle. Indeed, if such a thought were not in flagrant contradiction to the whole of our experience in all other directions, we should be almost tempted to imagine that, in this one matter, nature has not acted with her usual precision, and that she has drawn up no code at all. That explanation of the caprices and inconsistencies of weather is, however, inadmissible: there must, of necessity, be perpetual laws for its guidance, as for everything else; it is only as a justification of our own ignorance that we incline to fancy that there are none.

That being so—and assuredly it is so—our admiration for nature's capacity of lawgiving ought to increase immensely; for the statutes which she has invented for the government of weather must be far more wonderful than those which she enforces elsewhere. They imply the existence of the strictest order amidst indescribable disorder, of a recognized predominant will where all wills appear to be contending for the mastery; of an accepted absolute commander, where all looks like flagrant disobedience; of ever-present reason amidst what seems to be the wildest incoherence; of all-controlling despotism, co-existing with the outward signs of absolutely uncontrolled liberty. It must be owned that the task of comprehending this is excessively embarrassing, and that we really have some small excuse for trying to evade it. In other cases the laws which nature applies are in more or less harmonious agreement with the agents which they employ, and with the effects which they induce; but here

the agents and the effects present themselves before us in such tumultuous confusion, in such wayward independence, with so vivid and so resolute a character of immunity from supervision, that it is most desperately difficult for us to imagine that there can be any harmony at all between them and the unknown laws which we suppose to be directing them, but which they seem to so thoroughly despise.

It is humiliating to turn away from an unsolved riddle; but, as nobody has ever been able to explain this one, it is not likely that we should be successful, even if we tried. Let us leave it to posterity. And, with it, let us bequeath the wise advice which Mathieu Laensberg offered to his readers, — "*Il faut prendre le temps comme il vient, les gens pour ce qu'ils sont, et l'argent pour ce qu'il vaut.*"

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

##### CHAPTER XII.

How brilliant was that August morning when the two men went out! the sky so blue and warm and full of sunshine, bending with friendly tenderness toward the luxuriant earth which it embraced, lost everywhere in soft distances, limits that were of the eye and not of the infinite melting space—showing through the foliage, opening out sweet and full over the breezy purpled common. The red cottage roofs, with all their lichens, shone and basked in the light; the apples reddened moment by moment, the yellow corn rustled and waved in every breath of air, conscious of the coming sickle. Everything was at its fullest blaze of colour; the trees more deeply green than usual, the sky of more profound and dazzling blue, the heather purple-royal, showing in its moorland flush against the russet-golden fields burning in the sun which gave them their last perfection of ripeness; and even the flowers in the gardens blazing their brightest to hide the fact from all men that the sweetness and hope of the year were almost lost in that harvest and climax which touches upon decay, as everything does which is perfect. The sun was too fierce for anything but red burning geraniums and gaudy hollyhocks and rank dahlias. But the red old cottages at Brentburn were of themselves like growths of nature, with all their stains of moss, red and grey and yellow, relieved and thrown up by the waving greyness of



the willows, that marked every spot of special dampness, and by the wealthy green woods that rolled away into the distance, into the sky. Everything is musical in such a morning; the very cackle of the ducks in that brown pond—how cool it looks to the dusty wayfarer!—takes a tone from the golden air; the slow roll of the leisurely cart along the country road; the voices from the cottages calling in full Berkshire drawl to Jyain or Jeo outside. A harmonious world it seemed, with nothing in it to jar or wound; the very air caressing every mother's son it met, blowing about the rags as if it loved them, conveying never a chill to the most poorly clad. How different was that broad outdoor satisfaction and fulness to the complainings and troubles inclosed by every set of four walls in the parish! Mildmay, as was natural, knew nothing about these nor suspected them; his spirits rose when he came out into the summer air—to walk along the cool side of the road in the shade, and watch the triumphant sunshine blazing over everything, leaving not an inch even of the common high-road unglorified, brought a swell of pleasure to his heart he could not tell why.

"You must not come to a country parish with the idea that it is Arcadia," said Mr. St. John; "such ideas lead to a great deal of disappointment; but you must not let yourself be discouraged either. I don't think that Cicely knows all the outs and ins of the story about the cottages."

"Miss St. John said nothing about the cottages."

"Ah! I thought she had put you out of spirits; that would be foolish," said the curate kindly. "You see, Mr. Mildmay, everybody here thinks a great deal of a little money; it is so, I believe, in every small place; they have little, very little, Heaven knows; and somehow, when one is very poor, that gets to look of more importance than anything else. I don't say so from personal experience, though I have always been poor enough. My way, I am afraid, is to think too little of the money, not too much—which is, perhaps, as great a mistake the other way; but it is much easier, you know, to condemn those faults we have no mind to," Mr. St. John added, with a smile. The visit of an intelligent stranger had quite brightened the good man up, though it ought to have depressed him, according to all principles of good sense. The curate forgot how much he himself must suffer from the change that was coming. Mildmay

pleased him; he was deferential to his own grey hairs and long experience; he was willing to hear, and apparently to take, his predecessor's opinion, and Mr. St. John liked the novelty, the new companion, the attentive listener. He walked on quite briskly, with the easy steps of a man to whom the way is so familiar that he does not need to pause to look where he is going. Now and then he would stop to point out a view, a glimpse of the distant forest, a slope opening down upon the lower level of the common, or even a pretty cottage; and one of them, a most picturesque refuge of misery, with tiny little casement windows bulging anyhow from the ruddy old wall, and a high roof of the most indescribable and beautiful mixture of tints, set him easily afloat again upon the subject of which his mind was full.

"Look at it!" he said; "it is a picture. If one could only clear them out and shut them up—or rather throw them open, that the winds of heaven might enter, but not our fellow-creatures, Mr. Mildmay! As I was saying, they are all poor here. The people think you do them an injury when you speak of anything that has to be paid for. Because I have tried to get the cottages put into good repair, the arrangements made a little more decent, and the places fit to live in, more than two or three of the people have left the parish church. Yes, that is quite true—I thought Cicely must have told you—well-to-do people, who might have spared a few pounds well enough. It was a trial; but what of that? I have outlived it, and perhaps done a little good."

"The cottagers, at least, must have been grateful to you," said Mildmay; but the curate shook his head.

"The cottagers thought I was only trying to get them turned out," he said. "They almost mobbed me once. I told them they should not take lodgers and lodgers till every room was crowded. They are as bad as the landlords; but, poor souls! it was easy to forgive them, for the shilling or two they gained was such an object to them. I thought it best to tell you; but there was really nothing in it, nothing to be annoyed about. It was soon over. You, a young man, need not be discouraged by any such episode as that."

"Mr. St. John, there is something which discourages me much more," said Mildmay. "When I came yesterday to see Brentburn, I did not know you at all. I



had heard your name; that was all. I thought you were most likely a man of my own standing, or younger ——”

“As a curate ought to be,” said Mr. St. John, once more shaking his head. “Yes; I was saying to Cicely, it is almost a stigma upon a man to be a curate at my age; but so it is, and I cannot help it. Perhaps if I had not settled down so completely when I was young, if I had been more energetic; I feel that now—but what good does it do? it is too late now to change my nature. The children are the worst,” he said with a sigh, “for they must come upon the girls.” Then, recovering himself with a faint smile, “I beg your pardon, Mr. Mildmay, for going off with my own thoughts. You said it discouraged you. Do you mean my example? You must take it as a lesson and a warning, not as an example. I am very sensible it is my own fault.”

“I came to supplant you, to take your place, to turn you out of your home,” said Mildmay, finding it a kind of relief to his feelings to employ Cicely’s words, “and you received me like a friend, took me into your house, made me sit at your table ——”

The curate was startled by his vehemence. He laughed, then looked at him half alarmed. “What should I have done else?” he said. “I hope you are a friend. Supplant me! I have been here a great deal longer than I had any right to expect. Of course, we all knew a new rector would come. The girls, indeed, had vague notions about something that might be done—they did not know what, poor things! how should they? But of course from the first I was aware what must happen. No, no; you must not let *that* trouble you. I am glad, on the contrary, very glad, that the people are going to fall into hands like yours.”

“Poor hands,” said Mildmay. “Mr. St. John, you may think it strange that I should say this; but it is you who ought to be the rector, not me. You ought to stay here; I feel it. If I come after all, I shall be doing a wrong to the people and to you, and even to the Church, where such things should not be.”

Once more Mr. St. John slowly shook his head; a smile came over his face; he held out his hand. “It is pleasant to hear you say it; somehow it is pleasant to hear you say it. I felt sure Cicely had been saying something to you this morning. But no, no; they would never have given me the living, and I should never have asked for it. As for a wrong, nobody will

feel it a wrong; not myself, nor the Church, and the people here last of all.”

“They must look upon you as their father,” said Mildmay warmly. “Nothing else is possible. To them it is the greatest wrong of all.”

“You speak like a—boy,” said the curate. “Yes, you speak like a kind, warm-hearted boy. The girls say the same kind of things. You are all young, and think of what ought to be, not of what is. The people! The Church does not give them any voice in the matter, and it is just as well. Mr. Mildmay, I’ve been a long time among them. I’ve tried to do what I could for them. Some of them like me well enough; but the people have never forgotten that I was only curate—not rector. They have remembered it all these twenty years, when sometimes I was half tempted to forget it myself.”

“Oh, sir, do not think so badly of human nature!” said Mildmay, almost with a recoil from so hard a judgment.

“Do I think badly of human nature? I don’t feel that I do; and why should this be thinking badly? Which is best for them to have, a man who is well off, who is a real authority in the parish, whom the farmers and masters will stand in awe of, and who will be able to help them in trouble—or a poor man who has to struggle for himself, who has nothing to spare, and no great influence with any one? I shall feel it, perhaps, a little,” said Mr. St. John, with a smile; “but it will be quite unreasonable to feel it. In a month you will be twice as popular in the parish as I am after twenty years.”

“It is not possible!” said the young man.

“Ah, my dear Mr. Mildmay, a great many things are possible! The girls think like you. I suppose it is natural; but when you come to take everything into account—the only thing to have been desired was that I should have died before Mr. Chester; or, let us say that he should have outlived me, which sounds more cheerful. Come,” said the curate with an effort, “don’t let us think of this. I hope you are a friend, Mr. Mildmay, as I said; but as you say yourself, you are only a friend of yesterday, so why you should take my burden on your shoulders I don’t know. I think we may venture to call on the Ascotts now. He is a little rough, or rather bluff, but a good man; and she is a little—fanciful,” said the curate, searching for a pleasant word, “but a kind woman. If you talk to them, and they to you ——”



"On what pretence should I go to see them, unsettled as I am about my future?" said Mildmay, hesitating.

The curate looked at him with a smile. He rang the bell, then opened the door, which, like most innocent country doors, opened from the outside. Then he fixed his mild eyes upon the young man. He had some gentle insight in his way by right of his years and experience of life, simple-minded as he was. "You go as the new rector—the best of introductions," he said, and led the way smiling. It was not difficult, perhaps, to see through the struggle in Mildmay's mind between his own wish and determination, and his sympathetic sense of the hardship involved to others. I think the curate was quite right in believing that it was the personal inclination which would gain the day, and not the generous impulse; as, indeed, Mr. St. John fully recognized it ought to be.

Mr. Ascott was in his library, reading the newspaper, but with such an array of papers about him, as made that indulgence look momentary and accidental. He was not the squire of the parish, but he had a considerable landed property in the neighbourhood, and liked to be considered as holding that position. He received Mr. Mildmay, boldly introduced by the curate as the new rector, with the greatest cordiality. "I had not seen the appointment," he said, "but I am most happy to welcome you to the parish. I hope you like what you have seen of it? This is quite an agreeable surprise."

Mildmay found it very difficult to reply, for was not every word of congratulation addressed to him an injury to his companion, whose star must set as his rose? The curate, however, showed no such feeling. His *amour propre* was quite satisfied by being the first to know and to present to the parish its new rector. "Yes, I thought you would be pleased to hear at once," he said, with gentle complacency. "I would not let him pass your door."

"Poor Chester! This reminds me of him," said Mr. Ascott. "He came to Brentburn in my father's time, when I was a young fellow at home fresh from the university. He was a very accomplished man. It was a pity he had such bad health. A parish gets out of order when it is without the proper authorities. Even a good deputy—and St. John, I am sure, has been the best of deputies—is never like the man himself."

"That is just what I have been saying,"

said Mr. St. John; but though he took it with great equanimity, it was less pleasant to him to hear this, than to say it himself. "I think I will leave you now," he added. "I have a great deal to do this morning. Mr. Ascott will tell you many things that will be really valuable, and at two o'clock or sooner we will expect you at the rectory."

"It is a pity to trouble you and your girls, St. John. He can have some luncheon here. Mrs. Ascott will be delighted to see him."

"I shall be at the rectory without fail," said Mildmay, with a sense of partial offence. He belonged to the rectory, not to this complacent secular person. A certain *esprit de corps* was within him. If the rest of the world neglected the poor curate, he at least would show that to him the old priest was the first person in the parish. "Or," he added, hesitating, "I will go with you now."

Mr. St. John did not wish this. He felt that he would be less at his ease with his poor people if conscious of this new man fresh from Oxford at his elbow. There might be, for anything he knew to the contrary, newfangled ways even of visiting the sick. To talk to them cheerily, kindly, as he had always done, might not fall in with the ideas of duty held by "high" schools of doctrine, of whatever kind. He went away plodding along the high-road in the sultry noon, with a smile still upon his face, which faded, however, when the stimulus of Mildmay's company, and the gratification of presenting the stranger to the great people of the parish, had subsided. These circumstances were less exhilarating when the curate was alone, and had to remember Wilkins and all the out-standing bills, and the fact that the furniture in the rectory was to be sold, and that Cicely that very night would ask him once more what he had made up his mind to do. What could he make up his mind to do? The very question, when he put it to himself merely, and when it was not backed up by an eager young face, and a pair of eyes blazing into him, was bewildering enough; it made the curate's head go round and round. Even when he came to Brentburn twenty years ago it was not his own doing. Friends had found the appointment for him, and arranged all the preliminaries. Nothing had been left for him but to accept it, and he had accepted. And at that time he had Hester to fall back upon. But now to "look out for something," to apply for another curacy,



to advertise and answer advertisements, describing himself and his capabilities — how was he to do it? He was quite ready to consent to anything, to let Cicely manage for him if she would; but to take the initiative himself! The very thought of this produced a nervous confusion in his mind which seemed to make an end of all his powers.

"You must come up stairs and see my wife," said Mr. Ascott. "She will be delighted to make your acquaintance. She has been a great deal in society, and I don't doubt you and she will find many people to talk about. As for me, I am but a country fellow, I don't go much into the world. When your interests are all in the country, why, stick to the country is my maxim; but my wife is fond of fine people. You and she will find a hundred mutual acquaintances in half an hour, you will see."

"But I am not fond of fine people — nor have I so many acquaintances."

"Oh, you Oxford dons know everybody. They all pass through your hands. Come along, it will be quite a pleasure for my wife to see you. Adelaide, I am bringing you some one who will be a surprise to you as well as a pleasure. Mr. Mildmay, our new rector, my dear."

"Our new rector!" Mrs. Ascott said, with a subdued outcry of surprise. She was seated in a corner of a large light room with three or four large windows looking out upon a charming lawn and garden, beyond which appeared the tufted undulations of the common, and the smooth green turf and white posts of the race-ground. With a house like this, looking out upon so interesting a spot, no one need be surprised that Mrs. Ascott's fine friends "kept her up," and that for at least one week in the year she was as popular and sought after as any queen. Though it was only one week in the year, it had a certain influence upon her manners. She lived all the year through in a state of reflected glory from this brief but ever-recurring climax of existence. The air of conferring a favour, the look of gracious politeness, yet preoccupation, which suited a woman overbalanced by the claims of many candidates for her hospitality, never departed from her. She gave that little cry of surprise just as she would have done had her husband brought a stranger to her to see if she could give him a bed for the race-week. "I am delighted to make Mr. Mildmay's acquaintance," she said; "but, my dear, I thought there was going to be an effort made for poor Mr.

St. John?" This was in a lower tone, as she might have said, "But there is only one spare room, and that I have promised to Mr. St. John." Her husband laughed.

"I told you, my dear, that was nonsense. What do ladies know of such matters? They talked of some foolish petition or other to the lord chancellor, as if the lord chancellor had anything to do with it! You may be very thankful you had me behind you, my dear, to keep you from such a foolish mistake. No; Mr. Mildmay has it, and I am very glad. The dons have done themselves credit by their choice, and we are in great luck. I hope you will not be like your predecessor, Mr. Mildmay, and take a dislike to the parish. We must do our best, Adelaide, to prevent that."

"Indeed, I hope so," said the lady. "I am sure I am delighted. I think I have met some relations of yours, Mr. Mildmay — the Hamptons of Thornbury? Yes; I felt sure I had heard them mention you. You recollect, Henry, they lunched with us here the year before last, on the cup-day? They came with Lady Teddington — charming people. And you know all the Teddingtons, of course? What a nice family they are! We see a great deal of Lord Charles, who is often in this neighbourhood. His dear mother is often rather anxious about him. I fear — I fear, he is just a little disposed to be what you gentlemen call fast."

"We gentlemen don't mince our words," said her husband; "rowdy young scamp, that is what I call him; bad lot."

"You are very severe, Henry — very severe — except when it is a favourite of your own. How glad I am we are getting some one we know to the rectory. When do you take possession, Mr. Mildmay? We shall be quite near neighbours, and will see a great deal of you, I hope."

"I do not feel quite sure, since I have been here, whether I will come to the rectory at all," said Mildmay. "Mr. St. John was so hasty in his announcement, that I feel myself a swindler coming here under false pretences. I have not made up my mind whether I will accept the living or not."

"Since you have been here? Then you don't like the place," said Mr. Ascott. "I must say I am surprised. I think you are hasty, as well as St. John. Poor Chester, to be sure, did not like it, but that was because he thought it did not agree with him. The greatest nonsense! it is as healthy a place as any in England; it has



a hundred advantages. Perhaps this sort of thing mayn't suit you as a clergyman," he said, waving his hand towards the distant racecourse; "but it gives a great deal of life to the place."

"And so near town," said Mrs. Ascott; "and such nice people in the neighbourhood! Indeed, Mr. Mildmay, you must let us persuade you; you must really stay."

"Come now," cried her husband, "let's talk it over. What's your objection? Depend upon it, Adelaide, it is those pets of yours, the St. Johns, who have been putting nonsense into his head."

"Poor things, what do they know!" said Mrs. Ascott, with a sigh. "But indeed, Mr. Mildmay, now that we have seen you, and have a chance of some one we can like, with such nice connections, we cannot let you go."

This was all very flattering and pleasant. "You are extremely kind," said Mildmay. "I must put it to the credit of my relations, for I have no right to so much kindness. No, it is not any objection to the place. It is a still stronger objection. I heard Mrs. Ascott herself speak of some effort to be made for Mr. St. John——"

"I——what did I say?" cried the lady. "Mr. St. John? Yes, I was sorry, of course; very sorry."

"It was all nonsense," said the husband. "I told her so. She never meant it; only what could she say to the girls when they appealed to her? She is a soft-hearted goose——eh, Adelaide? One prefers women to be so. But as for old St. John, it is sheer nonsense. Poor old fellow! yes, I am sorry for him. But whose fault is it? He knew Chester's life was not worth *that*; yet he has hung on, taking no trouble, doing nothing for himself. It is not your part or our part to bother our minds for a man who does nothing for himself."

"That is true enough," said Mildmay; "but his long services to the parish, his age, his devotion to his work——it does not seem right. I don't say for you or for me, but in the abstract——"

"Devotion?" said Mr. Ascott. "Oh, yes; he has done his work well enough, I suppose. That's what is called devotion when a man dies or goes away. Yes, oh, yes, we may allow him the credit of that, the poor old fogey, but——yes, oh, yes, a good old fellow enough. When you have said that, there's no more to say. Perhaps in the abstract it was a shame that Chester should have the lion's share of the in-

come, and St. John all the work; but that's all over; and as for any hesitation of yours on his account——"

"It may be foolish," said the young man, "but I do hesitate——I cannot help feeling that there is a great wrong involved——to Mr. St. John, of course, in the first place——but without even thinking of any individual, it is a sort of thing that must injure the Church; and I don't like to be the instrument of injuring the Church."

"Tut——tut——tut!" said Mr. Ascott; "your conscience is too tender by far."

"Mr. Mildmay," said the lady sweetly, "you must not expect me to follow such deep reasoning. I leave that to superior minds; but you ought to think what a great thing it is for a parish to have some one to look up to——some one the poor people can feel to be really their superior."

"Not a poor beggar of a curate," cried her husband. "There, Adelaide! you have hit the right nail on the head. That's the true way to look at the subject. Poor old St. John! I don't say he's been well treated by destiny. He has had a deal of hard work, and he has stuck to it; but, bless you! how is a man like that to be distinguished from a Dissenting preacher, for instance? Of course, he's a clergyman, in orders and all that, as good as the Archbishop of Canterbury; but he has no position——no means——nothing to make him the centre of the parish, as the clergyman ought to be. Why, the poorest labourer in the parish looks down upon the curate. 'Parson's just as poor as we is,' they say. I've heard them. He has got to run up bills in the little shops, and all that, just as they have. He has no money to relieve them with when they're out of work. The farmers look down upon him. They think nothing of a man that's poor; and as for the gentry——"

"Stop, Henry," said Mrs. Ascott; "the gentry have always been very kind to the St. Johns. We were always sorry for the girls. Poor things! their mother was really quite a lady, though I never heard that she had anything. We were all grieved about this last sad affair, when he married the governess; and I should always have made a point of being kind to the girls. That is a very different thing, however, Mr. Mildmay," she added, with a sweet smile, "from having a clergyman whom one can really look up to, and who will be a friend and neighbour as well as a clergyman. You will stay to luncheon? I think I hear the bell."



## CHAPTER XIII.

MILDMAY left the house of the Ascotts hurriedly at this intimation. He thought them pleasant people enough—for who does not think those people pleasant who flatter and praise him?—but he would not allow himself to be persuaded out of his determination to return to the rectory. I must add however that his mind was in a more confused state than ever as he skirted the common by the way the curate had taken him on the previous night. There were two sides to every question; that could not be gainsaid. To leave Brentburn after passing twenty years here in arduous discharge of all the rector's duties, but with the rank and remuneration only of the curate, was an injury too hard to contemplate to Mr. St. John; but then it was not Mildmay's fault that he should interfere at his own cost to set it right. It was not even the fault of the parish. It was nobody's fault but his own, foolish as he was, neglecting all chances of "bettering himself." If a man would do nothing for himself, how could it be the duty of others, of people no way connected with him, scarcely knowing him, to do it for him? This argument was unanswerable; nothing could be more reasonable, more certain; and yet—Mildmay felt that he himself was young, that the rectory of Brentburn was not much to him one way or the other. He had wanted it as the means of living a more real life than that which was possible to him in his college rooms; but he had no stronger reason, no special choice of the place, no conviction that he could do absolute good here; and why should he then take so lightly what it would cost him nothing to reject, but which was everything to the curate? Then, on the other hand, there was the parish to consider. What if—extraordinary as that seemed—it did not want Mr. St. John? What if really his very poverty, his very gentleness, made him unsuitable for it? The argument seemed a miserable one, so far as the money went; but it might be true. The Ascotts, for instance, were the curate's friends; but this was their opinion. Altogether Mr. Mildmay was very much perplexed on the subject. He wished he had not come to see for himself, just as an artist has sometimes been sorry for having consulted that very troublesome reality, Nature, who will not lend herself to any theory. If he had come without any previous inspection of the place, without any knowledge of the circumstances, how much better it would

have been! Whereas now he was weighed down by the consideration of things with which he had really nothing to do. As he went along, full of these thoughts, he met the old woman whom he had first spoken to by the duck-pond on the day before, and who had invited him to sit down in her cottage. To his surprise—for he did not at first recollect who she was—she made him a curtsy, and stopped short to speak to him. As it was in the full blaze of the midday sunshine, Mildmay would very gladly have escaped—not to say that he was anxious to get back to the rectory, and to finish, as he persuaded himself was quite necessary, his conversation with Cicely. Old Mrs. Joel, however, stood her ground. She had an old-fashioned large straw bonnet on her head, which protected her from the sun; and, besides, was more tolerant of the sunshine, and more used to exposure than he was.

"Sir," she said, "I hear as you're the new gentleman as is coming to our parish. I am a poor woman, sir, the widow o' Job Joel, as was about Brentburn Church, man and boy, for more than forty year. He began in the choir, he did, and played the fiddle in the old times; and then, when that was done away with, my husband he was promoted to be clerk, and died in it. They could not ezactly make me clerk, seeing as I'm nothing but a woman; but Dick Williams, as is the sexton, ain't married, and I've got the cleaning of the church, and the pew-opening, if you please, sir; and I hope, sir, as you won't think it's nothing but justice to an old servant, to let me stay?"

"What do you think of Mr. St. John going away?" asked Mildmay abruptly.

The old woman stared, half alarmed, and made him another curtsy, to occupy the time till she could think how to answer. "Mr. St. John, sir? He's a dear good gentleman, sir, as innocent as a baby. When he's gone, sir, they will find the miss of him," she said, examining his face keenly to see how he meant her to answer, which is one of the highest arts of the poor.

"If he goes away, after being here so long, why shouldn't you be sent away, too?" said Mildmay. He felt how absurd was this questioning, as of an oracle, which came from the confused state of his own mind, not from any expectation of an answer; and then he could not but smile to himself at the idea of thus offering up a victim to the curate's *manes*.

Mrs. Joel was much startled. "Lord



bless us!" she said, making a step backwards. Then commanding herself, "It weren't Mr. St. John, sir, as gave me my place; but the rector hisself. Mr. St. John is as good as gold, but he ain't not to say my master. Besides, there's a many as can do the parson's work, but there ain't many, not in this parish, as could do mine. Mr. St. John would be a loss—but me, sir —"

Here she made another curtsy, and Mildmay laughed in spite of himself. "You—would be a greater loss?" he said. "Well, perhaps so; but if there are any good reasons why he should leave, there must be the same for you."

"I don't see it, sir," said Mrs. Joel promptly. "The parson's old, and he's a bit past his work; but I defy any one in the parish to say as the church ain't as neat as a new pin. Mr. St. John's getting a bit feeble in the legs; he can't go long walks now like once he could. Me! I may be old, but as for my mop and my duster, I ain't behind nobody. Lord bless you! it's a very different thing with Mr. St. John from what it is with me. He's got those girls of his to think upon, and those little children. What's he got to do with little children at his age? But I've nobody but myself to go troubling *my* brains about. I think o' my work, and nought else. You won't get another woman in the parish as will do it as cheap and as comfortable as me."

"But don't you think," said Mildmay—whose conduct I cannot excuse, and whose only apology is that his mind was entirely occupied with one subject—"don't you think it is very hard upon Mr. St. John, at his age, to go away?"

Mrs. Joel found herself in a dilemma. She had no desire to speak ill of the curate, but if she spoke too well of him, might not that annoy the new rector, and endanger her own cause? She eyed him very keenly, never taking her eyes off his face, to be guided by its changes. "Between gentlefolks and poor folks," she said at last, philosophically, "there's a great gulf fixed, as is said in the Bible. They can't judge for us, nor us for them. He's a deal abler to speak up for hisself, and settle for hisself, than the likes o' me; and I reckon as he could stay on if he'd a mind to; but me, sir, it's your pleasure as I've got to look to," said the old woman, with another curtsy. This oracle, it was clear, had no response or guidance to give.

"Well," he said, carelessly, "I will speak to Miss St. John—for I don't

know about the parish; and if she approves —"

A gleam of intelligence came into the keen old eyes which regarded him so closely; the old face lighted up with a twinkle of mingled pleasure, and malice, and kindness. "If that's so, the Lord be praised!" she cried; "and I hope, sir, it's Miss Cicely; for if ever there was a good wife, it's her dear mother as is dead and gone; and Miss Cicely's her very breathing image. Good morning to you, and God bless you, sir, and I hope as I haven't made too bold."

What does the old woman mean? Mildmay said to himself bewildered. He repeated the question over and over again as he pursued his way to the rectory. What was it to him that Cicely St. John was like her mother? The curate, too, had insisted upon this fact as if it was of some importance. What interest do they suppose me to take in the late Mrs. St. John? he said, with great surprise and confusion to himself.

Meanwhile, the girls in the rectory had been fully occupied. When their father went out, they held a council of war together, at which indeed Mab did not do much more than question and assent, for her mind was not inventive or full of resource as Cicely's was. It was she, however, who opened the consultation. "What were you saying to Mr. Mildmay in the garden?" said Mab. "You told him something. He did not look the same to-day as he did last night."

"I told him nothing," said Cicely. "I was so foolish as to let him see that we felt it very much. No, I must not say foolish. How could we help but feel it? It is injustice, if it was the queen herself who did it. But perhaps papa is right—if he does not come, some one else would come. And he has a heart. I do not hate him so much as I did last night."

"Hate him! I do not hate him at all. He knows how to draw, and said some things that were sense—really sense—and so few people do that," said Mab, thinking of her sketch. "I must have those mites again when the light is about the same as last time, and finish it. Cicely, what are you thinking of now?"

"So many things," said the girl, with a sigh. "Oh, what a change, what a change, since we came! How foolish we have been, thinking we were to stay here always! Now, in six weeks or so, we must go—I don't know where; and we must pay our debts—I don't know how; and we must



live without anything to live on. Mab, help me! Papa won't do anything; we must settle it all, you and I."

"You need not say you and I, Cicely. I never was clever at plans. It must be all yourself. What a good thing you are like mamma! Don't you think we might go to Aunt Jane?"

"Aunt Jane kept us at school for three years," said Cicely. "She has not very much herself. How can I ask her for more? If it were not so dreadful to lose you, I should say, go, Mab—she would be glad to have *you*—and work at your drawing, and learn all you can, while I stay with papa here."

Cicely's eyes filled with tears, and her steady voice faltered. Mab threw her arms round her sister's neck. "I will never leave you. I will never go away from you. What is drawing or anything if we must be parted?—we never were parted all our lives."

"That is very true," said Cicely, drying her eyes. "But we can't do as we like now. I suppose people never can do what they like in this world. We used to think it was only till we grew up. Mab, listen—now is the time when we must settle what to do. Papa is no good. I don't mean to blame him; but he has been spoiled; he has always had things done for him. I saw that last night. To ask him only makes him unhappy; I have been thinking and thinking, and I see what to do."

Mab raised her head from her sister's shoulder, and looked at Cicely with great tender believing eyes. The two forlorn young creatures had nobody to help them; but the one trusted in the other, which was a safeguard for the weaker soul; and she who had nobody to trust in except God, felt that inspiration of the burden which was laid upon her, which sometimes is the strongest of all supports to the strong. Her voice still faltered a little, and her eyes glistened, but she put what was worse first, as a brave soul naturally does.

"Mab, you must go—it is the best—you are always happy with your work, and Aunt Jane will be very kind to you; and the sooner you can make money, don't you see? It would not do to go back to school, even if Miss Blandy would have us, for all we could do there was to keep ourselves. Mab, you are so clever, you will soon now be able to help; and you know, even if papa gets something, there will always be the little boys."

"Yes, I know," said Mab, subdued.

"O Cicely, don't be vexed! I should like it—I know I should like it—but for leaving you."

Cicely's bosom heaved with a suppressed sob. "You must not mind me. I shall have so much to do, I shall have no time to think; and so long as one can keep one's self from thinking!—There now, that is settled. I wanted to say it, and I dared not. After that—Mab, don't ask me my plans! I am going round this very day," cried Cicely springing to her feet, "to all those people we owe money to." This sudden movement was half the impulse of her vivacious nature, which could not continue in one tone, whatever happened, and half an artifice to conceal the emotion which was too deep for her sister to share. Cicely felt the idea of the separation much more than Mab did, though it was Mab who was crying over it; and the elder sister dared not dwell upon the thought. "I must go round to them all," said Cicely, taking the opportunity to get rid of her tears, "and ask them to have a little patience. There will be another half-year's income before we leave, and they shall have all, all I can give them. I hope they will be reasonable. Mab, I ought to go now."

"Oh, what will you say to them? Oh, how have you the courage to do it? O Cicely! when it is not your fault. It is papa who ought to do it!" cried Mab.

"It does not matter so much who ought to do it," said Cicely, with composure. "Some one *must* do it, and I don't know who will but me. Then I think there ought to be an advertisement written for the *Guardian*."

"Cicely, you said you were to stay with papa!"

"It is not for me; it is for papa himself. Poor papa! Oh, what a shame, what a shame, at his age! And a young man, *that* young man, with nothing to recommend him, coming in to everything, and turning us out! I can't talk about it," cried Cicely. "The best thing for us is to go and do something. I can make up the advertisement on the way."

And in the heat of this, she put on her hat and went out, leaving Mab half stupefied by the suddenness of all those settlements. Mab had not the courage to offer to go to Wilkins and the rest with her sister. She cried over all that Cicely had to do; but she knew very well that she had not the strength to do it. She went and arranged her easel, and set to work very diligently. That was always something; and to make money, would not



that be best of all, as well as the pleasantest? Mab did not care for tiring herself, nor did she think of her own enjoyment. That she should be the brother working for both, and Cicely the sister keeping her house, had always been the girl's ideal, which was far from a selfish one. But she could not do what Cicely was doing. She could not steer the poor little ship of the family fortunes or misfortunes through this dangerous passage. Though she was, she hoped, to take the man's part of breadwinner, for the moment she shrank into that woman's part which women too often are not permitted to hold. To keep quiet at home, wondering and working in obscurity—wondering how the brave adventurer was faring who had to fight for bare life outside in the world.

I dare not follow Cicely through her morning's work; it would take up so much time; and it would not be pleasant for us any more than it was for her. "Don't you make yourself unhappy, miss," said the butcher. "I know as you mean well by every one. A few pounds ain't much to me, the Lord be praised! and I'll wait, and welcome, for I know as you mean well." Cicely, poor child! being only nineteen, cried when these kind words were said to her, and was taken into the hot and greasy parlour, where the butcher's wife was sitting, and petted and comforted. "Bless you, things will turn out a deal better than you think," Mrs. Butcher said; "they always does. Wait till we see the handsome young gentleman as is coming through the woods for you, Miss Cicely dear; and a good wife he'll have, like your dear mother," this kind woman added, smiling, yet wiping her eyes. But Wilkins the grocer was much more difficult to manage, and to him Cicely set her fair young face like a flint, biting her lips to keep them steady, and keeping all vestige of tears from her eyes. "Whatever you do," she said with those firm pale lips, "we cannot pay you now; but you shall be paid if you will have patience;" and at last, notwithstanding the insults which wrung Cicely's heart, this savage, too, was overcome. She went home all throbbing and aching from this last conflict, her heart full of bitterness and those sharp stings of poverty which are so hard to bear. It was not her fault; no extravagance of hers had swelled those bills; and how many people threw away every day much more than would have saved all that torture of heart and mind to this helpless and guiltless girl! Mildmay himself had paid for

a Palissy dish, hideous with crawling reptiles, a great deal more than would have satisfied Wilkins and relieved poor Cicely's delicate shoulders of this humiliating burden; but what of that? The young man whom she saw in the distance approaching the rectory from the other side could at that moment have paid every one of those terrible debts that were crushing Cicely, and never felt it; but I repeat, what of that? Under no pretence could he have done it; nothing in the world would have induced the proud, delicate girl to betray the pangs which cut her soul. Thus the poor and the rich walk together shoulder by shoulder every day as if they were equal, and one has to go on in hopeless labour like Sisyphus, heaving up the burden which the other could toss into space with the lifting of a finger. So it is, and so it must be, I suppose, till time and civilization come to an end.

Meanwhile these two came nearer, approaching each other from different points. And what Mildmay saw was not the brave but burdened creature we know of, dear reader, bleeding and aching from battles more bitter than Inkerman, with a whole little world of helpless beings hanging upon her, but only a fresh, bright-eyed girl, in a black-and-white frock, with a black hat shading her face from the sunshine, moving lightly in the animation of her youth across the white high-road—a creature full of delicate strength, and variety, and brightness; like her mother! Mildmay could not help thinking that Mrs. St. John must have been a pretty woman, and there came a little pang of sympathy into his heart when he thought of the grave in the twilight where the curate had led him, from which the light in the girls' windows was always visible, and to which his patient feet had worn that path across the grass. To be sure, across the pathos of this picture there would come the jar of that serio-comic reference to the other Mrs. St. John, who, poor soul! lay neglected down the other turning. This made the new rector laugh within himself. But he suppressed all signs of the laugh when he came up to Cicely, who, though she gave him a smile of greeting, did not seem in a laughing mood. She was the first to speak.

"Have you left papa behind you, Mr. Mildmay? He has always a great many places to go to, and parish work is not pleasant on such a hot day."

Was there an insinuation in this that he had abandoned the unpleasant work, finding it uncongenial to him? Poor Cicely



was sore and wounded, and the temptation to give a passing sting in her turn was great.

"Mr. St. John did not permit me to try its pleasantness or unpleasantness," said Mildmay. "He took me over the parish indeed, and showed me the church and the school, and some other things; and then he left me at Mr. Ascott's. I come from the Heath now."

"Ah, from the Heath?" said Cicely, changing colour a little, and looking at him with inquiring eyes. What had they done or said, she wondered, to him? for she could not forget the projected petition to the lord chancellor, which had raised a fallacious hope in their hearts when she saw Mrs. Ascott last. "They have a pretty house, and they seem kind people," said Mildmay, not knowing what to say.

"Yes, they have a pretty house," Cicely looked at him even more eagerly, with many questions on her lips. Had they said nothing to him? had they received him at once as the new rector without a word? Kind! what did he mean when he said they were kind? Had they, too, without an effort, without a remonstrance, gone over to the enemy?

"Mr. St. John somewhat rashly introduced me as the new rector," said Mildmay, "which was very premature; and they knew some relations of mine. Miss St. John, the Ascotts are much less interesting to me than our conversation of this morning. Since then my mind has been in a very confused state. I can no longer feel that anything is settled about the living."

"Didn't they say anything?" said Cicely, scarcely listening to him; "didn't they make any objection?" This was a shock of a new kind which she was not prepared for. "I beg your pardon," she cried; "they had no right to make any objection; but didn't they say anything at least — about papa?"

What was Mildmay to answer? He hesitated scarcely a moment, but her quick eye saw it.

"A great deal," he said eagerly; "they said, as every one must, that Mr. St. John's long devotion —"

"Don't try to deceive me," said Cicely, with a smile of desperation. "I see you do not mean it. They did not say anything sincere. They were delighted to receive a new rector, a new neighbour, young and happy and well off —"

"Miss St. John —"

"Yes, I know; it is quite natural, quite

right. I have nothing to say against it. Papa has only been here for twenty years, knowing all their troubles, doing things for them which he never would have done for himself; but — '*Le roi est mort; vive le roi!*'" cried the impetuous girl in a flash of passion; in the strength of which she suddenly calmed down, and, smiling, turned to him again. "Is it not a pretty house? and Mrs. Ascott is very pretty too — has been, people say, but I think it is hard to say, has been. She is not young, but she has the beauty of her age."

"I take very little interest in Mrs. Ascott," said Mildmay, "seeing I never saw her till to-day; but I take a great deal of interest in what you were saying this morning."

"You never saw any of us till yesterday, Mr. Mildmay."

"I suppose that is quite true. I cannot help it — it is different. Miss St. John, I don't know what you would think of the life I have been living, but yours has had a great effect upon me. What am I to do? you have unsettled me, you have confused my mind and all my intentions. Now tell me what to do."

"I," said Cicely aghast. "Oh, if I could only see a little in advance, if I could tell what to do myself!"

"You cannot slide out of it like this," he said; "nay, pardon me, I don't mean to be unkind; but what am I to do?"

Cicely looked at him with a rapid revulsion of feeling from indignation to friendliness. "Oh," she cried, "can't you fancy how a poor girl, so helpless as I am, is driven often to say a great deal more than she means? What can we do, we girls? — say out some of the things that choke us, that make our hearts bitter within us, and then be sorry for it afterwards? that is all we are good for. We cannot go and do things like you men, and we feel all the sharper, all the keener, because we cannot do. Mr. Mildmay, all that I said was quite true; but what does that matter? a thing may be wrong and false to every principle, and yet it cannot be helped. You ought not to have the living; papa ought to have it; but what then? No one will give it to papa, and if you don't take it some one else will; therefore, take it, though it is wicked and a cruel wrong. It is not your fault, it is — I don't know whose fault. One feels as if it were God's fault sometimes," cried Cicely; "but that must be wrong; the world is all wrong and unjust, and hard — hard; only sometimes there is somebody who is very kind,



very good, who makes you feel that it is not God's fault, and you forgive even the world."

She put up her hand to wipe the tears from those young shining eyes, which indignation and wretchedness and tears only made the brighter. Cicely was thinking of the butcher—you will say no very elevated thought. But Mildmay, wondering, and touched to the heart, asked himself, with a suppressed throb of emotion, could she mean him?

"I am going back to Oxford," he said hastily. "I shall not go to town. The first thing I do will be to see everybody concerned, and to tell them what you say. Yes, Miss St. John, you are right; it is wicked and wrong that I or any one should have it while your father is here. I will tell the master so, I will tell them all so. It shall not be my fault if Mr. St. John does not have his rights."

They were close to the rectory gate, and as fire communicates to fire, the passionate impulse and fervour of Cicely's countenance had transferred themselves to Mr. Mildmay, whose eyes were shining, and his cheeks flushed with purpose like her own. Cicely was not used to this rapid transmission of energy. She gazed at him half frightened. Usually her interlocutor did all that was possible to calm her down—wondered at her, blamed her a little, chilled her vehemence with surprised or disapproving looks. This new companion who caught fire at her was new to the girl. She was half alarmed at what she had done.

"Will you do so, really?" she said, the tears starting to her eyes. "O Mr. Mildmay, perhaps I am wrong! Papa would not advise you so. He would say he never asked for anything in his life, and that he would not be a beggar for a living now. And think—perhaps I should not have said half so much if I could have done anything. I am too ignorant and too inexperienced for any one to be guided by me."

"Yes, you are ignorant," cried the young man. "You don't know the sophistries with which we blind ourselves and each other. You dare to think what is right and what is wrong—and, for once in my life, so shall I."

The moisture that had been gathering dropped all at once in two great unexpected tears out of Cicely's eyes. Her face lighted like the sky when the sun rises, a rosy suffusion as of dawn came over her. Her emotion was so increased by surprise that even now she did not

know what to think. In the least likely quarter all at once, in her moment of need, she had found sympathy and succour; and I think perhaps that even the most strong and self-sustaining do not know how much they have wanted sympathy and comprehension until it comes. It made Cicely weak, not strong. She felt that she could have sat down on the roadside and cried. She had an idiotic impulse to tell him everything, and especially about the butcher—how kind he had been. These impulses passed through her mind mechanically, or, as one ought to say nowadays, automatically; but Cicely, who had no notion of being an automaton, crushed them in the bud. And what she really would have said in the tumult of her feelings, beyond what the look in her eyes said, behind the tears, I cannot tell, if it had not been that the curate came forth leisurely at that moment from the rectory, making it necessary that tears and every other evidence of emotion should be cleared away.

"Cicely, it is just time for dinner," he said. "You should not walk, my dear, in the heat of the day; and Mr. Mildmay, too, must be tired, and want something to refresh him. It is a long time since breakfast," said the gentle curate, opening the door that his guest might precede him. Mr. St. John was not a great eater, but he had a mild regular appetite, and did not like any disrespect to the dinner hour.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

JOHN KNOX AND HIS RELATIONS TO WOMEN.

## II.

### PRIVATE LIFE.

To those who know Knox by hearsay only, I believe the matter of this paper will be somewhat astonishing. For the hard energy of the man in all public matters has possessed the imagination of the world; he remains for posterity in certain traditional phases, browbeating Queen Mary, or breaking beautiful carved work in abbeys and cathedrals, that had long smoked themselves out and were no more than sorry ruins, while he was still quietly teaching children in a country gentleman's family. It does not consist with the common acceptance of his character to fancy him much moved, except with anger. And yet the language of passion came to his pen as readily, whether it was a pas-



sion of denunciation against some of the abuses that vexed his righteous spirit, or of yearning for the society of an absent friend. He was vehement in affection, as in doctrine. I will not deny that there may have been, along with his vehemence, something shifty, and for the moment only; that, like many men, and many Scotchmen, he saw the world and his own heart, not so much under any very steady, equable light, as by extreme flashes of passion, true for the moment, but not true in the long run. There does seem to me to be something of this traceable in the reformer's utterances: precipitation and repentance, hardy speech and action somewhat circumspect, a strong tendency to see himself in a heroic light and to place a ready belief in the disposition of the moment. Withal he had considerable confidence in himself, and in the uprightness of his own disciplined emotions, underlying much sincere aspiration after spiritual humility. And it is this confidence that makes his intercourse with women so interesting to a modern. It would be easy, of course, to make fun of the whole affair, to picture him strutting vaingloriously among these inferior creatures, or compare a religious friendship in the sixteenth century with what was called, I think, a literary friendship in the eighteenth. But it is more just and profitable to recognize what there is sterling and human underneath all his theoretical affectations of superiority. Women, he has said in his "First Blast," are "weak, frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish;" and yet it does not appear that he was himself any less dependent than other men upon the sympathy and affection of these weak, frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish creatures; it seems even as if he had been rather more dependent than most.

Of those who are to act influentially on their fellows, we should expect always something large and public in their way of life, something more or less urbane and comprehensive in their sentiment for others. We should not expect to see them spend their sympathy in idylls, however beautiful. We should not seek them among those who, if they have but a wife to their bosom, ask no more of woman-kind, just as they ask no more of their own sex, if they can find a friend or two for their immediate need. They will be quick to feel all the pleasures of our association: not the great ones alone, but all. They will know not love only, but all those other ways in which man and woman mutually make each other happy — by

sympathy, by admiration, by the atmosphere they bear about them — down to the mere impersonal pleasure of passing happy faces in the street. For through all this gradation, the difference of sex makes itself pleasurable felt. Down to the most lukewarm courtesies of life, there is a special chivalry due and a special pleasure received, when the two sexes are brought ever so lightly into contact. We love our mothers otherwise than we love our fathers; a sister is not as a brother to us; and friendship between man and woman, be it never so unalloyed and innocent, is not the same as friendship between man and man. Such friendship is not even possible for all. To conjoin tenderness for a woman that is not far short of passionate with such disinterestedness and beautiful gratuity of affection as there is between friends of the same sex, requires no ordinary disposition in the man. For either it would presuppose quite womanly delicacy of perception, and, as it were, a curiosity in shades of differing sentiment; or it would mean that he had accepted the large, simple divisions of society: a strong and positive spirit robustly virtuous, who has chosen a better part coarsely, and holds to it steadfastly, with all its consequences of pain to himself and others; as one who should go straight before him on a journey, neither tempted by wayside flowers nor very scrupulous of small lives under foot. It was in virtue of this latter disposition that Knox was capable of those intimacies with women that embellish his life; and we find him preserved for us in old letters as a man of many women friends; a man of some expansion towards the other sex; a man ever ready to comfort weeping women, and to weep along with them.

Of such scraps and fragments of evidence as to his private life and more intimate thoughts as have survived to us from all the perils that environ written paper, an astonishingly large proportion is in the shape of letters to women of his familiarity. He was twice married, but that is not greatly to the purpose; for the Turk, who thinks even more meanly of women than John Knox, is none the less given to marrying. What is really significant is quite apart from marriage. For the man Knox was a true man, and woman, the *ewig-weibliche*, was as necessary to him, in spite of all low theories, as ever she was to Goethe. He came to her in a certain halo of his own, as the minister of truth, just as Goethe came to her in a glory of



art: he made himself necessary to troubled hearts and minds exercised in the painful complications that naturally result from all changes in the world's way of thinking; and those whom he had thus helped became dear to him, and were made the chosen companions of his leisure if they were at hand, or encouraged and comforted by letter if they were afar.

It must not be forgotten that Knox had been a presbyter of the old Church: and that the many women whom we shall see gathering around him, as he goes through life, had probably been accustomed, while still in the communion of Rome, to rely much upon some chosen spiritual director, so that the intimacies of which I propose to offer some account, while testifying to a good heart in the reformer, testify also to a certain survival of the spirit of the confessional in the Reformed Church, and are not properly to be judged without this idea. There is no friendship so noble, but it is the product of the time; and a world of little finical observances, and little frail proprieties and fashions of the hour, go to make or to mar, to stint or to perfect, the union of spirits the most loving, and the most intolerant of such interference. The trick of the country and the age steps in even between the mother and her child, counts out their caresses upon niggardly fingers and says, in the voice of authority, that this one thing shall be a matter of confidence between them, and this other thing shall not. And thus it is that we must take into reckoning whatever tended to modify the social atmosphere, in which Knox and his women friends met, and loved and trusted each other. To the man who had been their priest and was now their minister, women would be able to speak with a confidence quite impossible in these latter days: the women would be able to speak, and the man to hear. It was a beaten road just then; and I dare say we should be no less scandalized at their plain speech than they, if they could come back to earth, would be offended at our waltzes and worldly fashions. This, then, was the footing on which Knox stood with his many women friends. The reader will see, as he goes on, how much of warmth, of interest, and of that happy mutual dependence which is the very gist of friendship, he contrived to ingraft upon this somewhat dry relationship of penitent and confessor.

It must be understood that we know nothing of his intercourse with women (as indeed we know little at all about his life) until he came to Berwick in 1549, when

he was already in the forty-fifth year of his age. At the same time it is just possible that some of a little group at Edinburgh, with whom he corresponded during his last absence, may have been friends of an older standing. Certainly they were, of all his female correspondents, the least personally favoured. He treats them throughout in a comprehensive sort of spirit, that must at times have been a little wounding. Thus, he remits one of them to his former letters, "which I trust be common betwixt you and the rest of our sisters, for to me you are all equal in Christ." \* Another letter is a gem in this way. "Albeit," it begins, "albeit I have no particular matter to write unto you, beloved sister, yet I could not refrain to write these few lines to you in declaration of my remembrance of you. True it is that I have many whom I bear in equal remembrance before God with you, to whom at present I write nothing, either for that I esteem them stronger than you, and therefore they need the less my rude labours, or else because they have not provoked me by their writing to recompense their remembrance." † His "sisters in Edinburgh" had evidently to "provoke" his attention pretty constantly; nearly all his letters are, on the face of them, answers to questions, and the answers are given with a certain crudity that I do not find repeated when he writes to those he really cares for. So when they consult him about women's apparel (a subject on which his opinion may be pretty correctly imagined by the ingenious reader for himself) he takes occasion to anticipate some of the most offensive matter of the "First Blast" in a style of real brutality. ‡ It is not merely that he tells them "the garments of women do declare their weakness and inability to execute the office of man," though that in itself is neither very wise nor very opportune in such a correspondence, one would think; but if the reader will take the trouble to wade through the long, tedious sermon for himself, he will see proof enough that Knox neither loved, nor very deeply respected, the women he was then addressing. In very truth, I believe these Edinburgh sisters simply bored him. He had a certain interest in them as his children in the Lord; they were continually "provoking him by their writing;" and, if they handed his letters about, writing to them was as good a form of publication as was

\* Works, iv. 244.

† Ibid. 246.

‡ Ibid. 225.



then open to him in Scotland. There is one letter, however, in this budget, addressed to the wife of Clerk-Register Mackgil, which is worthy of some further mention. The clerk-register had not opened his heart, it would appear, to the preaching of the gospel, and Mrs. Mackgil has written, seeking the reformer's prayers in his behalf. "Your husband," he answers, "is dear to me for that he is a man indued with some good gifts, but more dear, for that he is your husband. Charity moveth me to thirst his illumination, both for his comfort and for the trouble which you sustain by his coldness, which justly may be called infidelity." He wishes her, however, not to hope too much; he can promise that his prayers will be earnest, but not that they will be effectual; it is possible that this is to be her "cross" in life; that "her head, appointed by God for her comfort, should be her enemy." And if this be so, well, there is nothing for it: "with patience she must abide God's merciful deliverance," taking heed only that she does not "obey manifest iniquity for the pleasure of any mortal man."\* I conceive this epistle would have given a very modified sort of pleasure to the clerk-register had it chanced to fall into his hands. Compare its tenour — the dry resignation not without a hope of merciful deliverance, therein recommended — with these words from another letter written but the year before to two married women of London: "Call first for grace by Jesus, and thereafter communicate with your faithful husbands, and then shall God, I doubt not, conduct your footsteps, and direct your counsels to His glory."† Here the husbands are put in a very high place; we can recognize here the same hand that has written for our instruction how the man is set above the woman, even as God above the angels. But the point of the distinction is plain. For Clerk-Register Mackgil was not a faithful husband; displayed, indeed, towards religion a "coldness which justly might be called infidelity." We shall see in more notable instances, how much Knox's conception of the duty of wives varies according to the zeal and orthodoxy of the husband.

As I have said, he may possibly have made the acquaintance of Mrs. Mackgil, Mrs. Guthrie, or some other, or all, of these Edinburgh friends, while he was still Douglas of Longniddry's private tu-

tor. But our certain knowledge begins in 1549. He was then but newly escaped from his captivity in France, after pulling an oar for nineteen months on the benches of the galley "Nostre Dame;" now up the rivers, holding stealthy intercourse with other Scottish prisoners in the castle of Rouen; now out in the North Sea, raising his sick head to catch a glimpse of the far-off steeples of St. Andrews. And now he was sent down by the English Privy Council as a preacher to Berwick-upon-Tweed; somewhat shaken in health by all his hardships, full of pains and agues, and tormented by gravel, that sorrow of great men: altogether, what with his romantic story, his weak health, and his great faculty of eloquence, a very natural object for the sympathy of devout women. At this happy juncture he fell into the company of a Mrs. Elizabeth Bowes, wife of Richard Bowes, of Aske, in Yorkshire, to whom she had borne twelve children. She was a religious hypochondriac, a very weariful woman, full of doubts and scruples, and giving no rest on earth either to herself or to those whom she honoured with her confidence. From the first time she heard Knox preach she formed a high opinion of him, and was solicitous, ever after, of his society.\* Nor was Knox unresponsive. "I have always delighted in your company," he writes, "and when labours would permit, you know I have not spared hours to talk and commune with you." Often when they had met in depression, he reminds her, "God hath sent great comfort unto both."† We can gather from such letters as are yet extant, how close and continuous was their intercourse. "I think it best you remain till the morrow," he writes once, "and so shall we commune at large at afternoon. This day you know to be the day of my study and prayer unto God; yet if your trouble be intolerable, or if you think my presence may release your pain, do as the spirit shall move you. . . . Your messenger found me in bed, after a sore trouble and most dolorous night; and so dolour may complain to dolour when we two meet. . . . And this is more plain than ever I spoke, to let you know you have a companion in trouble."‡ Once, we have the curtain raised for a moment, and can look at the two together, for the length of a phrase. "After the writing of this preceding," writes Knox, "your brother and mine, Harrie Wycliffe, did advertise me by writing, that your adversary (the

\* Works, iv. 245.

† Ibid. 221.

\* Works, vi. 514.

† Ibid. iii. 338.

‡ Ibid. 352, 353.



devil) took occasion to trouble you because that *I did start back from you rehearsing your infirmities. I remember myself so to have done, and that is my common consuetude when anything pierceth or toucheth my heart. Call to your mind what I did standing at the cupboard at Alnwick.* In very deed I thought that no creature had been tempted as I was; and when I heard proceed from your mouth the very same words that he troubles me with, I did wonder and from my heart lament your sore trouble, knowing in myself the dolour thereof.\* Now intercourse of so very close a description, whether it be religious intercourse or not, is apt to displease and disquiet a husband; and we know incidentally from Knox himself that there was some little scandal about his intimacy with Mrs. Bowes. "The slander and fear of men," he writes, "has impeded me to exercise my pen so oft as I would; yea, very shame hath holden me from your company, when I was most surely persuaded that God had appointed me at that time to comfort and feed your hungry and afflicted soul. God in His infinite mercy," he goes on, "remove not only from me all fear that tendeth not to godliness, but from others suspicion to judge of me otherwise than it becometh one member to judge of another."† And the scandal, such as it was, would not be allayed by the dissension in which Mrs. Bowes seems to have lived with her family upon the matter of religion, and the countenance shown by Knox to her resistance. Talking of these conflicts, and her courage against "her own flesh and most inward affections; yea, against some of her most natural friends," he writes it "to the praise of God, he has wondered at the bold constancy which he has found in her when his own heart was faint."‡

Now, perhaps in order to stop scandalous mouths, perhaps out of a desire to bind the much-loved evangelist nearer to her in the only manner possible, Mrs. Bowes conceived the scheme of marrying him to her fifth daughter, Marjorie; and the reformer seems to have fallen in with it readily enough. It seems to have been believed in the family, that the whole matter had been originally made up between these two, with no very spontaneous inclination on the part of the bride.§ Knox's idea of marriage, as I have said, was not the same for all men; but on the whole, it

was not lofty. We have a curious letter of his, written at the request of Queen Mary, to the Earl of Argyle, on very delicate household matters; which, as he tells us, "was not well accepted of the said earl."\* We may suppose, however, that his own home was regulated in a similar spirit. I can fancy that for such a man, emotional, and with a need, now and again, to exercise parsimony in emotions not strictly needful, something a little mechanical, something hard and fast and clearly understood, would enter into his ideal of a home. There were storms enough without, and equability was to be desired at the fireside even at a sacrifice of deeper pleasures. So, from a wife, of all women, he would not ask much. One letter to her which has come down to us is, I had almost said, conspicuous for coldness.† He calls her, as he called other female correspondents, "dearly beloved sister;" the epistle is doctrinal, and nearly the half of it bears, not upon her own case, but upon that of her mother. However, we know what Heine wrote in his wife's album; and there is, after all, one passage that may be held to intimate some tenderness, although even that admits of an amusingly opposite construction. "I think," he says, "I think this be the first letter I ever wrote to you." This, if we are to take it literally, may pair off with the "two or three children" whom Montaigne mentions having lost at nurse; the one is as eccentric in a lover as the other in a parent. Nevertheless, he displayed more energy in the course of his troubled wooing than might have been expected. The whole Bowes family, angry enough already at the influence he had obtained over the mother, set their faces obdurately against the match. And I daresay the opposition quickened his inclination. I find him writing to Mrs. Bowes that she need no further trouble herself about the marriage; it should now be his business altogether; it behoved him now to jeopard his life "for the comfort of his own flesh, both fear and friendship of all earthly creature laid aside."‡ This is a wonderfully chivalrous utterance for a reformer forty-eight years old; and it compares well with the leaden coquetties of Calvin, not much over thirty, taking this and that into consideration, weighing together dowries and religious qualifications and the instancy of friends, and exhibiting what M. Bungener calls "an honourable and Christian difficulty"

\* Works, iii. 350.

† Ibid. 390, 391.

‡ Ibid. 142.

§ Ibid. 378.

\* Works, ii. 379.

† Ibid. iii. 39.

‡ Ibid. 376.



of choice, in frigid indecisions and insincere proposals. But Knox's next letter is in a humbler tone; he has not found the negotiation so easy as he fancied; he despairs of the marriage altogether, and talks of leaving England, — regards not "what country consumes his wicked carcass." "You shall understand," he says, "that this sixth of November, I spoke with Sir Robert Bowes" (the head of the family, his bride's uncle) "in the matter you know, according to your request; whose disdainful, yea, spiteful, words hath so pierced my heart that my life is bitter to me. I bear a good countenance with a sore troubled heart, because he that ought to consider matters with a deep judgment, is become not only a despiser, but also a taunter of God's messengers — God be merciful unto him! Amongst others his most displeasing words, while that I was about to have declared my heart in the whole matter, he said, 'Away with your rhetorical reasons! for I will not be persuaded with them.' God knows I did use no rhetoric nor coloured speech; but would have spoken the truth, and that in most simple manner. I am not a good orator in my own cause; but what he would not be content to hear of me, God shall declare to him one day to his displeasure, unless he repent." \* Poor Knox, you see, is quite commoved. It has been a very unpleasant interview. And as it is the only sample that we have of how things went with him during his courtship, we may infer that the period was not as agreeable for Knox as it has been for some others.

However, when once they were married, I imagine he and Marjorie Bowes hit it off together comfortably enough. The little we know of it may be brought together in a very short space. She bore him two sons. He seems to have kept her pretty busy, and depended on her to some degree in his work; so that when she fell ill, his papers got at once into disorder. † Certainly she sometimes wrote to his dictation; and, in this capacity, he calls her "his left hand." ‡ In June 1559, at the headiest moment of the reformation in Scotland, he writes regretting the absence of his helpful colleague, Goodman, "whose presence" (this is the not very grammatical form of his lament) "whose presence I more thirst, than she that is my own flesh." § And this, considering

the source and the circumstances, may be held as evidence of a very tender sentiment. He tells us himself in his history, on the occasion of a certain meeting at the Kirk of Field, that "he was in no small heaviness by reason of the late death of his dear bedfellow, Marjorie Bowes." \* Calvin, condoling with him, speaks of her as "a wife whose like is not to be found everywhere" (that is very like Calvin), and again, as "the most delightful of wives." We know what Calvin thought desirable in a wife, "good humour, chastity, thrift, patience, and solicitude for her husband's health," and so we may suppose that the first Mrs. Knox fell not far short of this ideal.

The actual date of the marriage is uncertain; but by September 1566, at the latest, the reformer was settled in Geneva with his wife. There is no fear either that he will be dull; even if the chaste, thrifty, patient Marjorie should not altogether occupy his mind, he need not go out of the house to seek more female sympathy; for behold! Mrs. Bowes is duly domesticated with the young couple. Dr. M'Crie imagined that Richard Bowes was now dead, and his widow, consequently, free to live where she would; and where could she go more naturally than to the house of a married daughter? This, however, is not the case. Richard Bowes did not die till at least two years later. It is impossible to believe that he approved of his wife's desertion, after so many years of marriage, after twelve children had been born to them; and accordingly we find in his will, dated 1558, no mention either of her or of Knox's wife. † This is plain sailing. It is easy enough to understand the anger of Bowes against this interloper, who had come into a quiet family, married the daughter in spite of the father's opposition, alienated the wife from the husband and the husband's religion, supported her in a long course of resistance and rebellion, and, after years of intimacy, already too close and tender for any jealous spirit to behold without resentment, carried her away with him at last into a foreign land. But it is not quite easy to understand how, except out of sheer weariness and disgust, he was ever brought to agree to the arrangement. Nor is it easy to square the reformer's conduct with his public teaching. We have, for instance, a letter addressed by him, Craig, and Spottiswood, to the Arch-

\* Works, iii. 378.

† Ibid. vi. 104.

‡ Ibid. v. 5.

§ Ibid. vi. 27.

\* Works, ii. 138.

† Mr. Laing's preface to the sixth volume of Knox's works, p. lxiii.



bishops of Canterbury and York, anent "a wicked and rebellious woman," one Anne Good, spouse to "John Barron, a minister of Christ Jesus his evangel," who, "after great rebellion shown unto him, and divers admonitions given, as well by himself as by others in his name, that she should in no wise depart from this realm, nor from his house without his license, hath not the less stubbornly and rebelliously departed, separated herself from his society, left his house, and withdrawn herself from this realm." \* Perhaps some sort of license was extorted, as I have said, from Richard Bowes, weary with years of domestic dissension; but, setting that aside, the words employed with so much righteous indignation by Knox, Craig, and Spottiswood, to describe the conduct of that wicked and rebellious woman, Mrs. Barron, would describe nearly as exactly the conduct of the religious Mrs. Bowes. It is a little bewildering, until we recollect the distinction between faithful and unfaithful husbands; for Barron was "a minister of Christ Jesus his evangel," while Richard Bowes, besides being own brother to a despiser and taunter of God's messengers, is shrewdly suspected to have been "a bigoted adherent of the Roman Catholic faith," or, as Knox himself would have expressed it, "a rotten Papist."

You would have thought that Knox was now pretty well supplied with female society. But we are not yet at the end of the roll. The last year of his sojourn in England had been spent principally in London, where he was resident as one of the chaplains of Edward the Sixth; and here he boasts, although a stranger, he had, by God's grace, found favour before many. † The godly women of the metropolis made much of him; once he writes to Mrs. Bowes that her last letter had found him closeted with three, and he and the three women were all in tears. ‡ Out of all, however, he had chosen two. "God," he writes to them, "*brought us in such familiar acquaintance, that your hearts were incensed and kindled with a special care over me, as the mother useth to be over her natural child; and my heart was opened and compelled in your presence to be more plain than ever I was to any.*" § And out of the two even he had chosen one, Mrs. Anne Locke, wife to Mr. Harry Locke, merchant, nigh to Bow Kirke, Cheapside, in London, as the address runs.

\* Works, vi. 534.

† Ibid. iv. 220.

‡ Ibid. iii. 380.

§ Ibid. iv. 220.

If one may venture to judge upon such imperfect evidence, this was the woman he loved best. I have a difficulty in quite forming to myself an idea of her character. She may have been one of the three tearful visitors before alluded to; she may even have been that one of them who was so profoundly moved by some passages of Mrs. Bowes's letter, which the reformer opened, and read aloud to them before they went. "O would to God," cried this impressionable matron, "would to God that I might speak with that person, for I perceive there are more tempted than I." \* This *may* have been Mrs. Locke, as I say; but even if it were, we must not conclude from this one fact that she was such another as Mrs. Bowes. All the evidence tends the other way. She was a woman of understanding, plainly, who followed political events with interest, and to whom Knox thought it worth while to write, in detail, the history of his trials and successes. She was religious, but without that morbid perversity of spirit that made religion so heavy a burthen for the poor-hearted Mrs. Bowes. More of her I do not find, save testimony to the profound affection that united her to the reformer. So we find him writing to her from Geneva, in such terms as these:—"You write that your desire is earnest to see me. *Dear sister, if I should express the thirst and languor which I have had for your presence, I should appear to pass measure. . . . Yea, I weep and rejoice in remembrance of you;* but that would vanish by the comfort of your presence, which I assure you is so dear to me, that if the charge of this little flock here, gathered together in Christ's name, did not impede me, my coming should prevent my letter." † I say that this was written from Geneva; and yet you will observe that it is no consideration for his wife or mother-in-law, only the charge of his little flock, that keeps him from setting out forthwith for London, to comfort himself with the dear presence of Mrs. Locke. Remember that was a certain plausible enough pretext for Mrs. Locke to come to Geneva—"the most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the Apostles"—for we are now under the reign of that "horrible monster Jezebel of England," when a lady of good orthodox sentiments was better out of London. It was doubtful, however, whether this was to be. She was detained

\* Works, iii. 380.

† Ibid. iv. 238.



in England, partly by circumstances unknown, "partly by empire of her head," Mr. Harry Locke, the Cheapside merchant. It is somewhat humorous to see Knox struggling for resignation, now that he has to do with a faithful husband (for Mr. Harry Locke was faithful). Had it been otherwise, "in my heart," he says, "I could have wished—yea," here he breaks out, "yea, and cannot cease to wish—that God would guide you to this place."\* And after all, he had not long to wait, for, whether Mr. Harry Locke died in the interval, or was wearied, he too, into giving permission, five months after the date of the letter last quoted, "Mrs. Anne Locke, Harry her son, and Anne her daughter, and Katharine her maid," arrived in that perfect school of Christ, the Presbyterian paradise, Geneva. So now, and for the next two years, the cup of Knox's happiness was surely full. Of an afternoon, when the bells rang out for the sermon, the shops closed, and the good folk gathered to the churches, psalm-book in hand, we can imagine him drawing near to the English chapel in quite patriarchal fashion, with Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Bowes and Mrs. Locke, James his servant, Patrick his pupil, and a due following of children and maids. He might be alone at work all morning in his study, for he wrote much during these two years; but at night, you may be sure there was a circle of admiring women, eager to hear the new paragraph, and not sparing of applause. And what work, among others, was he elaborating at this time, but the notorious "First Blast"? So that he may have rolled out in his big pulpit voice, how women were weak, frail, impatient, feeble, foolish, inconstant, variable, cruel, and lacking the spirit of counsel, and how men were above them, even as God is above the angels, in the ears of his own wife, and the two dearest friends he had on earth. But he had lost the sense of incongruity, and continued to despise in theory the sex he honoured so much in practice, of whom he chose his most intimate associates, and whose courage he was compelled to wonder at, when his own heart was faint.

We may say that such a man was not worthy of his fortune; and so as he would not learn, he was taken away from that agreeable school, and his fellowship of women was broken up, not to be reunited. Called into Scotland to take at last that strange position in history which is his

best claim to commemoration, he was followed thither by his wife and his mother-in-law. The wife soon died. The death of her daughter did not altogether separate Mrs. Bowes from Knox, but she seems to have come and gone between his house and England. In 1562, however, we find him characterized as "a sole man by reason of the absence of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bowes," and a passport is got for her, her man, a maid, and "three horses, whereof two shall return," as well as liberty to take all her own money with her into Scotland. This looks like a definitive arrangement; but whether she died at Edinburgh, or went back to England yet again, I cannot find. With that great family of hers, unless in leaving her husband she had quarrelled with them all, there must have been frequent occasion for her presence, one would think. Knox at least survived her; and we possess his epigraph to their long intimacy, given to the world by him in an appendix to his latest publication. I have said in a former paper that Knox was not shy of personal revelations in his published works. And the trick seems to have grown on him. To this last tract, a controversial onslaught on a Scottish Jesuit, he prefixed a prayer, not very pertinent to the matter in hand, and containing references to his family which were the occasion of some wit in his adversary's answer; and appended, what seems equally irrelevant, one of his devout letters to Mrs. Bowes, with an explanatory preface. To say truth, I believe he had always felt uneasily that the circumstances of this intimacy were very capable of misconstruction; and now, when he was an old man, taking "his good-night of all the faithful in both realms," and only desirous "that without any notable slander to the evangel of Jesus Christ, he might end his battle; for as the world was weary of him, so was he of it;" in such a spirit, it was not, perhaps, unnatural that he should return to this old story, and seek to put it right in the eyes of all men, ere he died. "Because that God," he says, "because that God now in His mercy hath put an end to the battle of my dear mother, Mistress Elizabeth Bowes, before that He put an end to my wretched life, I could not cease but declare to the world what was the cause of our great familiarity and long acquaintance; which was neither flesh nor blood, but a troubled conscience upon her part, which never suffered her to rest but when she was in the company of the faithful, of whom (from the first hearing

\* Works, iv. 240.



of the word at my mouth) she judged me to be one. . . . Her company to me was comfortable (yea, honourable and profitable, for she was to me and mine a mother), but yet it was not without some cross; for besides trouble and fashery of body sustained for her, my mind was seldom quiet, for doing somewhat for the comfort of her troubled conscience."\* He had written to her years before, from his first exile in Dieppe, that "only God's hand" could withhold him from once more speaking with her face to face; and now, when God's hand has indeed interposed, when there lies between them, instead of the voyageable straits, that great gulf over which no man can pass, this is the spirit in which he can look back upon their long acquaintance. She was a religious hypochondriac, it appears, whom, not without some cross and fashery of mind and body, he was good enough to tend. He might have given a truer character of their friendship, had he thought less of his own standing in public estimation, and more of the dead woman. But he was in all things, as Burke said of his son in that ever-memorable passage, a public creature. He wished that even into this private place of his affections posterity should follow him with a complete approval; and he was willing, in order that this might be so, to exhibit the defects of his lost friend, and tell the world what weariness he had sustained through her unhappy disposition. There is something here that reminds one of Rousseau.

I do not think he ever saw Mrs. Locke after he left Geneva; but his correspondence with her continued for three years. It may have continued longer of course, but I think the last letters we possess read like the last that would be written. Perhaps Mrs. Locke was then remarried, for there is much obscurity over her subsequent history. For as long as their intimacy was kept up, at least, the human element remains in the reformer's life. Here is one passage, for example, the most likable utterance of Knox's that I can quote. Mrs. Locke has been upbraiding him as a bad correspondent. "My remembrance of you," he answers, "is not so dead, but I trust it shall be fresh enough, albeit it be renewed by no outward token for one year. *Of nature I am churlish; yet one thing I ashame not to affirm, that familiarity once thoroughly contracted, was never yet broken on my default. The cause may be that I have*

*rather need of all, than that any hath need of me.* However it (*that*) be, it cannot be, as I say, the corporal absence of one year or two that can quench in my heart that familiar acquaintance in Christ Jesus, which half a year did engender, and almost two years did nourish and confirm. And therefore, whether I write or no, be assuredly persuaded that I have you in such memory as becometh the faithful to have of the faithful."\* This is the truest touch of personal humility that I can remember to have seen in all the five volumes of the reformer's collected works: it is no small honour to Mrs. Locke, that his affection for her should have brought home to him this unwonted feeling of dependence upon others. Everything else in the course of the correspondence testifies to a good, sound, downright sort of friendship between the two, less ecstatic than it was at first, perhaps, but serviceable and very equal. He gives her ample details as to the progress of the work of reformation; sends her the sheets of the "Confession of Faith," "in quairs," as he calls it; asks her to assist him with her prayers, to collect money for the good cause in Scotland, and to send him books for himself—books by Calvin especially, one on Isaiah, and a new revised edition of the "Institutes." "I must be bold on your liberality," he writes, "not only in that, but in greater things as I shall need."† On her part, she applies to him for spiritual advice; not after the manner of the drooping Mrs. Bowes, but in a more positive spirit; advice as to practical points, advice as to the Church of England, for instance, whose ritual he condemns as a "mingle-mangle."‡ Just at the end, she ceases to write, sends him "a token, without writing." "I understand your impediment," he answers, "and therefore I cannot complain. Yet if you understood the variety of my temptations, I doubt not but you would have written somewhat."§ One letter more, and then silence.

And I think the best of the reformer died out with that correspondence. It is after this, of course, that he wrote that ungenerous description of his intercourse with Mrs. Bowes. It is after this, also, that we come to the unlovely episode of his second marriage. He had been left a widower at the age of fifty-five. Three years after, it occurred apparently to yet

\* Works, vi. 11.

† Ibid. pp. 21, 101, 108, 130.

‡ Ibid. 83.

§ Ibid. 129.

\* Works, vi. 513, 514.



another pious parent to sacrifice a child upon the altar of his respect for the reformer. In January 1563, Randolph writes to Cecil: "Your Honour will take it for a great wonder when I shall write unto you that Mr. Knox shall marry a very near kinswoman of the duke's, a lord's daughter, a young lass not above sixteen years of age." \* He adds that he fears he will be laughed at for reporting so mad a story. And yet it was true; and on Palm Sunday 1564, Margaret Stewart, daughter of Andrew Lord Stewart, of Ochiltree, aged seventeen, was duly united to John Knox, minister of St. Giles's Kirk, Edinburgh, aged fifty-nine: to the great disgust of Queen Mary from family pride, and I would fain hope of many others for more humane considerations. "In this," as Randolph says, "I wish he had done otherwise." The consistory of Geneva, "that most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the Apostles," were wont to forbid marriages on the ground of too great a disproportion in age. I cannot help wondering whether the old reformer's conscience did not uneasily remind him, now and again, of this good custom of his religious metropolis, as he thought of the two-and-forty years that separated him from his poor bride. Fitly enough, we hear nothing of the second Mrs. Knox until she appears at her husband's deathbed, eight years after. She bore him three daughters in the interval; and I suppose the poor child's martyrdom was made as easy for her as might be. She was "extremely attentive to him" at the end, we read; and he seems to have spoken to her with some confidence. Moreover, and this is very characteristic, he had copied out for her use a little volume of his own devotional letters to other women.

This is the end of the roll, unless we add to it Mrs. Adamson, who had delighted much in his company "by reason that she had a troubled conscience," and whose deathbed is commemorated at some length in the pages of his history.†

And now, looking back, it cannot be said that Knox's intercourse with women was quite of the highest sort. It is characteristic that we find him more alarmed for his own reputation, than for the reputation of the women with whom he was familiar. There was a fatal preponderance of self in all his intimacies: many

women came to learn from him, but he never condescended to become a learner in his turn. And so there is not anything idyllic in these intimacies of his; and they were never so renovating to his spirit as they might have been. But I believe they were good enough for the women. I fancy the women knew what they were about when so many of them followed after Knox. It is not simply because a man is always fully persuaded that he knows the right from the wrong and sees his way plainly through the maze of life, great qualities as these are, that people will love and follow him, and write him letters full of their "earnest desire for him" when he is absent. It is not over a man, whose one characteristic is grim fixity of purpose, that the hearts of women are "incensed and kindled with a special care," as it were over their natural children. In the strong quiet patience of all his letters to the weariful Mrs. Bowes, we may perhaps see one cause of the fascination he possessed for these religious women. Here was one whom you could besiege all the year round with inconsistent scruples and complaints; you might write to him on Thursday that you were so elated it was plain the devil was deceiving you, and again on Friday that you were so depressed it was plain God had cast you off forever; and he would read all this patiently and sympathetically, and give you an answer in the most reassuring polysyllables, and all divided into heads—who knows?—like a treatise on divinity. And then, those easy tears of his. There are some women who like to see men crying; and here was this great-voiced, bearded man of God, who might be seen beating the solid pulpit every Sunday, and casting abroad his clamorous denunciations to the terror of all, and who on the Monday would sit in their parlours by the hour, and weep with them over their manifold trials and temptations. Nowadays, he would have to drink a dish of tea with all these penitents. . . . It sounds a little vulgar: as the past will do, if we look into it too closely. We could not let these great folk of old into our drawing-rooms. Queen Elizabeth would positively not be eligible for a housemaid. The old manners and the old customs go sinking from grade to grade, until, if some mighty emperor revisited the glimpses of the moon, he would not find any one of his way of thinking, any one he could strike hands with and talk to freely and without offence, save perhaps the porter at the end of the street, or the fellow

\* Works, vi. 532.

† Ibid. i. 246.



with his elbows out who loafs all day before the public house. So that this little note of vulgarity is not a thing to be dwelt upon: it is to be put away from us, as we recall the fashion of these old intimacies; so that we may only remember Knox as one who was very long-suffering with women, kind to them in his own way, loving them in his own way—and that not the worst way, if it was not the best—and once at least, if not twice, moved to his heart of hearts by a woman, and giving expression to the yearning he had for her society in words that none of us need be ashamed to borrow.

And let us bear in mind always, that the period I have gone over in this essay begins when the reformer was already beyond the middle age, and already broken in bodily health: it has been the story of an old man's friendships. This it is that makes Knox enviable. Unknown until past forty, he had then before him five-and-thirty years of splendid and influential life, passed through uncommon hardships to an uncommon degree of power, lived in his own country as a sort of king, and did what he would with the sound of his voice out of the pulpit. And besides all this, such a following of faithful women! One would take the first forty years gladly, if one could be sure of the last thirty. Most of us, even if, by reason of great strength and the dignity of grey hairs, we retain some degree of public respect in the latter days of our existence, will find a falling away of friends, and a solitude making itself round about us day by day, until we are left alone with the hired sick-nurse. For the attraction of a man's character is apt to be outlived, like the attraction of his body; and the power to love grows feeble in its turn, as well as the power to inspire love in others. It is only with a few rare natures that friendship is added to friendship, love to love, and the man keeps growing richer in affection—richer, I mean, as a bank may be said to grow richer, both giving and receiving more—after his head is white and his back weary, and he prepares to go down into the dust of death. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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From Temple Bar.

#### THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

"SAINTIS is married!"

The news flew from one to the other, and was received with every degree of incredulity, amusement, astonishment and

dismay, according to the character of the hearer.

For, if music, understood as a science as well as an art, in its severest and most abstract form, was to be considered as a religion, then Camille Saintis was its high priest, and he had by the fact of his ministry condemned himself—at least his friends averred that he had—to celibacy.

"Not more than six weeks ago," exclaimed a young man with dreamy eyes and wild hair, a composer himself, "not more than six weeks ago, at our monthly dinner, Saintis delivered himself of a speech in his very best style of eloquence: 'Feminine influence is the bane of our modern civilization; it degrades art—makes it the slave of amorous sentimentality; painting, sculpture, poetry, are lost through it; let music at least, the purest and most immaterial of arts, make the effort to shake off this baneful and ever-encroaching influence. If those composers who should be our masters, men of real talent, have debased music in France, let us of the young school try to keep it at such a level that —'"

"That no one," interrupted the youngest of the band, "will be able to make anything out of it but noise and a jangle of sounds. Oh, Wagner! thou hast much to answer for."

"My dear Durand, you are but a painter, and therefore a profane outsider."

"But the marriage—let us hear about the marriage!" called out several young men.

"Profane outsider though I am," retorted Durand the painter, "I can probably tell you more about Saintis and his wife than any of you dotters of music-paper. I had the story from an eye-witness."

"Out with it!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices.

"You know as well as I, that Saintis has a mother, living in a provincial town, whose principal purpose in life, ever since her son's beard appeared, was to see him married. Saintis, in his supreme devotion to his art, as a matter of course always rebelled. However, it seems that at last the old lady's eloquence prevailed. Saintis consented to let himself be married, but he laid down his conditions in a truly characteristic way. Instantly the mother began her search after a model daughter-in-law. This is what she found: a young girl of eighteen, an orphan—our friend's first condition was that he should have no mother-in-law—brought up by an old aunt, in a dull routine of life; beside this, a modest but snug dowry; good-look-



ing enough, and fond of music. When all the preliminary arrangements had been made, Saintis, between two concert-days, found time to go and see his intended. 'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'my mother has probably told you that I have no time, absolutely no time to pay my court to you. I love my art; I am absorbed in it. Very likely I shall not make a very amusing husband, so you had better think the matter over before deciding to take me in that capacity. Perhaps, when the summer season comes, and there are no more concerts or musical evenings, perhaps then I may find time to devote myself a little to you; but even then I write. Oh! I write all the time. I am not a bad fellow, you know; I have every desire to please you, in as far as it does not interfere with my music; for instance, if you like, I will take you to the concerts; there are the concerts of the pure harmonists, those of the anti-melodists, those of the severe counter-basists; all are exceedingly interesting to the lovers of musical progress. You will see quite a number of women there; not that they, for the most part, are real lovers of musical progress, but because concert-going has become the fashion. Yes, I shall certainly be willing to take you out with me in the evening; you must not expect me to sit by you, however, for when I hear music I must be at liberty. You see I am frank; it is best so. I must have quiet in my home; I could not stand scenes of recrimination, tears would make me nervous. When you have thought all this over, you can give your answer to my mother; if it is favourable, I shall be delighted of course, only you must arrange everything between you, without consulting me; then you will let me know when I am to come down for the ceremony. Oh! never fear, I shall be sure to be in time—provided, naturally, that it does not come at a moment of particular interest. And, ah! yes, I knew that there was something else; I am told that you have musical tastes. Now I feel bound to tell you that I hold the music of young ladies in profound horror; my nerves cannot stand it. It sounds brutal to say so, does it not now? but it is my duty, as an honourable man, to tell you everything very clearly beforehand——'

Durand stopped for want of breath.

"The brute! and after all that, she accepted him—they are actually married—the wedding took place?"

"Actually married, legally and religiously, just five days since. What could you expect? The girl was not happy with her

aunt, it seems—the prospect of living in Paris is always tempting to a provincial; probably her friends reasoned with her; all that, added to an old romantic idea that she was born to be an artist's wife, probably decided her. Besides, Saintis, in spite of the brutality of his language, looks the very picture of good-nature, and we all know that his looks do not belie him; he is by no means an ugly fellow, and probably compared favourably with the men she had hitherto seen. I feel certain that Saintis won't miss Mme. Vernier's next Thursday evening—he was at her last. I shall certainly be there too!"

With one accord the friends agreed to meet in Mme. Vernier's *salon* the following Thursday evening.

Mme. Vernier was the queen of a certain musical society in Paris: she was a woman of great intelligence, who in her youth had possessed a superb voice; by her marriage she had attained a very solid social position, and it was not to be wondered at, if all there was of young and original talent circled around her. As a rule she did not like women—she tolerated them in her *salon* as a tiresome necessity of society; her favourites were young men, those as yet unknown to fame, and whom it was her pride to discover and push forward. Saintis was one of her pets; he was never known to miss her Thursdays. Mme. Vernier, unlike most of her neighbours, had a house to herself—an old-fashioned place, without any of the pretensions of the millionaire's *hôtel* about it, but a snug comfortable house, with a bit of a garden round about it. She was a woman of great taste, and was fond of other arts beside that of music. Out of one of her two *salons*, down half-a-dozen steps, was a tiny picture-gallery; a charming nook, octagon in shape, lighted from above, and containing a dozen or two really excellent pictures. There were heavy curtains instead of doors to this delightful sanctum.

On the much-talked-of Thursday evening, half hidden by those curtains, a young woman, an evident stranger, sat silently. Saintis had placed his wife, for it was she, in that corner, after the necessary presentation to the mistress of the house, and there, shrinking more and more behind the folds of the drapery, she remained.

The reception was a very large one, and rather solemn in its character. The women, on their arrival, were all placed in one compact group, at the extreme edge of which Marthe Saintis found herself: the men, except the few privileged musi-



cians, who fluttered about the mistress of the house, were huddled together by the doors, in the window-embrasures, in the antechamber; they talked to each other in awed whispers, or examined their own boots with pensive interest. As to any conversation in which men and women equally joined, in which Marthe could have admired any of the wit for which, as she had heard, Parisians were celebrated, that was out of the question.

Long-winded compositions, by future great men, succeeded each other. People yawned, but agreed dutifully that it was very fine indeed. Marthe, however, was roused from the apathy in which she had gradually fallen, when Mme. Vernier herself sang. She was no longer young, and her voice had lost not only its freshness, but its perfect sureness of intonation as well; but the method was so perfect, the power, the depth of expression, in one word, the genius, was such that the effect on the depressed company was electric. Marthe, from her corner, listened and wondered; that was how one should sing! She eagerly followed every intonation, every effect of voice; she was captivated, entranced. Those ladies who sat near her, and who had during that long evening quite ignored the silent ill-dressed young stranger, looked at her now, and were forced to acknowledge that if she was no regular beauty, her eyes were certainly fine.

"Saintis, is your wife here? Present me, that's a good fellow!"

"Yes, yes, certainly — later: we are going to have the '*Symphonie Magistrale*,'" and Saintis dashed off toward the piano. But Durand, for it was he, was an enterprising young fellow, and not to be so easily put off. He had vowed to find out what sort of person the bride really was; he had already spied her out; and the difficulties of approaching her only sharpened his wits. Quietly, during the first movement of the symphony, he slid from group to group, until he found himself close to the phalanx of ladies. The steps leading down to the picture-gallery were comparatively free, and at last, by dint of skilful manœuvring, he stood by the side of Marthe, his head about on a level with hers. Profiting by a pause in the music, the enterprising painter drew aside the drapery and said: —

"Pardon me, madame, but Saintis, who promised to present me, is too busy to keep that promise, so I have ventured to present myself. I am Ernest Durand, an intimate friend of your husband."

Marthe was dreadfully startled; she had thought herself so thoroughly hidden by the curtain on one side, and by a voluminous lady on the other, that it had never occurred to her that she could in any way be approached.

"Monsieur — I" — she stammered, blushing painfully.

She was not allowed to stammer out anything more; the voluminous lady afore-said turned round with sudden interest.

"Is it to Madame Saintis that I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"Yes, madame;" and Marthe this time blushed at hearing the unfamiliar name, rather than at the fact of being addressed.

"Now if that is not like Camille Saintis! Who would believe that I have known him since his boyhood, that his knife and fork are regularly put every Sunday at my table? He profits by the delicate attention when by chance he remembers it — that is about a dozen times a year — and with all that I have to present myself to his wife. If Saintis were like the rest of mankind, I would never speak to him again. But he is not; one passes one's life in forgiving him something or other. I trust that you, madame, are of a magnanimous turn of mind, otherwise —"

The lady did not finish her sentence, except by a very expressive nod and smile.

Marthe looked down uneasily; she was saved the necessity of answering, however, for at that moment the symphony recommenced, and silence was once more established. Durand kept his post on the step, and Mme. du Ruel, such was the voluminous lady's name, examined Marthe from behind her fan, with thorough feminine clear-sightedness. During the next pause, the young wife had regained some composure, and was able to answer the remarks of her new acquaintances with comparative ease.

"Of course you admire your husband's music above all things?" wickedly insinuated Durand, who himself, as we have seen, was a profane unbeliever in the "pure harmony" system.

"Oh yes, certainly!" answered Marthe, with a candid hesitation which delighted her two listeners. "But I should doubtless admire it much more if I could only make out exactly what he meant by it. My provincial education is sadly against me," she added, half smiling.

Marthe had a modest unaffected way of speaking about herself, which entirely disarmed criticism; Mme. du Ruel was quite won by it. It suddenly struck her that it would be a feather in her cap if she could



form and bring out "*la petite* Mme. Saintis;" there was evidently something to be made of her, so as she rose to go she said—"Of course, if your husband were like other Christians, it would be his duty to bring you to me; you ought to make your *visites de noce* together in grand style; but since he is what he is, the thought of performing such a duty has of course never entered his head. But I want to know you, Mme. Saintis, and I mean to pay you an unceremonious visit—expect me soon—and if in the mean time you should need any service which I can render you, here is my address. I should really like to oblige you."

The musical evening at last came to an end; nearly all the guests had gone, and Marthe, in her corner, wondered whether her husband would forget her there. Durand, in telling the story, as of course he did, here, there, and everywhere, asserted that Saintis was on the point of leaving, when suddenly he exclaimed, "*Tiens!* did I not have my wife with me when I came?" in the same tone as a man exclaims, "Bless me! I was just going to forget my new umbrella!" but then Durand was a facetious young gentleman, and his stories were not always in puritanical accordance with truth.

M. Saintis, when he married, had not thought it necessary to change his apartment, or his fashion of living, or his old, ugly, cross cook, or, indeed, anything whatever. What was good enough for him must be good enough also for the little provincial schoolgirl, whom his mother had chosen to be his wife. So Marthe found herself installed in an old-fashioned house on the Ile St. Louis, facing a narrowed branch of the river, and with a cheerful view of the Morgue in the distance. The place was solitary, and very solemn. The quai itself, bordered all along with other houses, which must have looked much the same in the days of the Fronde, was rarely traversed except by the gliding figures of the old-fashioned dwellers of this forgotten quarter. The streets of the island were dingy, and the uneven paving stones were smeared with mud, of a peculiarly black and greasy kind; the small dark shops were the last resting-places of old rusty iron, and all other refuse which the gay and modern parts of Paris disdained to traffic in. Marthe, when she was forced to walk along these dirty streets, always shivered, as though she had been in a place of ill omen. The quai itself, at least, was sunshiny, and there were no rusty-iron shops

about, no shops of any kind indeed; the river rolled its sullen waters onward, with a measured rhythm; other voices there were none, save the subdued hum of distant life.

Her husband explained to Marthe that the stillness of the place was a necessity to him; then the apartment boasted two superb rooms, such as could not be found in modern Paris—lofty, with great beams supporting the ceiling; rooms admirable for sound; in these he had disposed all his artistic treasures; rich, heavy draperies, bas-reliefs, armour, odds and ends of every description, brought with him from Rome, where he had spent some years as "*grand prix*;" musical instruments, ancient and modern, were placed with great care in appropriate corners; music-books were piled one on the top of the other; loose music lay about on the chairs and tables; the piano was nearly always open; writing-materials were close at hand, in readiness for the inspiration which might seize upon the composer at an instant's notice. Such was the *salon*, library, work-room, or whatever else one might choose to call it; the draped doors opened into the equally large and lofty bedroom, so that there was plenty of space for hasty strides, when inspiration required free movements. The rest of the apartment was very small and inconvenient, but that was of very little importance, Camille said.

Everything about her new life seemed exceedingly strange to the bride. She had been accustomed to provincial ideas of neatness and order; the artistic and somewhat chaotic character of the musician's surroundings bewildered and rather scandalized her; she wanted sadly to put things to rights. Then, too, the sudden liberty in which she found herself, liberty of going out alone, without asking her aunt's permission, alarmed her; she was still so entirely a timid young girl in appearance, that in the street passers-by looked at her as though she had no right to be thus walking alone. Altogether life wore a strange aspect; she seemed to be out of place somehow—out of place especially at those famous concerts or musical *soirées* to which her husband dutifully took her, and where she felt so lonely that she had great difficulty to keep from crying. Marthe had not been brought up with romantic ideas of life; she had not been accustomed to expect much poetry in her marriage. She knew that it was the destiny of young girls to be married, just as a well-fattened chicken is destined one day to be roasted and eaten. With



her the time had come; she was married, and every one said that she, with her moderate dowry and moderate good looks, was fortunate to have been so well married. She also was quite of that opinion; still, in spite of a sensible mode of bringing up young girls, they generally succeed in nourishing, in a secret corner of their little hearts, a longing for something more than the dry bread and clear water of life. Marthe, at all events, asked for something more, and at times the craving became almost intolerable. Camille was very good to his demure, quiet, little wife; he approved of her; she was not at all in his way; indeed it was rather pleasant than otherwise to feel that she was sewing in the corner of the room while he was working at his piano; she did not want to chatter and make a fuss like most young women; she was gentle, always ready to do whatever he suggested; neat and pleasant to look at — yes, decidedly pleasant to look at: on the whole, marriage was not the bugbear he had so often pictured to himself. If he only had a little more time; well, when the concert season was well over, he certainly would find more time — not that his theories were in any way modified, oh, not at all; female influence, female fascination, must be kept out of art, or, at least, merely used as a motive power, to give the first impulsion to inspiration.

One day he was working out an idea at his piano, when by a sudden impulse he rose, and going to where Marthe sat working, kissed her, saying, dreamily, "My dear little wife!" then quickly he returned to his place. He had scarcely seemed conscious of his act, the far-away artist look was in his eyes, his voice was veiled — in a word, the inspiration was on him; only in his inspiration the thought of his wife had somehow become mixed. Marthe ceased working; a deep flush spread slowly over face and neck; eagerly she listened to the sounds from the piano. Camille sat working for an hour or more, now dotting down the notes and words — for there were words, though Marthe could not well catch their sense — now trying the development of a new idea on the piano. Finally, after a pause, during which he seemed lost in thought, he rose; his aspect was changed, taking the music-paper he crumpled it in his hand and threw it away with the gesture of a man who is indignant with himself. He turned round, his eyes full of reproach; "Oh, Marthe!" he exclaimed, then he quickly left the room, and the young wife heard

the front door slam behind him. Marthe picked up the crumpled paper, spent all the afternoon in copying off the smeared characters as best she could; then putting her copy under lock and key, she threw back the original where she had found it. The words ran as follows: —

L'eau dans les grands lacs bleus  
Endormie  
Est le miroir des cieux :  
Mais j'aime mieux les yeux  
De ma mie.

Pour que l'ombre parfois  
Nous sourie,  
Un oiseau chante au bois :  
Mais j'aime mieux la voix  
De ma mie.

Le temps vient tout briser ;  
On oublie :  
Moi, pour le mépriser  
Je ne veux qu'un baiser  
De ma mie.

On change tour à tour  
De folie :  
Moi, jusqu'au dernier jour,  
Je m'en tiens à l'amour  
De ma mie.

Madame du Ruel did not forget her promise to call on Marthe; more than this, she showed herself affable, kind, familiar. Marthe was grateful, and little by little the woman of the world won the confidence of the poor, little, lonely bride.

Since that one moment of expansion, Camille had become more reserved than ever, and Marthe suffered from this coldness far more than she had done in the very beginning of their marriage. She could not tell all that was in her heart, for she did not understand it herself; but her broken confidences were indications more than sufficient for a woman of Madame du Ruel's experience.

"Of course; of course! I understand it all!" exclaimed the good lady, interrupting Marthe's disjointed confession. "Have I not seen it a hundred times? A nice little girl, carefully brought up, modest, with very proper ideas of duty, and all that sort of thing, has been told that until her marriage-day she is not to think of love — that it would not be proper for her to do so; but on that marriage-day she is suddenly to change from white to red — a sort of legerdemain trick, which is by no means easy; she, who does not even know the meaning of the word, finds that she is bound to love her husband, and what is stranger than any of M. Robert Houdin's performances, she does begin by loving him usually; she asks



nothing better, poor little soul, than to worship this man, whom she did not know two months before; to invest him with all the virtues and qualities which her ideal ought to possess. My dear, the great wonder of my life is that there should be so many good marriages in our world; it only proves that human nature is better than it is reputed to be. Sometimes, however, the experiment fails, and in those cases you will find on examination that it is nearly always through the man's fault."

"But, dear madame, I do not accuse my husband."

"Of course you do not."

"On Sunday, for instance, when from my corner in the church I listen to his playing, tears come to my eyes; his music tells me that it is my fault if he does not care for me much; I feel that a man who plays like Camille is capable of loving very deeply, and that if I were less insignificant——"

"That's right! put it all on to your own shoulders. In plain words, this is the truth: Camille is the best organist in Paris, and you are peculiarly impressionable to music—when it is not too scientific and learned; that I saw at Madame Vernier's. As to his capacities for loving, I do not really doubt them. I have known him since his boyhood, and I am not the woman to put up with all sorts of negligences, if I did not really esteem the qualities of the neglectful one; only he has theories, and theories are the worst stumbling-blocks in the way of matrimonial happiness. In the first place, he is quite willing to surrender his outer man to gentle care, to have his comforts attended to; but he guards with savage determination his inner man from your influence, because, as I have often heard him say, an artist requires interior liberty and solitude; besides, a woman takes up so much precious time. In our Paris life the differences of education of the two sexes are so great—women being taught to see all white and men to see all black, so to speak—that they have but very few points of intellectual contact or of common interest. Society is getting more and more like a funeral service, where the solemn beadle places the men on one side, the women on the other!"

Marthe listened to her new friend almost in silence. She had no theories of her own on education; she had been brought up like all the other girls about her, and it had never struck her that the system was a bad one, or, indeed, that any

other was possible. Madame du Ruel, on the contrary, was a woman who had travelled and thought more than her countrywomen usually do. She had become very sincerely interested in Marthe, and meant to make something out of her. She continued her harangue until she had completely won her new friend's confidence, and obtained a promise that she would submit to be guided. "Only, my child, never let your husband guess that it is my advice that you are following; there is no one who has the power of exciting a man's jealousy as much as his wife's female friend and adviser."

Some little time after this conversation M. Saintis was rather astonished when he discovered that his wife wished to go to a certain Madame Dupré's evening entertainment to which they were invited. Madame Dupré was the wife of a deputy—a deputy of the Left. She had pretensions to make her house a rallying-point—to be a sort of humble Madame Roland. She liked men, was a bit of a blue-stocking, and, at the same time, was gay, talkative, and as fond of dancing as of politics. It was a house which M. Saintis usually avoided with great care; the music at Madame Dupré's—for music sometimes came in as an interlude to dancing—was of a kind to make the severe musician grind his teeth.

"Why, if you wish it, Marthe, of course."

"It is a long time since I have had a dance."

"You like to dance?"

The tone in which he said those words meant much. He was rather pleased, on the whole, to discover such a weakness in his wife; it gave him a delightful sense of superiority; so with the greatest good-nature he promised to accompany her on the following Tuesday.

Music is an absorbing occupation as we all know—so absorbing to a man of Camille's disposition, that most occurrences of life passed unobserved by him; but when on the evening of the party Marthe came before him ready dressed, his abstraction gave way suddenly; he looked at his wife, as though he then saw her for the first time.

"Why, my love, how pretty you are!"

Marthe blushed and laughed softly; she knew that he would never again look upon her as a mere little provincial schoolgirl whom fate has cast upon the Paris world. Perhaps for an instant a feeling of bitterness came across her as she thought that her dreamy husband had needed the aid of a fashionably-made ball-dress to discover



that she was really good-looking as well as young; but hers was a sweet and gentle nature, so the bitterness passed at once: Marthe really did like dancing; and when she found herself in Madame Dupré's well-lighted, gay-looking rooms, her eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed, so that more than one grave politician moved round to ask who that pretty, fresh-looking young woman might be. The first to come forward and claim her hand was her old acquaintance, M. Durand the painter. Camille watched his wife for a few minutes whirling around, and then turned away, to wander rather disconsolately from room to room. He was out of his element; the dance-music grated on his ears, and he felt a great contempt for the frivolous crowd in which he found himself. At last he discovered, in a lost corner, a friend, musician like himself; the two cronies fell into a learned and lengthy discussion. Suddenly the dance-music ceased; there was a hush in the heated rooms; around him every one was listening to a young thrilling voice, which rose, at first trembling, then sweet and clear, above the subsiding noises.

"What a fine voice!" exclaimed Camille's companion. "How clear! Wants training, however. Who is it?"

His friend did not answer. At first he had but a confused sense of familiarity with the music, then suddenly he recognized his own melody, thrown aside as unworthy of his artistic theories. After the first few minutes he clearly distinguished the words:—

Le temps vient tout briser;  
On oublie:  
Moi, pour le mépriser  
Je ne veux qu'un baiser  
De ma mie.

On change tour à tour  
De folie:  
Moi, jusqu'au dernier jour,  
Je m'en tiens à l'amour  
De ma mie.

The burst of applause, when Marthe had finished her song, was enthusiastic; her triumph was complete. The young painter hovered around her, one of a crowd. She could scarcely answer the numberless compliments which assailed her on every side. She stood blushing—half-frightened, half-proud. Now and again she glanced quickly around, as though in search of some one, and then again the glance fell.

"Why did you not tell us before that your wife had such a splendid voice?"

asked the busy mistress of the house, who, however, had no time to wait for an answer.

"Your wife!" exclaimed the musical friend, who, being short and thick, had not been able to force his way into the principal drawing-room where the singing had taken place. "I congratulate you, my dear fellow; but by whom is the music? It is modern, of course; probably by some young man still full of freshness and illusions; he has talent, very great talent indeed, but he is on the wrong track."

"Undoubtedly," answered Saintis.

"My good friend," exclaimed Durand, coming up with the heroine of the evening on his arm, "I appeal to you! Madame Saintis will not tell us who is the author of that adorable song. Between ourselves, I suspect that it is of her own composition; if so, look out for your laurels; it is better than anything you ever wrote!"

"Camille, I am tired; I want to go home," whispered Marthe, whose bright colour had quite left her cheeks.

The dazed musician mechanically took his wife from her attentive partner, and they left the crowded, heated rooms. As they were passing out, Madame du Ruel took Marthe's hand, and pressed it encouragingly.

When husband and wife were shut up in the rattling hack, Camille at last broke the long silence, and said in a constrained voice,

"Why did you not tell me, Marthe, that you were so good a musician?"

"You gave me to understand that young ladies' music was distasteful to you; you even begged me only to practise in your absence."

"I could not guess that you had so remarkable a voice; I could still less imagine that you had been tolerably well taught."

"My teacher was a good one; then, I think, I have recently learned a good deal from hearing Madame Vernier sing."

"And—and—how did you manage to learn that song?"

"When you threw it aside, I took it up and copied it—I liked it so much, so very much!" Her voice trembled a little as she said this, but Camille did not seem to notice it. There was a struggle going on in his mind, and as yet the victory was doubtful. At last they arrived before the solemn old house by the narrow rapid river. The cabman, delighted at an exorbitant *pour-boire* which Camille had absently bestowed upon him, rattled away at a furious rate, and then everything returned to its usual dead quietness.



"Marthe," said Camille — "my wife — forgive me!"

He was deeply moved; he was conquered.

Eighteen months later there was great excitement in the musical world. An opera by Saintis was brought out at the Opéra Comique, and it proved to be a genuine success. The musicians praised it — the public applauded heartily the charm and grace of the melodies.

"And our musician's theories?"

"His theories!" exclaimed Durand, addressing the circle of friends assembled to talk over the affair between the acts of the first representation — "his theories! he has shown himself wise in keeping them in the background this time; they led him to nothing but failure with his first opera. He owes this evening's success, I can tell you, to an influence which is quite independent of thorough-bass."

"Oh, we know!" exclaimed several young men laughing. "You ought to remind the director to have printed on the play-bills — 'Music by M. Saintis and wife!'"

"You have been her champion from the first, Durand."

"And I do not mean to resign the post. Laugh if you will, but to me the week has no pleasanter evening than Wednesday, when all the old friends and cronies of Saintis are made welcome by his wife; to hear her sing her husband's music is a perfect delight. She is charming. But there goes the signal; it would be a pity to miss the chance of watching her face as the curtain goes up. *Au revoir!*" and he went off, humming —

On change tour à tour

De folie :

Moi, jusqu'au dernier jour,

Je m'en tiens à l'amour

De ma mie.

MARY HEALY.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE MILITARY FUTURE OF GERMANY.

BY COL. CHAS. C. CHESNEY.

THOSE who would understand the exigencies of Berlin politicians, and the anxieties of Berlin strategists, must avoid the error our press has of late very generally fallen into, of treating the question of the future of Germany as though it were something that has to be discussed exclusively between herself and France. The days are altogether past when the

"duel of the nations" could mean nothing else than individual struggle between that which was, and that which now is, the new empire in Europe. All arguments and reflections that ignore the fact that there are other great empires, whose policy must seriously influence the statesmen of Germany, rest on too partial a view of the European situation to be worth earnest discussion. Yet the common belief with ourselves and our neighbours is to speak and write just as though the old dualism of western Europe had been, and would continue to be, the sole part of Continental politics that deserves anxious consideration, or that can affect Continental politicians profoundly. It will be the purpose of these pages to show that such views are altogether too limited; and that the solution of any great international problem of our time must be sought far beyond the limits of the often-repeated struggle between France and Germany.

We may illustrate this first by looking a little closely at the history of the crisis that occurred but three months since; when the utter fallacy of the popular belief that ascribed it solely to German fears of growing French strength and improved French organization, will soon become apparent. It was not without reason, certainly, that when the military advisers in Prussia strove last May to force on the war which only Russian intervention stayed, genuine astonishment was expressed by those in France as well as elsewhere, who knew how utterly unfit she was to cope with her old rival, and how impossible of execution the hopes of early revenge attributed to Frenchmen are. This sentiment has naturally not been lessened by the recent discussions on the exact strength of French armaments. And many persons, reasoning from what lies on the surface only, and assuming with truth that facts obvious to a chance observer of things in France cannot possibly be hid from the watchful observance of Berlin, declare their belief that as Count Moltke could have nothing to fear from the French army, the designs imputed to him in May on authority which is hardly controvertible, could never have actually existed. Now the premisses of this argument are all sound enough. France really has not under arms three-fourths of the peace establishment of her warlike neighbour. It is only within the last month that her war-office has taken the first step towards training even the first instalment of the



future reserve that is to fill it up to a field army; whilst every German reservist is trained and ready for his place at call. Her territorial army exists solely on paper. Her armament is incomplete. Her supply of stores is utterly inadequate to the exigencies of a great campaign. In short, if forced into the struggle now, she would undoubtedly enter it under far less favourable conditions than those of 1870 as regards her own part: whilst the German forces would not only be strengthened by the prestige of victory, and the advantage of experience on their side, but would be found more complete and fit throughout at every point than was the case five years ago; for to make them so has been the object of unwearied and able administrators, supported by an enthusiastic nation, and supplied with almost unlimited funds. And all this contrast is fully known and carefully studied in the giant bureau on the Thier-Garten, where military science, trained to approach mathematical precision, has concentrated all the material that brain-work can create to make military predominance once gained a constant possession. But when all this is granted, it is none the less an error to assume that there could have been no wish or desire to force France three months since against her will into the unequal contest that should end in her absolute prostration; or to dispute that war would almost certainly have been unscrupulously produced but that Prince Bismarck had but little immediately to gain by it, and Russia much to lose.

Yet those who reason that the thing could not have occurred would speak with justice, if Germany and France were alone of any account in Europe. Their mistake is in forgetting that the new empire which now throws its shadow across the Continent is after all but one of four great powers of the first class, among whom the military supremacy of the world is, and long has been, distributed. They forget above all that although two of these have succumbed to Prussian arms in decisive single combat, there remains one which still believes, or tries to believe herself fully a match for the victor. Stranger than all, those who talk so much of the lessons of Jena, of Stein's and Scharnhorst's skill in breathing new life into the crushed soul of their country, and of the sudden reversal of defeat which followed the address of Frederick William and the song of Arndt, ignore entirely the conditions under which Prussia drew the sword in the war of independence. What would have been but

desperate and foolish in her had she stood alone, was hopeful and just in the then state of Europe. Russia was pouring into Poland the heavy legions unwearied with their task of chasing the French eagles westward. English ships lay before each German port ready to cover the entry of English agents bringing English arms and subsidies. Austria, occupying by her central geographical position the whole flank of the future theatre of war, was arming slowly and secretly with the design already formed of striking in and turning the struggle hopelessly against Napoleon, should he prove, as he did prove, unable to strike down the northern allies in his first fierce onset. Even dull Catholic Bavaria, which owed so much of seeming grandeur to France, was already looking forward to the day when she could safely turn her arms against the hated protector of the Rhenish Confederation, and carry its lesser members with her. There is a present fashion, both in and out of Germany, of speaking of Blücher and Gneisenau as leading the Prussians on to victory in 1813. The army which Blücher actually led, and Gneisenau guided, to that terrible overthrow of Macdonald on the Katzbach, which was the presage of his master's greater disaster on the Elster—was in reality very largely composed of Russians, placed under the old German hero no less from sound motives of policy, than out of respect for his genuine fighting power. In brief, it was only as one member of a great alliance that Prussia rose from her humiliation to fresh grandeur—to power in Europe beyond that achieved by Frederick, won by victories that threw even Frederick's into the shade.

Is this a lesson that Frederick's successors are likely to ignore; when men talk of a new Jena, and its teachings, and apply the words to Prussia's ancient enemy? Far from it. Those that weigh the contingencies of European politics as they affect Berlin, and strive to forecast their future turns, are men essentially of historic minds, though gifted with the power of grasping the conditions of the days they live in. Neither Prince Bismarck nor Count Moltke are likely to fall into the vulgar belief that the next serious Continental crisis must inevitably be but a repetition of the last, a duel between Germany and France, with the latter thoroughly overweighted. The very haste lately shown to bring it on in this special shape proved their conviction that it could entail no serious danger to the empire, and that such could come only when



France had had time to form a league with others whose object it would be to humble Germany in her turn. France, the possible ally of Germany's new antagonist, not France the present enemy, was the key to that skilful mixture of hectoring with pretended fear which deceived not only other nations, but the sober-minded Germans themselves, the balance of whose reasoning power the intoxication of conquest has unsettled.

This being so, it becomes all important to inquire what are the future possibilities against which German statesmen and strategists feel themselves thus urged to provide, even at the cost of present wrongdoing. The new empire has not a friend in Europe; and no one asserts this more plainly than its own chief organs. Is it forced, therefore, to contemplate the dreadful issue of an indignant Continent rising up against it as one man, as against the Napoleonic empire when once the failure before Moscow turned the tide of its successes? No, indeed. Obnoxious as Germany has made herself in Scandinavia by her cynical contempt for treaties in the matter of Schleswig; feared as she is in Switzerland and in Austria for what the patriots of those countries think her insolent pretensions to the allegiance of all that use her tongue; dreaded in Holland and Belgium for her greed of ports and colonies and commerce; coldly disliked by Russia as the new barrier to all ambitious Muscovite policy that tends westward; it is in France alone, where the iron yoke of subjection entered into men's souls, that she is hated with something like the bitterness of personal loathing which Germans felt towards France in days of old Napoleonic sway. And, besides the difference of sentiment, there is a vast difference, too often overlooked, in the military situation. The central geographical position of Germany, if laying her apparently open to attack from many quarters, and giving her, as her war-office is wont to plead, a vast length of frontier to defend, vaster by far than that of any other country but Austria, is in truth greatly favourable to her as against a general combination. Those lesser powers which at times please themselves with the saying of Count Moltke, that it would take one or two army-corps to look after a single one of them if hostile, would, in truth, if declaring against Germany, be so separated by their supposed antagonist that neither one of them, nor all combined, could possibly affect the course of a fresh struggle. If venturing to draw the sword against

her, they would but give occupation to some of the best troops of the second line she is now preparing under her new Landsturm law. And certainly whilst Holland and Denmark keep their proposed army reforms, as is the case up to the present time, wholly in the style of paper project; and Switzerland and Sweden trust to militia; while Belgium shows herself the only one of these lesser powers prepared to sacrifice commercial demands and party aspirations in the smallest degree to military necessities; so long may we be sure that Germany might be at war with one and all to-morrow without deducting a man from the field army with which she would carry on the struggle with more formidable foes.

Italy is the hardest of all the European countries to judge of as effects their general future as a whole. But it is sufficient here to say that her isolated geographical position, her urgent financial necessities, her general need of time to consolidate the national elements divided for many centuries — all make it so extremely improbable that she would be tempted to indulge in a great war for any cause less than that of self-preservation, that she may be left out of our present view. Certainly she cannot affect the present policy of Berlin, nor of those other cabinets with which that of Berlin is chiefly concerned.

Putting France then for the present altogether aside, for the very sufficient reasons already given, reasons which may be said to amount to demonstration, that she cannot hopefully play the leading part in the near military future of Europe, and knows this well enough not to attempt it; we must fix our attention on Austria, or Russia, or both together, as the real cause of German uneasiness, that uneasiness which of late took the alarming form of preparing to crush utterly out of France the power of future combinations with other great States, and so exclude her from the problem of the military future of Germany. If this feeling be genuine and unfeigned, that is, if Germany has really any possible foe she counts menacing to her newly won greatness, that foe cannot be found in France, much less in the smaller independent States. It must be sought, therefore, in the two great empires that border her to the south and east. We will look at each of these a little in detail, to discover, if we can, how far such anxiety may be justified.

The supposed danger can hardly come from Austria. She knows so well her want of that unity against which she would



have to contend; her statesmen are so fully aware of the internal difficulties that would arise upon the rear of her armies if a single-handed contest with Germany were forced upon her; her whole political administration is not merely severed into two co-equal jealous parts by that dual system which is the charter of her modern life, but so complex, slow and feeble as compared to that of the German empire; that these facts alone, which are too patent to be ignored at home or abroad, would be sufficient guarantees for her quietude if not absolutely attacked by her formidable neighbour. Above all, eight millions of her motley population, the most intelligent, active, and wealthy of the races that make up Austro-Hungary, would give their sympathies wholly to her foe, if Vienna broke with Berlin to-morrow. Most real would be Austria's danger then, with her Teutonic population absolutely hostile, her Czechs coldly disposed towards the centralizing monarchy, and the Serbs and Croats ready to turn at any time against an administration which is in their eyes the instrument of the oppression of their own races by the Magyar. In fact such a war would be dangerous in any case to the house of Hapsburg, and defeat would seriously imperil its crown. But all this is on the supposition that Austria has or soon will have equal military means to those of Germany for such a conflict. This, however, is very far from being the case, as a brief comparison will show. Of the year's class of young men available for the conscription, which is within a few thousands of the number reckoned on in Germany, she allots to regular training for the three years' service but 95,000, whilst Germany sets apart, including substitutes for possible absentees, 130,000. It follows that those fully qualified and yet passed over in Austria, although enrolled ostensibly in the Landwehr, rather weaken than reinforce that arm of the service; at least according to the modern view of military organization, which makes the militiaman date his efficiency only from the completion of his service in the line. In men, at any rate, it is clear that Austria can as little hope to rival Germany numerically, as to match her inferior races with the hardy peasants of Pomerania and Brandenburg. But men, as all the world has lately learnt by patent examples, do not decide a great war speedily unless sent into the field well organized, and found in every necessary. To prepare and maintain the equipments required for war during years of peace is

a duty entailing much of the regular annual military expenditure of great nations: and hence their average outlay, taking prices as nearly equal, affords a rough test of their desire to be ready for the least emergency. Now in proportion to her income, Austria is at present by far the most economical of the great powers of the Continent. For whilst Germany is spending twenty-six per cent of the national receipts on her armaments, France thirty, and Russia no less than thirty-six per cent, Austria is content with an outlay of less than twenty per cent. And this at a time when Germany is known to have relieved her own exchequer of all the direct expenses of fortifications, military railroads, and re-armaments by the use of the French indemnity.

There could be no more patent proof than this hard pecuniary fact, that Austria does not intend to maintain the race for power with her ancient rival by force of arms. She is weaker now, she admits; and each year that sees her numbers of reserve men so much less than those of Germany, and her military administration so much cheaper, must evidently put it more and more out of her power to engage her neighbour on equal terms. Austrians know this, and naturally chafe at it. Indeed, the very figures we are following are taken from an Austrian authority. But what they know and feel so keenly is of course not less known at Berlin. And it follows that it cannot be Austria which is the object of secret national dread in Germany; unless, indeed, her power be viewed as subsidiary to some more dangerous adversary. But this is not to be sought in France at present. An alliance between these two unaided from elsewhere could hardly have terrors just yet for the great power that has humbled each successively; even did their natural antagonism of sentiment and interests allow them to prepare secretly for a common revenge, which the common foe would assuredly anticipate by striking before either was ready.

Hitherto we have been but clearing the ground. It has been our object to show that there is but one power left in Europe which Germany has any cause to fear; that formidable Muscovite empire, in attempting to subdue which at the height of his power, Napoleon spent all his strength in vain, and prepared his own ruin in the strain of the effort. Of course it is easy to protest roundly that Germany may be trusted not to repeat his crimes or his errors. History, however, cannot be fore-



cast in this easy strain. All that is certain on this subject is, that the great motive powers which make for war — ambition, distrust, dislike, envy of each other's greatness, and clashing interests — are busily astir in both these empires. German officers — a caste more powerful in their land at present than any caste at all has been in any great country for centuries — avow it to be their next duty to the fatherland to chastise the Muscovite pride. On their side, all the better class of Russians, the strictly German party only excepted, never cease to declare, at home and abroad, their strong conviction that the new empire will sooner or later fasten a quarrel on the old. The heir of all the Russias is openly zealous in fostering the national feelings, which include hatred of Prussians and Prussianizing institutions as a cardinal point in their creed. The revolutionary change that has come over war by means of steam and telegraph, has deprived Russia, as wise old Prince Paskievitch pointed out on his death-bed, of that vast strength against the aggressor which her wide territory gave, when each autumn and spring turned her highways into what Napoleon, in despair of using victory by pursuit, termed "her fifth element" of mud. Russia indeed remaining as she is, her standing army little larger numerically than that of her neighbor, and inferior in every other condition that brings victory, would be an almost certain prey to German attack. But Russia does not intend so to remain. From the peasant to the czar her people all have the conviction that sacrifice and exertion are necessary to give back to their beloved empire the military primacy she claimed under Alexander I. and Nicholas. They are resolved to undergo whatever is necessary for this end. The schemes of reorganization prepared, and now accepted as law, are as vast and far-reaching as the most ambitious Muscovite could possibly desire. They are spurred on, too, by the belief that it is but one old man's uncertain life that preserves the present condition of things, in which personal friendship and certain limited material interests overbear national sentiment and dreams of future supremacy. And it is the full knowledge of these schemes, and of the possible effect of their accomplishment on Germany, which keeps the weary brains at Berlin in a state of tension, and in turn makes Europe, apparently with no just cause, anxious lest her peace should be suddenly and violently broken.

As the military projects of Russia are not only more vast in outline, but more complicated in detail than the organization of any of the powers she would outshine, we shall but sketch them in outline, premising that what we know only in the general, is closely studied and thoroughly understood at Berlin, where knowledge on such heads is drawn from long practice, and quickened in this instance by the instinct of self-preservation. Our particulars, we may here say, come to us mainly through Austrian sources; and in this peculiar part of military science, known as logistics, or the study of the military resources of nations, the war-bureau of Vienna, raised to a high pitch of knowledge under the *régime* of Baron Kuhn, is secondary only to that over which Count Moltke presides.

The nominal peace strength of the Russian army has been hitherto estimated at about 800,000 men. But it has long been known that for offensive service in Europe large deductions would have to be made from these numbers for such hitherto wholly sedentary troops as the numerous garrison and other local battalions, and of course for the mixed contingents maintained for Asian service, which would be as little available for action on the side of Germany, as is our Punjaub frontier force for an expedition to Spain. An army of 600,000 men with the colours, backed by a dispersed and untrained body of reserve, has been therefore declared by the ablest statisticians of both Berlin and Vienna to be the very utmost that the Muscovite empire could hitherto dispose of for field operations in a European war. For although it was known that each year's contingent drawn, even before the new law of universal service, must yield a large surplus of nominal recruits; yet these were believed to be left undrilled, and mainly registered as generally available for call in war, not being even required to remain in their own districts, but being liable to be summoned to the nearest *dépôt* in time of war. Now the essence of the great change lately made in the laws of the empire is not merely to extend military liability to all classes, but to shorten greatly the duration of its length. Instead of the soldier being with the colours from seven to ten years, as before, he is to remain no more than six in any case, the bulk of the line only four, and large portions, under special conditions, for much shorter periods. Recent calculations in a Russian military journal prove that, when the law comes into full work-



ing, the yearly contingent taken into the ranks will be just double the old standard, and the number of trained men passed out yearly into the reserve for call to the ranks in war will be at least three-fold what it has ever hitherto been, even when the *cadres* were kept at the lowest by the premature discharge of men for economy's sake.

It has, of course, naturally occurred to the Russian staff, as one of its chief obstacles, that the *cadres* hitherto existing, the officers of which are notoriously many of them lacking in the power of instructing others, are not equal to the task of training the whole mass of recruits to be thus suddenly brought in. A great part of this duty is, therefore, to be assigned to the so-called "local" and "garrison" battalions, the whole form and functions of which are to be modified with a view mainly to this end. Their *cadres* of officers are being enlarged, so that with an addition made on mobilization of reserve officers (whose commissions may be held by mercantile or professional men) each battalion can be at once formed into four, whilst in peace it can act as a training-school. But at the first sound of war, the functions of the two classes mentioned separate. The local battalions, becoming local regiments, are to undertake the whole care of internal order. The garrison battalions, each calling up reserve men to complete it to the strength of a war regiment of four battalions, are to be ready to act as a second line to the field army proper, performing, in fact, very much the same functions as the German Landwehr did so efficiently in France in the late war. It is calculated that the twenty-nine garrison battalions now maintained can thus be made to add nearly one hundred and twenty, at a few weeks' notice, to the effective forces moved to meet the enemy.

Another step of great importance, is to change and enlarge the regimental *cadres* of the guards and line, so as to provide that each one on moving may leave a *depôt* battalion behind it, which is to be completed and maintained constantly, after mobilization, at a strength of a thousand men, and is specially charged with supplying the losses suffered by the regiment in the field. As there are stated to be one hundred and ninety-nine regiments on the Russian list, the new scheme provides in round numbers two hundred of such battalions, being a further addition to the fighting forces of the nation in time of war; though not intended in this case to

imitate the garrison regiments, and take active service in the field as distinct units, but to send their men on in detachments.

But these two new creations will soon be found insufficient to absorb the rapidly growing lists of reserve men. At the end of fifteen years' working of the law, it has been calculated there will be a surplus of at least a quarter of a million soldiers passed through the ranks with varying length of service (in very special cases this may be contracted even to three months) for whom no room is found in active or local *depôt* forces. Provision is therefore made in the scheme for the formation of independent reserve battalions to specially include this surplus; and it is calculated that these, with the other additions already noticed, but exclusive of the local regiments (which are supposed not to move even in case of war), will add a round half million to the regular field army. But as this is itself, on the new footing proposed, placed at the estimated strength of a clear million and a half, it follows that when Russia has carried out her projects to completion, she will be able to summon under arms at the sound of war no less than two millions of effective trained soldiers, besides garrisoning her soil with others for domestic purposes, and adding to them in case of invasion, a Landsturm of very formidable dimensions. Of this last body it must be noticed that the four youngest classes are liable to prolonged service at home in case of war. The force is to occupy a position as to efficiency midway, in theory at least, between the Prussian Landwehr and Landsturm, comprising all reserve men from the fifteenth to the twentieth year of their service, mixed with those who have escaped the training, though declared efficient for it. The statistical calculation is that the four years' classes liable will average 300,000 men each, and with all possible deductions 250,000; so that Russia is deliberately providing a third million of men to be called out as her home defensive army in support of the two millions to be arrayed directly against the enemy. And the law finally provides that all the remaining men of this *Opoltszeni*, or Landsturm, are to be enrolled and armed locally in case of war in such small bodies as may cause least inconvenience. Their numbers, at the end of the first fifteen years, are variously estimated, but by no one at less than two millions; completing the actual armed forces of all kinds, therefore, to a grand total of five millions of men at the least.



Now grand totals in military matters are notoriously deceptive. M. Thiers has somewhere gone so far as to assert as the result of his own study of archives, that if no commander-in-chief ever yet credited himself with the full number of men at his disposal, no war-office ever made proper deductions from that it believes itself able to put into the field. In the case of Russia such deductions must be very great. Want of good officers for instruction; want of honest administrative means for working so vast a machine; want of funds and stores at the decisive moment for equipping the reserves, to say nothing of the million and a half of field troops: all these will tend to cut the effective down. Still when every possible allowance is made, no one need be surprised that Russia's neighbour looks anxiously at her plan of reorganization; nor that those who believe most firmly in her pacific intentions discern in the wide outlines of such a scheme the fixed resolution of a mighty nation to place its military power once more on such an unquestioned footing that it shall at least have no cause to be uneasy at that neighbour's triumphs.

Such being Russia's resolve, as shown by council and action, should it make Germany tremble for her security? It is in asking this that we approach the problem we have set ourselves to discuss without pretending to literally solve. And the first answer is that if Russia and Germany alone stood face to face, the latter would neither feel, nor have serious cause to feel, the uneasiness she is reproached with. Her organization is so perfect, that at the word her peace army of 400,000 men may be trebled, including a second line of half a million soldiers, as well trained as the 700,000 that would move before them. The new Landsturm law is able—and is intended, as we have lately learnt—to provide her with 240 additional battalions, formed of men all in the prime of life, and hardly behind the Landwehr in any respect except as to supply of officers. Her war equipment is complete for every emergency beyond any other that empire ever had at command. Her staff is the most highly trained in the world's history; and if the body of officers it controls are not the men of science they are popularly imagined, they are within the strict limit of their profession more efficient than any power has possessed since Rome conquered the world. If she has no leader yet named specially as fit to wear the mantle of the veteran whom age must soon unfit for the duties of the field,

the system he will bequeath is so perfect in its working that it can afford to dispense with the aid of specially great genius.

Russia might, therefore, be allowed to complete at leisure her ambitious scheme of military grandeur, and her reconstructed army would still, as we hold certain, if marched to invade her neighbour, march to defeat as decisive as overtook Benedek or Bazaine. Stubborn and strong as the Russian soldiers are, the same want of intelligence in the men, and of good leading in the officers, that sacrificed them in thousands to a handful of French and British troops at Inkerman, would be found fatal to them when opposed to the nimble tactics and skilful handling which, in peace as well as war, are made part of the education of the German army. But slightly superior in gross numbers, and barely equal in physical strength and endurance, the Muscovite would enter on the duel against the Teuton with every other condition of victory against him. It is our conviction that if this struggle came, we should see peace dictated at Moscow on German terms as certainly as we have seen it prescribed at Vienna and Paris. More than this: those who guide German military thought are perfectly conscious of their present superiority, and of the fact that no effort of Russia for a generation to come will suffice to give her, acting unaided, the power to shake it. It is not the vision of grappling with Russia alone that gives to Berlin statesmen and strategists an attitude of uneasiness, reflected in the mind of the nation that is ready to rally round them, and threatening from time to time to turn the armed camp which Europe has become, into the theatre of new campaigns. The real problem of Germany's military future lies in the dangerous contingency of her having to encounter a powerful enemy on either flank; in plain words, to meet the double attack of France and Russia leagued against her.

It is for this dread ordeal the new empire is deliberately preparing. Blind must he be to the military signs of the times who believes that the enormous chain of fortresses along the Rhine and Moselle on which so much of the French indemnity is being spent, is framed with a view to making a fresh entrance into France more easy. The German army if again called on to advance on Paris would literally desire nothing better than a fair field and no favour. Cologne, Mayence, and Strasbourg would no doubt, in such event, prove useful depôts for the advancing



forces; but they would be quite as useful if left open as though girt with impregnable works. Fortresses, like other strictly defensive means for war, are intended to aid the weaker party, not that which is unquestionably the stronger. And the true use of this mighty barrier can evidently only be found if Germany be unexpectedly called for the time to act strictly on the defensive against a French invasion. But such an invasion could only be hopefully made, such a defensive attitude only be adopted, if the striking-power of Germany be for the time summoned away to meet a great danger elsewhere. This danger lies in the possible simultaneous assault from the east by Russia, whilst France does her share on the Rhine; and it is to ward off such a double attack that the military policy of Berlin is directed. It would be more convenient, much cheaper, and would incur far less material risk to settle conclusively with France now, and so thoroughly reduce her power that Russia could no longer count on her for serious aid. But the instinct of the czar and his people, we may add too the whole sentiment of Europe, were promptly exercised last May, to hinder an act of policy, which, however its true scope and intent was concealed, could only have been carried out by such a stretch of ruthless injustice and violence as would have matched the most violent deeds of Napoleon in the summit of his power. Almost at the last moment those who had counselled the deed seemed to recoil from its execution. The fate of Europe was for the time in the balance, just as in old days when the ambitious Corsican was meditating the ruin of some already weakened neighbour. But Prince Bismarck, happily for the world, though so far yielding to his country's weaknesses as to wear the uniform of a major-general of militia, is at heart never easy when military advisers are most listened to; and there can be little doubt that his voice was finally given in favour of the peace which the czar crossed Europe to insist on. So the danger to France was averted for the while. But this tranquillity allowed her, is of itself no doubt assigned as cause more pressing for urging on to completion the barrier against which her army, even were the field elsewhere open, might spend its strength in vain. Regarded thus, as directed against a double foe — the one enemy to be crushed by active operations, whilst the other is held in check by fortresses and such troops of the second line as the new Landsturm — the military pol-

icy of Berlin, which pays such devoted attention to the western frontier of the empire, whilst the eastern is left, as it were, open between Warsaw and Berlin, is simple, explicable, and just. As against France alone, or Russia alone, such care mixed with such seeming carelessness would be worthy of the most shortsighted instead of the profoundest of administrations.

That the double contest thus prepared for will ever come in our day, or what its issue should it come, are questions no prudent man would pretend to give absolute answers to. To forecast the future of politics is notoriously impossible, of war between untried antagonists very difficult. All that it is safe to assert is that, unless thoroughly reformed, as well as largely augmented, the Russian army would be shattered by the Germans: and that the French, however well reorganized, should accomplish the march to Berlin, which would naturally be attempted, could only be possible after long delay before the frontier fortresses, or by passing between them at so great an apparent risk as, strategically speaking, would require the highest military genius to conceive and carry out the plan with any hope of success. The works that are to protect Germany will be completed and armed, and the reserves to fill and cover them be organized, long before the Russian scheme of future military grandeur, and the French dreams of vengeance through reorganization, are carried into practical effect. And then, when each of these three powers has done all it would desire to do, the probabilities of success seem still to lie on the side of the empire which is central in situation, united in heart, and coolly and skilfully prepared for the event. Were we compelled to prophesy, we should not hesitate to say that Germany's chances, viewed thus distantly, seem to weigh down those of her supposed adversaries, who could not possibly rely on the union and promptitude of action with which they would certainly be met.

There is one important contingency remaining to be noticed. We have said nothing in all this of Austria and her slow yet heavy sword. She would probably occupy both in politics, and in the strictly military features of the situation, an attitude marvellously like that she assumed when France, under Napoleon, sixty years since, recovering for the moment from the Moscow disaster, attacked Prussia and Russia united. Once more her army, too serious an instrument to be overlooked, would be gathered — as in 1813, or again in



1853, in the Russo-Turkish struggle for the Danube — on the flank of the combatant powers, ready to come in and turn the scale which way she chose. Does it follow that she would readily join the league formed avowedly to humiliate in turn her own humiliator? Does it follow even that indecision would once more keep her in suspicious neutrality, ready to strike in and complete the ruin of Germany at the first sounds of disaster or even check of those legions that had hitherto known nothing but unbroken success? Far from it, as we believe. Happily for the world's peace, however feared and disliked Germany and her chancellor may be, there is little, as has been already briefly shown, in the sentiment towards them to recall the deadly hatred raised by the first empire. Russia can feel none of this. Austria certainly does not feel it as yet. It would require a repetition of Napoleon's mistakes to raise against Germany's rulers a new war of independence. Happy they, if by avoiding such crimes as that too lightly meditated three months since, they seek the truest protection of the newly-formed empire in such a just and moderate policy as shall find them friends in peace, and take from the unnatural alliance they dread all the reasonable excuse which would sanction and strengthen it with the approval of the world.

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From The Spectator.

THE LIFE AND JOURNALS OF JOHN WESLEY.\*

SOUTHEY'S "Life of Wesley" is one of the most interesting biographies in the language. It is the work of a thoroughly honest man, of a great master of English, and of a writer who, as far as conscientious diligence could make him, was well acquainted with his subject. There was much, however, in the extraordinary movement which owed its origin to Wesley with which Southey was scarcely competent to deal, and we meet sometimes with observations curiously inconsistent with the author's character as an orthodox Christian and sound Churchman. But the "Life" loses nothing of its charm from faults like these; and Coleridge, who in his notes on the work pointed out Southey's errors of judgment, has declared that the volumes were oftener in his hands than

any other in his "ragged book-regiment." "How many and many an hour of self-oblivion," he adds, "do I owe to this 'Life of Wesley;' and how often have I argued with it, questioned, remonstrated, been peevish, and asked pardon — then again listened, and cried, 'Right!' 'Excellent!' — and in yet heavier hours entreated it, as it were, to continue talking to me — for that I heard and listened, and was soothed, though I could make no reply."

Wesley's remarkable career, and the marvellous work which he achieved, have afforded a fruitful field of discussion from his own day to the present. He was a dogmatist, a controversialist, a theologian of untiring energy, who loved his least-important opinion better than his best friend; a man of undaunted courage, of acute though not of profound intellect; an enthusiast, as every man must be who achieves great results in the face of great opposition; and he possessed the power, common to all born rulers, of attracting every one who came within his influence. As an orator he was surpassed by Whitefield, but in intellectual strength, in breadth of culture, in administrative skill, Wesley was beyond comparison superior to his friend. In any department of life demanding vast energy and organizing power Wesley would have achieved success, and though his chief gifts lay in action, there are indications that he might, had he pleased, have attained a considerable reputation as a man of letters. Methodism, it may be observed, has produced no literature of abiding value. A few of Charles Wesley's hymns take rank, indeed, with the best in the language, and are likely to form a permanent portion of our hymnody, but beyond these we know of nothing amidst the vast number of publications issued by this body which has an interest for readers who do not belong to it. Books of a devotional character have been issued from the Methodist press by hundreds and by thousands, and are probably read by Wesleyans; but even of books like these we do not know one which, like the "Holy Living" of Taylor, the "Saint's Rest" of Baxter, or the splendid allegory of Bunyan, has obtained universal recognition. Wesley himself was a prolific writer. He appears always to have had some work on hand, and what he began he was certain to complete. Although during a great part of his life he travelled from four to five thousand miles yearly on horseback or in a carriage, and generally preached twice every day, his brain and pen were far from idle. He made use of

\* *The Works of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A.* Vols. 1-4, "The Journal." John Mason.



the minutes most of us are apt to lose, and his works, it is needless to say, fill many volumes. Six of these (in the edition of 1813) are occupied by the "Journal," which forms a curious medley of spiritual experiences, marvellous and amusing incidents, and personal statements, which, when put together, supply a lifelike picture of the writer. How, amidst his innumerable occupations, he could find time to write such a record of his public and private career, it is difficult to say; but Wesley's whole course was one of conflict and of triumph over circumstances, and he exemplified the noble saying of Shakespeare that "in the reproof of chance lies the true proof of men." The "Journal," although the most readable of Wesley's writings, is, we suspect, not often read in the present day. It exhibits Wesley under a variety of aspects — his constant eagerness to gain knowledge, a feature of character in which he resembled Dr. Johnson, his sagacity in ordinary affairs, his amazing and growing credulity with regard to spiritual phenomena, his keen observation, his cheerful disposition and physical activity, which prevented him from brooding over griefs that would have given sleepless nights to more sensitive men, his curious lack of reticence, his unflinching confidence in his own judgment, — all these traits stand out prominently in the "Journal," and will partly amuse and partly irritate the reader. Moreover, this curious book affords much information with regard to the manners of the age, and it is no small boon to obtain this information from a writer who is always accurate in his statements, save when, as in his account of the Moravians, his violent prejudices get the better of his honesty. To notice such a work adequately would occupy far more space than is now at our disposal, but it may be worth while, by the help of it, to look at one phase of Wesley's character, — his activity as a man of letters.

Unlike some religious enthusiasts, who treat all human learning as dross, Wesley valued highly the advantages he had gained from a university training. At college he became eminent in logic, and no man, according to his biographer, was ever more dexterous in the art of reasoning; he gave great attention to mathematics, studied Hebrew and Arabic, and laid out a plan of study which, if it were not strictly followed, showed at least the extent of his ambition. For a time, indeed, in the first warmth of religious zeal, his fanaticism overpowered his judgment,

and during his voyage to Virginia, in which, by the way, he learnt German, he wrote to his brother Samuel begging him to banish all such poison from his school as the classics which were usually read there; but this feeling was not lasting, and notwithstanding the incessant whirl of his after-life, he never wholly neglected the great writers of Greece and Rome. In his old age he writes: — "I saw the Westminster scholars act the '*Adelphi*' of Terence, an entertainment not unworthy of a Christian. O how do these heathens shame us! Their very comedies contain both excellent sense, the liveliest pictures of men and manners, and so fine strokes of genuine morality as are seldom found in the writings of Christians." He relates, among similar exploits, how, in riding to Newcastle, he finished the Tenth Iliad of Homer, and was struck not only by the writer's "amazing genius," but by the "vein of piety" that runs through his whole work. Another day he read over, whilst riding, a great part of the *Odyssey*, and expresses for it the highest admiration. To read Greek on horseback must have taxed even Wesley's eyes, but so accustomed was he to reading in that position, that he tells us he generally kept history, poetry, and philosophy for such occasions, "having other employment at other times." "Near thirty years ago, I was thinking," he writes, "how is it that no horse ever stumbled while I am reading? No account can possibly be given but this: — Because then I throw the reins on his neck. I then set myself to observe, and I aver that in riding about a hundred thousand miles I scarce ever remembered any horse (except two, that would fall head over heels any way) to fall or make a considerable stumble, which I rode with a slack rein. To fancy, therefore, that a tight reign prevents stumbling is a capital blunder. I have repeated the trial more frequently than most men in the kingdom can do. A slack rein will prevent stumbling, if anything will. But in some horses nothing can."

Wesley was an omnivorous reader. Nothing came amiss to him. He reads Hay "On Deformity," and remarks that it is, perhaps, one of the prettiest trifles extant in the English tongue; he reads in his "scraps of time" Commodore Byron's narrative, and deems "that no novel in the world can be more affecting or more surprising than this history;" he takes up "casually" Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and finds fault with the title as well as the book itself. "*Sentimental*, what



Wesley seems to have read a great deal of poetry, and his critical judgment will

Like Dr. Watts, Wesley was willing to work for children, for whom he entertained a liking that affected his theology. "Who can believe," he writes, "that these pretty little creatures have 'the wrath of God abiding on them?'" He wrote for his school at Kingswood a short French grammar, revised Kennet's "Antiquities" and Potter's "Grecian Antiquities" — "a dry, dull, heavy book" — prepared a history of England and a short Roman history, and several other school-books. On the whole, considering the kind of life he led, the amount of literary



work accomplished by Wesley is marvellous. But he was blessed in no common measure with a vigorous mind and a strong body. The man who, at eighty-two, could write that many years had past since he had felt any such thing as weariness, might well be capable of achievements which astonish persons endowed with ordinary constitutions.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
FOOTBALL.

BY AN OBSERVANT FOREIGNER.

THERE was a time when I regarded Poland as a land of patriotic heroes; but after living for a few months among the Hebrews of Warsaw, I began to see reasons for altering my opinion. At another period of my life I looked upon Italy, from a distance, as the abode of sunshine, art, and pleasure; but after living among brigands for nearly three weeks, I returned to my native France a wiser although a poorer man. I had discovered that hearsay, unless softened down by the admixture of a large grain of salt, should not be taken as truth, and that what is ordinarily called romance, resolves itself, upon actual acquaintance, into the least attractive forms of villainy, immorality, extortion, and dirt. Although my eyes had thus been on two occasions opened by a process of painful experience, I could not altogether rid myself of an idea that Utopia existed somewhere or other for me; and where should it await me, I asked, if not in merry England. So I determined to explore the mysteries of England. We steamed up the Thames in a fog, thickened by the melancholy gloom of ubiquitous smoke, and broken in one place by a dull red spot, which, I was informed, denoted the place where the island sun ought to be. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, but it was nearly dark; and along the riverside the gas-lamps were already lighted, when I went ashore and waited until my baggage was hurled pell-mell upon the quay. After certain formalities had been gone through, I drove to the house of an English friend in Kensington, and soon had the pleasure of finding myself in one of the much-vaunted "sweet homes" of England. Ah! there are carpets everywhere, and gas and water upon every floor. And there are great, guillotine-like windows opening on to balconies covered with pots of smoky flowers. Inside, every-

thing has its covering or ornament. The pianoforte is surmounted by a mat, on which rests a bust of some German composer; and the chairs and lounges are clothed with lace. In the fireplace is a fire hot enough to roast a cow; and at its side are three steel utensils, which remind me of instruments of torture; and a coal-scuttle of the size of a bath.

But these things must not delay me, for my host, knowing that I have come to explore, has suggested that we go to see a football match on the afternoon of the next day, which is Saturday.

Saturday afternoon is, it appears, the great holiday of the English nation. Most of the shops are closed, many of the theatres are open, and amusement becomes the sole aim of the people whom the first Napoleon called "a nation of shop-keepers."

At one o'clock my friend and I set out for Clapham, where the football match is to be played. We go by train. My friend, by the way, tells me that football is a national pastime, and that it is universal throughout the country. It is, he says, as popular, or more so than cricket. Although it is damp and cold, I feel myself elated at the prospect of seeing the sport, especially as in the compartment with us are two fair-haired young men, who, I am informed, are going to take part in the game. They wear thick scarlet stockings of woollen, and knickerbockers of white flannel. Above, they are enveloped in a short, heavy coat. They have no cravats, and on their heads they have small caps of scarlet velvet with tassels of silver. One of them carries a large ball of leather, not just quite round, and which seems very hard, but is wonderfully light. They are good enough to allow me to examine it. I discover that it is tightly laced up with leather thongs over an inner case of india-rubber, which, I am told, is inflated by the breath until it becomes very hard.

At Clapham Junction we alight, and proceed to the common, a large open space covered with turf, on which are a few trees. The situation is picturesque, and there is a pleasant breeze; but the air is damp, and there is much fog.

A certain space having been marked out by small flags, two tall poles are erected at both ends of the course, and between them is stretched a piece of tape at a height from the ground of four or five metres. The length of the course is about one hundred and twenty metres, and its breadth about eighty. The object



of the game is to send the ball between the two posts at the end of the ground possessed by the enemy.

There are many people on the common, and it appears that more than one match is about to be played. All the players have not yet arrived; so I walk about with my friend to keep myself warm. At a stall is a man who sells hot coffee and ices. The mixture is curious, but the man is not alarmed, and beats his chest with his hands, in order to warm himself, for the wind is brisk in the centre of the common.

Suddenly there is a shout, and the players, who have all arrived while I have been drinking my cup of execrable coffee, divest themselves of their coats, and allow me to see that their bodies are covered by thick, close-fitting "jerseys." I also notice that all the young men wear heavy boots. The game is about to commence.

On each side the players arrange themselves in front of the two tall poles, which my friend tells me are called the "goals." The members of one party wear scarlet jerseys, caps, and stockings; those of the other, blue. The effect is enchanting, for each one is strong, and has his biceps well developed. The leader of the "blues" advances to the centre of the course with the ball, and with his heel makes an indentation in the ground, in which he places the inflated leather. Then he looks back, to see that his followers are prepared, and gives some directions, which the force of the breeze prevents my hearing. In the meantime, we, the spectators, retire a short distance, and wait.

When his men are all satisfactorily arranged, the leader of the "blues" steps back a few paces, and then, quickly running forward, deals the ball a blow with his foot, which sends it high in the air in the direction of the "reds." At the same moment the "reds" run toward him with a shout, and one of them catches the ball in his arms. I am growing interested! Football is a noble sport! The "red" who has seized the ball places it under his right arm, and charges towards the "blues" with great precipitation, followed by nearly the whole of his comrades, who upset all the "blues" with whom they meet. But, alas! my champion has been caught by a "blue," who with great dexterity has seized him by the jersey, and caused him to perform a pirouette, which ends in his fall on the ground. Horror! the jersey is torn, and the courageous player lies on his bare back under a

mountain of friends and foes, struggling to retain possession of the ball. There are young ladies watching the sport, but they are not perturbed at the spectacle of the torn jersey. They only laugh, and clap their hands with the excitement. And this is English modesty! But the struggle on the ground continues; I can no longer distinguish the forms of the players; they are covered with mud; and of the "red" who held the ball, only his stockings and boots are visible. He will be crushed! But no! I heard him cry plaintively from the midst of the mass, and his comrades disentangle themselves, and aid him to rise. He still holds the ball; and as he rises, he places it between his feet, and with his hands attempts to re-arrange his torn jersey. His comrades on both sides assist him. They are friendly and amiable. Surely they must be very good-tempered. But what is this? The players crowd round the unfortunate "red" once more, supporting each other, while the possessor of the ball places it carefully within the circle formed by their muddy feet. Alas! they will kill each other. What terrible kicks! I can hear them; but I cannot see, for all the players are again, for some moments, mixed in inextricable confusion. I ask my friend if any one is hurt. He tells me coolly that this is only a "hack through," and that no one is very much hurt. Truly these English can suffer.

But now the ball has escaped from the crowd of feet and is rolling across the course towards the goal of the "reds." A "red" seizes it once more in his arms; but he is immediately kicked by a "blue" until he falls and drops it. He is hurt, for there is blood on his lips, and he does not rise. It is horrible! There is a crowd at once, and a comrade goes for water to the coffee-stall. Ah! he is very pale, as he lies there on the grass. I ask my friend if he will die. He says that the "red" has only broken a rib. I think that the "blue" did it, but I am silent, for I am sick. Now the victim is carried away, and the game proceeds as before; but I tell my friend that I have seen sufficient of his national pastime, and that I am ready to return with him to home.

In the train he informs me that in England there are several kinds of football, each played in a different manner. What we have witnessed is the "Rugby game." It is the favourite mode of playing at many places. I am silent, for have not my ideas of the chivalrous nature of sym-



pathetic Englishmen received a rude shock? I had heard that the national pastimes were healthy and invigorating. I am convinced that one of them at least is brutal.

THE THEORY OF SATURN. — M. Le Verrier has given in the *Comptes Rendus* the comparison between his tables of this planet's motion and the observations made at Greenwich for the last hundred and twenty years, and at Paris for the last thirty years. There are peculiar difficulties in the analytical theory arising from the circumstance that numberless small terms of the second order in the expression for the perturbations, instead of destroying each other on the average, as is usually the case, are added together and thus produce by their combination a sensible effect, so that M. Le Verrier has had to carry his approximations to the seventh degree. Not satisfied with this, he has, by considering this solution as merely a first approximation, obtained a rigorous theory, in which the *complete* expression of each of the terms is obtained, instead of an infinite series, of which only a limited number of terms can be calculated by successive approximations. But, notwithstanding all the pains that M. Le Verrier has taken, there remain discordances between theory and observation which were not found in the case of Jupiter, and, though these are not very large, the result is anything but satisfactory, especially as the Paris observations agree well with those made at Greenwich. In the ancient observations from 1750 to 1827 especially, there are very large outstanding errors, but the most remarkable discordance is shown about 1840, the error of longitude having changed from plus 5s. in 1839 to minus 5s. in 1843, an interval of only four years; whilst the difference between the Paris and Greenwich results nowhere exceeds 2s. The only explanation that M. Le Verrier can suggest is that the presence of the ring may have influenced the observation of the ball of the planet; but so many observers took part in these observations, and the circumstances were so exactly similar during the period in

question, that the explanation cannot be considered very satisfactory, especially as the ring was not in a position to interfere materially with the observation. At the same time the theory of this planet's motion is complicated from the effect of the attraction of its neighbour, Jupiter, giving rise to the well-known inequality of about 49m. either way in the longitude of Saturn in the space of about 918 years, besides oscillations in the eccentricity and node in a period of 70,000 years, and a host of minor inequalities.

But, though the influence of Jupiter on the motion of Saturn is so great, M. Le Verrier has come to the conclusion that the observations at present available are insufficient to determine the mass of the disturbing planet, owing to a peculiar compensation in its effect on the four elements affected by it, this compensation having operated to a great extent throughout the period under consideration, so that the longitude is only slightly affected by an alteration in the mass of Jupiter. M. Le Verrier considers, therefore, that Bouvard's determination of this mass was an instance of reasoning in a vicious circle, and that the close agreement between his result and that deduced from observations of the satellites was simply a consequence of his having used the latter value in his theory, and that he must of necessity have been led round to the same value again. But though nothing can at present be concluded with regard to this point, circumstances will change in course of time, and instead of the effect of Jupiter's mass disappearing it will enter with its full weight, and can then be accurately determined by means of the theory of Saturn. For the present, however, M. Le Verrier considers that the value found by Sir George Airy from measures of Jupiter's fourth satellite is that which should be adopted.





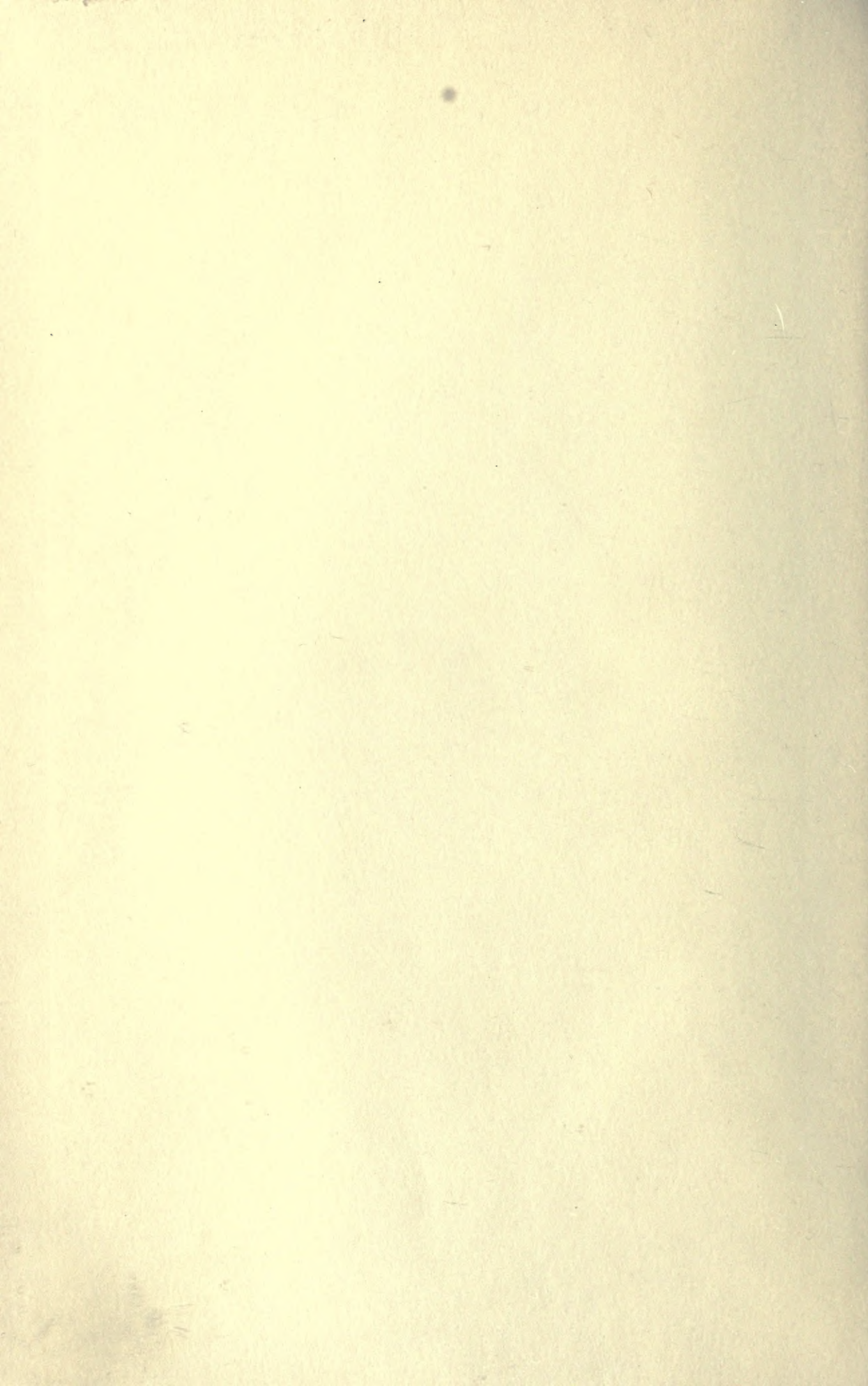














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